

Poor Little Dirt Bag

Things Along The Road

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Poor Little Dirt Bag

Body squashed to mush,
flat as an empty sandbag
like a tank-tracked toad.

No one takes him home...
Nor pries him from the dust,
indifferently they step over
this day's disgust.

Some glance away...
Some appraise his small
foot-sandal, too bad there
aren't two.

Another truck runs over *it...*
high-balling who knows
where.

Poor little dirt bag...
No one ever cared.