

The Wind

The empty food wrapper dances by,
bounced about by the windy cold sleet,
A symbol of everything that's right in America,
becoming unwanted and discarded as obsolete.

We huddle together once again,
struggling against the night-long chill.
bounced about from street corner to back alley,
the wind picks us up and drops us where it will.

Averting eyes pass us by,
daring not to glance our way.
afraid that the wind may someday...
blow them where it may.

— Rich Schager

The Separate World of Homelessness: Celebrated No More

Taking up
Other People's Space

Discarded
Off the map
of God's Mercy
people's love

Barely tolerated
To/draw/Breath

Celebrated No More

We have
lost/our/Place

— Marion Sue Fischer

Crossings

I've seen a look in some war veterans
— A shadow, a veil
Which tells of a crossing,
A glimpse of the other side.

"To hell and back" and they *have* come
back
Survivors of sorts
With shadows in tow.

It could happen anytime
While sleeping or crossing a street,
A car backfires and they're back-
Dodging bullets, ducking grenades,
Stumbling over bodies crippled by napalm.

Yes, even here
Even in latte-land
Even on 2nd and Pine.

— Stuart Judd

Midpoint

Lunch, is made of many things...
of topsy-turvy, men who
serve-
of women who deserve the best, and
children who accept the rest.

The circle to connect us all, keeps us
hammered to the wall... we stand
outside, but which is worse?
Your own? or, never being first
inside or out? To be without,
it stings! with...
yours, being..

— Stan Burriss