

Little Old question

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Something to think about.

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You walk past me every dayâ

Sometimes more often.

You never pay attention to my pleas, you donât know how to.

You look awkward every trip you take past my station.

You divert your eyes into any direction other than mine.

Why do you do that? Itâs not like Iâm making you do that through my actions.

Iâm just sitting here. Iâm always just sitting here, just me the cold and the floor.

Have you guessed who I am yet?

No?

Wellâ! When you walk down the street with all those bags of things you have brought, Iâm the man who humiliates himself by begging for any coins you have lingering, just anything to salvage some sort of food for myself.

So, do you recognise me now?

No?

That would be because you always look the other way, pretend not to notice me.

You donât want to know of my plight, because you then feel obliged to do something about it.

We wouldnât want that now though, to have your time wasted on me.

I was once like you, ignorantâ! and I lost it all. Everything I had, gone within days.

My Wife and child were taken from me, I slipped into depression.

I lost my job, and with that my house.

My family were ashamed and didnât want to know. They assumed that I would pick myself up, sort myself out.

That never happened, and here I am, asking you again. Why do you always avoid looking at me?

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