

Lately something strange takes place

### **Description**

I know my destiny, I am poor,  
miserable,  
I have not known, they have not known me,  
I belong to the bottom of the pile,  
to the imperfect,  
to the ones that died once they came to be,  
to the few, according to the statistics,  
even if the ones like me are many,  
hidden in the gutters, under the archways, in the collapsed houses;

I have a lot of free time to feel nothingness,  
to search for the self-evident,  
some food,  
hard to come by,  
but, for the few, abundant;  
At night when the moon covers my face, it weeps for my ruin,  
inanimate objects feel sorry for me,  
the benches at squares,  
the aspens of the pavements, the vultures of every sort  
friend of theirs I am;  
but I don't talk I just growl,  
I am not interested in the speech of men,  
I have nothing to say, I am not like them;  
My shadow keeps me company,

I see a tall man, courageous,  
crossing the streets without danger,  
without having to appear  
in police stations  
at the local food bank,  
and I, cowardly startled from city lights..

Lately something strange takes place,  
I can confront it  
I protest..  
perhaps an illness unknown to me hovers about me,  
it ruins my mind, it wants me to belong, as a person, as a being  
and I feel the sadness less at times,  
abandoning me,  
now and my loyal friend  
smiled at me..

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**Meta Fields**

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