

# 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

