

Personal Journal

Yesterday morning I wrote a song and a poem and watched the sun come up as I listened to country music down real low - I can dream of her being here by my side in my arms but sometimes the tears roll down my face and I can taste the salt - I've memorized yesterday - will tomorrow ever come.

8/6/19
Tuesday

We're on some kind of modified program starting yesterday - until Sunday. In real terms we're on lock down until dinner everyday so the guards can get more training - here's some training for them monkey see monkey do : I had a doctors appointment so I was hanging out from 10:45 until 13:45 - just a rehash of what the Rheumatologist & Pulmonary doctors talked about - setting up new appointments to see them and appointments for more test. I finished all the details on my lover portrait yesterday and today I will start on an old machine shop - like the one that use to be at 20th street - I love old buildings. My brain seems to be on hold right now. As a kid I was like the bull in the china shop - I was always knocking over something or someone.

8/9/19

There was a time that lock-downs were just a part of my daily life - that's not so anymore - this short one week lock-down has me climping the walls. Yesterday was one of those long days that seemed to last forever - I worked on everything, drawing, writing, reading, laundry, clean the cell from top to bottom - reread some old letters - managed to throw out one letter and two cards : I treasure every word. Of course I didn't get anything done : I've become unuse to doing lock-down time - walking the track, hanging out in the dayroom, telling old stories to people who've heard them more than a few times

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Personal Journal

(2)

befor' noone cares as long as the conversation continues
besider the jokes are even funnier than they were
in the '60's + '70's as we all get the punch line - except
maybe some youngster whom the joke is on :) There
are some dark clouds in the sky this morning, the
dawn seem to be slow in coming another long day
locked away and forgotten by all except maybe a few
who can find me here on these pages. Beac Out.

Rambling: I hate it when I see an old person and
Monday then realize we grew up together :) Happy Birthday
8/12/19 to my love - know that I am there with you
in your heart always. The weather has cooled down
here over the last week - putting a blanket over you
during the night kind of cool :) sweet - its suppose
to start warming back up in the high 90's today.
As I've said here befor' the water here seems to
always be turned to very hot in the summer and
very cold in the winter - someone complained so
they came in and turned the hot water down - off
is more like it - so now the showers are cold and
so is the sink water. I don't care for the water
being skin burning hot but I've learned to dance
around in it - with my arthritics the cold water
causes my joints to hurt - maybe I'll turn my own
complaint in, I don't want it boiling hot but I
don't want it freezing cold either :) I have told
you that complaining is one of our favorite pass times
in prison. For anyone who is interested my brother
Allen's boy, little Al, is here. The little lock-down
ended Saturday - a good thing to I was going
stare crazy (is it stare or stir?). I did get something
done yesterday - finished sketching out the building
at the end of ML King Jr. Ave in Memphis. Now today
I hope to do the writing on them building and

Personal Journal

(3)

the street signs. Maybe start painting on it before the end of the week. I really slow down doing anything the last couple of years. I kept saying I'm going to give myself a push - at least I'm doing something if it is only getting the paints out :)

8-15-19

It is said that the majority of the baggage that weighs us down we packed ourselves. I know this to be true of myself. Once in prison I began to understand the wisdom of traveling light. I remember a time that all my worldly goods would fit in a shoe box : I couldn't get all the old letters I wrote keep on into a shoe box - not even the big boot box I keep my paints in of which I have over a hundred bottles : I can only take 25 bottles when I'm moved out of here. I will start lightening my load soon - discarding some old letters & papers, patterns wore out clothes, books - I have over 100 books, I've never seen a book of poetry or art I didn't want to keep : we're only allow to take 3 boxes or somewhere we can take our 2 bins and a box - maybe its four boxes - I better check - I hate to get rid of anymore of my treasures than I have to : My oxygen level was up to 95% when that checked it yesterday - a lot better than 92% but I just has a breathing treatment and a 100% N2O inhaler sprayed in my mouth : I'm going to stop rambling for now and get this out in this weeks mail - maybe I'll hear something from someone soon. I worry that I may have overslept and forgotten something and everyone left without me. If anyone has time leave me a message and let me know the world is still turning in circles.

Peace Out.

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Love Note

My Dearest Love:

When I sit down to write I forget everything, every funny little quip I've saved for you. I draw a blank - forget everything I did yesterday, everything I plan to do today. When I stare down at the blank paper I see a reflection of your face smiling up at me. I get lost in the backwaters of my mind, on the streets that carry our memories. It is at this time that I start writing down all the gibberish I use to encode all the I love you's I want to say to you. I could tell you how perfect, how beautiful you are but all you have to do is look in the mirror to know that. I could tell you how witty, intelligent, amusing, geniously clever you are but how many times can a woman hear all that? I could say that you are my better half but everyone has told you already you are my better half. So the only thing I can say, the only thing I can think of to say, the only I want to say, the only thing I need to say is I love you. I have loved you for a very long time and will continue loving you till the end of time and beyond. I love you ☺

I'll Love You Always
Forever & Ever
Your Steve