

A POOR BARE FORKED ANIMAL

The hunchback in the park
Doubly bent, sealed in sleep,
Is unaware
Of the stream of painted light
And voices, the shuffling feet.

He doesn't feel
The falling stone, the change of air.
He doesn't smell
The stench of the privy, the acrid oil.
He doesn't hear
The rush of rumbling wheels
Nor even the crack of the pick
Cutting through stone to bone.

He dreams of the dance of the rose and crown,
Of two little boys who didn't jeer,
They didn't dare.
'Your Highness',
He dreams of a horse that wasn't there.

Now he's here
Laid out in humidified air,
No rose no crown no horse
Just bone
But still there are little boys—
'Hey, Mister'.

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