

Poem

I left the older
 version of my life
 behind dark broken doors
 somewhere on prison shelves
 Walked away, broke down
 loaded with new expectation
 stranded with empty rhetoric
 drinking from the fountain
 of my old memories
 Not always the worse
 I just went astray
 lost all my vision
 gone with my dreams
 away like the twinkle
 in an angels eyes.

4-18-17

Steve Bankett

Your smile is what make me smile,
 your laugh brings out the little boy in me
 your love brings out the man in me
 your heart brings out the love in me

My daily exercises:
 jump to conclusions
 climb the walls
 drag my heels
 push my luck
 bend over backwards
 run/walk around in circles
 put my foot in my mouth
 beat around the bush ☺.

Just because we can't
 dance doesn't mean
 we shouldn't dance.
 With you I would dance
 on one leg, hell, I would
 dance on my head ☺