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Parked at Home

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Parked at Home

By Haisten Bonner

A whistling bird perched in the tree above,
Sand between my toes and palms full of joy.
Walking down the endless shoreline,
A man sits, heavily clothed, starved, and unkempt.
The man, a victim of the world's merciless endeavors,
Wounded by misfortune, but optimistic.
Merely recognizing that life is a gift enough
Keeps this man a float. Alone in the wild world.
He remembers large gates and butlers,
Monogrammed towels and penny loafers.
The greed that kills robbed his soul,
On his left hand remains a tattoo, one of a spider.
Blue and Red, Richmond Spiders?
Holding on to a memory is all that can be done,
His life quit him a long time ago,
He calls upon old friends, they pass him by.
Bums are not meant to mingle with high society.
He once hunted opportunity, now everyday kills him more,
Not as we think, "oh of course, each day does kill us"
But in another way.
His wishes cease to come true
And all he has are memories, broken dreams,
And a public park bench called home.