Dogs

These are your street dogs, scouring the city for scraps of food. Suffering the world’s scorn is their legacy; sticks & stones, their patrimony.

They have no rest by day or night; raised in filth, their life a blight. Toss them a bone if they glower: See how they tear each other. Branded, poked, gelded, herded; sick or hungry, trapped and traded.

Once, should these wretches rise up, Grand old systems will go belly up. If they wish it, the world is theirs; If they want it, in days not years. Just spur the dogs’ dormant pride. Step on the tails: watch how they stride.

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