

PAUL DOUCETTE

Poem 1

They move unseen,
speak unheard,
their silence crying out.

A woman,
perhaps twenty or sixty,
pushes her world,
a broken wheeled
grocery cart,
past trash bins ever vigilant
for the glint of aluminum
and glass;
perhaps enough for
today's meal,
tonight's shelter.
All anger, pain
long since gone.
No more tears,
only a dead
shell of what was
once.
She moves along,
a shattered spirit
clothed in tatters.
Looking into blind
faces seeking perhaps
nothing more than
acknowledgement,
kinship, anything
except the loneliness
of obscurity.