I feel at home

being invisible

in this alley

of circus freaks.

Where the horror

of a clown

is transparent

through his

painted on smile

and the beauty

of a whore

is crystal clear

in her eyes.

The holes in

the knees

of my jeans

shows how much

I’ve grown.

The apertures

in my shoes

are the gifts

that let my roots breath.

A black alley cat

crossing my path

is ten times as lucky

as the blood stained

rabbit’s foot

you’ll take to your grave.

I consider myself lucky

that I can’t afford a mirror

cause without a reflection

to get in my way

I can clearly see

the whole truth.