

Poetry

(5)

where does time go
inside prison walls
does the rain
carry it away
with the tears
of our loneliness

love is only
another word
not strong enough
for the way
we feel together

standing in the shower
of a strong rain
pouring down tears
washing away all time
soaked to the bone
in a moment of love
time stands still. 4/10/2021
Steve Burkett