

## Poetry

the path we made here  
around the prison yard  
can be hard to walk on  
without us holding hands

there are no tree here  
for us to hide behind  
no shade from the sun  
to protect our skin

there is an escape path  
where one can walk alone  
without my heart in yours  
there is no reason to go

Steve Burkett 4/2/2021

there are sea gulls  
flying up above us  
watching are every move  
shitting all over our world  
they say if you don't  
have something good to say  
about the sea gulls  
don't say anything at all  
I have something good  
to say about them  
at least they're not  
stool pigeons 1/1/2021

Steve Burkett