

Personal Journal

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2/26/18

MON

Dear Friend, life is hell. I can defend myself from my enemies. May God, defend me from my friends! Monday ~~morning~~ morning coming down. The rain is coming down hard upon my window pane. I might not go outside any today. I've had a cold for a couple of days and it's going to be a wet one out there. I did get started on a portrait of my brother James yesterday; got it laid out but my hands started hurting and wouldn't close, couldn't move my finger to hold the pencil ~~any~~ anyway without pain. I got to get Jimmy wrong up out of bed now, that kid hates to get up in the morning - than he hates to go to bed at night - he's always got that surprised look on his face when I just roll over and go to sleep while he's talking (I use ear plugs :-)

2/27/18

TUES

I did go outside in the rain yesterday for about half an hour. I had to come in. It wasn't the rain itself, it was a cold rain, the coldest I remember. I jumped in a hot shower for about five minutes to warm my blood up - I hung out in the day room for a couple of hours catching up, trading rumors swapping lies, stories about what bad asses we all were in our youth. Most of them have got cellie they don't care for for one reason or another.

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2/27/18
TUES

A lot of people don't pick up after themselves - get you a teenager and teach him cell edict. I spend the rest of the day under a blanket reading J. D. Salinger's 'Nine Stories'. It was too cold to do anything else.

2/28/18
WED

The rain has left for a couple of days but it's supposed to start up again tonight. The cold didn't go - you can't touch anything in the cell it's all metal & concrete. I have four ducats for medical today - Lab at 7: and three for the R.N starting at 1 P.M. I have to get everything down on paper here - else they say you never said anything to the Doctor or anyone. I did get some work done on the portrait of my brother James - the background (a soft blue), the face I started and had to stop to let it dry before I shaded it in and never got back to it. I started reading or rereading another book as I remember reading parts of it before sometime "The Road to Somewhere" by James Reeves over 400 pages, 7^{1/2} by 9 in. My nose has started to run and I coughing so I'm going to end for now. Oh yes, this place is boring.

3/1/18
THRU

A new day - a new month. The rain was coming down hard a little while ago. It has slowed some now, let's see what it's doing at yard time in about three hours. This rain feels a lot warmer than the last one. I don't mind the rain - I love the rain - I love the sounds

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3/1-18

THRU

of the rain on tin roofs - hitting on the roof of the car and running down the windows. I love the sounds of the road as the car move over the pavement, I love walking in the rain as long as the winds not blowing to hard, I love watching the rain outside my window. It took almost 30 minutes yesterday to get from the mess hall door to the little window where they pass the food out - some kind of slow down, so I had to go from there right to my lab appointment. All they wanted was some pee in a bottle which was good for me after two cups of coffee and two milks. I walked for a couple of hours took a shower, ate lunch when back to see the R.N. at 12:30 was there until 3:30 - renewed my meds? I see the Rheumatologist in May - it was that hard for them to just tell me. I was wore out and did nothing for the rest of the day except read.

3/2/18

In the past, downtown, on the streets there was a mixture of people, thugs, hoodlum, prostitutes, magicians, players, gamblers, thief, all races, all religions, people just trying to fit in. I think we all sing the blues. Life was simple and people looked after one another. We all fell in love with someone or something - these are the loves that last forever in our memory. I dream of all this on cold wet night. I'm in love forever.

Personal Journal

- 3/3/18 SAT
"You're listening to Country Legends AM and that was 'I want My Old Life Back'..." "How did you end up here?" "Same as you. Life happens." I want to go on a road trip with my brother Tim. I miss you today little brother: driving in the rain My brother James had Hazel eyes: I miss you big brother, I need you now - I need to talk with you. Don't the rain really hide the tears? A real man tries to ignore the bull. He's busy making decisions, right or wrong. He's breaking hearts and fixing things. Looking for some good advice?
- 3/4/18 SUN
A hot cup of coffee on a cold Sunday morning - that's what I've got to look forward to. I've been painting on the portrait of my brother James - I've painted the eyes four times now - one more time to get the yellow brown of hazel - other than that it's done except I'm going to change his shirt from white to light yellow that always set his eyes off. Overheard: "Last thing I remember is I was sittin' on the couch waitin' on my wife to get home because, you know, it was wife night... and I just remember thinkin' how much I wanted to get the hell out of there and go out drinking. And here I am!" I miss the hell out of you....