

Getting back on the ward was a rush like one into captivity. I gave R. his Bull Durham and he graced me with a pack of Marlboro Lights. The ward is quiet and happy
Feb 12 - R. & M. saw the sunrise when I was shaving 'bout time the old guyspoeted up.

Have a full morning from ten on but zero to do in the afternoon and no speculation on what I'll do. Being back is not affecting me that much, if at all I'd say it was a simple and total adjustment.

Going to the dentist today if anybody, if anybody says I'm getting bad care I'd have to contrdict. 'Course I don't know what they are going to do to me. Probably a cleaning I signed up for. Just sitting with nothing to do for hours is not my cuppa, but whatta you gonna do, but shoot pool and write.

I

Hail to Thee

exhort my spirit to
thy body

words heard in
running water, You
speak to me in wind
rushing trees, I
hear your crow call

Hail to Thee who
fills my body with
life each cell screamss
symphonies

Hail to thee
turner and churner of