

## **The Apple**

He tossed the apple out the window, daring his sister to be mad

“That’s not funny Sam”, his mom scolded, while the little girl grew sad

The car rolled on and left the fruit behind, no one cared about what was thrown aside

The apple laid in the grass on a small, windy, back-street

As a little boy walked along trying to be discrete

He was hungry, tired, and his hair was a mess

All he wanted was something to eat but each garbage pile had less

The little boy was about to give up

But then he peered down the road and saw a small lump

He approached the circular shape and saw a tint of red

“An apple for me to eat!” he said

The little boy was overwhelmed with gratitude and joy

He had finally found something to digest and would be starving no more

Hearing this anecdote about a homeless child

Made me realize that I should be thankful all the while

I have a warm home and endless things to eat

Unlike the little boy with his apple in the street

