

Street Terrors
By
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Night after night, I lie here.

Cold.

Sad.

Alone.

Frightened.

People pass by,

some give money,

some, give food.

Compassion flows,

they care.

Others dehumanize my existence.

Jeer.

Kick.

Spit.

Urinate.

My body hurts,

my mind explodes.

Make them stop,

and search within,

their, dark places.