

Personal Journal

4/9/18

I don't know what I'm going to write anymore, I've even contemplated on stopping all together as what I'm writing seem to be no more than dribble now that no one reads or has the time to comment on. If I had some other way of releasing my feelings maybe I would stop or slow down to where I made sense, but, right now I have no family or friends who gave a shit. Everyone is say that I'm always mad that they never see me smile. I'm trying to change that now but I don't know how - I'm afraid to take to anyone here. I've always known that I was never going to get out of prison that I am going to die in a prison bed somewhere someday and I've never let that bother me. But, spending my last years alone, dying alone it rips me inside. 10 or 12 years ago I was never mad for long - I just let things go. People use to ask me why I was always smiling because I kept a smile. I said this is the life I've made for myself enjoy it but I had family, friends then. After my brother Tim and my mother past I was

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alright but after my brother James and my last
thrice past everyone else disappeared. It is
hard to get up in the morning when you know
that today will only be a repeat of all the
days that have come before and there is no
one you can trust with your feelings, no one
to talk to, no one to cry with ~~you~~ me. I'm going
to stop for now and drag Jimmy out of bed point
him in the right direction, maybe put my foot
in his ass to get him moving. He's just like
most teenagers when it comes to getting out
of bed in the mornings. 😊

George said that forever is two in a million.

The depression gets bad sometime, I fight it
everyday but there are too many days felt with
sadness, too much inactivity causing difficulty in
my doing anything I'm forcing myself out of bed
in the mornings almost everyday now. I'm
trying to force myself to paint but can't seem to
draw a line. Jimmy won't let me lay down and
sleep all the time so that's a good thing. I'm
usually able to get past this in a few days
but for some reason ~~this~~ it's hanging on this
time. Today's the day I find something to

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laugh at - even to get mad about would be a change. At least I got up early today. I can do nothing to change the past but I want to become a new person everyday and I do try but at the end of the day its only time sitting there on the bunk in the cell doing my alone time. Happiness is an inside job. Depending upon nothing you must find your own.

I got up four times during the night to pee then I couldn't sleep because of anxiety - they said the prednisone can cause this along with my constant change of moods. I'm still going to take it until it runs out its only for 30 days and it has taken most of the pain away. They took 8 x-rays of my hands and another blood test this week - the feet next, then the knees + shoulders - I should be glowing when this is all done. I've been doing a painting of the Skyview Drive Inn on 47th Ave in Soc. I have to hurry it up or set it aside to do a black + white painting of ^{an} Ansel Adams print of the New Church in New Mexico. I can't use the pain in my hands for an excuse right now. I keep telling myself I'm not going to keep this journal anymore but I will as I have nothing else to do and no one to talk to except me.

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from my bookmarks: "The cure for anything is the sea." Life is not about waiting for the storm to pass. It's about learning to dance in the rain. "Depending on nothing you must find your own way." I'm going to miss this kid when he goes home at the end of summer. The dump as he is he could have been mine and I find myself worrying about his future. He has no one there to help him - to push him but then I had people there then to help me - it didn't do any good - teenagers. It has been drizzling all week - dark + cold. I wouldn't have it any other way. Believe me when I say we didn't come all this distance, make all this great effort, only to miss the party at the last minute. I know that if I hang in there long enough, someday someone will show up if only to say goodbye, a billion times a billion years.

Wed 4/18/18

Night light went out night before last - now when you turn it on it's like a strobe light and when it come on it makes my celly - little Jimmy Whong want to dance. They put us on lock-down Monday morning they said for the week so the guards can all go over to another yard on a search, steal, + destroy mission so the light won't get fixed until next week, maybe. Change of attitude, make more noise than anyone else - become more obtrusive maybe someone will see you. I hear that depression can cause dementia, maybe that's why I'm always forgetting people's names, no, I'm pretty sure it's

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just because I don't like them. We have to learn ~~that~~ accept the fact that life is just one damned thing ~~after~~ ^{after} another and we must decide to be happy in between. I know I love the bittersweet taste of nostalgia. It has a positive function, improving mood and possibly mental health (not that there's anything wrong with being crazy) Note: this sepia-toned sentiment does not cement me in the past but actually raises my spirit and vitality.

It's Monday morning and the sun is coming up. It looks nice outside, just another day in my prison. Where oh where have all the years gone. I want to be somewhere else at least in my dreams but my brain only remembers prison and no matter where I'm at in a dream it's always within a prison even if I'm sailing on an ocean. Is there anyone out there, does anyone read this, can anyone leave a message so I know I'm not alone in this world of mine ???

4/24/18