

# Personal Journal

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3-26-18  
MON

These tired old eyes of mine are barely opening this morning as I move slowly around the cell like some old grandpa. It takes me 30 minutes to do what once only took 10 minutes. At least I still enjoy a good cup of coffee in the morning even if these cookies do taste stale @#%!. Art has given me the ability to focus my attention on something other than my negative behavior. I painted yesterday afternoon. An old motel at night with turning on the lights now, the Motel sign is looking great. If it works, it's not stupid.

3-27-18  
TUES

The motel painting is done except maybe for some touch-ups after it sets for a couple of days. How to find something new - I want to do mostly Americana this year, drive-ins, fast foods, gas stations, city sidewalks. I got a Lab Ducat for 7. I been working on my doodle lately. I grab a pencil and sketch/doodling peaceful/funny, anything, caricatures of my friends, love ones, never perfect just something that makes people smile even laugh. Standing in place, alone, not going anywhere, no one to talk to, sometimes just a simple word is all one needs to keep going. ☹️

# Personal Journal

②

3-28-18

WED

I'm starting to get use to this cell. Still to much traffic. Dont these people know you're not suppose to walk by looking into people cells and dont stop and try to start a conversation if I wanted to talk to you I would be in the day room. I'm just old and set in my ways. Maybe to much time in to many prisons. I couldn't find anything I wanted to paint yesterday, nothing that said you want to paint me and I have a couple of thousand pictures I've cut out of mags over the years thinking I may paint them. I'll look some more today Americana. I did decide last night that I'm going to paint my sister Cella for my personal portfolio.

3-29-18

THURS

Where was I at Wed. I did everything as if it was Tuesday and I misspelled my sister name. Its Cella short for Marcella. I did get her picture out and sketched. I'll start painting it today. My sister was a pretty woman, the picture is from the 70's. I'm also going to start a gras of Johnny Cash from the 70's. I'm always worrying about my celly, jimmy, getting something on something I've finished and have sitting around waiting for touchups. He's a teenager and can never sit

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③

3-29-18

THURS

still. Last week I pee in a cup for lap, the other day is was for stool, yesterday they took blood before breakfast. You have to worry around here if they start running too many test on you. I got my new shoes yesterday these shoes are as comfortable as a pair of tennis shoes.

3/30/18

FRIDAY

A human being is part of a whole, called by us the 'Universe,' a part limited in time and space. He experiences himself, his thoughts and feelings, as something separated from the rest - a kind of prison for us, restricting us to our personal desires and affection for a few persons nearest us. Our task must be to free ourselves from this prison by widening our circle of compassion to embrace all living creatures. (Albert Einstein)

I worked on the portrait of Cella - got a lot done on it to - I also started Johnny Cash in graphic pencil.

A picture is worth a thousand words, or so the saying goes. A picture can be interpreted a million different ways by a million different individuals and they're all right. I see the doctor again today at 2:30.

3/31/18

SAT

'Up in the morning and off to work' except I don't work anymore 😊 I might go back to work if the medication theres going to gave me for

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3/31/18  
SAT

my arthritis works and I'm able to use my hands but I'm still not getting the medication and the doctor I was suppose to see yesterday to order it for me reschedule. Jimmy's still sleeping (want to sleep until noon today because it's sat. and he doesn't have any school :-), That boy can do two things well 'Eat' & 'Sleep' What pisses me off is he can eat everything all day long and stays skinny. I wasn't fat as a teenager but I wasn't skinny 165 to 175 lbs - don't ask.

4/1/18  
SUN

Another month ends a new one begins. It makes no difference they're all the same when you've painted yourself into a cell and you're all alone and no matter how hard you try to paint someone beside you they always find a reason to walk away. I ask Jimmy if this is what he wants for himself. I tell him he's a good kid, good looking and bright but he's still going to have to work hard and keep his eyes on the road to have someone and something one day. I'm trying to tell the kid he's made his one wrong turn, he can find his way back from this one easy enough, but another wrong turn it gets harder then harder with each one. Then one day you wake up alone in a cell and you are an old man.

My memories  
spring forth  
like the dew  
on grass  
before the early  
morning sun  
The grass weeps  
because the dew  
has left  
its blades  
it will return  
in the darkness

Of the pre-dawns  
damp coolness  
as the grass  
cannot survive  
with the dew  
to drink

We cannot survive  
without love. Steve Burkett  
4/1/18



forgiveness IS SWEET LIKE TONY'S WINE