Brotherhood

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Brotherhood

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Abstract

On the near south side The elevated runs down an alley, Sliding past small hotels With fire escapes climbing their sides. Through a chain link fence The sign says, “Roomettes for Men.”
Brotherhood

by Paul Kratoska

English, Sr.

On the near south side
The elevated runs down an alley,
Sliding past small hotels
With fire escapes climbing their sides.
Through a chain link fence
The sign says, "Roomettes for Men."
You can see their occupants
Moving from room to room
In the dirty light;
Or resting in the windows,
Looking out at the pigeon-fouled alley.
Would you look on them with compassion,
Saying, "These are the least of my brethren"?
You are just a figure in a suit
On the other side of a chain link fence,
And there is time only
For another hot evening to spill
Onto the fire escapes above the tracks.
The poor know true equality,
But that fence is forever.