

## As Yet Unhoused

At times ignored, at others pitied  
the man sits in the face of the elements.  
Awaiting the next pence, a pound  
to compensate for his consequence.  
His is the loneliest of realms,  
where only the few pay attention.  
His is the harshest of aspects:  
No freedom here, only detention.

He waits for assistance,  
every day, which must feel like eternity.  
The drawn-out existence  
that spirals downwards with certainty.  
His past haunts him in this town,  
weighing heavy on his battered heart.  
This man who'd worked as a courier  
until his very world was blown apart.

The company had let him go,  
but that wasn't the worst knock he'd taken.  
His wife had left him soon after that,  
and his pride, his health was shaken.  
He was tempted by drink but spurned it,  
and didn't let drugs seduce him at all.  
This didn't stop the black clouds from though,  
and it didn't prevent him from the fall.

The chill that now surrounds him  
cloaking him only in bitter reality.  
Can anyone lend a hand at all?  
Can no-one stop this unfolding tragedy?  
Yes, there are people who do care  
if only he knew to reach out for their hands.  
He could know some empathy again,  
feeling part of someone's plans.