

Personal Journal

11/27/19
Wed.

It started raining yesterday afternoon and was coming down pretty good when we went to dinner. It was a cold rain coming down out of the North-East where it has been snowing for ~~some~~ several days. The wind was blowing 16-17 mph with 20 mph gust. I've told you about my new celly Ricky. He's been here a couple of months now and hasn't had a chance to see any rain or get out and play in it. At yard call (6:30) he decided to go out and play so I let him put on my rain coat and out he went. A little after 7 the door popped open and here comes Ricky looking like he fell off the boat. The tower guard felt sorry for him and let him in early there was no one else from our ~~group~~ ^{building} outside. He was standing in the doorway soaked from head to toe with a big grin on his face.

11/29/19

Worst Thanksgiving meal ever - a slice of can turkey - ^{do} you know how thin a slice is in prison - makes no difference I kept choking on it. Not funny. There was stuffing (wet) then put under some kind of gelatin gravy, it's even worse than it sounds. The salad was cucumber & onions with some kind of sweet dressing on it (now why would you put anything but oil & vinegar on cucumber & onions). There was pumpkin pie & ice cream. The ice cream had melted and been refrozen so many times I don't know what you would call it. That's it, oh they had jam, 2 pieces $\frac{3}{4}$ inch squares. They say what don't kill you makes you stronger - I ain't dead but I don't feel any stronger. I've lost more than 60 lbs this year and the medications I'm taking has thinned my blood - now when it's cold & wet I feel it in

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my bone - my feet and hands get cold and they hurt - the doctors here said as long as I can feel the pain I'm still alive ☺

12/2/19

Still raining this morning - cold rain to. I have a blanket over my knee, they still hurt. The air is damp my hands are cold and feel like my fingers are going to break off if I bend them. Still I sit here and write - I would put on my warm gloves but they're so big and bulky I can't hold my coffee cup ☺ much less a pen ☺ I hope there's a break in the rain this morning as I'm going out to walk. I went out Sat. for an hour during a break ☺ when I say break I don't mean stop I mean slow down - I love walking in light rain with little wind. Walking around the track makes me remember the wet streets of downtown the rain bouncing off the sidewalk - the sound of cars moving on wet pavement, the sound of birds singing in the trees although there are no trees here I can still smell their bark & sap their leaves I can still hear the singing of the birds I can still feel my lover's hand in mine. Sometimes it's easier being crazy getting lost on yesterday's streets. I'll be there every day if I could until I return to her arms - also I miss my mother.

12/4/19

The rain is coming down fast & hard right now with a strong wind blowing it everywhere. I can almost hear it as it beats on my window. Cold and damp in the cell - the under clothes and sock I rinsed out yesterday, still wet ☺ got my long johns on now sweats over them - wait for it - ☺ I have my clothes over them ☺ It might be time for them to turn the heater back on, ☺ yesterday morning we were soaked in by

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12/4/19

fog. Couldn't see the mess hall from the cell block door - but did they call feed us - hell no - they didn't call fog line until after breakfast and by the time they courted the sun was out, well almost, the fog was gone it was still overcast. We made the yard at 10:30, As a rule wouldn't have went out but I needed a walk and I've been feeling poorly all week (since Monday) so I don't know if I want to go out in today's rain.

12/7/19

We've been on some kind of lock-down here for the last couple of days - not sure what for some rumors have a guard offing himself in a tower somewhere - I feel for the family - I know their pain having lost someone to suicide and knowing the pain my family felt. Having said that I don't know why the population here is being punished, maybe we get off today. The good news is it's raining and I can just sit here in watch it coming down while daydreaming of standing on the second deck of the parking lot on 7th & I watching the cars go by and the people walking by - there's my brothers James, Tim & Allen standing in front of the Bus Station door on 7th street, there's my sitting inside smiling up at me. The

12/8/19

lights have been going off and on all day breakfast was an hour late, dinner was two hours - Not much to add right now just was to get this in the mail. 🙄
 🙄 and are killing right now - Kediays are acting up. Thank everyone who have read with me to this point - enjoy the poem and the Some Note, I love writing the Some Notes. Merry Christmas and may everyone have a happy New Year. I'm going to set back and watch the rain awhile - breakfast will be late again. Foods bad. 🙄