

## **Marrickville High School, 2013**

### **Year 10 Collaborative Group Poem**

A homeless hobo  
that lives on the street  
I drew these floors and walls  
so that I can take a nap  
I'm very poor  
a loner on the floor  
I'm dreaming  
of my wife in paradise  
and 5 bucks to eat at Hungry Jacks  
everybody thinks I'm crazy  
because I drew my new fake home

I sit alone slowly sobbing  
I don't need a home when I have the street  
I look at a cold hard bench and I'm grateful  
someday people will see  
I'd like a home that gives me love  
watching the world in front of me change  
there's nothing but there's me  
and the cars driving by

I'm dreaming under the sun  
but all I see is an illusion.  
My home is a constant reminder  
thinking about tomorrow  
when my kids might be playing around me

Home doesn't need to be a house

It can be dark and light

Home can be one person

so home can be alone

I can see

I am comfortable where I am

And I am happy in my own mind

Living life with no shame

The wall is my shade