## Publicerad 2009-03-26 21:42 av Jaquelen Wikström

## The begger

I saw a man today
he was begging on the street
The cold air strucked his fingers
holding the can with money
that would maybe make
his day better

It made me think:

Who am I to complain about my life

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Jaquelen Wikström med Poeter.se id #24117 innehar upphovsrätten