

The Epidemic

I don't care about anything, and nothing cares for me.
I wake to a day without worry. What do I owe this day?
It has given me nothing, and so I will choose to exist my way.

I sleep where I find a pillow, and stay for as long as they will let me.
They will share their food, because it is the right thing to do.
My child will benefit from their kindness too.

I don't worry about working, because I have no bills.
I have no bills because I have no home, or power, or water.
I like my hair to be clean, so a little shampoo won't be missed.
I can wear these clothes for days.

My little girl can play with the other kids, and bathe with them later, too.
Little kids like to play and get dirty anyway, so why worry.
I can always choose to wait until tomorrow.
It's always there.

When all else fails, I can call my mom. She always gives in.
I confess, it was a little harder the last time, but I won in the end.
I don't know why she gets so mad.
She worries all the time.

Not me, though. Life is too short to worry all the time.
Who wants to be caught up in the rat race of work and worry?
I always manage to get by, just living my life.
Who needs all that stress?

Yes, I'll call mom. It's about time I washed some clothes.
The thought of a warm shower and one of her hot meals works for me.
After all, she'll want to see the baby. She's due for a new toy.
I can stock up on some snacks and stuff too. Mom can just get more, later.

I guess I can put up with her fussing at me for a couple of hours.
She may even want the baby girl to stay with her for a while.
That would give me one less thing to worry about,

So I can do what I want.