

2-22-13

I float to the surface
from time to time
sitting in a darken cell
I see lonely and depressed
hands shaking
I feel my heart racing
There is no moon
in the sky tonight
the horizon holds
back the sun
I am afraid to close
my eyes
that all my dreams
will be gone
stolen by the bogeymen
the monsters hiding
in the darkness
within these walls
I can hear
his keys
as he moves
down the tier.

Steve Burkett