

Personal Journal

(81)

I feel better today - my hands are working ☺
 I get upset with myself when I don't at least start to do something like write or paint - working on a drawing now of Brian dancer. I put in only about half an hour yesterday but it made me feel better mentally. I don't know why I get depressed so easy I should be use to my surrounding - maybe it's just a part of getting old and having a lot of health problems - that's enough for today having trouble spelling my own name. ☺

2/8/20

It's cold in the cell this morning - I have on my thermals (top + bottom) a set of sweats (top + bottom) my pants and long sleeve shirt - two pair of socks - one of them the hairy sock I walk about the cell in - my wide shoes with the comfortable lining - burgundy in color - pants + shirt are blue - a navy blue beanie to cover my ears - the air is damp so I've put a blanket over my legs and one over my shoulders to keep it out of my bones - the blank over my knees is white; the one over my shoulder is tan the only part of me showing is my eyes (behind my glasses) and a white beard - ready to go out in the snow except I've only seen it snow once in the 14 years I've been at this prison. I'm not wearing gloves right now (I do have them out ☺) it's hard enough writing with my hands the way they are - mostly just my right thumb + knee that hurt right now Oh and my right foot ☺ Now that I've told you what I'm wearing can you picture me sitting here under the night light writing. I'm down to under a 185 lbs and somewhere below 6' feet.

Personal Journal

(2)

2/8/20

I was much taller when I got here. I remember at one time being just under 73 inches now 5'10" maybe 5'11, going to have to get measured. When I was 16, when I got my first D.L. I was 5'9" and 165 lb, I was a big boy so I'm going back down to the size I was as a teenager. I can see myself now moving down K street in front of ~~Hart's~~ Hart's Black loafers, Lewis, white, tee-shirt, black leather jacket - full head of blond hair - deep blue eyes. My Jeannie didn't stay a chance when I walked up and said hi - Hi Love & picture me now, picture me then - life move on.

2/13/20

Happy Birthday to my baby sister Linda. I miss you baby sis and I love you. We're having a false spring here since Monday with temp in the 70° ☺ of course we been locked down since Monday morning ☺ We did get outside for a few minutes Monday - it was just warming up, One lap around the track - there were three codes ☺ so we have to sit down with each code so they can get the ones evolve off the yard of course they're going to, most of the time, unless it was a stopping, be back out in a couple of hours they recalled the yard at that point and as I was saying I got in one full lap so I was in front of my cell block door ☺ Men still fight ☺ at least here. The first one was someone trying to cut in the center line. A problem I don't have ☺ The guards were tired and had paper work to do so we were locked down until after dinner. Tuesday: they were training the guards about something - an dot of boxes of Do-Nuts

Personal Journal

(3)

2/13/20

going into that training room.. Wednesday: We were short on guards as they were all trying to go out on transport to the hospital so we were locked down until after dinner. Thursday: The weather people around here all agree it's going to be another beautiful day to watch go by outside my little window. We've already been told it's another Do-nut day ☺☺☺ The good thing is my celly's at work all day so I'm able to do a little drawing as my hands allow. I find myself pacing the cell like a lion, not from depression or boredom but because my butt gets tired from sitting so much ☺

2/16/20

I think I burned out a transistor in my radio a couple of days ago - it's broke - must have been me no one else uses it ☺ so I give to a guy to fix it. Can you imagine not having any music in your life the voices in your head taking over your thoughts ☺ no longer being able to dance - I hope he can fix it - I don't want to become the only sane person in the nut house - would the sane person please step forward - the humanity, the humanity. ☺☺☺ Anyway before my head starts to spin around on my shoulders I hope everyone is doing well? I haven't heard from anyone so I wouldn't know. In a place where everyday is a ^{repetit} repeat of all the yesterday. The only variable is a smile in a dream. Leave a message - maybe I'll call.