

But right now a couple is yelling.  
She spent all the money on drugs.  
He's being a beast,  
the horrid yelling of a drunk male ego.  
We can all bring hell.  
It can happen without caution of the self's ability.

There is now only the bird gullet squeak  
from a neighboring palm tree,  
and silence...

(a car door closes)  
A dog's barking  
which reminds me...  
The homeless man lives in a shanty of a house,  
and the dog couldn't stay.  
He had only so much food.  
There were tears in his voice  
when he told the pup "git!"

A tropical caw  
the bark of a distant dog  
and the argument's distant end.  
Someone's pushing a cart now.  
The pusher mutters to himself.  
A car dives by.  
Then two.  
The wind...

*Please recycle to a friend!*

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Cover— Homeless Man with Bike  
Susan Madden Lankford ~ The Web

**Origami Poetry Project™**

*The homeless man was at home with the  
homeless dog*

Alexander Raeburn © 2013



*The homeless man  
was at home with the  
homeless dog*



*Alexander Raeburn*

It was the man's home,  
not the dog's.  
No roof for the most part,  
no plumbing,  
or cool,  
or heat in the winter,

but when I ask him how he is,  
he always responds with this

"I ain't never had a bad day in my life."

He just left, rode away on a small pink bike  
with a washboard on his back

(he plays it with spoons and an antenna)

and he wears a New Orleans Saints hat.

*Take care neighbor,*  
I say,  
and he replies "yeah, you right."