

my attempts at art

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Markers and crayons...

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As a girl, I drew alot. Markers and crayons were the only things available. Mother and father said "school is more important!! Get straight A's"...and disappoint them I did not. But in doing so, I lost a part of me. I lost the markers, crayons and all the little snippets of paper that I use to write lyrics on. Lyrics. "ahhh but my dear daughter you couldn't carry a tune in a bucket" says my oh so adoring parents. So she went away too. Rolls upon rolls of film in my 110 camera....driving some of my family crazy with the incessant snapping. So I stopped. For awhile. I tell you all these things, not to complain, but to answer you. For you brought all this beauty, my very heart and soul, back into my life. They won't grow up and move away.. The joy is incredible, spectacular, radiant. But my heart is hurting. I miss you. I know you feel bad about some of the things you said and did. But I forgave you the moment all those things happened. I get the feeling that you're leaving but coming back... But I'm still crying because whenever you leave, You don't hug me in the flesh.

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