

Reflections from Poverty's Balcony

Roger Smith

No doors, no walls, no structure
you call it home
but it's our world in which I refer to
and stomach growls and hunger pangs concur
with words I construct
while looking into the dam like eyelids
of fresh outta womb pre-grave orphans
offering themselves as entertainment
for the scraps we've tossed away for the past three weeks
while the weak and the meek intertwine,
and though God promises they will inherit the Earth
their worth withers
like kitten's carcass whiskers
while we,
don't give, don't offer, don't notice
their existence
or the baseball bats swinging homerun like yells for help at us
and tattooed S.O.S. on our foreheads
while their community takes communion with cemeteries'
residency...

we see them as refugees, as lost souls,
but they build on experience's tragedy
like the re-creation of Babylon from the rubble of recluse
and in turn see US as outcasts,
as black sheep, as the ones who in actuality—
need help.