

My imagination

carry's me

to the doorsteps

of yesterday

my heart longs

to stir them

from their slumbering nap

there is a bridge

I am forbidden to cross

desperate I am

there is a downpour

of fresh rain drops

flowing like tears

down my face

I awaken before dawn

standing bare footed

on the cold floor

yesterday suns are gone

today new sun

fickering red flames

emptying my mind

to another

pre dawn sky

Steve Burkett

1/31/14