

The Homeless Man

Since the past few weeks, my mind has become bombarded with startling descriptions of the homeless man living on the edge of the busy road. Rumour has it that this “old hag” is responsible for his condition because he wastes majority of his social welfare money consuming bottles of liquor. So pity him not, for he is a man who brings destruction upon himself. However, what startles me the most about such conversations is the cruel laughter that always follows. How can these individuals lack a basic sense of humanity? Suddenly, curiosity takes complete control over my mind and I develop an exceedingly strong urge to go and scrutinize this homeless man, this so- called “drunk burden” myself.

The Homeless Man.

I study him carefully, forgetting my heart is far too weak.

He lays still on the cold concrete floor,
Something in my heart tells me he’s been through many harsh wars.

His salt and pepper beard falls directly below his fragile chest,
Placed out of order like a soul who is no longer at rest.

He clenches tightly to a short, old, delicate blanket,
Attempting frantically, to cover his body, in all of its eternity.
As if the sweet, delicate memories of the past can somehow alleviate his present miseries.

His blue turban is no longer a symbol of pride,
It has been used, knocked down, and thrown off to the side.
For now, it struggles to hide, the countless battles that go on inside.

Shooting high speed bullets that take him back in time,
The contrast reminds him he’s no longer fine.

One could mistake him for an abandoned toy, which once filled a child’s heart with joy.

Peel away his label, and the story of his life suddenly becomes enabled,
The homeless man is indeed a deserted and destitute dad.

He had only one wish in life, for his son’s future to be bright,
And for that, he was willing to sacrifice, all he had, even his life.

He wiped his son’s tears, and told him to have no fear.
He bravely took his small hand, and the long, rough journey to the top of Everest began.

His back ached ever so fiercely,
His feet were bruised and bled crazily,
He thought his arms would break suddenly,

He was scared his empty stomach may plead, a bit too loudly
He was afraid his tears might overflow indiscreetly.

Yet every time, he willingly let the pain subside, he opened his loving arms wide, reminding his son, if he collapsed, he would be right by his side.

He found it rigorous to grasp fresh air, but he continued to say, "Don't lose sight, you're almost there."

And in the end, his son reached the top.
Taller and stronger, this young man looked down at the world like a boss.

But his son's mind soon became poisoned with pride,
He wholeheartedly allowed the limelight to snatch away his eyesight.
"I did it all myself, I never gave up, I fell and pulled myself right back up."

But the father, he didn't mind, he didn't want to be recognized.
For he knew that his son still loved him ceaselessly deep down inside.
Was he right?

"Give me a hug son; I'm proud of how far you've come."
The gigantic brass arms pierced him at his sides; he knew the love had now died.
His face crippled, his body shaken, tears began to run down his face.
Right then, his son's mouth opened wide, the brutal words began to take flight.
His ears tried frantically to decline this monstrous speech from gaining entry,
But they failed ever so miserably, as these words were far too mighty.
"Get out of my life," his son screeched.

He fell back and shattered like glass,
His son had unveiled his true colours at last.

In the blink of a second, he flowed down Everest in his blood, sweat, and tears,
He prayed to God for his end to be near.

But alas, he is just the Homeless Man on the busy road.
For him, the weather can never be too cold.

Society sees his drunken eyes, instead of pitying his plight, or asking if he's all right, they are quick to bark, "Serves him right!"

But little do they know that the liquor is merely temporary relief from this mountain full of concealed grief.

He's trapped in a country from which he cannot flee,
He doesn't understand the language which they speak,

He can't get the help he desperately needs,
So he slowly waits to drown in this ocean full of grief.

If only you understood the pain, if only you understood his pain, you would feel ashamed of the ludicrous
and demeaning comments you previously made.