

Yes, by George, or Riverbank I

Yes
 by George,
 I was left on a
 Riverbank

But

 The River was polluted
 and
 When the Sun shone high
 It smelled of gasoline

The rivulet-tributary
 Deemed fit to drink
 by
 Those who had
 Abandoned me there
 Made me Sick

So

 I hiked to crossroad
 center-of-town
 half-a-mile
 Bought a bottle of whisky
 a burrito
 and a gallon of Drinkable water

Returned, broke
 To my Riverbank sleeping bag
 Ate drank and slept
 fitfully-cold

and

 Awakened to a
 What-to-do-next Day

At the Sun's warmth
 I stripped
 (dared not bathe
 in Gasoline River)
 explored
 wandered
 Danced and Dreamed
 My Meme Dream

Beauty and Grace
 Goodness and God
 Abroad in a World
 now unfit for me
 and
 Those of my Kind

SungSong
 Sounds of Light
 and Peaceflow
 Clear brooks
 and Sunsky
 (Human SoulSong)

and

 When Words came
 Wrote in a Notebook
 they
 Had left me...

At nightfall
 I finished my whisky
 and
 Laid down prepared to
 Shiver in fear
 cold
 and hunger

And

 Awaken to Another
 What-to-do-Next
 Day

— Marion Sue Fischer

Poets

Real Change is accepting poetry submissions.

The editorial committee will consider publishing short poems that relate to poverty and homelessness issues.

Send your poetry to:
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Poets