

One Touch of Nature

They are not sagging bags of bones
Or chattering shadows of chalkdust.
They want when stripped,
Need when starved,
And shiver when chilled.
They matter. The fecal matter
That lie in rolls on streets.

They beg for food.
They plead for life.
They smell of alcohol
And of things we do.

Their yellowed eyes, canyoned faces,
Hollowed bodies, and wasted skin
Cannot hold their organs anymore
So they're giving up their livers
And stomachs
And hearts
That aren't leaving without a fight.

Some small insignificant Stoicism
That is easily sidestepped
Because they give up so easily
And eventually leave you alone.

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