

DOB: 12/18/46

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we knew one another once
over the years we've become
a collection of old pictures
treasured long enough to memorize
every line on every face
a little painting, a sketch
brushstrokes bringing out details
rowing on blue waters
a wore out old man
still walking on dim sidewalks
I knew these places once
I can almost remember
the names of the streets
the people of my youth
still hiding in the backwaters
of our shared memories

Steve Burkett

8/5/19