Don't Judge A Roach

(first appeared in *DecomP*)

We live in isolation, yes.

They say we prefer darkness,
lying cooped up in crevices
like blades of grass.
They say we hustle from light
and huddle in hundreds
under rocks mossed in time.

But we see no choice,
and no one cares if we loved
gallivanting in light.
With ugly backs, horrid gait,
and clumsy, trembling whiskers,
would you nod with indulgent eyes

Seeing us prancing on your porch
or snuggling in green lawns?
Don't you create roaches from among your own,
people who come out less, less beautiful,
more conscious of scowling eyes—
glaring daggers that judge?

We dwell in lightlessness,
silently wishing
we were someone else—pretty cats maybe,
roaming free and aimless
with no fear of crushing death
from bitter, disgusted feet.

Yes, we live in isolation.

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