



Gone

Gone, the roof over my head, a car in the driveway,
Parents, spouse, children, grandchildren.
No more evenings watching TV in the den,
No vacation, pension, or trips to Disneyland.
No more house payments,
Car payments, insurance premiums.
No state or federal taxes,
Never punch in, never punch out.
No audits. No online bill paying.
No will. No funeral arrangements.

Collect aluminum cans and plastic bottles,
Spend my go-power on my shopping cart,
Watch out for the deranged, druggies, and pervs.
Be my own nurse and doctor.
Miss a meal—or two—or three.
Sleep in a tent, a mission, a doorway.
A life as easily erased as the slip of a pencil.
Eyes that once looked at me now look past me.
Seven billion people in the world,
And not one to call my friend.