

Canines "Made To Scavenge"

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A knock on my door
Woke me this morning
Made by the hand
Of a well-dressed woman
Who'd set aside
Part of her morning
To ask me if I know why I'm alive

She walked by a man
Who scours the alley
Each day for cans
To trade for money
To buy a chance
To play the lottery
And when he doesn't win, he starts the cycle again

Made to scavenge
Like an animal

So I cannot help
But watch him searchin
For lucky breaks
Just like a vulture
And wonder if
His sense of purpose is any less than what I'm
gettin here

Bettered by wealth
and education
But just as unsettled
and impatient
I am too easily sustained
I can't sleep

If I am made to obey
Then why this brain
This plague of intellect that infects
Any peaceful state

Cause I can't say
If anything
Is meaningful

Or some impulse to trick me into
Another day
Of this grey

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