

I

float to the surface
from time to time
sitting in a darken cell
I see lonely and depressed
old hands shaking
old heart racing

There is no moon
in the sky tonight
the horizon holds
back the suns warmth

I have become afraid
to close my eyes
afraid that all my dreams
will be lost
gone forever
stolen by the bogeymen
the monsters hiding
within their blackened hearts
I can hear his keys
as he moves down the teir

Steve Burkett 2-22-13