

# *Literally Everyone Now*

Caleb Morton

I don't find money on the floor anymore,  
Even after clearing all the flaws.

I don't find my way to the store door.  
I'm trying but it's a tall law.

salt to injury no more, they claw my sore;  
Salt held some taste, claws only held prey.

Empty or dry pockets are so 1985.  
2021, I don't even have the pockets.

Without finding money on the floor.  
It will be me they call poor.