

The Dead of Night

They
wait and shiver,
at the
rear of the taco stand,
hoping to
beg
a leftover meal.

They
tread
carefully
so as
not to piss off the
night manager.
When he finally
appears,
like Moses in the desert,

They
bow their heads,
submissively
and
religiously,
waiting
for scraps of food
like
a
dog.

But too
soon
the protective police,
shoo them
away
or
worse.

So
these hungry
throwaway people,
move
back into the

darkness.
They will
return
later
in the
dead of the night,
to retrieve
their
rotting dinner
from a
slimy
garbage can.

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