

LOCKDOWN & DESTITUTION

Being destitute and without papers is no joke.

Don't have money just to by my basic need.

Not having a place to call my home.

Depending on someone to give me a place to sleep.

Lockdown is upon us and things are hard.

Surviving is a day to day struggle, with no help from anywhere or anyone.

With no status, no work no where to go, one day drifts into another

having no money, living hand to mouth.

Wishing someone gives me money, or lend a helping hand.

No one care's no one understands.

Feeling down and discontented, unwanted and unloved.

Just buying the essentials is a struggle,

Walking into the shops seeing others picking up whatever they want and need filling up their shopping trollies, with smile's on there faces.

No glimmer of hope. in groups I use to attend getting help from whatever was given to me was hope, but now that is no more because of this lockdown.

Coming together to share problems and concerns was hope, a feeling of belonging.

No money to buy masks and hand sanitisers, what can I you do but hope.

People do not realise what I go through no one cares

You might be lucky to be chosen in getting help. This makes me sad, depressed and not being human.

I have to choose should I use the money to top-up my phone or should I buy food or my essentials.

All I do is wish and hope things will get better, so I can move forward with my life, when will this dark

and gloomy days will pass and be forgotten.

My faith and hope is all I have and thats what keeps me going.

By Steph