

24e⁹

Poetry

sharing the dark
in the freezing cold
in a stinking car
my brothers and I

while our father sit
inside a warm bar
drinking with his delect friends
we sit in the parking lot

where the whores gathered
out in the rain
just down the road
from Sibby's old cannery

sharing the night
in the freezing rain
in a stinking car
the whores, my brothers and I.

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Steve Burkett