

Afrikaan Beggar

Hellbastard

Sprawled in the dust outside Syrian store
A target for small children, dogs and flies
A heap of verminous rags and matted hair

Sometimes he shows his stumps of yellow teeth
The curse of pity, a grotesque mask of death
With hands like claws about his begging bowl

Lost in the trackless jungle of his pain
Clutching the pitless red earth in vain
And whimpering like a stricken animal

How the other half live—so much yet so little