
Crossroads

I sit here on the cold pavement of Argyle street watching the days go by, waiting on the sun to cast warmth on me. People walk by with their heads held high not a glance back. I sit here invisible again. This may as well may as well be my grave. It's hard to imagine how anyone can be lonely in this city full of people. I look into my plastic cup empty. I see a sign at the top of the building in front of me that boasts "People Make Glasgow" how ironic.

I see this young woman come towards me, she's wearing a long black coat with a gold belt round her waist and gold military buttons down her chest that glisten in the sun. As her brunette hair catches the breeze she bends down and puts a few notes in my cup my eyes are fixed on her as she walks away into the distance, a smile appears on my face.

I hear a gritted voice say me name. I jump I know that voice its the street drug dealer, who spends his day making mine and other people miserable. I hug my knees to my chest. He gets closer I can smell the whisky from

his breath. He points his gun at me and mutters " if you make a noise your a dead man" Im silenced with fear his hand grips my jaw and stuffs a bag of cocaine in my mouth. My eyes are wide with terror, I feel like there's a steel knife at the back of my throat. He points his gun at me and shouts BANG! adrenaline floods my body, sweat is dripping from my forehead, my heart is pounding, he slaps my cheek and walks away laughing. Taking my cup with money inside with him and leaves me with a wretched bag of drugs which I throw away.

The fluorescent lights flicker as darkness falls the streets scream out in pain as the lifeless shadows curl up on the street corner. Drunks pass by and treat homeless people like punching bags. The drug dealer comes back to haunt me questioning me what I did with the drugs. He gets angry when I shout at him for stealing my money, and that I'm clean now. His eyes are smouldering as he lets out a sigh his nostrils flaring like a flamed dragon. I hear the strike of a match, I try to run but he holds me down, within minutes my sleeping bag is in flames, my shallow breaths make it difficult to breathe, my eyes sting from my tears, I take my frustrations out on a wall kicking punching till my hands bleed.

Lost confused I make my way to the car park where I normally stay for the night. I climb to the top to see the magical view of the street lights twinkling it gives me hope that things will get better, that maybe someday I'll be off these dangerous streets, I am homeless but not hopeless. I head to the staircase of the car park. My eyes shut then something will wake me up like a car passing or doors banging. I need to make sure I get out before morning so the people that work there don't see me. The bleach can't hide the smell of weed and urine in the corner. I sit in the cramped grey staircase and rest my head on the metal banister.

As dawn breaks I make my escape to witness the morning rush. People trapped in their own fantasies that today they are going to accomplish something. I pass my burnt out sleeping bag, a sense of sadness looms over me. I bump into someone the hard thump makes me anxious something feels familiar about the person from the tune he's murmuring to the light smell of cigarettes, I look up to be greeted with kind eyes I recognise the deep creases on his dark skin showed of a man who gave away smiles like they were wishes. It was Morgan who I met in prison we shared a cell together, each wrinkle on his face

had a story to tell. He would sing one line of half forgotten songs and his shoes would lick the prison floor with his tap dancing. He hugged me with his soft hands we promised each other we would have a life once we got out of prison. I was promised housing once I got out then when the time came for me to be released there was no spaces left for me so I became homeless. Morgan tells me at the moment he is busking in Glasgow, he took me to a local cafe to catch up. He made me feel human and worthy again. The warmth of the coffee washed away the recent bad experiences. We talked about the past our hopes and dreams, his energy was contagious. It wasn't easy telling him I was homeless and about the way some treat me but I knew I could trust him, we looked out for each other in jail. He was teasing me that he was going to turn me into a dancer his expression was " A dip in your hip and a glide in your slide." When we left the cafe Morgan had me dancing in the street our laughter echoed off the walls I felt free and alive I noticed how people looked at me differently when I was with Morgan they didn't judge me instead they smiled which made me loosen up.

In the evening I lay down on the street to get some rest i

feel naked and vulnerable, with judgmental thoughts flying above my head "sweet dreams to you to" Morgan came over with a cup of soup. We went up to the top of the car park I showed him my favourite view. What a coincidence connecting us together again like the constellations. He told me he has a flat nearby and insisted I stayed with him as he could see my bruises and didn't want me getting attacked again.

I rest on the black leather sofa my feet glad to have a place to rest my feet. Morgan shows me a bedroom with a single bed and plain decoration as he confidently reveals this is my room. Im stunned I hadn't been in a house since I was a child, living on the streets is all I've known. I lay on the bed my aching back moulding into the mattress I look up to the ceiling not used to things being so peaceful, not feeling like an outcast anymore because my cast is filled with friendship.

I start volunteering at Centre Point a homeless charity to help other victims. it's important for everyone to remember nobody chooses to be homeless it can happen to anyone at any time.

"Let your hopes not your pain create your future"