

Sam

Look at New York
With people rich and poor
Like you
Lost
In the homeless world
Of too many.

I walk past you and feel saddened
but relieved
I'm not in your place.
For your
Rough bony face
And droopy red eyes
That won't lift to be happy
Frighten me.
I see your stomach thin and tense
I feel guilty
Why didn't I share?
Some extra food
I notice your stiff muscles
Thin,
While you jiggle coins in your coffee cup.

You must wonder,
Will it ever change?
You must hope so.
I know I do.

Sam's poem.