

IS THIS SOCIETIES SHAME OR MINE?

Blery glimpse through damp cardboard, a dog pissing and car horns screaming in my head. Relentless ranting and cold piss pooled eight feet away, the bakery driver shoots a glance, perhaps a meal of kindness... 'I guess not sir'. Half dried blood wipes its way onto the back of my hand, to meet my pain seared into a scarred temple and cheek. Scrambling through pockets, a few loose coins, wet bus ticket and an old copper bracelet of a life long gone.

Car?... mugged?... drugged?... I found my bed, my box, my crib and estate under the eternal canal walkway of hell's mouth. All memory shot to shit. The elusive hours are gone; a spec in time of lost history... a phantom of my past. Two glass corpses of vodka and thunderbirds outline the crime where I reside as an invisible ghost of the land, human garbage with a target for pathetic scowling daggers of disgust, a leper in the bustle infecting your everyday pleasure.

Aren't I ashamed of myself?

Why don't I just get a fucking job and stop scrounging treasures off the comfy and complacent.

Have I no shame?

Indeed, I feel many things... despair... hope... fear... anger... most of all pity and shame, but not for myself... oh no, for you my blind fellows and givers off copper coin.

The darkest of fears, navigating the ocean of my mind which you shall never know. The grip of hunger, slicing bite of winter, the rancid risk of the trash banquet delivering my cherished lifeline. A stray lonely sock to add to a half rotten foot, poached in sweat and my own urine.

Salary raises and financial lifelines for complaining deities upon mortgaged clouds. Festive choices of confusion, gift-wrap tornado's carrying children to heights and holiday glamour. Reminiscent gestures and kindness without a moment's thought and Mediterranean trip haste over 4 crystal glasses of December chardonnay and nocturnal privacy. Assumed warm bathroom dip, sauna and marble caverns of relaxation... 'I remember... something'.

Nostalgia burns away through acid urine close by, scurried glares of contempt from cats under recent iron engines. Night horrors and police inquisition shatter nerves, pushing through, thoughts bouncing, compiling under radars of terror and hope. Hell's mouth beckons, my paper abode and stolen sleeping bag. Screaming tribe of youth, adorning Celtic ink symbols and shirt, armed with chips and minds of unclear destinations. A night-time gift of spit and empty can laughter, embossed forehead pulled into hands for comfort.

Returning... shadow figure, soft act and offering of fried potatoes and drunken apology, shared in welcomed trade, a feathered friend over calming coos and warm earthly delight, surviving hopeful for better choices and thawed sunrise hearts.