

# Abandoned



Sunday Nail © 2018

**They are to wonder why ...**  
they have been abandoned  
shore, sea or land.

**They are to wonder why ...**  
people care less  
and have no time,  
no place or space to share.

They are the homeless,  
landless types around.  
They are the people  
often begging  
streets and towns.

They are the people, people-less,  
homeless and wondering why  
when others in their beds  
warm at night ... Why?



Pain is what I feel - not shame.

They are the lonely isolated  
and safe oh no.  
They are the friendly  
when approached  
and look and act like you.

But when in dirty clothes dishevelled  
who but us, in the West, walk straight by  
or snigger or laugh,  
but what about you -

You who are to walk on by.  
You who care less  
and snigger as you go by.

**What of your existence  
does it really count  
more than they  
who are to walk the streets?**



What of you who walk straight by?



Hard of heart ... they pass on by.

Oh yes abandoned  
that is why we walk on by  
because in essence we are afraid -

Afraid that what they are to want  
is what inside we have  
but do not know or care a lot.

We are the abandoned in heart  
sparing less and caring no more  
for we have the right,  
the individual selfish-ness  
to pass on by  
and to care much, even much less.

This is the word on the street,  
clean them up or leave them to the elements.  
Clean them, stow away, let them go some other place  
not on my existence and special place.



Clean them, wipe away their tears and muck  
keep them sheltered perhaps  
but not if I am to exploit the homes preferred  
but not an investment lot.





Oh yes I care in my own way  
but not in reality it takes far too much  
from my own world and play.

Sure, I care in my own way,  
but as long as I do not have to do  
anything to anyone  
it is alright, it is certainly okay.



They come at the meal times  
when I am to eat.  
They ask,  
Where or when it is possible  
to get something small to eat?  
But I prefer to feed the ducks,  
the pigeons on my own work areas block.



They, these delightful souls  
eat my crumbs - but none for those ...

No, none for those who huddle, sheet wrapped  
or blanket draped have a place  
that makes my street look bad, ugly in fact.



Take them somewhere I do not care,  
but not where, oh yes not where,  
I am to face them there.



How will I survive – no job in sight?

The value of my life is little,  
gone in one puff  
but I am not that exceptional  
now that I am on the street that is.

For when in another form  
I had a degree or two  
but now no work,  
no home to afford.

**The value of my life is short  
living on the street  
nothing now I can even afford.**

How am I to fit back in  
when in fact I know no job?  
I will never be able again to begin.  
How will I have a home again?

**How will I be able to love another  
when I have nothing to present?**

There is a movement  
in the town I belong  
or did before that recession  
claimed all I had before.

There is a movement  
to disqualify those on the streets,  
ugly and a nuisance.

**What is left is naught  
but of the careless-ness  
abandoned in no man's land.**

Women too are here at night  
sheltering - child nil.  
They unfortunately  
have been taken elsewhere,  
not to know –  
social services intervened.



Loss of a safe and happy childhood.



The cleaning of those dirty folk  
is priority  
in the elections councils bleat.  
But what is cleaning  
when no work, no home?

**What is cleaning  
when no place to provide them  
with the appropriate housing?**

And of course the Centrelink -  
government has to watch the coppers  
for they are running out -  
for corporate greed speak.

Love is a type of unified force  
meets us unexpectedly without prior knowledge  
of separation or of divorce.  
But when the tide of time does change  
life alters and never again to be the same.  
So watch and care for your little folk  
and educate them to commit and care - not care less.





For when that time of uncertainty hits,  
and hit it does, without warning in some form  
care to care for those now on the streets.

For one day ...  
yes oh it is possible, don't you know  
life is definitely at times unstable  
and no place, yes definitely no place to go.

Satisfactory, that is what it is  
to have the housing necessary  
for those, little they are to have.

But what of all the agencies  
benefiting in their own ways  
without much encouragement  
try in some cases  
to do their own very best?

But governments try  
to please the top half.  
Or is it now the middle belt,  
or have they too been abandoned  
for those few corporate elites?

How can you not feel for their plight ...



could be you one day?

Someone did once say,  
love thy neighbours as thy self,  
love who you are  
and then you will be able to tell  
that you are in dire need of help yourself too.

Healing of the heart  
saving yourself from hate  
that most despicable part.

**Give yourself time to think**



away from the bustle as on Wall's ugly street.

Give yourself the time to think  
about how best to care - for that is what is meant.

Love is idle  
until we meet someone we love  
and then what a great big treat.  
But if not cared for or left abandoned  
then it breaks as if a glass down hard.

**Love is what we need inside our beloved heart.  
Love and preciousness to not again do part.**



Love toward the street as well.  
Not just in a home or at the shop shopping  
abandoned, trying to figure out what next  
to purchase and then in time to sell.

I am the loner on the street.  
I am the abandoned when fear I am to greet.  
I am lost and feeling low  
when faced by illness or no place safe to know.



I am the isolated one on the streets at night  
wandering around and wondering why so ill, mentally.  
I am the victim of violent behaviour  
and with little ones I am to care  
but then only a shelter if room for me and them is there.



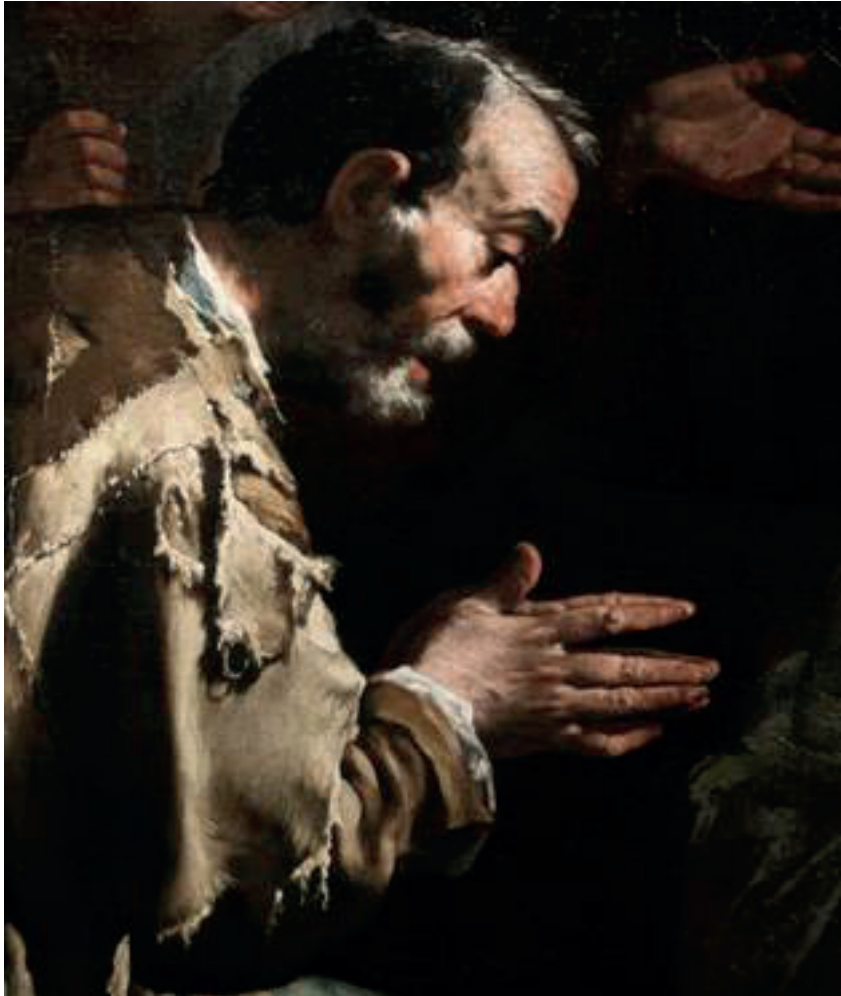
Someone once said,  
that life on the street is dangerous  
well that is true but not in my case  
for I have found the ideal daily space -

People loving, caring and safely sound.  
People volunteering on the ground  
at night serving hot meals and blankets,  
yes without doubt- regularly, nightly  
and with a smile and chat as they go –  
what is it about this crew, endless they are to go?



Charity begins at home,  
unfortunately that was not entirely made to me clear  
about the value of all people - not just those isolated few.

**Charity is a form of loving care.**



Charity is part of the divinely inspired  
inside us there ... there where  
conscience and rightful play  
invite us to think more  
and less of hate each day.

**Charity is a part within  
where help and heart combine  
and compassion is then -  
to flow right in.**

Charity is the part we care,  
care about our self and others  
when in need  
no matter who or where.

Charity is but a few moments in time  
to chat and think ... that maybe,  
maybe these are people  
once we considered our mates,  
our neighbours or politicians.

Well, the latter would be worth a treat  
to know they too can become homeless  
when the voting their way did not go.

Love is kind and caring too,  
but when it comes from deep within  
that is what is called caring  
and love shines through.

Love and shelter sure it helps  
when on the street  
or sheltering is what is required  
but not if isolation and loneliness  
are part of this hopelessness.

When isolated, abandoned  
we need to feel safe and cared for  
without any assistance.

**A chat is all that is ever required,  
a simple word, a simple smile.**



Kindly caring – love shines through.

The weather changes overnight - sometimes dropping degrees  
snow falls and what of these ... these who  
walk the streets to earn, those who are unable to walk -  
mentally challenged, deeply concerned.



What of these that have no home  
but want for and long to have?

What of those, the children  
with their parents at home,  
drugged and yet abandoned  
in some form and now alone?

What of all the refugees flooding in  
and no one anywhere is at home  
to answer their plea to shelter someone safe,  
to be considered one of the human race?

What of the people abandoned  
and home, sheltering, afraid  
that the knock will be violent behaviour  
inflicted once over and over again?



**Sure this little enterprise,  
this one and only piece of advice  
is to warn that sheltering  
is part of the human condition.**



Love your neighbour as yourself  
as when you do  
something usually happens to you.

Care and comfort  
is a wonderful state to be in -  
but if not yourself too  
then a waste in time –  
not so beneficial.





Worry not - we should be alright.

So worry not if home at night  
radiator turned up bright.

Worry not  
about those accounts, horrendous  
for you have work  
and pay is what brings all of that  
to home at night.

Worry about the mortgage though  
in case one of you  
or the other begin to feel blue  
or else have no more need to be there too.

**Worry not,  
about those bills  
for they are covered -  
well let us hope so.**

I know that time is running out  
only so much more paper  
in the computer tonight.

And then of course bed it appears  
waiting warm and filled by love,  
the love of other comforting, no tears ...

because in essence  
whether or not that applies to you  
at some future moment it could change –  
abandoned - as could happen to you.



Love, as every moment a precious breath of life.

Love thy neighbour  
that is all I now am trying desperately to do.



For I have found a little comfort inside, about myself  
that brightens up that part of worth  
and worthy now to do ... do the caring, kindness acts,  
speak appropriately to those I am to meet or greet.

Speak with a tongue of love  
before I utter words incomplete,  
hurtful and to suffer as long as it penetrates beneath.

I am to love those I am to care for  
more each and every day  
to know now I will not always be there -  
or them too, be here.



I have to, I have to do this more each and every day  
for love is a far better route to follow  
than the past encumbered by the burden  
of hate and hurt, spite and loss  
and perhaps in the end, perpetual regret.



Love is what life is all about.

You are it.

I am it.

What of it?

Well,

let me spare a moment more ...

if you are not of worth  
then what point in being here?

Love your neighbour as yourself.

Love the life for it may change  
but love will not  
if you know how precious you are.

And then in time  
every other will appear  
as being equal in life,  
as you too are.





## *Bibliography:*

Pamphlet Series:

### **Awaken to Truth**

- Burdensome People - Burdensome Past
- Courage to go on
- Death in the Detail
- The Bastardisation of Truth
- Satellite tonight
- Homeless-ness of Heart - Compassion at the core