



Unlocked

Art and Experiences from Inside Virginia's Prisons



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Pedal Imprints

Anthony Winn

Rural life held
hands with nature
like my Nana's feet
plowed across fields
as the sun frowned and
roasted the rubber bands
out of her crop.

With toe crusted-ripe
by six decades of
plowing, planting, harvesting, cooking, preserving;
her will done what it ought,
Time applauded her feet
with a leathery patina;
veins scribbled across like moccasins
undulating on dark waters.

By their appearance, my
misconceived notions had taken a bow
like organizing myself before
walking toward Ebenezer Baptist Church,
knowing no foolishness exists inside.

Nana's feet blessed the earth
with imprints
leaving in its wake
a young man with courage to overcome.



Countdown to Honor

Anthony Winn

as my blood seeps from a battlefield,
a libation draws a badge
of joy: warrior's mettle.
skin stretched across war drums.
indivisible
cries force my throat
closed, sealed in
silent
scars.

Author's note

I found a safe place creating poetry, and, as a result, finding my voice and purpose.

