

HOBO-A INFERNO 14

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A Story of HOBO-A

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As chance encounter would have it, the friend was taken back by this meeting. On a park bench, by a bus stop, was HOBO-A reposed. His head on an empty beer case, right arm dangling, with a gold toga robe on and Roman sandals.

The friend walked over closer and noticed the, LITTLE COOL CHICKEN MAN, feathers on his eyebrows. The gold ring was gone from the dangling right arm. HOBO-A was staring up, eyes wide and crying, with his head rolling left and right over an empty beer case. HOBO-A was truly in trouble.

HOBO-A noticed the friend but remained reposed. HOBO-A started talking to the friend in a rambling dilemma. I was doing drugs and drinking. Watching, LITTLE COOL CHICKEN MAN. I took all the money I saved and went to, RED LIGHT ALLEY, to make the scene. I was drinking, gambling, dancing, all in one blur. I can't remember what happen. Here I am now.

The friend replied, THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH, in GOD'S eyes. Broad is the way that leads to destruction. HOBO-A, you seem to have found a pit and fallen into it. The friend asked HOBO-A if he wanted help? HOBO-A said, "he needed to get sober" and dismissed the friends offer.

Upon parting the friend told HOBO-A. I have a feeling that, RED LIGHT ALLEY, taught you a costly lesson. Sort of like an ice cold bucket of water, to wake up to. With that, the friend walked away, leaving HOBO-A wallowing, crying, and in contemplation of his life.

2011 POEWHIT

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