

Freedom

by Johnny Dantonio

Running barefoot from Richmond and Master's daughter,
Trotting forbidden treasures of red clay paths buried by night and
treeline,

I came to a harbor, a corner dock in shadows,
Baltimore, hopefully,
to rest in secrecy.

I slouched,
dangling and dipping my feet,
swollen like cried eyes,
into tranquil black water, its still surface infected
by spot reflections of shining stars.

Startled by the sound of freights on nearby tracks,
cars full of tobacco and Virginia rain,
I rose and ran.

Looking back at the speckled bay in stride,
I saw how natural the night's water;
the darkness held frightened
by the surveillance of a distant white shimmer.

