

Personal Journal

January 2020 I am and eggs with wheat toast I hold the ham, drop the eggs, forget the toast. They don't serve pork of any kind here and they took out the toaster - we're lucky to get bread here - whole wheat bread kill my ass - You've heard the old saying about being put on bread & water in prison - not happening anymore, enjoy the water - if you can stomach it - the sewer water has spilled over into the drinking water again - I swear on the heart of my love - the guards bring their own bottled water - the state has to pay for water to be brought in - yet its alright for us to drink.

Derek & Sarah - I'm going to start a letter to you guys this week. I was havin't trouble with remembering Pancho but Roberto I think I remember I'll tell you what I can about the Workshop - love to reminisce - revisit with old friends that are long gone. Of course these memorizes are bury under a lot of alcohol in drugs, I never be a prisoner of your past except when it suit you. I've got a pile of old mail I'm going through - throwing most of it out. I've answered it - just hate to throw anything away but there's no where to store it in this little cell - I'll start answering or reanswering the rest of it. This is good to be a good year for me - a productive year :::

1/8/20 Dad: I woke up last night cold and I was thinking I wanted to write my mother about how I put my sweater on over my long johns. I miss my mother - I miss my mother everyday. It was a long time before I could go back to sleep. Dark outside - you can see the frost on the ground clouds are thickly, I can see the rain being blown around by the wind, the fog rolling in 7A.M. When I was about 11 my Aunt Alice came and picked up my mother, they put all the other kids

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1/6/20 in the car telling me to wait for my Dad as there wasn't enough room for me. It was evening right around dusk as I stood there at the end of the driveway and watched their car, the tail lights of their car disappearing down the road and over the railroad tracks about half a mile away. My father did come home a little while later looking for my mother. I told him she went to S.A. with Aunt Alice. He got mad, got into his truck and headed off down the road. Again I stood at the end of the driveway and watched as his car, the tail lights of his car getting smaller as they also disappeared over the railroad tracks. I went into the house and turned on all the lights - you know how much noise a hundred year old house makes? Put that together with the imagination of an 11 year old boy. Somehow I survived the night. The next morning I packed some clothes got on my bike and left. I don't think I ever really went back home again after that - maybe nobody cared - but I was 11 and this and other events shaped who I became. It still scares me today to be inside a house alone.

1/12/20

It's a beautiful morning - a little cool but not freezing. I've been keeping myself busy answering letters writing love notes, poems and stories falling behind because I've become so slow, maybe because my mind keeps wondering, maybe because I have to spell-check almost every word. I got a new cell phone for a couple of weeks anyway - he just needed a place to park until his move come in where he can stay out of trouble. I've been getting some painting done to. I repainted my 49ers emblem on my locker just in time for the big win yesterday - the

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Giants got a new coat to, the Warriors are going to have to pick up the pace to get any points this year.

1/14/20

I can say for sure that we are getting some rain this morning as its coming down hard right now with what looks like a cold wind blowing it around and into my window. I can't hear the rain from inside this cell but I can see it - I can see it running down my windows pane or is that my pain. I think I stay inside today - walk around the day room, clean the cell - wash some clothes out, paint, daydream. I remember like it was yesterday the way her hair touched my face and her smile touched my heart. Got a message from Jimmy Lee - he's doing a violation and will be out again soon - I'll write his mom this week. Mama's birthday was Friday the 10th - I miss her - I have a picture of her and Daddy dated 1942, she was 14 that year. You could see the love they had for one another in their eyes - she loved him until the day she die but the booze took him long before he die. The rain has slowed from dogs & cats to puppies, I think I'll stop writing for now and watch the rain outside my window from the bottom of the window to the ground is only about 3 feet it almost feels like I'm sitting in the rain with my feet in the mud puddle except I'm not getting wet - I'm waiting for the daylight to peek over the distant hills. I hold on to my jeans with all my heart.