

## A Poem of the Homeless

I walk across the empty lot  
and dream of trees lining a street.  
These concrete walls suffocate me  
As I walk alone  
I remember warmth and longing  
sitting by the garden, watching the sun play  
Wilting, dying trees make me long for shade  
from trees of home filled streets.  
Empty bottles and trash  
turn to flowers and laughter in my mind  
Remembering where I came from  
knowing it was not this place I now call home  
Closing my eyes I bring back the sights, sounds and smells  
of a home gone wrong.