

I last saw freedom
crossing a bridge
made a wrong turn
ended up lost

with rocks in my shoes
crossing wet roads
walking on the shoulder
miles away from light

pack heavy on my back
silver hair blowing like a flag
in the wind
moving toward the ocean

walking in the late May rain
I thought I saw freedom once
before the fog rolled in
standing in front

of a lighthouse
on the Pacific coast highway
going from one prison
to the darkness of another

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