**Through the Cracks**

*March 25, 2015*

First I Pawned My Guns.

Sold My Horse. Saddle. Packs.

Duffel Bags. Cook Pots.

Bedroll. Poncho. Chaps.

Tent. Axe. Traps.

Knives. Branding Irons.

Lariat. Hobble Ropes.

Bankers Auction Hammer

Got The Farm.

Once Was. Over. Done.

Finished. Had Begun.

Ran Clean Out Of Trading Goods.

Gear. Hope.

Yet. I Was Not Yet.

Bottomed Out Just Yet.

Had Heard Of Day Work In L.A.

Bought A Ticket On Shoe Leather

Walking Thumb Hitching

Rail Riding Jet.

I Was On My Last Ditch Way.

Tried To Hire Out Where I Could.

No Work. If You Are Old

Vanquished Cowboy.

Washed. Busted. Up.

Looking Back At Fifty Five.

All I Hear. Know. See.

Is. Why Not. Would. Should.

Have.

Now. Doom. Despair. No.

Black Clouds. Gloom.

Dumpster Diving. Trash Can Fires.

Cardboard Box Side Walk Bedrooms.

Newspaper Blankets. Bridge Roofs.

Duct Taped Boots.

Dying. Just To Stay Alive.

Walking Dead. Invisible.

To All Them Nine To Fives.

Cheap Wine Living Overtime.

No One Perceives. Takes Note. Cares.

No Real Use In Looking Forward.

Remorse. Regret.

Gazing Back.

Not Sure How It Happened.

Lost The Trail. Off The Path.

Lost My Way Somewhere.

Stumbled. Fumbled.

Just Slipped Through The Cracks.