

I'm in my bunk  
by 9 p.m.

I stare out

a small rectangular window

I'm provided a narrow view

a couple of buildings

a sidewalk

a patch of grass

the track I walk

I stare at the ceiling

the bunk above me

pictures on the walls

I shut my eyes

sleep comes fitfully

I dream of you

a little white house

a white picket fence

I can walk barefoot

on the grass

I awaken at 5 a.m. each morning

to start my day

all over again

everyday is yesterday

day after day

Steve Barrett  
3-31-17