

A Pictorial Poetic Journey



Life on the Streets

By Paul Baldry

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They walk among the crowds



Unseen, ignored, unheard

Introduction

"Life on the Streets: A Poignant Exploration of Homelessness"

"Life on the Streets" delves deep into the world of homelessness through the poignant stories of individuals navigating the urban landscape in search of solace and belonging. From the weary eyes of a girl bearing the weight of untold histories to the relentless quest of a boy driven by hunger, each verse paints a vivid portrait of resilience amidst adversity.

Through concrete fissures and shattered dreams, the invisible seekers and forgotten warriors silently endure, their spirits unwavering in the face of indifference. As the streets become their home and shadows their companions, a resilient flame of hope flickers in the darkness, a testament to the enduring human spirit seeking compassion and understanding.

Amidst the ruins of broken dreams and unfulfilled promises, "Life on the Streets" shines a light on the silent stories etched in each step, inviting readers to witness the untold struggles and unwavering strength of those often overlooked in society.

Homeless man feeding Pigeons



LongJohn

Who feeds the man

The Invisible Seeker

In the silence of the city's beat,
A lost boy wanders, seeking solace deep,
His innocence crushed by the cold concrete,
A forgotten soul, destined not to keep.

Through alleyways where secrets lie in wait,
His eyes reflect the sorrow of the night,
A flicker of hope, a fleeting state,
Lost to the darkness, out of sight.

With every step, the world fades away,
An echo of laughter, a distant sound,
In this urban jungle, he must stay,
A fragile spirit, lost and bound.

But in his heart, a spark remains aglow,
A yearning for a life beyond the street,
For love and warmth, a chance to grow,
Away from shadows, where hope can meet.

So let us not forget the lost ones out there,
In the heart of the city's beating core,
For in the darkness, a light may flare,
Guiding them home, forevermore.



LongJohn

A Wanderer of Shattered Dreams

Beneath the moon's soft glow, a love once bold,
Now echoes of a melody long gone,
Memories of a story left untold,
In the whispers of the night, she's withdrawn.

Her heart adorned with scars of love's cruel art,
In shadows of the past, she stands alone,
A broken masterpiece torn apart,
Her voice a silent cry, a poignant tone.

Lost in the labyrinth of what could have been,
She wanders through the ruins of the heart,
In the remnants of a love unseen,
Where dreams and reality drift apart.

Yet in the depths of darkness, there's a spark,
A glimmer of hope in the endless night,
For love may fade, but it will leave its mark,
A bittersweet memory, burning bright.



LongJohn

The Boys Relentless Quest

In the alleyways where shadows linger deep,
A scruffy street boy roams, his spirit worn,
His pockets empty, yet his dreams not asleep,
A hunger in his soul, forlorn.

With weary hands, he sifts through scraps of yore,
In search of sustenance to ease his plight,
Each morsel found, a treasure to restore,
A flicker of hope in the night.

His heart weighed down by burdens hard to bear,
Yet resilience shines within his gaze,
In the darkness, a spark of strength declared,
A spirit unbroken, in maze.

Though cast aside, forgotten by the light,
This street boy's spirit still burns bright,
In the face of hardship, he finds might,
A beacon of hope in the night.



LongJohn

Steps of Endurance

In the city's heart where shadows dwell,
Under tunnels echoes stories of despair,
Where homelessness lurks, a silent spell,
Each step speaks of endurance rare.

Living on society's edge, they face the night,
A daily dance with hunger, dreams threadbare,
In their eyes, a flicker of fading light,
Yet within their spirits, a flame to share.

A tribe of souls, bound by unseen ties,
Holding honor and trust in each frail hand,
Scorning the outsiders' indifferent eyes,
As they brave the streets, where they stand.

In the midst of chaos, their humanity cries,
Forgotten echoes of times long past,
Struggling to survive under the dark skies,
Their resilience a beacon, steadfast.



LongJohn

Hope's Resilient Gleam

A young couple by the supermarket door,
Selling hope in pages, their story untold,
Amidst trials, some pass by, some ignore,
Yet a soft smile shines, a glimmer bold.

In a life battered by fate's cruel game,
A flicker of hope in their tired gaze,
Enduring spirit in a world aflame,
A testament to strength that stays.

Like shadows cast by the unforgiving night,
They stand resilient, facing each new day,
Their spirits strong, their hearts alight,
In the face of challenges that come their way.

Amidst the hustle of the busy street,
Their presence a reminder of the unseen,
Their existence a testament, so discreet,
To hope's resilient gleam, steadfast and keen.

Their only dream, a shelter from the cold streets,
A place to call home, where hope meets.



LongJohn

Forsaken in the Concrete Wilds

In the heart of the city, their struggles reside,
Families forgotten, faces worn with strife,
Amidst the chaos where humanity hides,
They seek solace in the harsh urban life.

The old man, the young boy, the scruffy pair,
Each with a story etched in silent pleas,
Through tangled streets, burdened with despair,
Lost souls wandering in search of ease.

In the cold embrace of the city's sprawl,
They long for a haven, a place to belong,
Yearning for a home, a dream to recall,
Amid the indifference that seems so strong.

Families united by makeshift bonds,
Their love a shelter in the stormy night,
Children's laughter, amidst desolate fronds,
Bringing warmth in the cold and blight.

In the shadows of towering buildings, they endure,
Their resilience a beacon in a world obscure,
Facing hardships together, strong and pure,
In the concrete wilds, their hope they secure.



LongJohn

Windows of Yearning

Through frosted windows, a young man gazes out,
Dreaming of a life untouched by the cold,
In the derelict building, he harbors doubt,
Longing for a love that he yearns to hold.

Imagining a world where loneliness fades,
Where comforting fires warm his weary soul,
In the quiet moments when the street serenades,
He finds solace in memories that console.

A past of brighter days and simpler joys,
Now a distant echo in his fragile mind,
Yet he holds onto hope, refusing to deploy,
His spirit resilient, gentle and kind.

Inside his heart, a flicker of resilience,
Guiding him through the shadows of despair,
Amidst the turmoil, a silent brilliance,
A young man's dreams, of what could be.



LongJohn

Phoenix on the Streets

A veteran strong, yet overlooked,
In every breath, a warrior's might is found,
From sorrow's shroud, a phoenix proudly booked,
Renewed in the face of death's cold bound.

His home now the silent streets he roams,
Far from the chaos of the battlefield's wrath,
His only question lingering, unanswered in gloams,
"What did I do so wrong?" he asks in path.

Through the shadows of the urban mist,
A spirit resilient, despite the pain,
In his eyes, the haunting memories persist,
Yet in his heart, a flicker of hope remains.

Through the chaos of bustling city life,
He carries burdens unseen by passersby,
His battles etched in wrinkles of strife,
A silent hero under the open sky.

Yet in his eyes, a flicker of hope remains,
A spirit unbroken, a heart that defies,
Amidst the hardships, despite the pains,
A beacon of resilience, shining eyes.



LongJohn

Silent Stories in Each Step

Amidst the echoes of the city's beat,
A story of sorrow, silent and deep,
Teenagers adrift, lost hope at their feet,
Forced to wander where shadows softly creep.

With heavy hearts, they walk the cobblestone,
Each step a whisper of a tale untold,
Where shattered dreams and destinies unknown,
Merge with the secrets that their pasts withhold.

Prospects faded, futures draped in grey,
Families fractured, torn by endless strife,
Homes lost in the shadows of the day,
Questions unanswered, seeking solace in life.

Silent stories in each step they take,
Reflections of a world that turned away,
Yet in their eyes, a flicker of awake,
A spark of hope in the night's darkest fray.

In the journey of their weary cold feet,
Resilience blooms amidst the city's hum,
A testament to strength, bittersweet,
In the silent stories of the homeless' slum.



LongJohn

In the Cracks of Indifference

On corners where the concrete meets despair,
In doorways of supermarkets, shadows loom,
Yearning for warmth, for a coin to spare,
Until truth reveals society's silent gloom.

Apathy and solitude whisper in the night,
Mingling with unmet needs like ghosts unseen,
Reflections of a blindness, a failing blight,
In the faces of those society deems unclean.

Their presence a testament to our shared shame,
Each soul a story untold, a plea unheard,
In the cracks of indifference, a haunting frame,
Of lives forgotten, promises deferred.

Silent blindness to their plight so near,
In the cracks of indifference, unseen tears.



LongJohn

Hope's Unyielding Flame

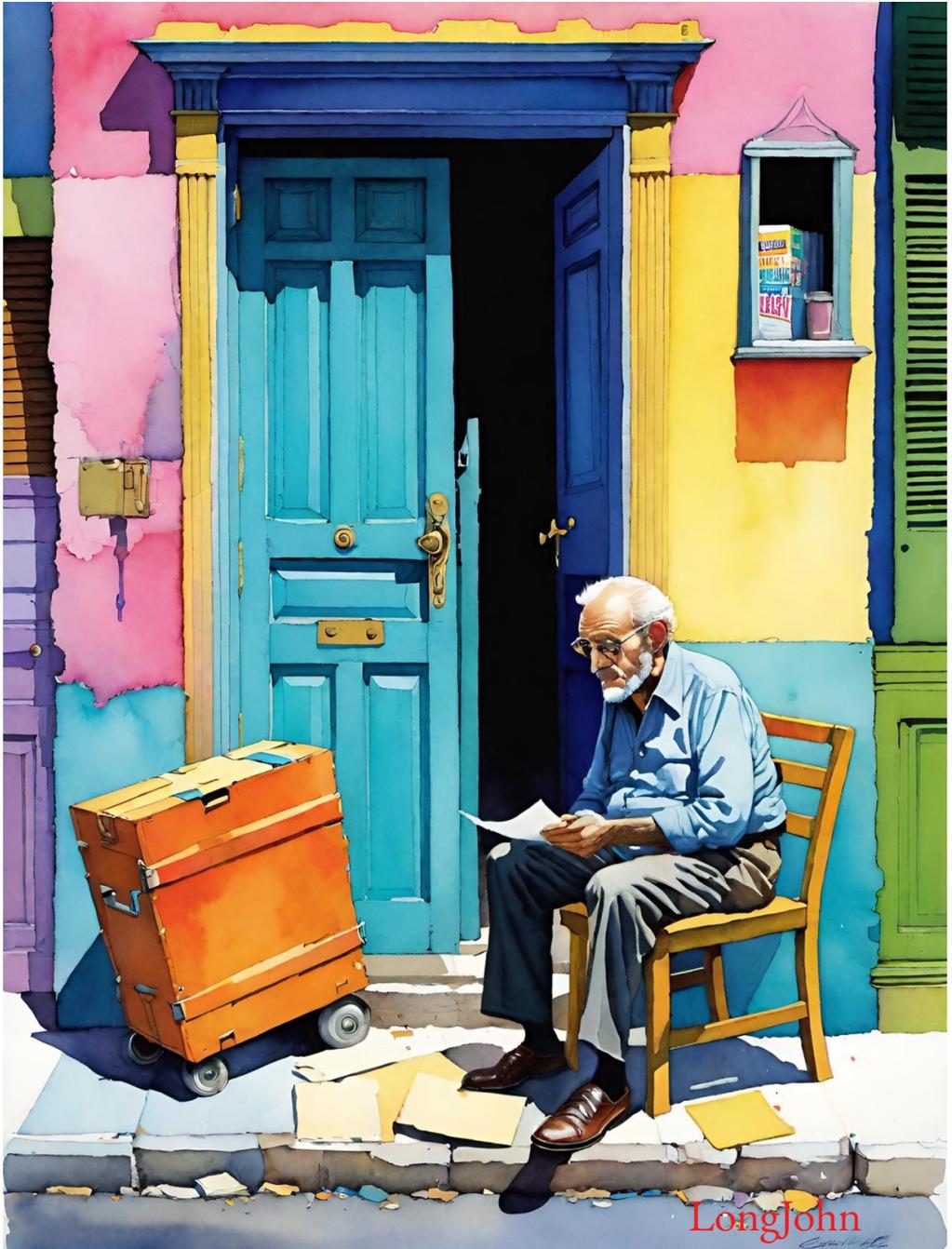
In the chill of the city's heartless air,
A lone man sits with his chair and case,
Once a father, a grandfather with care,
Now left homeless in this desolate place.

Lost to the grasp of greedy hands,
Evicted, abandoned, forced to the street,
Yet in his eyes, a flicker still stands,
Hope's unyielding flame in his defeat.

Memories linger, like whispers in the night,
Of life's vibrant colors, now faded and dim,
A silent plea for warmth, for a guiding light,
In the shadows where his chances seem slim.

With weathered hands, he holds on tight,
To the chair and case, his only claim,
In the midst of despair's darkest night,
He carries on, enduring the pain.

The old man sits alone on the street with his chair and suitcase.



He used to have a family, but now he is homeless and forgotten.

The Navigator of the Urban Maze

In a one-room shanty, they call their home,
A mother and her children, not alone,
Navigating urban maze with grace,
In search of hope, in search of a place.

Through alley's twists and bustling streets they roam,
Seeking aid in a world that feels like foam,
Bureaucracy's red tape their daily plight,
Yet their spirits shine with a guiding light.

Children smile, unaware of their strife,
Innocence amidst the harshness of life,
Building futures on unstable ground,
In a nation where hope can still be found.

The mother, a navigator strong and true,
Leading her family with love anew,
In the urban maze, they face each day,
With courage and resilience, come what may.

Through trials and troubles, they journey on,
Bonds of love and unity ever strong,
Their story a beacon in the dark,
A tale of resilience, a powerful spark.

In the face of adversity, they stand tall,
Together they rise, together they fall,
A young mother's strength, a guiding force,
Navigating the urban maze's course.



LongJohn

Playground of Hidden Struggles

Echoing laughter of innocence, pure and sweet,
Children play, carefree and fleet,
Whispers of joy drift on the air,
Amidst a world burdened with despair.

In playgrounds where spirits are unbound,
A yearning stirs, tender and profound,
For a life free from harsh realities' glare,
Where burdens are light, like fleeting air.

Mothers and fathers watch with eyes resigned,
In temporary shelters where troubles entwined,
Surviving on meager meals each passing day,
Children play, their laughter a sun's ray.

In the midst of hunger, they find joy in the game,
Laughing and playing, their hearts aflame,
Mothers and fathers hide their fears and tears,
Worried of streets close, and their deepest fears.

Amidst the struggles, the children's laughter rings,
A reminder of hope in the darkest of things,
In the playground of life, where innocence blooms,
Echoes of laughter dispel the gloom.



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Dreams Amidst the Streets

The busker, jobless and destitute,
Defies odds with music's pursuit,
In streets fragmented, hopes in despair,
He strums and sings in city's lair.

With clay bowl, a penny's plea,
For sustenance, a chance to be free,
A dreamer hidden in the crowd,
Seeking a break, music loud.

His cardboard home awaits at night,
Dreams alive, music his light,
A soul resilient, melodies pure,
In the heart of the city, his cure.

Chorus...

His voice a beacon in the night,
Guiding lost souls towards the light,
Dreams amidst the urban sprawl,
The busker's spirit stands tall,
A tale of resilience and might.



LongJohn

Emblem of Resilience

In a city where shadows dance on cold concrete,
A young woman, a symbol of strength, finds her seat.
Beneath the vast, uncaring skies, she lays her head,
Dreams flickering in the darkness, her past read.

Family photos clutched, memories of a time so sweet,
Navigating life's harsh currents, no retreat.
A tent under a bridge, her humble abode,
A sanctuary in a world where hope can erode.

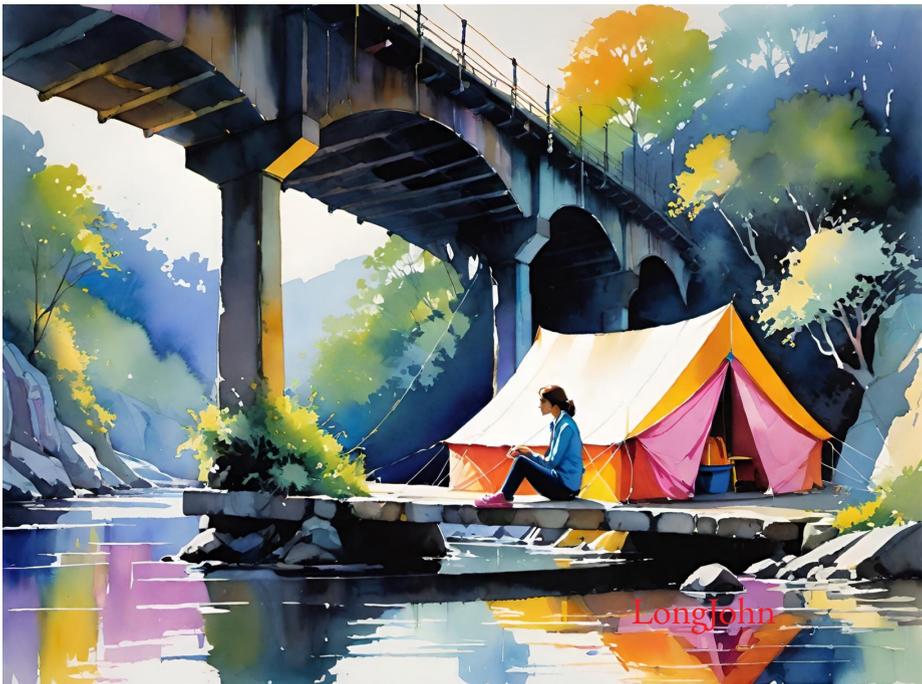
From Monday to Friday, before dawn's first light,
She emerges, a beacon in the somber night.
The factory restroom a makeshift retreat,
Where she bathes in silence, her struggles discreet.

A wage earned through sweat, through toil and strife,
Yet inadequate to secure a stable life.
So the tent remains her address, her place of rest,
Amidst the chaos, she remains steadfast.

The local cafes become her haven, her refuge,
Where warmth and sustenance she does enjoy.
A bus station locker holds her meager wardrobe,
In a world where her strength is her only sword.

Few friends, but loyal and true,
In the harshness of life, they help her through.
Her home a secret, hidden from view,
A testament to resilience, tried and true.

With each sunrise, she rises once more,
A phoenix in the embers, her spirit does soar.
Youthful vigour against life's cold realities,
An emblem of resilience, in the face of life's brutalities.



Summary: Life on the streets

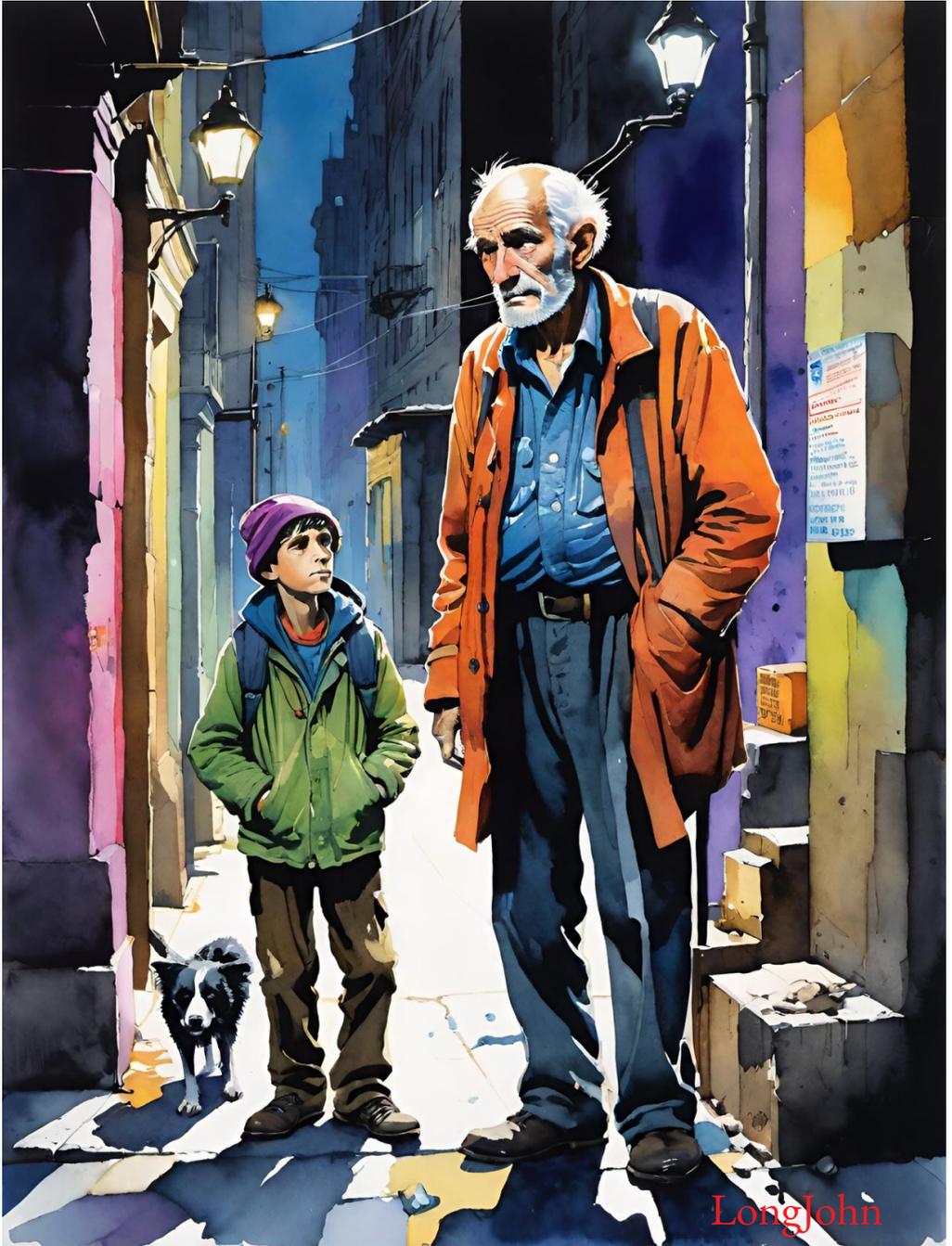
This epic story poem weaves a journey all the poems in the pages of this book, focusing on the varied experiences and emotions of individuals facing homelessness, whether living on the streets or in temporary accommodations.

It paints a vivid picture of their struggles, resilience, and moments of hope amidst adversity. From the early light of dawn to the night's cold embrace, the poem captures the raw realities of life on the streets - shattered dreams, silent tears, and a relentless quest for survival.

It portrays a mosaic of characters - the boy seeking more, the young couple weathering storms, the mother with her children, the busker's song of resilience - each contributing a piece to the complex narrative of urban life.

Through poignant imagery and poetic language, the poem invites readers to acknowledge the invisible seekers among us and recognise the courage and light that burn within each individual facing homelessness.

It serves as a lyrical reminder to embrace empathy, support, and understanding for those navigating the challenges of the streets and temporary accommodations, illuminating the strength that rises from the depths of their struggles.



LongJohn

Life on the streets (Epic)

In the early light of dawn's first rays,
The city stirs from the night's embrace,
A symphony of souls with unseen ways,
Each bearing burdens, each with a trace.

Life on the streets, a journey so profound,
Of shattered dreams and hopes unwound,
From the wanderer with heart so cold,
To the seeker in shadows, stories untold.

Forsaken in the concrete wilds they roam,
A longing for a place to call home,
Steps echoing tales of trials borne,
In the city's indifferent face, they mourn.

The boy relentless in his quest for more,
Scouring for sustenance on the floor,
Hope's resilient gleam in a young couple's eyes,
As they weather the stormy skies.

In the night's cold embrace, a boy gazes out,
Through frosted panes, he dreams, he doubts,
A phoenix rises in the face of sorrow's shroud,
A veteran's spirit stands unbowed.



A mother with children by her side,
Navigating the urban maze, her stride,
Echoing laughter of innocence in the air,
Children play, forgetting life's despair.

Through cracks of indifference, truth emerges clear,
In the eyes of the homeless, a silent tear,
Dreams amidst the streets, a busker's song,
An emblem of resilience against all wrong.



In the quiet moments before the day unfurls,
Silent stories in each step, in the urban swirls,
A poignant reminder of lives unseen,
In the depths of the city's bustling scene.

So let us not turn a blind eye,
To the invisible seekers under the sky,
For in their struggles, hopes burn bright,
Guiding them through the darkest night.

In the shadows and the city's thrall,
Resilience stands tall, against it all,
For in the heart of every wanderer's plight,
There lies a courage, a relentless light.



About the Author



My name is Paul Baldry... welcome to the world of my poetry, where each tale is a window into the human soul, and every word is a testament to the depth of our emotions.

It is my hope that through these poems, you will find a reflection of your own experiences, and perhaps a newfound understanding of the shared human condition. So, let us venture forth, dear reader, into the intricate and nuanced landscape of the human spirit. Let us traverse the highs and lows, the light and darkness, the joy and sorrow, and emerge on the other side with a deeper appreciation for the tapestry of life that surrounds us.

Thank you for joining me on this journey, and I hope that my words will resonate with you in a meaningful way.”



