

2cju

## Poetry

11/1/2020

riding in the back  
of a police car  
looking into darkness  
at dim porch lights  
shadowing empty homes  
the night sky  
full of stars  
so far away  
looking so small  
soon to be back  
behind cold prison walls  
staring into darkness  
freedom is still lost  
not even the beauty  
of the night sky  
can bring it back 10/30/2020  
Steve Burkett

I love laying here  
in bed all morning  
blankets thrown back  
eyes closed  
our naked bodies touching  
listening to your breathing  
as if I were dreaming  
of the last sounds  
of our summer days, 10/31/2020  
Steve Burkett