

love poem for the homeless man who was killed on wednesday night

by StacyMichelle

I wanted to tell you
the moon was beautiful
tonight. full & close
to the earth. bright
enough to steer
your way up the parkway.
so the cars & trucks
could see you plodding
to your box & paper home.
your past—heaped
in a double-wide grocery
cart—arriving two seconds ahead
of you.

I wanted to apologize
for the young mother
who snatched her son
away from you. not knowing
you preferred the backs
of people & only spoke
with signs. who didn't know
you never begged for money.
but pitched silver tent
on busy intersections
& held posters reminding
of Veteran's & Memorial day.
King & Grandparent's day.

I wanted to say
it was your hands—caked
with years-old clay & quaking
from too much solitude—
that compelled me
to find you docked
on Presidential. lay
raincoat. unbruised fruit.
jugs of water beside
your cart. earnest offerings
you left untouched.

