

## Fodder

The cold penetrates my very being,  
and I go down,  
Depressed  
as the wind that cuts through all pretenses.  
Distracted, and low,  
I am pulled over,  
and treated like a criminal.  
The bile and anger rises –  
I just want to be out of this place.

I wonder lost in my world,  
beaten and despairing of ever finding  
My way, my place, my passion.  
Sadness ringing in my ears – I have lost it.  
I am a loser  
I had my chances  
and now I am caught in this placid  
Nightmare.

Pray, my son,  
prayer might show you the way –  
if the Lord is merciful  
Enough to give you another chance.

I feel too old, and achy.  
So many days  
I arise and have no energy –  
for I have become domesticated.  
My fodder being  
Used to feed others.

That is the way –  
is it not?