

Across the Yard

It's shadow-dark
evening at Lansing Prison

as I leave our poetry room,
walk alone across the yard.

My slacks don't match
their prison blues.

No guards around.
I feel observed, uneasy,

like a dove feeding in the shadow
of a lurking hawk.

The rough-hewn yard
with ruts and pot holes

grants no mercy and holds
their dreams and me in razor wire.

I show my ID, hear the gate slam
like a judge's gavel.

by Arlin Buyert