**Life on Street**

*June 9, 2013*

Barefoot in New York.

No shoes for Ones feet.

Road took a rough and hopeless fork.

Living on the Streets.

Bridge dirt for a dry but frigid bed.

Cardboard a try for sheets.

Lots of Friends are gone and dead.

Hit Dumpsters just to eat.

Some times I bum some change.

Beg a few coins.

Buddy can you spare a dime

But gangs and gypsies hold the stands.

Ah the Fates so cruel.

So Sands so shift.

So flow the Tides of Space and Time.

I pass you perhaps just once.

I catch you eyes.

You so in haste so turn away.

Perchance from fear I be what you will know.

Pray will become.

As your own steps and path call you on the way.

What may indeed find your Being Soul and Spirit so engrossed gripped trapped.

what may. As you so see mine today.