Look at Me (refined draft)

Look at me—

as they pass, a wolf is what they should see,

while both my hands roll a blunt,

pants swinging low, underwear out

to photosynthesize in the sun.

A wolf—

that’s what I hope they see.

’Cause many hide in shadows

and darkness is never really seen.

A world with no shepherd—

everyone just sheep,

scrolling past the verse of the day

like another meme.

But man can’t live on bread alone.

I’ve learned—

wine ruins a good heart quicker than sin.

So I’d rather play the sinner,

than lie like a saint.

I’ll wear the teeth,

while inside I remain—

a sheep,

in wolves’ clothing.