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His Life

by Barbara Eknoian

When I see him pushing
the supermarket cart,
a blanket roll tied on his back,
I wonder if he'll sleep
along a river bank tonight,
next to a small fire, spread
his meager meal before him,
and start another endless journey
early in the morning
trudging along,
searching through dumpsters,
unaware of his matted hair,
unbrushed teeth, soiled torn clothes,
just barely getting by.

When I see him, I picture
a little boy at the breakfast table,
his mom serving hot cereal and juice.
She's not a fortune teller.
How could she know,
he'd take the wrong path,
be seduced by drinking and drugging,
lose his mind, not remember
who he was, or where he came from.
I see a mother kissing her child
on his forehead,
then handing him
his books to go to school.

