

Please Help

Another day on the streets,
hearing passing, thumping feet.

No family. No home.

Cold to the bone.

I was noxious and fragile,
scurrying people in in denial.

As hungry as a bird searching for food,
people being rude.

I am a ghost- invisible,
no longer kissable.

Unclear, unhealthy,
not very wealthy.

The trees waved in my direction,
certainly in neglect ion.

Mouldy marks on my face- a permanent feature.

My infinite, indestructible life cycle.

Please help!

My unsettling, blacked out heart spoke in horror.

Soon I'll be a goner.

The Lorries laughed at me as the day passed by.

I cry and cry and cry.

My foul-smelling clothes reeked out.

Everybody looks and shouts.



