

## Poverty

I listen to the radio  
So late, nearly two in the morning  
In my car gazing out the window  
Returning home from work

When I recognize a man. Alone.  
Dragging his feet along the street.  
He begs for money

He wears a big, white, dirty shirt  
With a soup can in hand  
His beard the color of dirty snow  
With drooping eyes

I wonder if he could, would he steal my car?  
But he's too weak  
He wouldn't be able to run away.  
Poor man.

He drags his feet even slower now  
I watch his eyes through the darkness  
They pierce through

Such depression, that for a second  
Family, food, warmth  
Doesn't enter his mind

Sadness. You don't realize  
the extreme. But it is on my mind every day.