A Poem of a Homeless Girl.

I am a homeless girl,

On the streets of London,

All alone and the place,

I call my home.

Every day I worry about

Whether I’m going to have,

Food, bed or go without.

For years it’s been the same,

Every day, spare some change please,

For me to sleep and eat tonight.

And every day it’s always the same reply,

No you tramp,

Just go away and die, or,

No you tramp I’m not paying for your,

Crack, smack or alcohol in fact.

So that’s how it is every day,

Abuse, so much so that I get confused.

Some people are nice, some nasty too,

But some of the nasty ones end up helping too.

So will it ever end, the day that comes?

And says here my love the keys to a home,

That has finally come.

Only God knows when it will come,

I just hope I’m not dead when it comes.

My wish I have is to win the jackpot on the lotto and buy two homes,

For all the homeless to go, coz then,

We will all have a home of our own to start a new story in.

A home of our own.

 **JK**

 Michael and the Pond.

Michael Morris,

And the pond,

Don’t mix.

Put em together,

And you get,

Into a fix.

In went Michael,

And the frogs,

Jumped out,

All of them,

Began to shout.

Miss Murphy,

Got cross,

And began,

To frown.

All of you,

Children come,

Away from,

There and,

Out of the,

Ripples came,

Michaels wet hair,

So our story,

Comes to an end.

So if you want to

Stay casual and cool

Don’t be a drip,

Stay away from the pool.

 **JK**

 In the Morning.

When I wake in the morning,

The first thing I do is start yawning.

Then it all begins.

The same old routine day in day out,

Once I’ve had my morning smoke,

I then get ready to talk to the,

Happy, miserable, nice and nasty folks.

On their way to work with bad moods,

That say I should have stayed at home,

But I’m here now so I may as well stay,

And take it out on some homeless girl,

Right there where she lay.

Now that it’s not a good start to the day,

Maybe spare some change,

Might change the mood,

A good way and may be they will,

Help with some change as if they

Do we both wish each other a good day,

So now you see life at bay,

What it’s like for a homeless girl today.

 **JK**