

# 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

