



Hope

Another homeless day for me.

I'm a book with no pages.

I'm like a white ghost that can't be seen.

Invisible! Hopeless! Discarded! Distraught! Dusty!

I'm far from paradise.

Always sobbing. Ashamed.

I'm left behind like a stray wolf in the winter

My life is a never ending convey belt,

Scared. Fading away like the clouds in the sky.

I feel like a magpie who's lost his mate.

I can see food I long for it (desperate).

Food jabs me with pain.

The sent off fish and chips wafted up my blocked nose.

My shredded tatty, obsolete curtain covers me.

I'm wet, cold and nerved.

Hurting me rocks jab me like thousand knives. Pain grips my body.

I'm in my own bubble.

I'm alone and hopeless.

My only companion is sadness.

My only water is acrid from a broken pipe.

I only eat garbage from bins.

Please help. I am always, hopeful no matter what.

