Kd4n

Personal Journal

(1)

I heard a joke about poets and artists having money - if everything were perfect there would be no need for money - there would be no need for art - there would be no need for poetry - there would be no need.
Sometimes I go about pitying myself and all the time I am being carried on great winds across the sky (Ojibway)

of course a critic has to criticize - a critic has to have something to say - perhaps that's why literary critics - purport to find interesting - so much contemporary poetry - that just bores the shit out of me - at angrate, I really enjoy a salad - with plenty of chunky iceberg lettuce, - the more the merrier, - drench in an italian or roquefort dressing; - and the poems I enjoy are those I don't have - to pretend that I'm enjoying. (Gerald Locklin)

9-8-19
Sunday

The power went out yesterday at 3:35 p.m. I know this to be the precise time because that's where the time stopped on the radio. There were no lights, no television, the toilets stopped working as they run on an electric timer hided in the chase. The doors would open except manually one at a time. Dinner came late - the doors open and closed one at a time - I was able to eat my cold meal just befor the last of the days sunlight disappeared. It became as dark as the inside of the trunk of a '54 Caddy. I had put batterys in the radio and found an oldies station I sing along and danced to the music in the dark wearing nothing but my drawer and an old pair of sock; it was hot the air vent was off. Besides wasn't that you in your underwear dancing with me in the dark. I sing and danced until I fell out from

Personal Journal

(2)

exhaustion. The power came back on sometime during the night. I did enjoy the darkness as we rarely have complete dark here - always the lights are on shining through the window and the door. :)

9/9/19 The nights here are starting to get cold already. Had a good day yesterday - wrote a couple of poems, started and finished a little painting for Mel's B-day, and watched football all day - the 49ers won :) Jimmy Lee's been gone a year today - I still miss the kid - he was just so much like the younger me - the same background and all. I think I'll try to call his sister today to see how he's doing? if you have neither love nor wine - what are you? A stone (1753 Lessing) I feel a degree of gratitude as I sit here in silence, no radio, no t.v., remembering I observe the passing scenery in my mind

9/11/01 It has been 18 years - let's not forget - let us stop those who would harm us - but let's not over react. I went out to the hospital at French Camp yesterday - the San Joaquin General. Built on and around the old Stockton State Hospital, I went up there once when I was 15 with a friend to pick someone up (you could sign in and out) I recognized the old building now being used for something else - for a minute I thought they might be checking me in :). I had a pulmonary test to see what the air captivity of lungs is. I did enjoy the ride (even chained down, hands and legs in the box handcuffs) Anyway you go from here is a scenic route - no main highways - there's at least 20 small town between here and 99 beautiful old towns with beautiful old building, a painter delite, there were a lot of old houses and old barn along the way, if I had only had more time but the van was moving

Personal Journal

much to fast to paint a full mental picture. I was wore out by the time I got back to my cell-another day gone.

9/12/19 We didn't have yard yesterday until 10:30. Every year now they have a memorial service here. I did go out and get my walk in when they did open up. I drink a second cup of coffee and woke myself up. I finished the little painting for Mel's B-day - and got started on almost finished with a large painting card something to trade off for some canteen I keep telling myself to get out of the idiot box and get something done :) I can use some money. I was so broke last week I had to ~~borrow~~ borrow the money to play a pool ticket :) It is nice to have a craft and the tools to earn a little money when needed - one just has to get his head out of his ass.

9/15/19 Sunday morning - still dark outside, cold to, it's cold here in the cell to I had to get my jacket out and put it on - it won't be long befor I'm getting sweats out of the foot locker. I'm having trouble keeping my eyes open - not much to say today - I just want to finish this page and get this out in todays mail - I could use a note back so I know that someone is out there. I think I'll take a nap befor breakfast, slept bad last night. Until the next time know that I'm always here.