

8-8-11

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Steve Burkett

Irish Soup

<http://betweenthebars.org/blogs/524/>




I welcome you with joy into my heart
Jessica Maria Burkett,


don't cry or you will sure make me cry,
you will break my heart.

Happy Birthday to my Jeannie. Have I told
you lately that I love you.

Men are just as insecure as women
I bear the damages inflicted weather & time.
I offer you no treasure, only true and lasting
love. Happiness is my gift to you. I give
it freely. I expect nothing in return.
Terra firma

I guess no one left a message for me
over the last couple of months. How sad, a hug
would be nice.

The requirements to making any relationship
work is just to keep putting it out there? 
People in prison have to have will power,
as it takes a lot of it just to make
yourself get out of bed in the mornings. 
enjoy life as you go through it 

Ed, you break my heart brother. 
There is no such thing as a free lunch
Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes

Someone I feel all alone in here as if no
one cares. my love ones never have the time
to write, I feel forgotten.

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More Irish Soup

Steve Burkett

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You seldom see things as they are. You usually see them as you presume them to be. If your view is limited you will have limitations.

Happiness is in my inner child. You fill me with self-motivation an enthusiasm over all the new possibilities.

If I die alone, and surely I will, I fear there will be no one for the state to notify, no one to mourn me, I cry.

The skill you need in prison is to be able to eat the food with getting sick.

A man needs to stay both physically and mentally active as he grows old in prison but the older you get the harder it gets.

I'm thinking about putting to a book of poem. *jeanned's Lover* - what do you think?

Someone can hit one back to me now.

Forever + Ever

8-8-11

Steve Burkett

<http://betweenthebars.org/blogs/524/>

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We can never forget
the stink of carbon covered sidewalks
on a blistering summer afternoon
where the sun still finds us
standing in the middle of it

We can never forget
the dry tastes of lonely
waiting for our Jeannies
holding on to the past
fighting off the future

We can never forget
in this pathetic place
there is no sunshine
only the stink of old men
now full on heartache

Steve Burkett

5 August 2011

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<http://betweenthebars.org/blogs/524/>

milk + honey

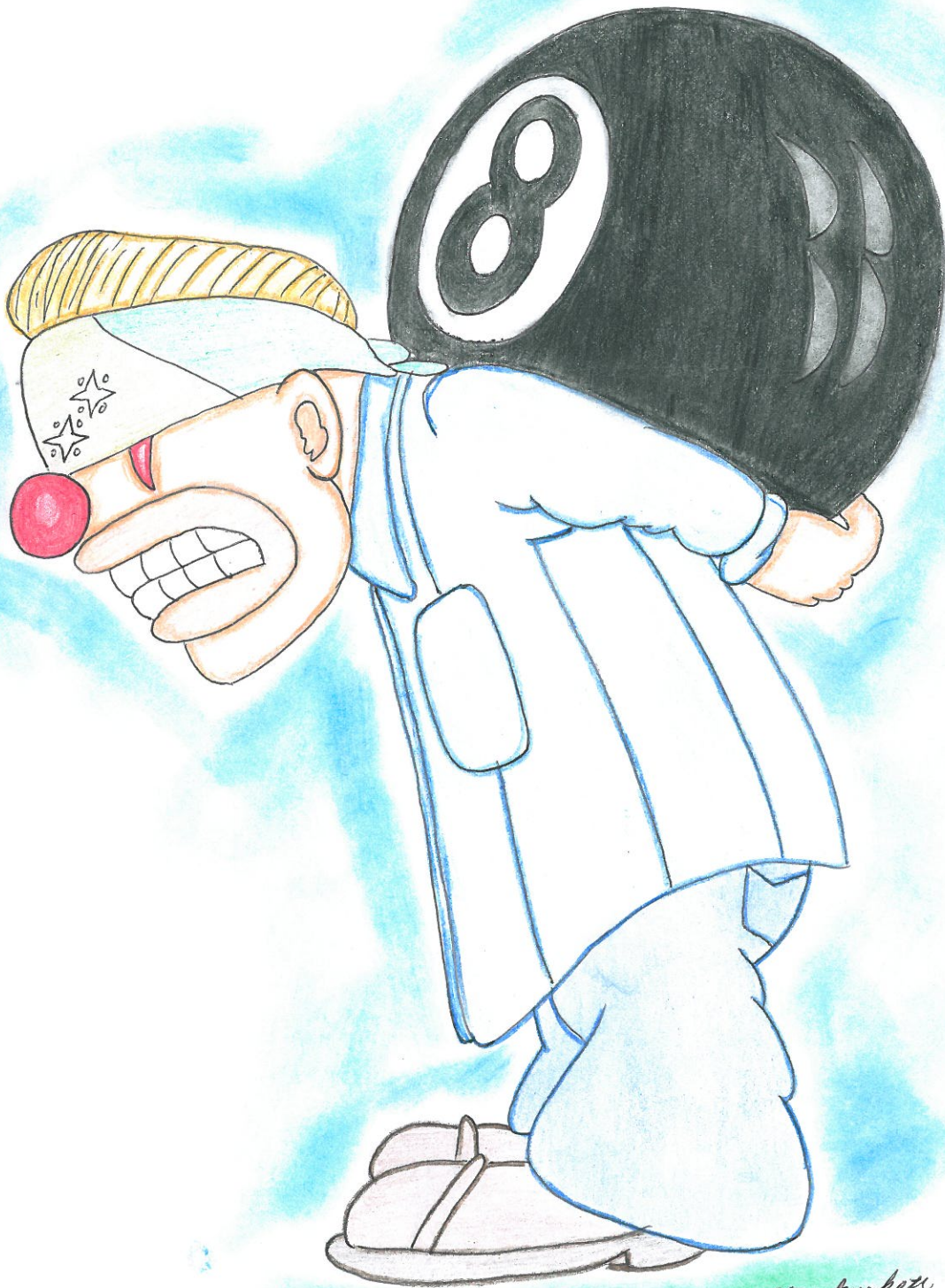
from the moment I first saw you
from the moment I started loving you
from the moment I first kissed you

your kisses as intoxicating as wine
your smile as bright as the sun
your eyes staring into my heart

I do not want to change your love
I only want you to share it with me

Jeannie's Lover

8-3-2011



Steve Burkett
2011

<http://betweenthebars.org/blogs/5-24/>