

Jesus, Another Beggar

He's standing on the median in front
Of the traffic light holding a sign
I know it says *homeless*
A light mix of rain and snowfall
It's cold his parker is unzipped
I dig around in my change purse
Put my window down and hand him a five
He's tall slender handsome graying at the sides
Bless you he says *get out of the rain* I tell him
He bends down to look at me
His smile is kind and wise
Are you okay I tell him *yeah*
The light changes *I'm fifty-three*
I smile and slowly put my foot on the gas
I holler back *I'm sixty-one*
Still looking he says *I love you*
And everything changed
I am loved
I am loved
I am loved

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Kik Williams lives in Providence with her three mini-dachshunds, three chickens, and a cat. She is a ceramic artist, poet, laughter yoga teacher and until recently a water aerobics instructor. Her passion is passion.