

## Ghosts Amongst Us

the lost tribe is invisible  
an effervescent transcendental mist  
they exist right in front of  
your eyes. They move  
under silent somber veils  
of secrecy. They talk, but  
you only  
hear what you want to  
hear,  
to self absorbed to listen.

they like ghosts clouds wander  
amidst our midst,  
always in fear of  
being seen,  
their ghostly passive presence  
to you a dreary dream.

Stringing the streets  
living in survival sin.  
A life of perverted pain  
has seen them go day by day insane.  
They live here---amongst us---  
creepy crawly on our snubbing skin,  
screening scars on our eyes.

They scare us like a big beastly yellow claustrophobic sky,  
crowding us back into our lairs.  
Fearing these unearthly apparitions  
are us in disguise. Challenging us curiously  
to cautiously look at our reflection in the glass.

They've been with us  
for eternity  
for all the world to see.  
They're the one's who've been pushed aside,  
hide our eyes---look away,  
the cast-off by-product  
of our consumptive narcissist greed.

They to our horror,  
have always managed to survive.  
Sending us cowering to our cultivated gardens  
to dig a big hole & hide.

Through the dust  
& our looks of distrust  
they breed,  
populating their own  
with a sad scorned seed.  
We avoid their touch  
we blind our eyes---  
It's just too much.

The dusty beggar palming for alms,  
the petty thieves hiding behind trees,  
the fortune hunter, the wanderer, the dreamer & clown,  
the insane are here once again,  
as they always have bin.

Drinking whiskey  
snapping their crack, hoorah said that child  
who turned their back  
& went their own way---went wild.  
Now their life has left them  
all living now half dead on the street.  
Prostitutes, pimps, addicts & thieves, minstrels & monsters,  
every type of life tragically gone wrong.  
They eventually succumbing becoming the ones  
we see right through, aging in the alleys.

It just got too damn much  
the damage the destitution the despair.  
Now, they--- down on their luck,  
stuck in a muck of hurt,  
maimed by their own memories of what was once never there.

Through the years & the tears  
they've been beaten down,  
their only vacation

looking forward to  
lying six feet underground.

So make way,  
part a path,  
for the poor sad soul  
as he shuffles down the street,  
avoiding any stares he might meet.  
Grinning through his--- tobacco stained--- teeth, challenging our man made ways.  
His way of life barely surviving  
from day to day.  
Rolling in rubble  
laying in dread,  
he's a daily disaster  
that just won't go away.

I stand to the side,  
just within your view.  
Contemplating what brought you to this.  
Your head down, scraggly hair,  
holding your dong,  
showing it to the ladies sidewalk shopping  
as they quickly move along.  
Them sneaking a peak poo pooing in disgust  
as you take a leak,  
much to your bemused returning glare.

Is it by choice,  
or by being beaten down?  
It's never one or the other,  
or is that for us to discover.

The water is deep  
we paddle hard not to drown,  
it's rough waves all around.  
Some of us swim  
---some even float---  
some just bob up & down.  
some sink to the bottom  
lying face up drowned  
on the damp rain-soaked ground.

The ones on the street,  
----the ones we cringe to meet---  
are swimming upstream  
drowning themselves,  
gasping for relief.  
Jesus does them no good  
as the morning dew  
sinks in deep,  
aching the bones  
shivering the spine,  
dampening the mind.

---but truth to themselves---

which has truly been forsaken.

The scraggled old hag

The ragged old man

Have they really done

All that they really can.

How can we honour & show compassion

to their laissez faire demeanor.

When all we hear

through their cracked lips is

'it just isn't fair. You up there me down here.'

What is the answer

it's not going away.

Pain & misery on our streets,

is here to stay,

Unless we look

long & hard

in the mirror:

and challenge our own infallibilities

& conquer our fear.

For God's sake!

There, for the grace of god

says the monster to the beast,

the spider to the fly,

goes you & I.

Weak, strong, smart,  
dumb, lucky, loser.  
We all are someone.

Does fate drop her consequential veil?  
And pre-determine who will win  
& who will fail.

Or is it the quality of character  
which prevails.

Chin up take the punch  
shake it back onto your feet.

Forget all about  
the revenge that you seek.

Walk tall, walk proud,  
speak clearly, speak loud.

And you'll become the one  
destined to achieve  
everything under the sun.

Sounds pretty nice  
when we put it on the page  
& spout it from our lips.

Its not quite so  
simple that this is true.

When one lives a life of pain

it cannot be resolved with raging platitudes.

The streets are full

of men & women

dying on their feet.

Life has thrown them,

like chickens into a pen.

Waiting to be absorbed,

to enhance the virility

of the dominant horde.

In time—for those who survive alive—

it is hoped if housed

that the despair will pass

them by.

They won't be seen

no longer begging

on the streets.

But it never dies only death a release,

it's enough to make you cry.

Tall sterile structures

resembling a jail

will eventually house them,

either that or we'll just

toss them like cats into the river.

Like criminals for a crime

they'd never committed, penned in a pasture

of their own doing.

Now fenced in pain from being

on the run that was their life.

Inevitable incarceration is their lot.

Will this bring peace

to the ghosts amongst us?

Only if all memories

can be successfully

swept away.

And

they can truly be seen

at least for once in this life

as a human being.