In a Chain Link Lair

In a chain link lair beneath the Jersey bus bridge
Pacing, turning, catlike
Matted beard nestled in unseasonable layers

The man growls in a language he invented
Fricatives coursing, cascading
Punctuating bursts of amplitude reverberating

He flails his arms like windmills, one fingerless glove
Cracked cuticle chasm, yellow claw
Rattles the bars of his cage and howls at the sedentary sun

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He frightens away the rats and pigeons with a ferocity
That can only come from knowing they'll come back

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