

Poetry

10/11/2020

remembering their smiles
 the jeannies in our heart
 here in our golden years
 red, orange, yellow
 on a blue background
 colors of the morning sky
 sunrise over prison wall
 bright colors descending
 into a dark hole
 old men staring out
 from cold prison cells
 through the shattered window
 of all their lost souls
 looking for old daydream
 left on a prison bus
 from when they were young
 now only lost memories
 brought back by the sunrise.

10/6/2020

Steve Burkett

P.S. I'm going to try to call this week,
 before this is posted. I love you

Happy Birthday
 my dear friend
 Little Mel

Am I too old to be mad
 have I forgotten how to use my words
 to fight with a poem
 about the truth without fear

☺ truth ☺ I have a colleague Ed O'Caution ☺