

Mad Dog

the grapefruit
fell apart on my spoon
as Dylan's
I Want You
plays on repeat

and I think to myself
can a man
be more free
than this?

I feel like a mad dog

on the brink
of being homeless

not having a cent

a woman

a care

it's a sad yet comforting feeling
knowing that if you died tomorrow
the world would not remember you

greatness comes
with a harrowing responsibility

and the fires would still burn without you
and the tornadoes would still spin without you
and wars would still be fought without you
and poetry would still stink without me

I feel like a mad dog

as mad
as a dog who
eats grapefruit
and listens to Bob Dylan
can be

