

# Transient

He is alive,  
only to be interrupted by those who can,  
stand to acknowledge he is there.  
These individuals don't usher their children past.  
They think about, see, even pity him.

Guided through life by the bottle,  
pills or a needle.  
His cold truth may not be substance bound-  
The outsiders pass sentence,  
and move down their paved streets-  
His home.  
The wanderer may be broken,  
family, or childhood.  
Who are the on-lookers to make  
booze and drugs  
his social prison.

To his "home"  
at least for tonight.  
A church basement, a shelter, a roach motel,  
offers freedom.  
No matter what his history.

He is free,  
perhaps more unrestrained than those  
who pass sentence, and condemn him  
to their paved roads.

*Chris Doiron*