

Cristian Diaz, AY-0115
WordsUncaged Submission
(Poem)

“Filthy” (11/22/17)

Took a trip down memory lane
It was not a pleasant one
Staring at the man I used to be:
Filthy

Filthy is what I whipped up through my nose,
Popped, drank down and smoked
Filthy was my escape through alcohol and drugs.

Baggy clothes, 125 lbs, skinny bone jones
No cuts or muscle, only filthy, young, and old-school.
That was my style
Filthy is how I felt and was
That was then.
Now, I’m staring from outside the window looking in
Well, look at me now.
Filthy?
Not anymore.