

1-17-12

<http://betweenthebars.org/blogs/524/steve-j-burkett>

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Nothing left  
of me  
my place  
Pollution now  
thick & black  
burning  
my nose  
my eyes  
my body  
my heart  
As a young boy  
the city streets  
gave me vertigo

Life  
unapologetic  
nothing pretty  
about here

As the morning  
sun  
hits my face  
I catch a gleam  
of us  
on a street corner  
so young  
so beautiful

Laughing  
into the cameras  
of my mind's eye.

1-15-12  
Jeannie's Loner  
Steve Burkett