

## Legenda

### "The More It Changes"

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Fifteen storeys high, the black curtains drawn, and  
The sun is just a brat that spits and the goes away. The  
T.V. chatters, there's a pile of letters scattered on  
The mat. Reminders, bills--they smell of cats. Three  
Starving cats who chase each others' shadows. They  
Curl up on him overnight and scratch him, and bite  
Him . . . But he lost the will to fight, and he lost the  
Will to move . . . It's been a month, will be another,  
Until the busting down the door. They'll carry him  
Away; they'll strip him clean. They'll lock him in a  
Padded box some fifteen storeys high  
Where the sun is just a brat that spits then goes away.

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