

Personal Journal

5/1/18

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Okay time to move on. There's nothing on the road before me so I need to stop following it. Can't go back I know I've tried more than once. I guess I'll go left or right, makes no difference they both end up in the same place. Alone in a cell someplace wishing I could take it all back. But maybe I'll have some fun along the way, buy/paint me a 12 foot sail boat, find an air conditioner bar to hang out in, dance a little, play a little pool. Maybe get in a good fight, get knocked down, knock some down, fall down, I've been down a thousand times I've learned to get back up the hard way it ain't pretty but I've been there. It would help if I had some help on the sail boat, someone to drink with, someone to dance with, someone to help me up someone to dream with - but what the hell you can't have everything. Like I tell the kid each day when the mail man goes speeding by, "Maybe tomorrow," It's bad when you lose hope in these places. You cannot be happy unless you believe in something or someone. Little Jimmy got his head busted open just above his left eye, about a half inch cut. Playing soccer. He

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was right back out there playing basket ball or something in the afternoon - good kid - I hate teens, they can fall off a building and climb right back to the top 😊

5/2/18

Awakening to reality this morning, the end. Breathe in - breathe out. Consequences for actions are inevitable; both good & bad = Karma. "You are my heart, you are my soul, you are my breath when I grow old, you are my lover, my friend as I grow old" I love that song. I have an ongoing flow of ideas, thoughts, emotions, goals, achievements, faults, regrets, and resentment performing the balancing act of prison life. Balancing my mind is a job in its self.

I need to find someone who is interested in setting up a site to sell Art Work on the internet or on E-Bay: not just mind but other artist, there are a lot of us in prison 😊

5/3/18

The days are growing longer as summer nears. Spring is here now with some beautiful warm days. I'm hoping for some May showering to walk in, to get lost in, to keep the temps down. Nothing going on here - the moon coming up the moon come down and not every ^{night} day. It must be lovely up there in the sky. It

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least the moon has a place to hide, a place to cry while I just watch out the window and wish I could fly, I would away so high up in that blue sky. There must be some place I could hide. It's not as if anyone would miss - I'm not sure these people even count me - they never call my name.

Sometimes, no matter how hard you try things just don't work out at least I tried. If a tree falls in the woods and no one is around - does the tree cry out. If I write something and blog it and no one ever messages back did anyone read it? or did I even send it? - did I even write anything down? Hello, is anyone out there?