

10/5/10

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English
Homeless Essay

"So Different"

Homeless.

A totally different life,
Different world.

Challenges arise now,
Challenges I never gave second thought to before.

Before my parents lost their jobs,
Before we lost the house,
Before the shouting began.

So different.

Friends.

Would they still like me?
Want to be seen with me?

At school.

I don't have markers,
So I ask to borrow some,
Receiving only dirty looks.

In the cafeteria,
I take what I'm offered by my classmates,
But never ask.

So different.

Hygiene.
Showers in a community bath house,
Once a week,
If I'm lucky.
A stench follows me.
It won't leave,
Like my thinning shadow.
And a cold
That never goes away.

My clothes,
That once fit perfectly,
Now baggy,
Smelly,
Laundered occasionally.

Food.
At a soup kitchen,
But never filling enough.

My ever-changing home –
Sometimes a shelter,
The car,
Anywhere we can find.

No sports,
No cell phone,
No shopping at the mall.

So different.

Me.
A temper that quickly rises,
Walking with my head down,
In a slouching posture,
Ashamed to show my face.

You.
You passed me in the hallway,
Shook my hand at church,
Drove past me on the road.

So different.

So what positive effect can I have on the homeless? I can participate in food drives, donations, and fundraisers, volunteer my time at charities, and give away clothes sitting in the bottom of my drawer that never get worn. Most importantly, I can pray for the homeless – pray that they get back on their feet again, and start over. Just simple things like not having dessert one night, or doing without my iPod for a day are acts indicative of my concern for the homeless whose lives are so different from mine.