



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 denial.

As hungry as a bird searching for food,
People being rude,
I am a ghost- invisible
No longer kissable.

Unclean, unhealthy
Not very wealthy,
The trees waved in my direction,
Certainly in neglect
Mouldy mark on my face- a permanent feature
My infinite indestructible life cycle PLEASE HELP!

My unsettling, blacked out heart spoke in horror,
Soon I will 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,

Please help!!



