

Homelessness

Homelessness is a problem that affects countless people in America and across the world. Many people stay in homeless shelters and transitional housing where they gain access to food and clothes. Because so many people live paycheck to paycheck, the threat of homelessness looms over close to 50% of Americans.

“Homeless” or a “homeless individual is a person who does not have a permanent residence and oftentimes has to sleep in a temporary residence such as shelter, car, street or park.

Many times homeless people are teens who have run away from home.

Read these poems written by runaways.

What will you do to help reduce the numbers of homeless people living in your community?



Runaway Poem

Hi, well my name is _____ and I am almost 15 years old. And I just want to say to anybody and everybody out there that's ran away that I feel what you're going through cause I've been through it all before. And when you're out there in the world alone it's a cold, lonely, scary place. It's a horrible feeling to feel lonely and unloved.

But on the other side there are people out there that have really big hearts and love and care for you. I had run away twice but then I came back and life is ok now. I have some of the most amazing people that really love and care for me.

But to all the people that are planning on running away, don't. Go to the police, and speak up. Talk to someone. But if you are in a very bad situation and the cops won't help you and you're gonna runaway YOU BETTER MAKE DAMN SURE YOU'RE READY cause 99% of the chances are that you will get raped, kidnapped, and/or murdered. Find a good place to stay and bring knives, guns, pepperspray, anything to keep you safe. I will put my runaway experience up here in awhile, but for now here's a poem I wrote, and I hope you like it.



Runaway

The screams and anger and violence in my home,
the sound of glass hitting the wall after being thrown.
The cursing language and vulgar exchange of words,
I beg for it to stop but my pleadings aren't heard.
I sit in a dark, empty corner crying to myself,
if only I could be happy perhaps somewhere else.
I come to the point where I blame and hate myself for all this misery,
But what if I could leave all this behind and erase my past's memory?
So I'm through with all this I come to say,
I pack my belongings and I'm on my way.
I've been on my own since that day,
a young, unhappy, lost runaway.



