

Jan 6th

Yesterday was one of those lazy days for me. Wanted to write then and tell you how i talked to mi son on the phone, it was his birthday, Jan 4th. Know something - it was the best conversation me & him ever had on the phone. Usually i cant get much out of him, whereas Nye talks. But this time me and my son actually talked. HE talked on his own initiative! We talked about nothing in particular. I'm usually the biggest "kid" on the phone. Will talk about any ole crazy thing. Barbara told me he's got a girlfriend now, named, what sounded like - "Kiki Akella." When i asked him about it he registered total surprise! "Who told you, Daddy?" Oh, I know, i said. "Told you i know magic" he laughed and said that it must have been his Mommie who told me.

I was a lil' surprised and pleased that he boldly admitted to having a girlfriend, because before this . . . Well you know how kids are. You tell them they have a girl- or boyfriend and they deny it. "I dont like that UGly girl!" And being that lil Mike is general shy, a loner - maybe this is a sign that he's coming outta that fear. Would hate for him to hold on to that fear as long as i did. Right-On Son

One thing i did/ do was hook up a card for him. Told him that if someone comes to visit me Wednesday - yesterday - then i'll give it to them to give to him. if not, i'll mail it. Know what, tho our phone conversation went beautifully, it did end with a lil' displeasure in mi gut. Know why? Well, i'll tell u. A Walt Disney movie special was just coming on T.V. When he heard it, his whole disposition changed back to its usual when i try to get him to talk on the phone: his mind is diverted towards that One Eyed Monster and i can sense he aint really into talking to me. So this time, as soon as i dug what was happening i just asked him to put his sister on the phone cuz it burns me up when he is drawn that much into the T.V. Dont he know how it hurts me? He's mi son. I love him

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yet aint been able to bond with him as i wish & he's too young to understand mi need. Eh, patience Daddy. Anyway, the overall time we spent on the phone outweigh the last transgression on his part.

I slept all day yesterday except when the food was served. Boy I'm getting fat again. Aint worked out in almost a week. Wasn't down' too much consistently before that. Me and Jessie spos to start working off the fat on our guts. I've never had a pot-gut before & it rudely masks with the lingering Charles At-las image i got. I had must never see me like this. (Shh-h!)

Lights on. me and Hakim just moved up front to the table preparing to write (as I'm doing now) and the C.O. called "Coffee up!" We had not realized that the time went by that quick.

There was Hakim left his picture of his brother on the table. Jessie asked who's picture was it. Of course i couldn't help but tell him it was mine and it was of my brother! terrible, huh? Oo-oo, the game is up. Hakim's claimed his picture.

Well, hope i hear from Safiya today. And think i'll call Martha down New Orleans. Miss her...

Approx 9:30am Shake-down. Mail call. Surprise! A letter from The One! No not Safiya (maybe tomorrow?) but Tarik, mi Cousin in Marion (now Alcatraz). And believe me, this letter makes mi whole year! Same ol' Gussie (Tarik) and best of all he's okay. You cant write a letter in his style & not be okay. We were so worried about him becaz we had word of that he may be losing his mind and that the feds were gonna transfer him to Springfield's psychic-torture ward. Boy did i need this letter - his words, voice, sound, action jumping right off every page! (6 pages). And he spoke on mi idea for establishing the "black love" workshops - agreeing in basics, with the rationale. So... i will devote today to giving him more details as he requested. The Dragon lives! laud have mercy!