

At twilight  
    I drink warm wine  
stretched out  
    on a steel bed  
while the bulls  
    run the tiers  
clouds float down  
    burning my eyes  
still bruised  
    from yesterdays sunlight

You're smile  
    swallowing me whole  
I try to imagine  
    your face  
without a smile  
    I cannot  
love makes fools  
    of us all

Where are you?  
    behind the white fence  
in the little white house  
    in a dream

We had beans & tortillas  
    for breakfast  
with tomatoes & red chilies  
    the color of dry blood.

Steve Burkett 5/13/14