

# 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.

