

Surely I Have Human Rights

Life may be hard
but it seems so simple
from here in the door front
that used to be Woolies.
At least it is sheltered apart
from prevailing south-westerlies
when I have to snug down low
until my sun shines. Though

with my blanket for warmth
my pooch for comfort, for safety
spare change in my cap
I have enough for a burger and beer.
People walk passed ignoring me
some spit, some point
some turn up their noses
occasionally some stop to chat. While

I get the odd lecture
I get moved by a young copper
I get thrown a coin or two
I get preached they have rights.
But rights are in my history
when only money mattered
where ambition and focus were
like drugs to my mind. For

now I seek peace and solace
pray to wake up tomorrow
prey on the odd scraps
to feed my docile hound.
Will we last all this winter?
Do I still have any dignity?
Can we remain in this door front?
Surely I have human rights.

Alun Roberts