

Poor Prince Baker

This red, rotting, eroded man
Shuffling down the street
I catch his eyes as they meet mine
We are not the same

I am a blue, bobbing, bigger man
I tread my own delights
From my bakery of delicious treats
I simply do not mind

Yet his shoulder brushes mine
And I give a look of disgust
This eroded man crumbles
Until he is nothing but dust

On the floor he begs at my feet
For his forgiveness,
For a treat
How dare he

I do not give in
I simply walk away
Oh how poor am I
To have come across his rot