

4/23/20

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forgotten dreams Poetry
 a handful of idiots
 have wandered in
 off the streets
 cursing their eyes
 over their shoulders
 like leather trench coats
 reading their poetry
 from printed copies
 somewhere deep
 in the shadows
 of their minds
 drug and alcohol
 eroded memories
 of a time
 when they believed
 in a dream
 they cannot remember.

4/17/20

Sten Burkett

into the dark

it was dark
 when I awoke
 this morning
 I laid there
 listening to the sound
 that fill my cell
 listening for the sound
 of your breathing
 sounds of your heart
 standing half asleep
 over the toilet
 I hear drops
 falling into water
 looking out my window
 I see us rushing away
 into the blackness

Sten Burkett 4/17/20