

Poetry

it is sometimes possible
 is it possible now
 to hide you inside my heart
 inside my prison cell

it is sometimes possible
 is it possible now
 to hide you with me
 inside my prison cell

it is only your love
 I keep hidden here
 inside my heart
 inside my prison cell
 Stone Burkett ^{11/17/2021}

standing on a soapbox
 occasionally I write
 poems in my journal
 between love notes

homelessness

loneliness

along with new

of the war

I fight with myself