

## Just Living

All

the phone is ringing as i dig for a pen. i change my face and answer and then, grope and sputter for the right thing to say. to earn another week, "see given time i can pay." what about the bills, what about the rent? what about the days in the park you never spent? i wonder whats the use, i need time to have a purpose. my treasure maps been on the shelf for so long. its not my choice and thats whats so wrong. our time together a receipt in her purse, one makes up the other and that makes it worse. what about the streets, what about the crowd? what about the simple existence you avowed? what about the words written on her face. what about your promise to leave this place? not alive, just living. when we're dont packing and i crawl in the van, i'll smash the phone just as fast as i can. i cant remember when i didnt know about lones and touch tone phones. it wasnt that long ago. what about those feelings, what about that touch? what about the little things that used to mean so much? what about my hopes, what about my fear? what about my heart that wont produce tears anymore?