

3/8/24

Hello P.E. :

I Pray that this letter finds you all right in the middle of having all of your frustrations dissolve into vapor, as a gust of wind blows the particles far away.

I'm having a morning! The Jury is out on the idea of what kind right now, but it looks fuzzy right now. I've got fingers, toes, eyes, and everything crossed in hope for better. It was a peculiar night to say the absolute least, so a turbulent morning is to be expected.

I was supposed to be somewhere this morning recording didn't get the slip of paper that gives me permission to go places. I decided to sleep in. **BAD MOVE!**

And because the notion of sleeping in being "BAD" is so strange to me, I'm having those "get me the hell out of here" thoughts.

So I decided to transcribe some Journal entries. This has so far been like cheap weed I'm not feeling it yet.

I've had a questionable quality cup of coffee, and all of this at 7:40 AM

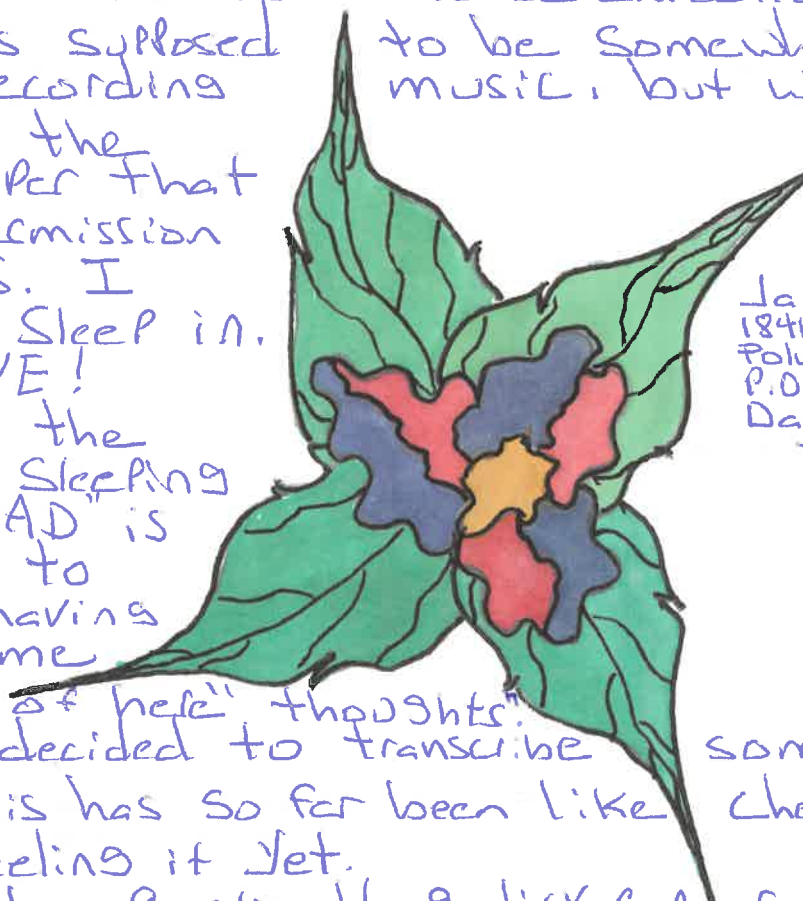
Sooo... Somebody, Please have a good to great day. Because if everybody's day is gonna be "Male Bovine Fecal Matter" Then there should be a barbeque in the making... Somewhere...

One of my entries < Throw Back Entry >, reflects this sentiment, but it also shows me I've overcome a day like this before.

Be Well!

James

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Throw Back Entry

Thursday, December 22, 2022
10:08 AM

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It's not as cold as it feels inside.

Every time I sit to write, some weird shit takes place, and I've got to either write through it or stop. Today is just not the day to write through it.

James W.B. Jackson



I imagine walking into the office of a therapist after having a need or desire to see them, and then sit on the sofa, and not want to say anything as I mentally walk through the events of the days since the last visit and discard moments as insignificant or too personal, or maybe just too dark to share, and so I sit in silence.

Sometimes, that's what it's like for me when I sit in front of these pages of the Journal. Of course as a writer, at some point I'm just gonna write until something forms.

There is an insult that is used often... "You just like the sound of your own voice". This is said to indicate that someone is saying something useless and/or insignificant. However the Journal is the place where the sound of my own inaudible script has use, significance and is necessary. The world often treats me like I'm the only forecaster on the planet and not only am I dumb to the language of the region, but far disconnected from common communication of people. Like any person and myself can stand side by side and be equally content with the moment, so a smile is on each of our faces. Yet, another person reads my smile as mischief. So instead of contentment, it is perceived that I'm devising a scheme.

It seems I am the underformed elephant man, and my expressions still undiscernable. But my Journal is so non-judgmental, and the sound of my own voice is

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Feb. 24 2024 SAT.
(Cont.)

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... not so bad as I confess my faults, examine my situations, and affirm myself when it's appropriate, and chasten my self in the same manner.

My Journal is a good place, even if I don't have a clue what to say when I come to it.

James W.B. Jackson.



Sunday
February 25 2024
4:50 AM

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This morning I looked at an old letter from my friends Mom, whom is now in Heaven. I had written her a nice poem and painted something colorful and mildly pretty on some paper and sent it to her.

In her letter to me, she thanked me for the poem, and painting then said she was so glad that her son had a friend like me. She wrote the letter to me in November and by the first of the next year, she was gone.

So this morning, the world can say whatever it wants to say about me, but I'll be encouraged by the words of a very nice lady who once said to me, that she was glad that I was her son's friend.

As the sounds of prison begin to increase in volume, I square my shoulders and prepare for the day.

I'm gonna have a blessed day!

James Jackson

