

## Irish Soup

2/27/19

The light shining from your eyes can be blinding.  
 Art is just a pigment of ones imagination. As an  
 artist I suffer from delusions of adequacy. Art is the  
 way you are meant to be, not the way you're expected to.

Making friends isn't always easy for me - trust no one  
 it's worth the effort to find true friends. I often feel  
 alone in my years, very lonely in my 70's. I never had many  
 fulfilling and quality relationships. I can count them on  
 one hand. I can afford to lose even one - love you Mel.

The closer a person is to passing the more likely he  
 is to dream about loved ones who have past. I hope not I  
 dream about mine all the time - have for years ☺

What's the world for if you can't make it up the way  
 you want it.

"People who think they know everything are a great  
 annoyance to those of us who do."

They say you shouldn't say anything about the dead  
 unless it's good. Good. He's dead. ☺

Shadowy figures, moving objects, strange voices, the  
 guard on the tear, things that go bump in the night.  
 Things that scare the hell out of me.

In recognizing the humanity of our fellow being, we pay  
 ourselves the highest tribute: (Thurgood Marshall)

You pulled the blanket off me during the night. I  
 woke up cold before four so don't complain if my  
 hands and feet are cold against your skin. ☺

Hello my love hello - I miss you