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### **Welcome to society**

I met an angel last night  
Found her sitting  
on one of the gum-covered benches  
on the only bus station in this pathetic town  
From the lost look in her face  
and the tight embrace she gave herself just to keep out the cold  
I'd say she had been sitting there for a while  
The night was raw and the wind was ruthless  
even though it was still technically summer according to the weatherman on TV that morning  
Her white dress was all filthy and wrinkled  
Her once so silky hair was greasy and windblown in all directions

I do not know where she came from  
This small and shivering girl  
Nor do I know where she went  
or what became of her  
I didn't stop to ask  
I just grabbed my worn out bag in a tighter grip  
and hoped on the first bus out of town  
I never looked back  
Not even once

I met an angel last night  
And it was so obvious  
even to a blind man  
that she  
did not belong here  
in this place that the rest of us call 'home'

What does that say  
about us?

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