

Like There Was No Tomorrow

by Jerry Ratch

And there on the street
Were a bunch of frantic pigeons
Picking over some discarded
Chicken bones

I mean they were really
Going to town on them
You know, frantic
Like there was no tomorrow

And then I saw it
A real sign of progress
The Bernie Sanders look-alike at an intersection
Bent over writing in a notebook

With, you got it, a pencil or a pen
While a group of children
Stood looking on
In total amazement

I mean, think of it,
A pencil, or a pen
Sheesh! Maybe
Those pigeons got it right

