

The Crutch

Gil Scott-Heron

His eyes half closed revealed his world of nod,
A world of lonely men and no love, no god,
His life of seeming nonchalance can't hide,
The pain and fear that in his mind reside,
From dawn til dawn his body houses hurt,
And none of us can truly aid his search,
We sit outside and sing cliches, the fool,
It's always easy to forcast other's doom,
The savage beast that once so soothed his brain,
Has reared it's ugly head and staked it's claim,
Call Yama, His is one more soul,
That he will have to add to sorrows toll,
These men, still men, would be like you and me,
But when the world reached out they chose to flee,
The crutch