Made to Scavenge

Canines

A knock on my door
Woke me this morning
Made by the hand
Of a well-dressed woman
Whod set aside
Part of her morning
To ask me if I know why Im aliveShe walked by a man
Who scours the alley
Each day for cans
To trade for money
To buy a chance
To play the lottery
And when he doesnt win, he starts the cycle againMade to scavenge
Like an animalSo I cannot help
But watch him searchin
For lucky breaks
Just like a vulture
And wonder if
His sense of purpose is any less than what Im gettin hereBettered by wealth
and education
But just as unsettled
and impatient
I am too easily sustained
I cant sleepIf I am made to obey
Then why this brain
This plague of intellect that infects
Any peaceful stateCause I cant say
If anything
Is meaningful
Or some impulse to trick me into
Another day
Of this grey

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