Another Crumb of Freedom

by Jerry Ratch

I think I know these pigeons
They were once beggars
From another life
Once I myself was stuck like them

I was never
Without the thought of food
Or sex, or sipping soda pop
Off the sidewalk

And flying meant next to nothing
But then I fell in love
And when that ended
My spirit floated free

Like dust
But now I am rooted in poetry
And philosophy, and thought…
Good God, this is odd

What have I become?
I mean, I used to be a bum!
Holy crap, my kingdom's come undone
I think I need a little crumb of freedom

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