

## Daily Plight

He awakens on his dirty, damp bed to a continuous thud,  
his alarm bell, the 6.15 to Waterloo going over the viaduct above.  
He can hear the pigeons with their early morning twit-twoos,  
sees people rushing about their daily business, walking, talking, driving, smiling, cycling, all on the move.  
He looks on in sadness & says to himself, I wish that was me. Darkness fills his heart,  
he so wants to be in that world, but he's detached, separate and totally apart.  
He stashes his bedding in the bush, all wrapped in plastic, fusty quilt & pillow full of holes & a soggy  
mattress – he defends it with his life.  
For now, this is his oasis, he must make the best of his situation, people, things & places.  
His world is dark, dirty & lonely, picking through bins, police chases,  
begging for a cuppa tea to get warm, you should see their faces,  
they look on in disdain, turn up their noses & don't listen,  
so he drags his worn out shoes along the pavement to the local soup kitchen,  
bums a smoke off a smartly dressed man  
whilst sipping the dregs of littered beer bottles & cans.  
He wants nothing more than to drink & block out the world until he can't stand,  
deep down though, what he really wants is help & for someone to put out their hand. Mentally flawed,  
his clothes are filthy, stinking & torn, he runs on anger, pain & scorn.  
Physically he's had it, the nomad, scared, bruised & emotionally battered.  
He stumbles aimlessly into the night, the smells from the takeaways the sounds & sights all illuminated  
by lampposts, billboards & neon lights,  
pub crawls, after hours brawls, broken heels, slips, trips & falls.  
He walks straight through, head on the floor, hears & sees nothing at all,  
not even the drunken bingers with their derogatory name calls.  
When you're down & out it never rains but it pours.  
So never judge someone else's life on the basis of yours,  
as it's the cause of many problems, divisions, fights & even wars,  
but the man's in desperation and has to break laws.  
He tells himself he's rotten to the core, sour & bad.  
He spots an old woman on the other side of the road, sprints over & snatches her bag & carries on down  
the street to hail the nearest black cab,  
without a thought or even a look back. Once clear, he thinks to himself, is this what I've become, a  
homeless thief with no morals? How sad.  
A single teardrop rolls down his cheek as he reminisces on the life he once had,  
Dear Lord, help me to love life & get the help I need & the things I don't have.  
I'm sick of living out of sight, please, Lord, take me from the darkness to the light,  
deep down I'm not a bad person, I'm caring & loving, things just seem to go wrong & I can never do  
right. He pays the driver & stumbles off into the darkness of the night,  
down the backstreets, deafening in their silence, through the door of his local off licence,  
buys his bottles with stolen money, time for oblivion to kill the twisted reminders.  
Back to his oasis & lays out his bed and then  
he awakens on his dirty, damp bed to a continuous thud,  
his alarm bell, the 6.15 to Waterloo going over the viaduct above