

Poetry

I live inside a prison
 between four walls
 beside two other prisons
 the birds do not sing
 not even the rustle of feathers
 I live in California
 and howl at the moon
 until my lungs give out
 I live for the next love song
 remembering the taste of cigarette
 and whiskey from my still
 in the harbor
 the boat lights
 fade into memories 6/2/20

Steve Burkett