

Scumbly and Winnie

by Daniel John Sullivan

“You’re a piece of shit!”,
he heard this a lot.

“GET A JOB!”,
yeah,
he knows that one too ...

Scumbly runs his game,
near Aurora and 125th,
his gaze always fixed,
somewhere between yesterday and tomorrow.

“I HAVE 5 BUCKS!”,
Scumbly yells at the cashier,
expecting this to cover his beer.

He makes his way,
sideways like,
meandering along that OLD 99,
torn down near the water.

He makes his money,
scrambling,
hustling,
too much cocaine when he was young,
too little love now that his insides melt away.

“I’ll eat the GRIZZLE!”,
Winnie screams ...

Winnie and Scumbly,
eggs and bacon,
beer and weed,
life and death.

“Scrubby, you got that beer for me?”,
Winnie asks after they find a spot to stop.

By the wayside,
along an alleyway,
on the sidewalk,
near the sewer.

A storm breaks above,
a downpour of toxic rain,
the raccoons scatter for the drain ...

A WIND BLOWS,
and the tarp that is their home,
blows away ...

And Winnie wakes up,
and Scrubby holds her.

They make their way further down the road.

They make their way towards a dim light,
something barely perceptible,
but some call this hope.