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Personal Journal

4/19/19

Good Friday. It has been a slow month. This is the third time this week I have overslept. Didn't get up until 5:30 this morning and I'm still tired - I have no energy in me anymore. I take a walk in the morning I have to take a nap - I was still in bed at 8:30 last night. I never feel like doing anything - I'm having to force myself to write sometimes or even to paint I want to I just have trouble getting started - some days I'll paint all afternoon once I've started. I keep saying it'll pass it always does - but it doesn't feel like depression. don't know what I'm writing half the time

4/20/19

I notice I'm getting ahead of myself on years here's Saturday: up at 4AM, I've been up most of the night. They had baked chicken last night - I ate it - I know better - I get sick about every time I eat their chicken so I rarely do. The kitchen is dirty/unsanitary they put the chicken on these big bread pans let them sit around for a day then want to put them in the oven and besides the chicken is always undercooked - Now my nose is running, I can't stop sneezing my eyes are watery up so things are blurry - these Allergies pills are worthless. Got your Easter card - great grandma - yes, with my white hair and beard I am/would be a great great grandpa wish I were there with you now.

duat

Personal journal

(2)

4/20/19 I'll answer you letter in a few days when I can see the paper. The weather here is great - in the 80's the last few days with more to come just a little to much pollen and the Cherry blossom haven't even bloomed yet  half the morning blowing my nose. "Thank you warden, not at all for all my friends hiding in the walls waiting for a chance to break out the windows and run down the halls. My brother James, my brother Tim heading for the fence, my brother Allen, my brother Red climbing up the tower - there goes my brother Bobby & Jimmy dashing through the gate. The right behind you boys I'm sure, I just need to tell my Jeannie a few more times how much I love her." and how I always have.

4/22/19 Monday morning blue sky - how I love the Spring time when the wind is softly blowing about my face and the allergic pills are working. There are dandelions growing wild between the buildings not subject to the restraint or regulation of the prison - a free natural state of existence, a beautiful thing between these gray concrete walls. The warden had them cover with DDT one day last week the dandelions drink it and bowed their pedels to the sun. Everything here has been cut down to where its only water that's why the cellblock cleaner cleans nothing.

Personal Journal

(3)

4/22/19 Things are slow here. You know how the warm spring weather makes a person lazy. I am getting things done but I'm going real slow.

4/24/19
Wednesday

We went on lock down Monday morning right after breakfast. They're searching on A yard - the guards from here go over there to help, the only reason I can see for them sending ~~guards~~ from other yard it so when someone complains about how badly their cell was tore up or something personal was taken or broke the regular guards can blame it on the guards from the other yards. We're suppose to shower every third day on these lock-downs. I did shower Monday when I came back from sick call. The floor guard were already gone and I just waited at the tower guard and it looked to me like he nodded his head up & down. Anyway he didn't say anything when I grabbed my shower stuff and jump in, all about timing. It's hard for me to point when my cellie locked up with me - always jumping up and down and with the light on it messing up the t.v. I did finish the down and I'm working on the bus. Did some reading I can read with the window light. Got another blood test yesterday. I was still bruised from the last one. The RN said it was from the medication I'm taking for the lupus - just one of the side effects. That's it for now. I want to get this letter in the mail today - I have a love letter to write.

DOB: 12/18/46

CDCR: B14364

pg 5
second chance
standing here alone
stalled by life again
giving at the knees
looking ahead at the movie
waiting for the end
my eyes out of focus
needing a signal to get pass
still sweating out yesterday's mistakes
memorized all the roads I've traveled
all the bridges I cross
all the buildings I've entered just to exit
everything burning behind me
shuffling my feet to keep warm in the flames
hunting for a way out from under arrest
death I wait for you
let me go or take me
it makes no difference
to the fool in my memories
just another road to travel
another bridge to cross
another cross to bear
another city to burn down
another second chance to dream of

4-20-19
Steve Burkett