

Journey of the Homeless

With the lamp of heaven and earth as a guide I go.
Sleeping in the backs of pick up trucks and bushes,
machinery in my soul a lot of early starts grinding fear to the bone. Stumbling on the ruined paths bereft of cobbles and street lamps, groping for a moments comfort, a kind word an equal chat. Will Richard the Third please stand up. Swimming at my centre a boy's tadpoles in a old cracked jam jar, it leaks now and then, repaired with lace, cooking grease and smiles from strangers.

The dying heartbeat of artificial light illuminates kicks from sickened youths like a cartoon flip book. Whipped by their own chains, their laughter a spoiled broth bubbling over hissing when it hits the heat. As they leave on the same grey tide, their vessels not water tight they have my prayers, repairs of pitch and oysters.

Waving my hands manically, mechanically, fighting the monstrous pigeons who peck at my liver daily. Aging before my time, blackened headstones well the ones that you can find, even the Eighth man beneath the feet worn words has better joints than mine.

Hoping to reach my goal for the day, if I get there early maybe a mattress for the night. Sleeping with rows of lost souls, each some ones precious, precious son, daughter, brother, sister, grass growing over their feet, ivy in their button holes.

Cuddling their sad stories to their chests, deformed in childhood shape, stroking them for comfort till the end. No one really cares in truth of the prose they have in them, the capital letters, the exclamation marks, pages shown to the Sun reveal spots of dampness that never leave often renewed, underlined. Forgotten faces of the loved ones they've left behind, happy memories strained, torn slapped in a stained scrapbook.

None at my funeral only the vicar and the Christian cat the only ones to hear his shortened one way chat. Flames engulf, the heat I often craved at last, alas too much, I have returned to dust. A small urn placed in the ground, fitting really a lot of people felt I took up to much earth.

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