

Dusk Waters

Homeless, you wander the streets
Alone.
Just you and your guitar.
Your weathered skin is beaten
Like the rock of the cliffs.
An ancient stone,
Engraved with forgotten symbols,
Ogham etched into your skin
By the wrinkles of age.
You slouch in a corner on Shop Street,
Beaten by the world,
But not by the game.
You're still playing,
Strumming your five string guitar
That groans under the weight of
Calloused fingers.
As I pass by, I toss a coin in your case.
A gesture so small,
I don't even notice the cost.
But you do.
You care more than the rest.
You fumble through a bag,
Hand me two sea shells and
Mutter a "thanks."
I imagine you
Fumbling along rocky shores,
Cold in dusk waters,
Searching for something to
Give back to the world.
Though the world has beaten you
You're still stronger than most.