

On Losing It, Again

There is a side of homelessness that is rarely talked about. Social service workers almost never mention it. The homeless themselves will often look away when the subject is broached, unwilling to contemplate the pain that lies within. Even we here at the *Real Change* have avoided discussing it, for it is such a sensitive issue, one which could easily lead to misunderstanding in our readers if not addressed carefully.

Homelessness, as we all know by now, is generally a symptom of poverty, and thus is experienced in conjunction with poverty's other symptoms. And one of the worst, besides not being able to afford a place to live, is no money to... well... you know... have... f-u-n.

As I sit here in the *Real Change* office typing these words into this computer, I am thinking about all the fun things I could be doing with my life savings of three dollars. Ha! — no I'm not, I'm lying, I'm staring at the screen in a vegetative state, barely tapping each letter out with one finger of my right hand, my chin resting in my left, thinking over and over of chopsticks.

Chopsticks, or How Bored Am I?...

I want the radio
to play "Blue Suede Shoes"
so I can sing along to it

I consider eating the flowers
on the desk in front of me
just to see if it makes any

difference in my life

in twelve hours or so.

Meanwhile I plan to
go through the thesaurus
looking for all the words
close to meaning "bored"
write them down and then
hide the paper from myself
go look for it find it hide
it go look for it find
it hide it go look for it

until I finally lose it

then I'm going to
write down all the words
I can remember
then I am going to
go back to the thesaurus
and for every one
I missed I am going to punish myself
— bad wes! bad wes! —

Then I am going to feel sorry for myself
— poor wes! poor wes! —
and offer me a piece of pie to make up.

And I'll scream
where have I been
keeping that pie
why haven't I told me about it.

Then I'll start over
but this time I'll use chopsticks.

All of which then calls to mind a conversation with another of our *Real Change* editors the other day, I'll call her Ruth-A-Fox, who spoke to me of Poetic License. Immediately I had to remind her that I have one. Thus I may steal her ideas with impunity, as I may steal from any and all who cross my path...

No but really what *is* this Poetic License business? Where do I go to get registered? Is it only good during poetry season? If I have one can I claim anything I write as poetry, including the above? Can I write poems in prose zones, without being ticketed?

Taking a guess I'll say yes to that last, and vice versa. Once you are registered (see your local soul) it's always poetry season, wherever you go. [3]

Visit (c) Dr. Wes Browning at
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