

frosty the homeless man

sometimes
he would stay in shelters
or stay with me
but he loved livin'
on those busy streets the most.
when frosty was drinkin',
oh, man!
he would stumble around
then fall over into somethin'.
he just didn't
get around very good when he was drunk.
after panhandlin' he would
sometimes come over to my shanty,
with a couple of beers,
one for me and one for him,
oh, man!
i just can't believe he is dead,
you say they found him
floatin' face down.
he must have stumbled
and fell into that cold river.
frosty he was no snowman,
but he sure did have a shiny nose.

—*Lloyd Kirk*