

Personal Journal

2/27/20

2/18/20

Tuesday

I'm beginning to wonder why I even bother getting out of bed in the morning just to sit here in the cold alone - feeling sorry for myself again. Must be ~~total~~ cloudy out - it is dark - there's not a star in the sky; twinkle, twinkle little star how I wonder where you are. I've been reading through my medical records ^{marking} ~~making~~ all the reports of the outside specialist - I'm finding the records they send me to be incomplete there were no blood test findings - the only thing the doctor consultation said was what I was there for nothing about what was said. Stop.... I do remember pan-handling on K street with James and Donald & Gene we don't think we were even 10 then. I miss little James - he never turned his back on me.

2/19/20

I get mad sometimes - mad at the world - but mostly mad at me.... I stopped - wrote a love note and a poem and now I feel better about myself, about the world - once being in love was enough. A fat man can get comfortable almost anywhere, but when you ain't got no ass all surfaces ~~are~~ hard.

2/20/20

I didn't get out of bed until almost chow time ran late all day - hard to catch up when you can hardly move. We're locked down on Tuesday & Thursday all this month - training. Maybe I'll get something done today. Sometimes when I'm writing everything just flow out right spelling and all other times I have trouble with little words I know never with big words I'm unsure of because I always look them up. But misspelling names - that's a bad day. We made it out to the yard yesterday - late - but I did manage

Donald

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a couple of laps before yard recall :- not just recall but dock-up :- at 9:10 A.M. :- I painted for a little while - painting is like writing; a few strokes/a few words at a time. I'm not getting it done fast but I'm getting it done. I read my medical file for the last year again. This time I marked pages, wrote down the page number + subject. I see a lot of doctors - I know ~~there's~~ not much they can do about ^{my} Supra or the Arthritis (slow down) but how about putting ~~me~~ on one of those non-narcotic pain blockers, cost too much :- I'm worth it and I need to be able to use my hands without pain all the time. Maybe my disposition will get better (not :-) but I get mad now when I want to do something and my hands aren't working, I try to do it anyway and mess it up like my writing. I still get bad at my sisters for not writing and they haven't wrote me in years. :-

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I'll wake up here in a minute and remember where I'm at - I wonder if I'll feel this good when I do. I'm not talking physically, I'm 73 jumping into the fight ain't happening no more :- No, I'm talking about my spirits being up this morning and I'm not talking about distilled alcohol (it's a double) No my heart is singing today - singing song of young love back when we were kicking ass and taking names - one bar room, one pool hall or another. Someone said old men sit around talking about the weather, not true, they tell war stories and talk about all the pretty girls they've love and still do in there hearts. Talk about that old car of their

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that could beat anything legal for the street and for a moment forget about the pains of old age and the years spent alone. As for me I only tell one war story and my one love she was, is, and will always be that war story: toe to toe, butt to butt, side by side, what a ride. 😊 I love that smile.

2/22/20

They said one more week of two days lockdown that wouldn't have been so bad but they were finding ways to lock us down everyday: short on staff, searching somewhere. Last night they locked us down to do a clothing search - the guard that hit my cell walked in look around at my pictures stared at the ceiling, checked his watch looked back at me smiled shook his head walked out with "why am I doing this look. We did get to have yard yesterday" I was out there until 10. It turned out to be a warm day getting into the 70th - when I came in, (can't be in the sun long because of my meds) I walk around the dayroom trading war stories - then I had to go into the cell and eat - a couple of hard boiled eggs I managed into an egg salad sandwich. I started feeling the walk in my legs later - they're still tired this morning - the way you have to restrain your muscle when you lay up to much. I got some painting done in the afternoon. The arthritis is working my knees right now - I'm trying to rub them but can't get any pressure with my hands. 😊 If only I were.

2/23/20

I cried the first time I held Teddy in my arm in the dark of the car on the drive home from the hospital. I was 17 you know I never let James drive after

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that. I didn't know where I was then - I'm still lost. What was the name of the philosopher who said "men never live in the now, they're forever living in the past or in the future." sounds like a plan to me"

2/24/20

It I wanted ice water this morning I got it right out of the hot water tap to " This week not starting off right - Bull came in last night while I was at dinner and tore up my cell took the little junk I use to fix stuff with - I just made eye contact with an A-hold I'll replace most of it in a day or two "

2/27/20

I can get a little longwinded here and that would be alright if I had anything to write about - everything's important to me and I want to share it, share my world. I think my cell's getting ready to move, he's complaining about the low light being on here early in the morning (close your eyes stupid you won't see it) Now that I think about it I'm sure he's moving. I'll tell him about it after breakfast. We'll be on locked-down again today - this is the last week of Tues² Thurs training. Feb. sure is going by fast two days left leap into March. I going to get this out today. Leave a message: My hair still curly, my eyes are still blue ring it Hank.