

Poverty

I listen to the radio
So late, nearly two in the morning
In my car gazing out the window
Returning home from work

When I recognize a man. Alone.
Dragging his feet along the street.
He begs for money

He wears a big, white, dirty shirt
With a soup can in hand
His beard the color of dirty snow
With drooping eyes

I wonder if he could, would he steal my car?
But he's too weak
He wouldn't be able to run away.
Poor man.

He drags his feet even slower now
I watch his eyes through the darkness
They pierce through

Such depression, that for a second
Family, food, warmth
Doesn't enter his mind

Sadness. You don't realize
the extreme. But it is on my mind every day.