

Streetsick

I have not spent
nights on the street
like many writers have

I have not visited Paris
pissing in women's assholes

I have not been wined and dined
by socialites
or
driven an ambulance
in a great war

and I have not taken many lovers
into my bed

I have only
lived the life that was dealt to me

eventful, joyous
and tragic all in its own way

I never needed
to eat my own flesh
because I was too hungry to work

and I never drank myself
into the madhouse
because of a woman's
rejection

but as a young man
going home became
such a depressing
piss-ugly thing
at times

that I longed for one
sweet night of
freedom

sleeping on a bed
of trash cans

the night sky
my ceiling

no parents
shouting,
telling you
what you can't be

the pain
of their own lives
spilling out
onto you