

*Vagrant Love*

old loves,  
and I mean old loves,  
not the loves  
that you still  
hang onto  
out of some  
misplaced  
self pity  
and call old

but real  
old love

forgotten,  
moved on,  
past love

is like a  
homeless person

for the moment  
you pass them  
on the street  
you feel a great  
sadness

you remember  
every homeless person  
you'd ever seen  
and how each one  
of them made  
you feel

as if  
at that moment  
you had one million dollars  
you'd give it  
all to them

but as soon  
as you turn the corner

they are forgotten

as if they never existed  
as if you hadn't just seen them begging for food like animals  
as if their eyes didn't speak to you all the tragedies of the world

they are way back there  
and you are way up here  
and there isn't anything  
you can *really* do about it

so you move forward  
and the sadness  
that just a moment ago  
engulfed your heart  
has vanished

like  
real old love

you just don't care.