

7-18-11

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

6-28-2011

early morning ride  
to the dump  
on gerber road  
an old poet  
sings his poems  
out loud  
to the world

lost smells  
hand rolled cigarettes  
cheap wines  
wood burning stoves  
tallow factories

old poet sing  
one last poem  
entering gerber dump  
where everything ends

the last stop  
for all poets  
all their poems  
everything burns  
down to nothing  
like a young poet's  
dreams

Steno Burkett