

'I Am' by Henrick Sales

I am more than just the headless cointoss cast away traits of society
I am me
and eventhough glances don't recognize my being
My palms greet openness like keyholes
ready to be opened
and this hand is a door knob
ready to be loosened by warm hands
so open me like cracks on concrete
and watch as flowers grow

I am
just like you
dressed not like you
just like you
just seperated away from you
Like these concrete floors stand erect like concrete walls

I am
fighting
like a concrete warrior
and this cold weather won't weather me down
through the taste of tattered tethered clothes
tearing through my skin

I am
flipping coins like cards
heads!
and every night it lands on pavement
heads!
King of hearts
the crown on our
heads!
hits pavement
and we'll kiss it
because it's the only touch that's frequent

And I am
Homeless hope hoping for a home
because I'm not useless
I'm just used less by society
and I'm not worthless
Just because my clothes are worth less than yours
And I'm not just another feet on these cold streets
named dead beat
I'm more than just a hobo
a bum

a nomad
a floater
I am me.