The Night

The Accused

Standing on a corner
In the middle of the night
His schizophrenic face
Shrouded in the smoke
Rising from the sewers
Beneath the streets
Cracked lips surrouded teeth
Yellow and decayed.His schizophrenic face
Shrouded in the thin haze
Of hot breath wheezing from
Dying lungs
Greasy hair covers
Wild blood-shot eyes
Dirty toes poke through
The ends of weathered
Combat boots.Somewhere in this city
An old man's all alone
Standing on a corner
In the middle of the night.Reaching in the pocket
Of his battered overcoat
Skeletal hand crucified by arthritis
Clench a half-filled bottle of
Fortified wine
A stream of drool
Runs from the corner of his mouth.

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