

Desperate Davey

Davey is
barely alive,
it's a mystery
how he survives.

Davey has
lost every thing
& has nowhere
to go. His story
is way past woe.

His homeless neighbours
have taken everything
he owns. I know
its all about
revenge, Davey has taken
his fair share
from them, yet Davey
won't see it.
All he can see

is now.

Davet's been
a drug addicted
homeless guy
for many years,
a leader mongst his peers.
He's fifty-five &
barely alive. His guts are screeching like
a runaway freight train, his bowels
are loose like a wobbly caboose & his legs
cause him so
much pain its ingrained. He
can barely walk. Yet boy
can he still talk.

Sadly its
always the same
gory story told over
& over again, with
the odd embellished
flourish, highlighting his past glory.

Last night
they stole his
scooter, so he says.
He knows who took it, but
I'm thinkin does
it even exist. Davey told
me he paid fourteen hundred dollars
for the thing,
but it all has
a hollow ring.

They won't let Davey
into the shelter,
that ship has sailed. But they'll
let in his wife.
He told them
don't let her
be in the shower
for over an hour, she's just
doing down &
she's going

to drop. Sure enough,
says Davey, it happened,
'she still alive?' I ask,
'oh yea,' Davey replies nonchalantly
as an afterthought.

You know
the guy with
one arm who
used to work in the OPS,
Davey asks.
'I think I vaguely remember him,'
Davey always
presumes I know
everyone who's
ever crossed his
path. 'Well, he raped Jess (Davey's wife),
locked her up in the
OPS (overdose prevention sight) trailer
for three hours & raped her,
I found her half way down a man hole.'
I didn't

blink an eye
at this absurd illusion.

‘No one did
nothing about it,’ he growled. I could tell
it still made Davey
mad, though it happened
years ago, if it ever
happened at all. You
can never believe a
word said that
comes out of
Davey’s head.

I got money, Davey mentions, I
know you do, I
reply. I got three point eight million dollars
in the bank. They just won’t
let me at it.
I don’t even
bother anymore
to ask, why.

You hungry,
I ask. I'm starved Davey says. I go
back into the transition housing
& grab him a
meal left over from
last night's dinner.
A nice plate of fajitas. Davey
doesn't even
say thanks,
just puts it aside &
keeps on talking.

We're on the sidewalk
on the
top of the
stairs leading
into the transition housing,
where Davey's also
not allowed in, even to visit.
A three-story imposing modular structure
with indigenous symbols stuck on the exterior, implying
we're all politically correct. Built to house the homeless in

transition, but due to a permanent housing problem,
good intentions have turned to long term accommodation.

It's a sunshine blue sky

type of day. Makes you happy to just be alive.

Davey always brings a cloud of dust to distract the light,
put you on the alert, that your
smiley happy face is just a façade, at any second
day can turn into night.

In Davey's world there is no good, there is no bright,
there is only a perverted version between wrong & right.

I got nothing

Davey says, what

the hell am I

gonna do.

I'm thinking

in the back of

my head,

I must not be

cynical.

All you have

to do is put down the pipe

& someone will listen,

but this goes unsaid.

Davey's not dumb. He's one

of these guys

with a really high

IQ.

He was

a crane operator

an engineer.

Davey knows how

to build things.

He once built a very

passable shelter for him & Jess outta

things he stole & scavenged.

Unfortunately, he built it on

public land & the town came in &

tore it down. Davey's a union man,

still thinks the
union's there to help, sadly that light went out
like water down a spout.

Its all about the drugs . . .

Davey got hurt
--crashing a crane--
& got hooked on
pain killers &
life was never the same.

Eventually
he got into
buying & selling
& forever he's
been the man.
In & out of jail
like a revolving
door, never for
to long, he's too
smart for that.
He's been

married to Jess
for many years. They're like
the Edmonton Oilers,
each relying on the
other, like a mother &
a brother. It's a lover's mystery.
They cling to each other like
two orphans in a warehouse fire,
no way in no way out.

Now he's
got nothing,
they even stole
his tent.

He's standing
there in a
well worn
dirty grey
hoodie, hood drooping down
half covering his face,

looking like a rapper prowling a rat-infested alley.
Out of grace, a discarded remnant of the human race.
I can see his
milky blue eyes seeping with sewage,
his mouth gruff with grunge, his lips dry & cracked like cement.
He smells sourly stale, like a mouldy scone discarded in a dumpster.
He rants like rain,
flapping yapping words spilling forth like
falling off a cliff. Looking for someone to blame. He's
wearing an old pair of
junk jeans
that look like
they've been dragged behind a truck
over rugged terrain. His fly's wide
open, he watches me looking,
but I'm too polite to point it out. I've got a pair of sweats
on underneath he says, to address some
modicum of decorum.

He had a podcast
several years ago, him & Jess,
rambling on in fairly meticulous organized fashion

against the injustice of the system.

Presenting their views in a witty, rather dry
humorous demeanor. Davey & Jess looking good,
engaging in exaggerated banter. When I
first saw it I couldn't help but cry;
what the hell happened.

Davey's determined that
everyone should get
a job. He screams it
out loud right on the street. Someone
walking by yells back,
'yea why don't you, you bum.'
Davey gets real mad, but
somewhere deep inside, it's just sad.

Davey all this
time has been holding
onto some sort of a power drill
without a cord, obviously pilfered,
Davey meticulously indifferent.
I make no remark

as he stands there
holding it like a lifeline
to a time well past.

He's into a
rage now &
is just spewing
forth nonsense
about a world
which wants
no part of him.

He ambles shambles rambles away,
plate of fajitas in one hand, drill in the other.
He resembles that guy on the beach,
walking out into the waves. . .
with no intent of ever returning.