

hxad

Poetry

if I could fly
I would fly away
fly from this deceitful place
of pain and sorrow
fly above it's
electric fences
fly away
from it's guns
in every open window
before they can kill
this old poets
forgotten dreams.

2/11/20
Steve Burkett

what to do
sometimes I think
everyone's gone
I don't see them
walking the yard
beside me
I feel alone
on morning walks
around the track
on one continuous circle
with Monday's blues
no one's there
not even you
would anyone notice
if I stopped
1/27/20
Steve Burkett