

My One Night in Jail

middle of the night
police tapped on our window
we were fast asleep

unaware of law
“public sleeping” was a crime
in Conch Republic

Lucy’s with putas
my cellmates are drug dealers
not our normal friends

break from summer school
two psychology students
collecting field notes

a farcical fluke
that spawned this haiku sitcom:
My One Night in Jail



Photo: Preparing for our drive to Key West (the “scene of the crime”), July 1973. My station wagon was equipped with a mattress and privacy curtains for sleeping.

Created 5/24/2022



dandana.us/poems