

## an awkward ambivalence to failure

hell and heaven exist together on these streets  
a home to poets, whores,  
peddlers and dead-beats.

i find myself  
a new vagrant  
fledgeling on a concrete cliff

i find myself  
among the abject, dejected,  
the lonely and rejected  
connected  
affected

i see at last  
where we have  
disconnected.

i wouldn't call her a fallen angel,  
more of a broken mirror  
shattered by the past.

look into her eyes,  
see how they reflect ourselves,  
yet it's hard to connect so we  
forsake her, forget her,

say "it's her own damn fault", our sideways glances sting like salt  
in the wound and all she's got  
is the smoke that eases the pain of her affliction  
but it can't loosen the chains of her addiction.

she could have been another tina turner  
maybe she was just a slow learner  
maybe nobody taught.

she sells herself cause she's got nothing to give  
sometimes, she wonders,  
(we wonder)  
does she have a reason to live?

she's a spider with a web of regret  
she's the type of person  
we'd rather forget.

i find myself  
where the streetlight glows effervescent  
illuminating the world, it shows  
those loved and those lost,  
left behind at what cost?