

The Farmer

by Free Idealist

Walking down the bloodied street,
I enjoy the dirt upon my feet,
That feeling that feels so sweet,
Of earthen dust so fine and neat.
I'm stared at by the men of town,
Their faces full of scowl and frown,
Who look so often always down,
So deep in debt they just might drown.
I laugh to myself at jokes in mind,
Jokes too rude for one to find,
In such a place like this, so kind,
Where all are woke, and yet so blind.
I travel here for a simple task:
To fill their pantry and their flask.
I'm given no thanks, and I do not ask,
In the goodness of this deed I bask.
I have no time for the fools of throne,
Whose songs are sung and horns are blown.
I care quite little for their walls of stone,
Instead I linger with the seeds I've sown.
Watching them grow from year to year,
Wiping away each and every tear,
Cultivating these souls so dear,
And teaching them to never fear.
While I'm in town I'll just be polite,
Because I know full well I'll be alright.
I'll lay in bed with my wife tonight,
And fill her full of much delight.