

Personal Journal

8/19/19

Dreams and memories are what life in prison consists of without them you're just a dead shell. My paintings, my poetry are from my dreams and my memories ^{my} past life and dreams of my Jeannie[®].

8/20/19

I will be in a bad mood all day today. I'm getting another ultrasound on my liver sometime this morning and can't drink any coffee. We were locked down yesterday - couldn't find out why but the rumor is the lockdown is going to last a few days - cleaned the cell then read most of the rest of the day - did a little painting but my fingers wouldn't bend right - I did get a sky painted I like. I got all the window in and all the lettering done on the buildings. It has cooled down over the last few days - in the 80's somewhere - looking for a warm up over the next few days - right now it's cold in my cell. Buddha said there are three things you can't hide, "The Sun, The Moon, The Truth." My friends wait for me on nearby corners, we hug, drinking dark beers that cuts the bitterness from our hearts. The bar is warm, feels like we've been coming here for years. We talk about old friends, about how they are, about where they might be now. Will they come back? What is left of them? We are more experienced now and much older. I think of you these last few years as life, not as a lover I met on the streets and took up with briefly, someone who has been in and out of jail someone who was there with me blocking the portal to hell - the poet that I love ^{Jeannie[®]} ^{my} Jeannie[®].

8/22/19

Thursday: we've been locked down the last three days - they showered us yesterday - good thing to see the bird baths just aren't cutting it - The rumor at dinner last night is we getting off today

Personal Journal

121

here's hoping it's true - won't know until after breakfast. Wrote poetry and painted yesterday. A long lockdown like the ones we use to have at Q and Tolson I might get some things done - but now I'm use to having some yard + exercise time almost everyday and I go nuts with just a week long lockdown, think months, at least I'm rested up now. If life was only a German Chocolate Cake and a cold glass of milk. I read my loves latest love note and my mind wonder away and I get lost in all the nooks and crannies of her heart, a place I know so well. Happy Birthday my sweet Jeannie. Age has only brought out your beauty even more stirring my emotions in mind + spirit.

4/24/19

We did come off lock down Thursday after dinner. Made it out the door at 8 o'clock Friday and it was already over 90° and I still walked, around + around the track, don't know how many miles, just around in circles for two hours. Talking with my two friends who walk with me most mornings. Telling war stories, talking sports, arguing politics, passing on rumors. By the end I was covered with sweat from head to toe and felt as if I was going to pass out if I did even one more lap. I came in put my clothes in the wash bucket - took a cold shower to bring my body temperature down + ate a snack. About 10:45 I lay my head back to catch my breathe and someone woke me up at 2:15. I was in bed and out by 8 and some ass hole guard woke me up at 9:30 just because he wanted to see me move - 'hey ass wipe if I'm dead it'll wait till morning' The news says it's going to be warmer + hotter today, so I may only stay out for an hour. I have other things I want to do so I need to

Personal Journal

(31)

save a little strength. Anyway I'm feeling rested this morning - food's still bad :-

8/25/19

Sunday morning 5 A.M. warm already - just so someone knows 98° & 99° are the same a 100° if you rounded them off you would have 100° so they're triple digit days :- I still have this cough from two weeks ago - can't seem to get rid of it. I watch the 49ers play yesterday evening and the end of the Giants game later 5th - 9th inning both won their games so it was a good sports day for me. :- I'm just about finished with this painting of the building at the end of M.L. King Dr. Ave. I think they're all gone now, what a shame I love old buildings. Maybe my hands will feel like painting today - whatever happened to when I was doing a painting everyday - wouldn't stop until it was done. I just never have any energy any more - a lack of oxygen to the brain :- Lack of vitamins - did I tell you the food here is bad :- possibly getting worse if that's possible :- I don't, can't think of anything to say and want to get this out in tonight mail. I doing fine and hope everyone else is to. I could use a hug but that's just me I'm always looking for a hug.