

UNTITLED, CIRCA 1975

We are all misunderstood and unseen,
and none of us is loved enough, or accepted enough,
or rich enough, or good looking enough
or something enough.

And if we ain't got enough of one thing,
we got too much of another:

This one's got too much mother and not enough father,

This one's got too much wife and not enough lover,

This one's got too many lovers and not enough wife,

This one ain't got too much of either,

And that one's got too many interested in her sweet flesh

And no one cares about her mind,

And that one's got nothing but people who like her conversation,
but nobody will take her in their arms,

And this one has nobody even to talk to,

And this one got abandoned like an old used car,

And sent to an old folk's home

To be forgotten by her own children, ‘

And that one never did have any children
that weren't borrowed for the afternoon,

And this one can't get a job

and can't look his children in the face,

And there's one in jail, and one in debt and

one who don't even know what the hell's the matter,

And here's one stuck in traffic,

and one stuck in an office,

and one stuck in a bad marriage

and one stuck in bad skin, and one in insecurity, `

And one in infamy, and one in ugliness.