

Stray dog

I was a stray dog,
crawling through the streets of hate and despise,
barking whenever someone came close to me,
clenching my jaw and growling.

My eyes always open, endless expecting
of what seemed inevitable.

No memories of who I wanted to be,
whenever I saw a threat.

Could be a child, smiling at me,
could be a bird, tilting its head.

All could be dangerous,
all could bring death.

Day and night, I was searching for love,
between all the scoffs and the yelling,
throwing to me something long rotten,
of strangers passing by, staring from above.

The faces I have forgotten
but the words I carry, carved into my brain.

I was an aggressive dog,
not always have been heartless and cold.

Once I was innocent,
when I thought, I had found trust.

But the streets make you feel tired and old,
gray and blue.

Now I assume every person walking past me
will scream at me and grab my neck
to push me down and break my ribs,
like so many did before.

Why is it, that you didn't?
Push me away,
kick me out,
laugh at my whining?

Why is it that you are still here?
That you let me in
and brought me home,
someplace warm and safe?

Everything inside me
wants to run from you,
cannot believe, you will protect me,
that your hands won't turn into claws,
when your fingers stroke my hair.

That your gentle smile
won't change into an evil grin,
that this food you feed me
is not poisoned.

You're everything I never knew,
all I didn't learn.
And maybe one day,
I will be able to believe,
that you are real...