

Nomads

Fading forlorn down the cold, clogged alleyway,
Mister Nowhere spits defiance into a crumbled cavern
near a greasy rat.

Someone's Onetime sits matted, weary,
slumped starving on asphalt sofa.
Her glazed eyes leering non-plus.

Any evening's social club there'd be social sipping.
Supper served from Ripple chalices.
Then bedded down in deathly cardboard
palaces.

Reeling damp smells of hopelessness.
Memories confess like billowing sand:
Once a papa's baby blond
kept warm in arms long gone.