

skag:

What can you do for
A child of eighteen,
As she sits and she waits
With a face too serene,

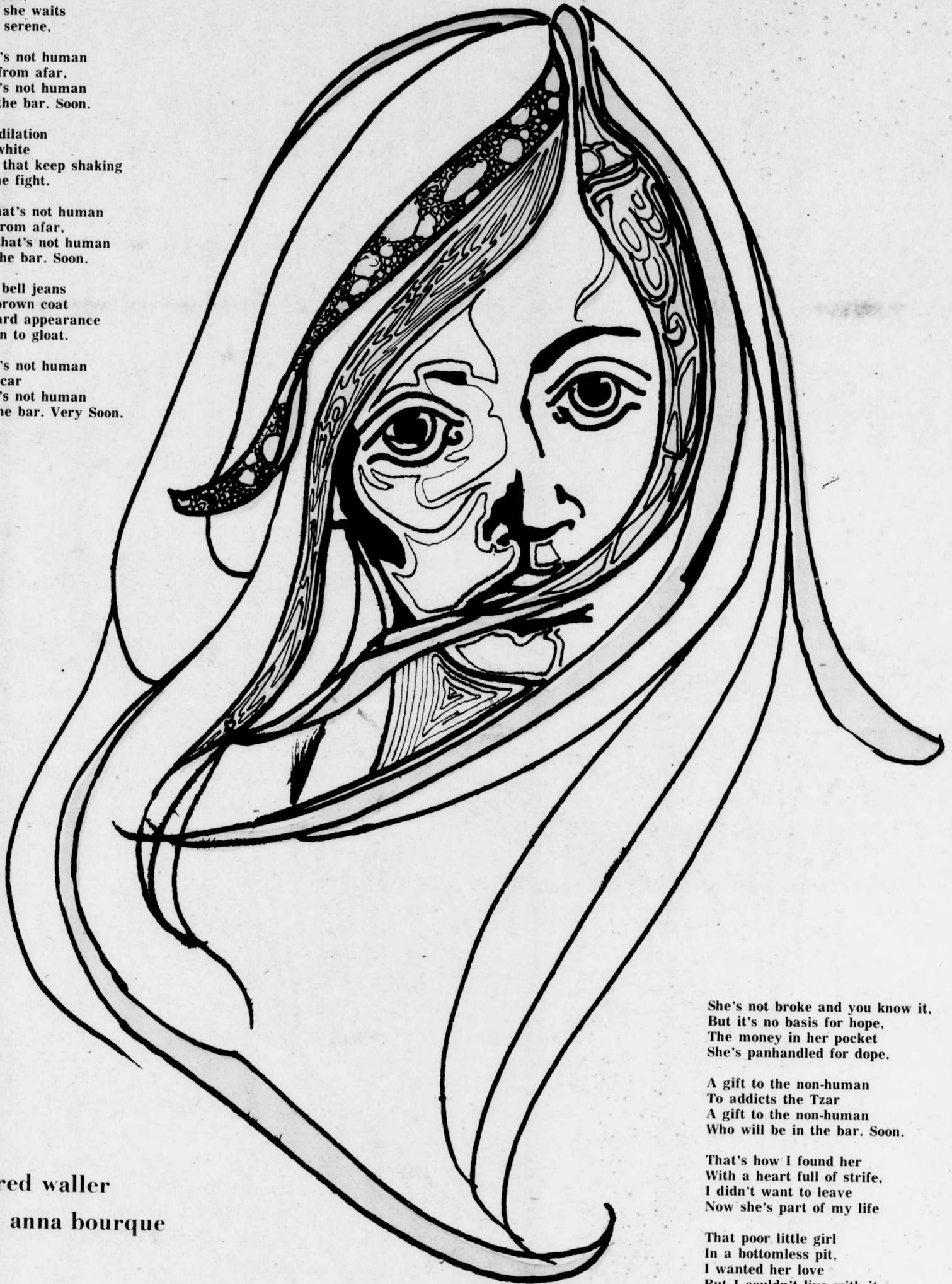
For a man that's not human
Who has come from afar,
For a man that's not human
Who will be in the bar. Soon.

Her eyes know dilation
In skin chalky white
And with hands that keep shaking
She can't win the fight.

Gainst a man that's not human
Who has come from afar,
Against a man that's not human
Who will be in the bar. Soon.

Clothed in dirty bell jeans
And a tattered brown coat
Her whole outward appearance
Gives him reason to gloat.

He's a man that's not human
To humanity a scar
He's a man that's not human
Who will be in the bar. Very Soon.



poem by fred waller
graphic by anna bourque

She's not broke and you know it,
But it's no basis for hope,
The money in her pocket
She's panhandled for dope.

A gift to the non-human
To addicts the Tzar
A gift to the non-human
Who will be in the bar. Soon.

That's how I found her
With a heart full of strife,
I didn't want to leave
Now she's part of my life

That poor little girl
In a bottomless pit,
I wanted her love
But I couldn't live with it.

That's how I left her
Unhappy and sad
Addicted, confused
Dazed and half-mad.

That poor little girl
In a bottomless pit
I wanted her love
Now I can't live without it.