

Love Letter from the Crestview Hilton  
by Loren Boyer

You are my gated community.  
Safe inside your eyes,  
I hide your photo in my mail  
and remember moving with you.  
Like lightning on a lake,  
cats celebrating the dark,  
we screamed together.

No amateur orange jump-suit dealers  
rattling spoons on metal cots  
barking at the lock-down.  
No shared shitters  
and gold-tooth threats grinning.

We'll have an estate  
with giant walls, oak-lined  
and a black iron gate.  
No crack-head will steal  
your picture if I turn my back.