

Jan 9

Poetry

all the lights
are turned off
in these quiet
prison cells
nothing to do
except lay here
waiting for tomorrow
remembering yesterday's
nights of loneliness
no longer able
to stand in the rain
or disappear
into the fog
lives go on
but ours have stopped
who will turn
the lights back on 5/1/20
Steve Burkett

as the morning came
I awoke and made coffee
sitting down on the edge
of my life to wait
as a new daylight
beat down my door
I got up and danced
with a woman

I've danced with before. 5/8/20
Steve Burkett

I knew Charles Bukowski
the drunk poet
going from bar to bar
from poetry readings
to poetry readings
he was full of more shit
than my brother Tim
just keep him away
from your sister
was the rule

4/8/20
Steve Burkett