

Rat

I walk into the cold and am reminded
that I am a rat just like the rest.

I might feel like a main character, or
the superhero of this film but on a
black December morning, I am
reminded of my naked tail and sniveling
little snout. I am a rat, just like the rest.

I say I stand for what's right, what's just,
and what's true. Viktor Frankl details
the demons that he came in contact
with and he was but a frail and elderly
Austrian Jewish man who carried on
through a bigger cold, a larger enemy,
and a stronger world than the one I
wrestle with, but if this world were
stomped upon once again, seized and
controlled, if I was the one who picked
at frozen mud while barefoot, wondering
if my wife and children still ate and drank,
I admit that I might cower in hopes of
finding a warm little corner somewhere
in this big storm. I walked out into the dry,
manageable cold and shudder to
myself about the shrinking days and
remember that I am just a rat.