

Personal Journal

The song begins and ends with the singer crying on a cold ~~concrete~~ ^{concrete} floor - the song is about being left standing on a street corner and the long walk home, head down, move on; the song continues on.

8/27/19
Tuesday

3:20 A.M. This night seems long - I could no longer lay in bed with my eyes open - my mind racing going nowhere. I fear crying in my sleep - first rule; show no weakness - even in old age where you've become worn out, broken down from long use, a reclusing poet too fragile for the rigors of this world, where was I before my mind wandered off to where I could once sit and write for hours without feeling pain - now my ass got to sleep after what seems like a few minutes of sitting in one position. Another blood draw this morning. My arm is still bruised and sore from last week but looking at my arm I have a few bruises, one big one where I bumped the arm on the top bunk while putting my shirt on. I don't move very fast anymore so I couldn't have hit it that hard.

8/29/19

I keep thinking that maybe, just maybe, if, should of. Another long night. Yesterday was nice. There was a morning cloud cover from a passing thunder-storm - we could hear the thunder roaring in the distance and see the lightning high up in the mountains - could almost feel the rain and it hailed at Lake Tahoe. There was a soft wind pushing it cooling things down just a little. The weather person says low 90's for the next seven days. Now that may sound warm to some but after all the three digit days this is a cool off. Still if I could I would go to breakfast in my underwear but they won't let you in if

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you don't have a blue ~~shirt~~ shirt and pants on. I remember a lot of times at old Folsom when you couldn't leave your cell with anything more than your shower shoes, drawer, and tee-shirt and maybe a pair of socks. Let me tell you it was cold in that chow-hall in Dec. + Jan. Cold fish at three in the morning. They had to feed you a hot meal every three days. Food still bad.

To my brother James: Happy Birthday.... I read somewhere that we become what we love - I hope not - because as much as I love you I wouldn't want to be you and have to put up with me. "Love is the grandest healing + drawing power I know of."

9-1-19

These dog days of summer are for taking naps and daydreaming - lazy days for young boys and old men, for the old man with the young boys heart. I look at the canvas - one day it is blank; the next day it is covered with buildings under a blue sky - a poem on the paper - a love note started that can never be finished in a lifetime and Allen ask me why I'm always smiling? Because even in this place I'm surrounded by love. Another month has begun - the days here seem like sometimes that'll last forever but the months, the years they fly by faster than the speed of light.

9-3-19

Running out of daylight - yesterday in the morning on the way to breakfast at 6:30 it was almost dark - the dawn's light has just begun to appear on the ridges of the distant hills. It feels cool out at that time in the morning before sunrise - you could see the smile on people's faces as they softly talk to one

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another - even the air seemed quiet around us as we stood in a loosely formed line waiting for the doors to open - not so different from the soup lines I've heard about - head down, move on, food's still bad. I finish the painting of the buildings at the end of M.L. King Jr. Ave over the week end. So now to get all of them (10) ready and off to the art show at Pier 5 in San Francisco. It's not deciding ~~which~~ ^{which} ones are the best so much as ~~which~~ ^{which} ones I'm ready to part with. I'll have them in the mail by Thursday night then I can start a painting for Mel's B-day.

9/5/19

I saw the Hip-C doctor a couple of days ago, I've got four more weeks of that pill. My oxygen levels was up to 96% better than the 92% I had last week. Below 90 they say you lose 1Q points. It helped that I had just taken a breathing treatment just before I went over there at 8:30. You ask how bad is the food here? I'm rethinking my position on eating liver. I see Dorian has made land fall on the coast of Florida + Georgia - be safe my love. How far are you from the coast? My brain is working a little slow this morning - low oxygen levels I would expect. I'm going to get this in the mail today. Have I told you the food here is bad.