

The Homeless Girl

by Mandy Brady

Teardrops fall,
Down my face,
I look down alley ways,
To see a girl
She has scratches, bruises, scars,
Everything possible,
In her hands
She holds nothing,
Sometimes a can,
Sometimes not,
Her hair is long and ragged,
Those eyes are deep and dark from the past,
Clothes all tattered,
She sits there
All day and night,
With the same expression on her face,
No one related to her around,
She sometimes might cry
yet not make a sound,
No one helps her,
No one knows,
No one seems to care,
People have houses,
She has a cardboard box,
She eats scraps out of dumpsters,
And begs all day,
Everyone wishes they could help her in some way.