

HOMELESS in the Midst of Plenty... ©

by Camincha

**...holding his plastic bag
reaches 15th and Harrison, one
more corner, just like all the
others he's passed tonight, empty.
His eyes roam the street like an
orphaned child looking for his
mother. He exudes desolation,
loneliness, despair, anguish.**

**All doors are closed.
No lights at the windows.
No one's waiting for him.**

**He stands, feet firmly planted
as if wishing to sprout roots.
Somehow make himself belong
Taking just a little space,
wishes standing at the street
corner, wishes he could sprout
roots. Wishes had a little space
belong to him. A little warm,
safe space waiting for him in
this foreign land. Wishes he
could sprout roots.**

**His eyes roam the street, an
orphaned child looking for his
mother. He exudes desolation,
loneliness, despair, anguish.**

**All doors are closed.
No lights at the windows.
No one's waiting for him.**