

Homeless and Nameless – Feared and Forgotten

by Farley Magee

I'm one of the many in the crowd, one in the inevitable line up of the inner city. Homeless, nameless, don't point me out, don't call out my name, for I am "low", very "lowly." I am one who is done unto, one who receives from the hand of another. Please keep me nameless. How did I get here? Hungry, cold, tired, angry, with a growing hopelessness, I suffer this drudgery. How do I get released from this trap?

Homeless, no place to rest my head, no place to hang my toothbrush, no place where it is safe to lie down and sleep without the loss of my shoes, my back pack, my life. How can I connect with my inner self when physical survival absorbs my every waking moment, this very dark night? No place of my own where in the security of my surroundings I can take out my soul and look at it. My spirit is blistered, an open wound, sounds become too loud for my ears, every fiber of my hair aches. I am in pain.

Please, look at me in the eye. Please, listen to my pain. My heart, a fragile sculpture made of broken glass, I place in your hands. I am homeless. I am nameless, feared and forgotten.

(First presented by Farley at the Outdoor Way of the Cross procession at Edmonton, Alberta on April 10, 2015)