

## Personal Journal

3/3/19

Sunday: pre-dawn - nothing in the sky but black clouds, again, no moon, no stars, I don't remember the last time I was able to see the moon, I miss the moon, I miss seeing the reflection of my loves face in the moon. It is still raining. How many days now?, teardrops from Angels, what has made them so sad? do they miss their true love as much as I miss mine? It is March already and my Baby 'Theresa's' birthday on the 15<sup>th</sup>. I will not tell how old she is but she has teenage grandkids 😊 No matter she is still my baby - my perfect little girl. Happy B-day baby - I love, I miss you. We were locked up all day yesterday - from after breakfast to dinner. Training day 😊 training the guards to be ready for a riot 😊 riot here I'm sure. Fights are real here and I can't remember when someone got cut on this yard but the tax payers here have money to waste and if they run out they'll just vote to raise their own taxes. I'm almost done with the portrait I'm doing for Casper even with the damp air - get him to show it around so I can drum up some more work. Go Giants 😊

3/4/19

Monday: Not raining this morning - it's just after 5 A.M. now and I'm ready to hit the yard 😊 starting to feel like a shut in - the weather man said clear today, at least no rain - more rain starting tomorrow. Everything is water logged from Bakersfield to Oregon - be careful what you wish for 😊 It was clear in the afternoon yesterday - there was some cloud but no rain at dinner time so I didn't take a rain coat - didn't even wear a hat, put on my dinner clothes and good shoes. I noticed there were some dark black clouds rolling in

dvat

DOB: 12/18/46

CDCR: B14364

## Hank Williams song

I grew up in  
beer joint parking lots  
waiting in the car  
my brothers by my side  
growing up outside  
the barrelhouse  
sometimes feeling like a  
Hank Williams song  
the bars rattling thin walls  
a solitary car rusting by  
on a lonely two-lane highway  
the wind blowing  
the slow drift  
of the darkness  
overcoming a little boy

Steve Burkett  
3/6/19

## Personal Journal

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on the way to the mess hall. They had a cooler somewhere so we were sitting in there a long time. When we did come out it was raining - not just raining, it was coming down in buckets full, hard rain drops as big as dimes. It's just over a quarter of a mile from the ~~mess~~<sup>mess</sup> hall door to the cell block, no running on the track during meals. Every thing I had on was soaked even my underwear was drenched, it was like I had been immersed in water. I groped my shower bag some dry clothes and ran and jumped in the shower - people looking like who the hell does he think he is - I'm the guy in the hot shower, I got it like that, you heard the guard lock your asses up porters only. My hands and feet were swell up this morning but it's gone down now - it takes about an hour of working my hands to be able to close them. The new meds I taking, (azathioprine + hydroxychloroquine) seem to be helping some. The hydroxychloroquine is for the lupus and the azathioprine is suppose to be for rheumatoid arthritis pain on eyes and ~~for~~ help keep your body from 'rejecting' a transplanted organ. Also the quine is for Malaria. All I know is this wet weather usually has me hurting in every joint and not so much right now not that I'm not havent some pain just not as bad as it has been in the past.

3/6/19

Wednesday: Raining cats + dogs or cool cats and old dogs - did not want to get out of bed this beautiful morning. It's not cold or anything, I'm not in any pain. I woke up from dreaming about my love, my Jeannie and I just wanted to chase her down. I know she would be down for walking with me in the rain - always has been, remember.

## Personal Journal

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3/6/19

the winter of '63' ☺♥. This winter has been hard in a lot of places, on a lot of people we need it to slow down some.

3/7/19

Thursday: Guess what, it's raining ☺ I was going to go out and walk in it yesterday morning, no matter what kind of rain, but, the guards went somewhere to search so we were locked down all day. Even being locked down I didn't get much done, some reading, napped a little, watch t.v. It's hard for me to concentrate with someone sitting over me. I've had to tell this one to shut up more than once - to not talk to me if I'm reading, writing, drawing, painting, or taking a dump concentration ☺ Some people think I don't like people, maybe it's because I don't like most people here. Well I can't even stand being around myself half the time ☺ Another day of not feeling too bad, those new meds might be working some ♥ I still can't close my hands into a tight fist they still feel like they're asleep but no joint pain and they're not locking up much now. I don't know if I'll be able to get a blog out every week but I will try ☺ every other week at least ☺ Not sure if I'm going outside to play in the rain this morning, I do have clayroom (if we're not locked down) I'll wait until then to make a decision before yard time, maybe ☺

Everyone can leave a message here - just say hello ---

A message to my Jeannie ♥: I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you Forever + Ever ♥

## Irish Soup Journal

Notes - Ramping Bull - Stone

Out of sight, out of mind - absence makes the heart grow fonder - what you see is what you get - don't judge a book by its cover - thankful for every memory.


If you can't believe just make believe - life.

Some mornings I feel so all alone in this place. Where are my brothers James + Tim? they did there best and never turned there back on me.

Bagbear: object of dread. My biggest bagbear is being alone. Something I like, I have always liked, and will always like is a piece of chocolate cake. 😊

When alone here in the cell I like to practice my on my music, my singing, my dancing 😊 and sometimes as you know, I just watch the stars and daydream about dancing with you beneath them. The meaning of life is to be who we are and to spread more smiles than tears.

It takes most people awhile to warm up to new people but they'll kiss a dog they just meet on the mouth.

Doodling: Doodlers retain more info than active listeners. I'm a doodler - so why don't I retain anything? 😊 

Our heads are round so our thoughts can change direction with the movement of our feet.

Our primary attraction here at dinner is the small wildlife wandering across the table.

It gets lonely here in my world. Not just waiting by myself, but making decisions alone. Always within my heart.