

Through Sad Eyes

I was adopted a few years ago. Time goes so fast I'm not quite sure when.

It's not that my adoptive family doesn't treat me well or that I'm not a whole lot better off than I was, but deep down I can sense that I'm not one of them. The way they look down at me.

Sure they buy me nice toys, but I know the toys they buy their biological children cost a lot more than mine.

They won't even let me sit on their so called "new" couch.

Of course they love me, and I love them too - maybe even more so.

But there was that time when they had company and they locked me in the basement. As though they were ashamed of me or something.

And then the crowning blow came just a couple weeks ago when they left for Disneyworld. I thought we were all going on vacation together but at the last minute they dumped me at the neighbors house to stay until they got back. Imagine how I felt.

... and now I have to pee real bad. You would think these folks would remember that when I'm scratching on the kitchen door that I need to go to the yard and pee.

Curt Vevang

Self Published on the Illinois State Poetry Society website