

Personal Journal

We've been getting a lot of rain over the last week or so - we need it and sometimes I love to go out and play in it - walk circles around the track in it if the wind is not blowing too hard - sideways into my face - I could drive around in it for hours or park on the corner and sing along to the music as the rain drops keep time on the roof, the windshield - the motor running - the heater blowing the windshield wipers keeping time holding my Jeannie in my arms. I don't ask much - just let me have yesterday back.

"Catch a falling star and put it in your pocket, save it for a rainy day" caught myself crying again today, don't know what's coming over me anymore.

1-17-19
It's hard for me to sit here so I don't know how much I'm going to be able to write but I need to start something. This cold weather has everything in my body hurting - So the doctor asks me, "Where do you feel the pain?" "That's not the question Dr., it's where do you not hurt?" - I can't close my hands right now, they're swollen up, both feet are swollen up and my big toe hurt - It's my lower back and knees that are the worse right now. I have a hot water bottle on my lower back - makes it feel good while it's on there but I can't walk - that hurts too much. I'm going to tell them I'll take the pain medication right now - I just hate standing in that line for an hour to get them - they make you feel good but they really don't do much for the pain - I want one of the books they have for arthritis - cost too much. I did get a drawing started of my Jeannie. I'm using the new graphite pencils my friends gave me for my birthday. I would have been done with it already except I can't sit up long enough to work on

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1-17-19

it. I'm starting to feel light headed - I need to stop and eat something - I haven't even been going to the mess hall the walls bad enough but sitting there for 20 minutes!

1-20-19

I've been using this muscle rum (Cassassin Cream) that someone gave me, for muscle & joint pain, backaches & arthritis. it get hot but it don't stink - working pretty good on my back & leg - Right now not a lot going on here - was hoping to be able to do more writing. I did work on the drawing I'm doing of my Jeannie yesterday but even that's going slow, don't want to stay in one position too long.

Lord when all my work is done bless me with at least one, old friend. I've been watching these old country music rerun shows from the 60's & 70's you know the ones where you cry & smile for the lost of your youth.

1-21-19

I don't know why no one told me before to try this muscle rum (Duo, KNOX). It works great - I didn't feel any discomfort in my back & leg when I got up this morning - I'm thinking about putting some on my knee, it hurts like hell right now, it says arthritis on the tube. I can't use it on my hands because I'm continually touching my face - I've been double washing my hands after putting it on my back, still I was able to get some just out my eye last night and it burned like hell cold water & lotion got it off after awhile. I almost had me a celly yesterday but in the end he said he had to pass when he found out I get write up every once in awhile - he get family visit and said his wife would kill him if he did anything to lose them - I understand but I can't live like I'm dead. I watched playoff football yesterday - both teams I picked to win won N.E. & L.A.R. to bad I didn't have some money to bet on them. I did a little reading in the morning - a magazine and some poetry out of one of the poetry books I love, I did

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1-21-19

get to work on the drawing of my Jeannie⁵. Almost done with the face. It's easier to do when you can sit up more than a few minutes at a time. It's Monday morning, a holiday; the rains have passed for now everything is soaked, everything is green - so many colors of green. I don't even know them all.

1-23-19

Lost in a fog this morning, sleeping too much, that is to say catching up on all the sleep I lost when my back was hurting, slept all day yesterday and the night before, last night too. I'm going to start on cleaning the cell after breakfast, it hasn't been getting much attention the last few weeks. Don't get me wrong my knees and hands still hurt this morning but they don't seem like so much after that back pain. I can still remember years ago before I had the fog, before my Jeannie⁵ came back into my life, before Mama past. I couldn't get myself to get out of bed in the mornings I would just lay here for hours in the dark wondering if it was ever going to be over. Now I'm out of bed with the radio on singing wondering what I'm going to do today? what I'm going to write about? what will I learn today? and for more than 10 years now I haven't been to the hole that's saying something or I'm just getting old. (maybe it's just the beauty of her smile, the smile that exalts my mind and spirit). It's nice to be able to open my eyes and the morning and see her smile surrounding me. I think I might be falling into depression. I have to watch myself or I'll lose myself. I have to force myself to do everything right now. Almost talked myself out of getting out of bed today and I was wide awake then I tried to talk my into getting back into it for a moment I could use the cold for an excuse but it's not that cold. It's not good to feel alone too much. I don't mean

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1/23/19

being without a celly) but the feeling of being in this world alone. I walk the yard all my old friends are gone. It has always been hard for me to make close friends becoming even harder here in my older years, trust issues.

1/27/19

SUNDAY

It's funny how time seems to stand still yet flys by at the same time. My days seem to be long-lasting never yet it passes me by. Yesterday was Wednesday and today is Sunday - where is everyone at? where has everyone been?

in S.F.

I got 4 new book of poetry from the Prisoners Literature Project (PLP) this week. I don't know why but books of poetry are hard to come by in here it was never like that in the old days over at Folsom but then we had a lot of the poet come and read with us but we were all poets back then. There are books of old poets here, some I know well from my youth, Bly, Keats, Spats, Poets I didn't understand in college but speak to my mind, heart, and soul now. Then there's the one book of new poems, love poems, 2018. "You Only Love Me When I'm Suffering." I'll write them a thank you note this week. It seems the harder I try to do something the less I get done - What am I waiting for? I've just noticed how cold ~~it~~ is in here right now. It saids 34° outside. I can feel that with the heater off in here. My fingers feeling like icicles breaking off I've wrapped them around the hot pot to warm them up, put a hot water bottle on my lower back - it's not hurting only my left knee - a blanket over my shoulders and I'm ready to go. Looking for inspiration out of these poetry book to write more poetry myself. I've finished the drawing of my Jeannie. Just looking at her sitting there inspires ~~to~~ me to start something else today. What? - What would inspire me in everything I do is to hear from someone. More or less to come.

DOB: 12/18/46

CDCR: B14364

standing under a streetlight
 with thoughts of her in my heart
 writing a poem in my mind
 will there be enough light
 will there be enough time
 for me to write down
 all the things I forgot to say
 before I wander off into that daydream

will this light last forever
 like this love I hold for her
 or will it fade overtime like
 the memories of our youth
 changing with the wind to fit
 the way we wanted it to be
 before all the streetlights dimmed

Steve Burkett
 1/24/19

In a single moment
 of clarity
 I knew you only ever
 had to say,
 "I love you" once,
 and that it should be
 enough for me,
 forever. Don Lupin

Prom:

You only love me when i'm suffering