

Poetry

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sitting here alone
 after a long ride
 bumpy as hell
 after years of neglect
 like the little towns
 we past through
 filled with memories
 from forgotten times
 beauty and happiness
 family and friends
 long ago forgotten
 like all rides
 it comes to an end
 way to early
 sitting here alone
 after a long ride

7/28/20

Steve Burkett

end of july
 nights are longer
 dawn arrives later
 it's still dark
 dogs are barking
 in a cage
 on another tear
 remember howling
 at the moon
 it was easy
 to find love
 never afraid
 of losing
 the meaning of life
 our one true love
 we walk in circles
 going nowhere fast
 will our world
 still be here
 when we wake up.

7/22/20

Steve Burkett