

I awoke early  
this morning  
from a restless  
night's sleep

listening to the sounds  
of old diesels deadheading  
on distance highways  
going places unknown

the chirping of robins  
dancing in a stand  
of old oak trees  
beside a dry creek bed

there is a summer's moon  
hanging low in the sky  
its moonbeams shimmering  
through the holes in my walls

on the hilltop  
the castle is silhouetted  
in the moonlight shimmering  
through its tower windows

projecting a picture  
of your face in the sky  
smiling upon me  
like an old masterpiece

Steve Burkett

7/5/14