**CHILD OF THE GUTTERS**

I am a Child of the Gutters,

Unwanted by all, I wander the streets,

I roam the metros asking for money.

Instead, I am paid with:

Louder music,

Faster steps,

Eyes rolling,

Pockets turned inside out,

But still seeing a wallet.

People shaking their heads,

“No I don’t have any money,”

And then heading over to the vending machine for a snack.

People walk by like I don’t exist,

Asking for the bathroom

But instead getting pointed to the exit,

People avoid me as if I’m refuse.

I am just another streetlight,

Just another trash can,

Another piece of garbage to step over,

I have melded with my city,

And as much as I have done for them,

I seem to get almost nothing in return.

I feel worthless and invisible,

Until a bus driver offers me a place to sleep during the winter in his bus,

The hairstylist gives me free haircuts every Sunday,

The food pantry manager sets some food aside, just for me,

The old lady down the street gives me a sweater and some quilts.

Suddenly, it doesn’t look so bleak,

The ones who forgot about me will continue to forget,

But the ones who remembered, will continue to remember.

I am a Child of the Gutters no longer... I am a Human Being.