

Inside City Lights

By

The Homeless Poet



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The Ugly Glory series showcases authors who are homeless or have lived experience of it, writing about their experiences in a realistic, down-and-dirty fashion. **WARNING:** some works in this series contain harrowing, explicit or sexually offensive words or images that may disturb or shock some readers.

Dedicated to my daughter Tiannah
and brother Lance

Thanks to Nick Cornwall
for the book cover.

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Introduction

From my adolescence, I have always harboured a soaring enthusiasm and unremitting compulsion to create poetry/narratives/stories inspired by themes of personal experience, and myriad encounters alongside the love of literature and differing genres of music. My overarching objective was to construct short and concise pieces of writing to ignite unease and joy in simultaneous fashion in reader's minds.

To achieve this goal and develop as a competent poet is the only occupation of mind I endeavour in perseverance, fortitude and hardship to aspire. Thoughts and ideas to craft worded landscapes manifest at any given time and are a staunch reminder that I feel I possess the legitimate right to be called a poet.

After leaving school, without formal qualifications, I drifted into the employment realm of work taking varying jobs in hotels and holiday camps to live-in caring positions with the disabled and elderly to a nomadic gardening role. In more recent years, the shoeshine industry provided my living interspersed by periods of attending college to try and acquire basic academic certificates in subjects of interest. But writing poems/narratives/stories always remained a constant anchor regardless of circumstances entailing lengthy years of street homelessness and unemployment. Articles written during this time were submitted to newsletters produced by homeless shelters and Christian churches, and once published gave an incentive to see how far I could succeed with my creations in more widespread and better known publications.

One success was joining The Big Issue writing group in 1996, and seeing my poems and short stories printed on a monthly basis. This achievement provided meaning and foundation to a peripatetic lifestyle without real purpose or a sense of contentment. I never wanted to be committed to a permanent