**Foot Soldiers of the Street**

*April 8, 2014*

Huddled For Warmth In Bitter Cold.

Round Trash Can Fires.

On Concrete Beds.

Stir In Fitful Tormented Sleep.

Neath Soaked Soggy Roof Of Cardboard Box Home.

Couch Of Dirt. Neath. Snow Swept Bridge.

To Dark Stockade Of Shame.

At Night Retreat. Retire.

Park Bench By Day.

At Dusk. Roam.

Alleys To Dive For Dumpster Meal.

Starved. Famished. Half Gone. Ne'er Three Days Fed.

Each Dawn Sunrise Of Dread.

Perchance Gods Mission Bowl Of Soup.

Sores Cuts Scabs Teeth Gums Bleeding.

Untreated. Unheeded. Unhealed.

Bummed Cheap Wine.

In Eyes Of Populace.

Lazy. Unwashed. Unwanted.

Most Detestable. Uncool. Uncouth.

No Ward Of I. Thee. Thine.

Costs. Pants. Skirts.

Of Rags.

Gloves Of Paper Bags.

A Paupers Thread Bare Overcoat.

Thin Hole Struck Suit.

The Walking Dead.

Blue Tarp Bed Spreads.

Newspaper Sheets.

Plastic Duct Tape Bound Feet.

Forgotten Children Of The Street.

A Silent Army Of The Night.

Foot Soldiers Of Defeat.

What Bear Raw Blame For Who. What. Where. They Be.

Distaste. Disgust. Fear.

We Good Citizens In Turn.

Raise Myopic Amaurotic Head.

Blind Vision In Self Mirror.

Of Denial.

Invisible. Beings.

Ego Disguised.

Blind. Mute. Deaf.

Sanctimonious.

No Query Why.

Unheard Pleas. Moans. Crys.

What Matter One More Lowly Beggar Die.

Ne'er Such State For We.

Such Cloak Of Human Misery.

Yet Say May Such Human Flotsam.

What Drift About On Tragic Mortal Sea.

But For Throw Of Cosmic Di.

Spin Of Wheel Of Birth.

Random Slot. Step.

Happenstance Of Place On Earth.

Draw Of Fates Lot.

Alas. Be I. Or Thee.