

# Mother's Milk

You know he's had a good day  
if he's passed out on our street  
He's raised the change he needs  
to induce his counterfeit sleep  
Laying on his back, prostrate before the sky  
His dick in his right hand  
under urine, semen matted jeans

We all pass by in procession  
and smell him in this heat  
A funeral for an uncle contemptible  
Look at that stupid smile on his face  
I can't help but wonder what he dreams  
if he dreams, but I think  
As he probes his anus with hopeful fingers  
he must be groping for the pink

He must be dreaming of his mother  
I think that we can see  
For he sways, rocks away a grotesque baby  
wallowing in his waste  
It's so long ago, so warm, so comfortable  
he's trying hard to remember it

So I wonder where his mother is  
I wonder if she's seen him since  
No one ever cared for her  
no one here cares for him  
except our guilt  
He's got those new white Reeboks on  
he got them from the Chinese woman  
they didn't fit her son  
I wonder who he reminds her of

Does he know that there are kids  
who kill to wear that pair  
He doesn't understand envy, poor fool  
or he'd be proud to wear those shoes  
But he's grateful to the Chinese woman  
he thinks that she is mom  
the one that always fed him  
the one who kept him warm

And when he pisses in his pants  
it reminds him of a place inside a baby's mind  
Almost like a dream, he feels that he is home  
but how could that have happened  
when the feeling is so misplaced  
Mom and piss and milk and quarters  
broken bottles, baby's bottle, home is a no place  
And for him, there is no place like home

We hate to see him on a bad day  
that's when he looks us in the eye  
and mumbles to us a desperate message  
for a surely dying world  
He says he knows just how to save us  
and if you can, give us a quarter  
He says the problem with this world  
He says that we're all murderers

But I'm too numb to give a damn  
though I know that he is right  
There's a blanket in my closet  
but he'll freeze his ass tonight  
It's just sitting there, waiting for the call  
but I can't fight the tide of cold  
rising in my heart  
So I raise the bottle to my lips  
and think about my mother