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"WHAT A FUCKING SCAM I AM!"

He saw him every morning who was sitting on a piece of cardboard, slumped in multiple layers of dirty and shabby clothes, outside the subway station.

He did not look at people. He could not raise his eyes and observe passersby. Then he raised his eyes he looked people with empty eyes. He looked sometimes sad, sometimes angry, sometimes revenge hungry, sometimes murderous. He looked particularly forlorn. He seemed as old as him.

Every time he bent over his plastic bowl to throw down some coin he thought: what a fucking scam I am, earning thousands of dollars each month and donate a few bucks for these street beggars who often are the same age as me who do not have, unlike me, a chance for a decent life.

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