

Personal Journal

(17)

It is not easy waiting for letters that never come. I have stopped asking the mailman if he has anything for me, I've even stopped looking his way begging the gods. When he does call my name my heart races, I hope he doesn't see the disappointment in my face when I see it's only junk mail.

Reflections on aging? Old age shows us that life unfolds very quickly and challenges us with stark consequences. We all have different past experiences, capacities, karma and different past life realizations. Life is short so let's enjoy each day we have. Tell the ones you love that you love them - I love you.

3/20/19

~~Thursday~~
Wednesday

I'm tired this morning - couldn't get to sleep last night - I over slept - now I can't keep my eyes open - that's o'k' I don't have anything to write about anyway. I drew and painted all day yesterday and the day before. I have three paintings going right now. A clown ^{8 1/2 x 11}, A Rose ^{6 x 9} with a hummingbird, Another Rose in a vase sitting on a chair. At least, at last I'm feeling like I'm enjoying painting again. For now I'm going to close my eyes and see if I can see the paintings in the back of my mind where all things begin + end.

3/21/19

Thursday

☺ I went through most of the day yesterday thinking it was Thursday. Everything was

Personal Journal

2

3/21/19

running late. The early KP workers didn't get out until 5 A.M. instead of 4, dinner workers at 7 instead of 6 and breakfast at 7:45 - there was a light rain so it was a nice walk to the mess by the time I came out of medical from my breathing treatment it was 9 o'clock and the real rain was coming down - needless to say I didn't bring my rain coat :- I ^{changed} got out of my wet clothes and got right into my warm bed skipping the yard I didn't get up until noon when they called dayroom - that's when I realized it was Wed. the 20th top tier has morning dayroom on even days and bottom tier on odd days. I did finish up the painting of the rose + humming bird and got paid for it, coffee creamer sugar, bean + rice, and soups. It's hard staying away from sweets :- Not raining today and everything seems to be running on time - I will go to the yard :- I'm feeling better today. Can't let anything get me down or I won't be able to get back up. My college's starting to get the ideal - don't get up bothering me during my early morning time - don't stand over me and don't talk to me before breakfast :- I'll wake you up in time to get ready to go eat. Oh it's that time now :- It's going to be a good day. Old man time 6:15 Maybe I'm a little morbid but I wonder sometimes 'how much time is left on the clock' ? doesn't everyone?

Personal Journal

(3)

3/23/19

Saturday

Maybe it's all the rain we're having here this winter but I'm having trouble with remembering the days + dates. I was looking at the calendar and still wrote down the wrong day. It's just after five here and the rain is coming down in buckets, raining cats + dogs - not a day for a code on the way to or from the mess. (We have to sit on the ground during a code?) I was in 5 building at old Folsom for a good while - that's the 2 original granite rock buildings surrounded by a granite wall with a tin roof over it. I could lay awake all night listening to the rains music dance off that roof - of course I was on drugs most of the time then - still - I enjoy the sound of the music it has always reminded me of when I was little and my brothers (James + Tim) and I would be playing in the barn on rainy days. I'm only just realizing that this joy from my childhood is the reason I enjoy the sound of the rain today - like sitting in the car the rain and the windshield wipers keeping time with whatever song is on the radio. I miss my brothers - I'm going to have to stop for now and separate the rain from the tears. My memories are mostly happy but even remembering happy can make one sad like Tim drinking the last beer.

DOB: 12/18/46

CDCR: B14364

I feel I should
 be looking for something
 lost memories
 lost brothers
 lost love

the time wasted
 inside prison wall
 pacing concrete floors
 worrying about things
 I can do nothing about

years have seeped
 into my bones
 today I stand
 backed into a corner
 hands covering my face

3/23/19

Steve Burkett

Our eyes are there
 for more than crying
 yours shines all the
 time with your smile
 making my heart
 go pitter-patter

3/22/19

Steve Burkett