

Poetry

wild flowers don't bloom
 inside prison wall
 where prison covers
 every inch of surface
 the sweat of hate
 pouring out of men
 when will it be
 my turn to piss
 from the skies

Steve Bartlett 12/26/2020

Let's save a little
 for the bad guys
 waiting to escape
 they can't hold them
 here between these walls
 of old dying stones
 only one bridge left
 to cross the water
 only leaving behind
 a mountain of old poems.

Steve Bartlett 12/27/2020