## Like There Was No Tomorrow

by Jerry Ratch

And there on the street
Were a bunch of frantic pigeons
Picking over some discarded
Chicken bones

I mean they were really Going to town on them You know, frantic Like there was no tomorrow

And then I saw it A real sign of progress The Bernie Sanders look-alike at an intersection Bent over writing in a notebook

With, you got it, a pencil or a pen While a group of children Stood looking on In total amazement

I mean, think of it, A pencil, or a pen Sheesh! Maybe Those pigeons got it right