

Threads By The State

(POEM)

Though they are made with less than a penny on the dollar  
Sewn by many fingers continuously bending  
I wear these clothes as if I own them whole  
But they are not mine  
I am just borrowing them  
No fee's, dividends or interest rates  
Not even a debate  
I must wear them for, this was my fate  
Many can relate  
Old, used, abused, very few new  
I wiggle my toes through the holes in my borrowed socks  
Shake my legs of the boxer drawers many have rocked  
I am easily degraded as I slide them on one leg at a time  
Many men have done the same with the same pair of my pants  
Faded with holes  
They seem so old I like an old soul  
I'd rather go bare but I can't go there  
Not from where I'm at  
Many men have sweated in my shirt  
My t-shirt is much older like a gentleman of old  
Crusted and rusted around its collar  
Boots that claim to protect my feet  
Many enemies walked the very same beat  
Thinking, thinking, thinking  
I need new clothes  
Ones that I can fully call my own  
Every thread, stitch and hole you see  
These clothes belong to the state not me