

Where  
Urban  
Lights  
Reflect  
*Hope*

*The Homeless Poet*

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**Where Urban Lights Reflect Hope**

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To my daughter Tiannah  
and my brother Lance

## *The Homeless Poet*

From my adolescence, I have 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 varying genres of music. My overarching objective was to construct short and concise pieces of writing to ignite unease and joy in simultaneous fashion in the minds of readers. To achieve this goal, and develop as a competent poet is the only true occupation of soul I endeavour in perseverance, fortitude and hardship to aspire. Thoughts and ideas to craft worded landscapes manifest themselves at any given time too, and are a reminder that I feel I possess a legitimate right to call myself a poet.

After leaving school, without formal qualifications, I drifted into the employment realm of work taking various 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 differing subjects. But writing poems/narratives/stories always maintained a constant anchor regardless of circumstances entailing lengthy periods of street homelessness and unemployment. Articles written during this time were submitted for 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 other publications.

One success was joining The Big Issue writing group in the 1990's and seeing poems and stories printed on a monthly basis. It gave meaning and foundation to a peripatetic lifestyle. I did not want to be committed to a permanent home or work a nine-to-five career path, and readily accepted the place my conscience led. Now older and wiser, my attitude has changed, and I would like to contribute to society through my artistic efforts and feel a sense of purposeful function especially as a light to my daughter. Enduring street life is tough, and adapting to the situation when I initially became homeless has been transformative and nurtured a healthier perspective on society and people. I believe it was a cruel destiny, and a narrative I needed to find a real home.

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## *The Knife*

Cutting and tearing,  
seeing the sharp blade glisten in warm streetlight,

fighting and stabbing,  
knowing a severe wounding will incapacitate might.

Screaming and falling,  
streaming blood rushing from sliced vein sparks fear,

pumping and oozing,  
escaping liquid fading a cacophonous ambience near.

Bleeding and dripping,  
spreading silent crimson venturing across concrete,

burning and dying,  
disappearing light flickers death on stationary feet.

Shadows and darkness,  
gasping for breath before mortality takes a stake,

death and eternity,  
life curtailed by impetuous decisions fool's take.

The knife.

## *Strand 2024*

Strand,  
blade displayed,

Strand,  
homeless blood afraid.

Strand,  
threatening intent replayed,

Strand,  
dangerous escalating situation,

Strand,  
showing bravado increases retaliation,

Strand,  
physical prowess vulnerable to mutilation.

Strand,  
trivial words traded, indicate pride must remain,

Strand,  
weakness sensed means enactment of serious pain,

Strand,  
standing strong with real violence igniting is foolish gain.

Strand,  
diplomacy signals the only way for curtailing harmful intent,

Strand,  
streetlife represents volatile individuals whose lives are spent,

Strand.  
brutalised entities living warped hand-to-mouth accept as meant.

Strand.

## *Homeless 2024*

Homeless,  
hostile words traded,

homeless,  
confident manner degraded.

Homeless,  
skipping handout queue the offence,

homeless,  
pathetic underlying situation growing tense.

Homeless,  
pride at stake as insulted seeks violent solution,

homeless,  
fearful reaction ripe for exploitation in crying destitution.

Homeless,  
scarred fists strike with speed at exposed cheekbone,

homeless,  
a hard punch surrenders to shooting pain unknown.

Homeless,  
falling upon concrete wanting instant retaliation,

homeless,  
feeling vulnerable as blood drips anticipation.

Homeless,  
physical onslaught employs brutal force,

homeless,  
fellow lowlife watch fight they endorse.

Homeless,  
psychotic attack charges unabated,

homeless,  
beating shows cruelty unrelated.

Homeless.