

The Same Son

Have Heart

Sisters starving, brothers begging.
Mothers mourning, fathers folding

When I look in the mirror I see:
A boy not a man
the son of a father I refuse to understand
the "brother" of a brother like a wound I neglect
the coward of a sister with the world I forget
the prodigal son, but I am yet to return
from a siege where I take refuge but I want to watch burn
your lover, your companion, your champion, your friend
forever by your side but not in the end

The fortunate son who dwells in the city,
with the poorest of the poor, still, I ask for your pity

and while there's a man who sleeps on the ice-cold streets
his godsend not in me, but in his cardboard: his sheets

yet

I still see the same son.