

I Miss My Brother Tim

1974

somewhere in El Monte
broke down again
with a flat
a cold + wet
dark November night

3 A.M.

stealing a tire
off a '56 Chevy
a garbage truck
coming our way
picking up trash

6 A.M.

parked at Liquor store
have to piss
get out of car
a cop drives by

I miss my brother Tim. 11/1/74

Steve Burkett

I have learned to love solitude and I want to
to share it with you: when I see something as
beautiful as the sun through the leaves or a bird
moving in the trees singing. Solitude is good
but having you to share it with that's even better.