

Personal Journal

5/28/18
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Discombobulated: I find myself to be discombobulated most days. 😊 I had a friend that used that words all the time. I thought it was a made up word but there it is in the dictionary. When I was 13 and didn't know much about love there was 4 things I new I loved: My mama, apple pie, God, & OK. 😊 Random thoughts as my days have all become the same one over and over. The only things that seem to change is my age, my health and the weather and I said all that so many times before. I like my celly, Jimmy. He's just a kid - just turned 20. He's so much like me, his past almost mirrors mine. I can see his future in mine and my heart hurts for him. He thinks it will be so easy - so did I for a long time then somewhere there was too many hurts and I lost my mind.

5/16/18

The thought of dying in prison is every inmates worst fear, be it from violence, old age or disease. I don't want to die in prison, but I'm a realist it's one of those things I can't do anything about, a process I started some 50 years ago. If and when I do die I will have to rely on the state to take care of my remain as

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I have no one left and cares or who could afford it. 334 people die in Ca. prisons in 2016. The top causes were cancer 82, heart disease 52, Liver diseases 41, HIV 32, ~~Drug~~ Overdoses, suicide 26, and homicide. The 2017's aren't out yet but there was an increase and this year is off the chart just here alone - about 10 drug overdoses and people just dying from lack of treatment or waiting for treatment. I know there's something happier I want to talk about, think about this morning like that beautiful red sunrise happening outside my window right now

5/20/18

I picked up my new glasses this past week. I can see great now - I knew my eyes had gotten worse over the last couple of years I just didn't know how bad until I put these new glasses on - everything looks closer now and clear. We don't have to pain for our medical stuff anymore as the court have ruled that we are wards of the state and they have to take care of everything - so we can look to get a lot less. I did a portrait of Kaley Cuoco Penny-bag Bang thing this week. Color pencil + pastels 9"x12" looks good.

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5/21/18

They confiscated my tv over the week-end. Said it wasn't on the tv on my property card. It wasn't and it was old - I wait awhile and start putting together the stuff to pick up another one until then I watch Jimmy's. The main thing is not to let myself get upset. Maybe I'm ready for a change of surrounding; another prison - where? not many I can go to with high risk medical, chronic care. There's only a few and there's always fall.

5/22/18

They had a little riot on the Level 1 minimum yard yesterday. A COC made riot. The suit in Sacramento have decided to mix G.P.'s and S.V.'s yard and call them program yards. Of course the people who work here knew that wasn't going to happen and were ready outside there and as soon as they put 30 G.P.'s there they were jumped. People in Sacramento are all stupid - COC people don't know if we're going to be locked down today or not - I do know that 30 more G.P.'s are suppose to be coming today.

5/24/18

I talked to Jimmy's mother yesterday - he turned 20 this month - he's still a kid and she wants to make sure he come home (stays out of trouble) he's a good

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kid and everyone likes him - his new date is 9/9/18 he got a week off for groups - Cavak, thanks for the pat. I'm feeling better now. I think the medication (Prednisone) I was taking had something to do with a lot of my feeling the last couple of months. I stopped taking it a couple of weeks ago and am starting to feel better - they weren't doing anything for my arthritis anyway it hurts to press on this pen right now,

5/25/18

It's raining this morning - I've just been sitting here watching it from my window for hours. It feels so close out of this bottom tier cell window it almost seems like I'm sitting in it. Like sitting in a car it feels that if I look to my left I can see my brother Tim beside me and my brother James at the wheel - if I look to my right I'm at the wheel, my Jeannie beside me my sister Linda beside her Marcella riding shotgun - I'm sixteen and smiling. Now this old man has happy tears in his eyes.

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Today I feel much quieter. I can hear the sounds of the 200 who live in the cell block with me and it's alright in my mind as I know I must make my own sounds. My breathing its self is loud so I'll

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told. And the way of me feet hitting the sidewalk is loud - the way I learned to walk when I was young on the city streets. I want to say thank you to everyone who has said hello to me over the past few months, Cavak, anorelion, Jory, tsif tlelle. I will promise to continue to write and try not to be so down but it is what it is and the long days are sometimes longer.

A love note to my Jeannie. I love you, you are always with me in my heart in my thought.  happy.

I'm going to try to paint today - if my hands hold out ☺ Right now my fingers aren't hurting - but they are always numb and I can't close them into a fist - right now I can hold a pen without much trouble and a paint brush takes a lot less pressure.

As you know, can always see in my writing I get lost in my thoughts - sometimes it's a good thing sometimes it's bad, right now it's all good and I'll spend some time in Georgia this week.

I must repeat myself a lot ☺

Prison Quiet

I get up early here
between the walls of light and dark
meditating in the pre-dawn hour
in the quiet of the night
with only the sounds
of the air flowing
out of the vent
the fan blowing, wind
someones toilet flushing
someones soft music playing
someone crying alone
prison quiet surround me
in the dark between the walls
I clear my mind to meditate
as the sun rises over me
tears roll down my face

5/19/18

Steve Burkett

♡ I love you ^{Love note,} with all I am
your letter didn't stop the pain
in my body but it made me forget
about it, you make my heart smile ♡