

Bad Dreams

Before dawn

in the grave

yard

beside the darkened

church

next to the private

firehouse

across from the libertarian

thrift shop

on the private

roads

of my mind

surrounded by the private

police force

I dig my own grave

beneath the nutfruit

trees

breaking the ice with

frozen hands

at sun rise

the sky catches fire

the black ice melts

filling my grave

with black mud

the freeze will soon end.

12/23/13

Steve Burkett