

Personal Journal

8/14/18

On a lockdown again so guards from our yard can go over and help the guards on 'A' yard search. Didn't they just do that? It takes the whole week as they only do one cell block at a time and there are five block on each yard. It looks nice outside, clouds filling the skies - dark clouds - it was hot here yesterday but right now everything is cool and beautiful. (I can feel a light breeze; ~~the~~ felt wind on my face; hear the leaves rustle; see the wind vane move.) I did get started on sketching out a drawing for painting yesterday. I'll add some more detail today and start painting if Jimmy stays asleep. I can't do much when he's up the kid wants to play all the time "like an 8-12 year old" and then he never stops talking - I should try to do more when he's at groups or playroom - but I don't, lazy, I do get something done now and then - not as much as I once did. I'm going to miss him when he's gone I know that for sure as I've already begun the process of finding another celly. Torrado Evacuation Plan from the "Hitch-H-Post. BBQ #1 grab a beer #2 run like hell"

8/24/18

I'm having a hard time getting out of bed in the mornings, yesterday I sleep until 6:30, this morning I just wanted to roll over and stare at the wall. I had to force myself out of bed and when I did both knees hurt so much I could barely stand. I have to force myself to do everything. I find that I have no energy and no enthusiasm to do anything. I've been working on the same painting for two weeks and just sit and stare at it. I'm going to need something good to happen to break this feeling. Wednesday Jimmy and I went and had some pictures taken I'm going to get photo copies made of mine (the one with me + Jimmy) and post

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8/24/18

one here so everyone can see how handsome we are :
I'm going to miss this kid when he's gone home.

8/27/18

Sometimes survival means lying, stealing, or
vanishing in place. Mimicry can be a great way to
preen, or learn, or make a new friend. Among songbirds
and humpback whales, competing males seem to imitate
each other's songs. And some dolphins duplicate
each other's flying leaps. Parrots are masters at
parroting, and apes is what the great apes do, which
is why orangutans can learn to cook pancakes and
chimpanzees to hunt with tools, and we compare
each other to a summer's day and mirror each
other's joy with a smile.

For
Jeannie

8/28/18

It has felt like Fall here for the last
week with temperatures in the 70's. Cold this
morning, so much so I was barely able to
make it out of bed - both knees were throbbing,
both hands hurting - still can't close them. I'm
thinking winter will get here early and this is
going to be a wet one - need the rain, hate the pain.
Happy Birthday to my Big Brother Little James
9/2/45 least I forget with my mind wondering off
all the time - I miss you brother.

8/30/18

I painted a little yesterday morning while
Jimmy slept. We went on lockdown around noon
Tues. A little riot on the yard. So we're not
getting out of the cells - but tonight's dinner was
brought to ~~us~~ ^{us} cold cuts and pudding cups :
I've never been able to get much done on lockdowns
maybe some reading. Two riots on the Level 1
yard yesterday - we may be down a few days
It is always a comfort to hear from you and
I'm thinking of you every day - you are my
Jeannie, my love the one my dream come from

Personal Journal

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8/30/18

I got your post and I miss you to. Maybe we'll get a shower today - not that I think I need ^{one} me 😊 but Jimmy sure could use one. 😊 I had to slip on a jacket right now to take the chill off my back. I have the fan on low - I can't turn it off without it there is no air circulation in this enclosed box. It won't be long until I get my long johns + sweats out 😊

9/2/18

Sunday - Jimmy goes home next Sunday. I worry - life has not been kind to the kid and he has no ideal - I've tried to tell him to put away all pride and ask anyone + everyone for help. Still on lockdown, still staring at the walls lost in some dream I was had - how long has that crack been there? I write, I paint I look for beauty, it is so difficult like the love that fills our hearts. Kisses end, dreams vanish, cities disappear. We long for a perfect ending as the curtain falls. I wasn't able to get out and pick up the copies of the picture of Jimmy + I so hopefully I'll have it for my next blog. I want to get this in today's mail.

I am a statue
sitting in fear
counting grains of sand
on white beaches
surrounded by blue oceans

the restless tides
of my mind
playing in the sand
as my memory surfs
the distant shores

my thoughts like waves
from every crevice
of my mind
a new ocean
filled with tears

sitting alone here
in a concrete box
with dark loneliness
I shed tears
like old skin

as I rise
I can hear
my fears ringing
like a broken joke
the morning laughter

Stone Burnett

8/15/18