

## stray

(1990s?)

safe and sound in my warm home  
i'm not a stray  
i could be  
lucky i'm not a stray

if things got rough  
and i couldn't cope  
would i fall over the edge  
and plummet to unimaginable depths of decay  
to my eternal demise?  
if i didn't have a family  
who'd shelter me  
and lift me up  
would i be lost?  
i'm rather the runt  
who's managed to maintain  
it's a tight rope we're treading  
i'm not a stray  
i could be  
so lucky i'm not a stray

what would it take?  
one illness?  
one injury?  
one more hole in my heart that wouldn't heal?  
would it push me over the precipice  
to the final financial and unavoidable emotional abyss  
never to surface?  
would we lose me  
like the others  
without a net  
succumbing to simple sudden unfortunate circumstance  
shattered in an insidious second  
like an antisocial tsunami?  
i'm not a stray  
i could be  
i'm so lucky i'm not a stray

what happened to the others?  
what's their story?  
in the shelter  
on the streets  
in the rat infested deafening subways  
did anyone know them?  
hear them?  
hold them?  
and notice  
their notice  
of eviction  
from the roles of humanity  
tossed out in the cold  
as they lost the last link to security  
or sanity?  
i'm not a stray  
i could be  
i'm so damn lucky  
i'm not a stray