Best in Show

poet

Dianna S.

smoker by the river
pen in hand, smudged like stains
of tobacco worn lips.
he sleeps on a notebook,
his bread, his wine, his light past the sunset,
tucked between pages
the words spilling out
leaking from the spine, down the stones
pooling at his feet.
and he hums
as people walk by
he trades scratching for sustenance
but his substance is words no one knows
and he is full.
smoker by the river
death by morning, frosted blue tipped hands,
tobacco stained lips and love torn pages.