

"Journal Days - Voices of the Working Homeless"

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Wednesday 24 December: 132days Homeless / 101days in the "Shelter"

8:18pm 5w-101 D18 Christmas Eve. - Finally in the dorm, before eating, I went across the hall to the little face basin where I washed socks and under-wear. - Keith came by to chat as I prepared the 2 left-over chicken patties from last night (splitting 2 rolls, applying a bit of mustard from the squeeze bottle, slapping a pattie on each... and calling it "my daily meal"). - 8:58pm Rey (17) is on his bed, on the phone. Rich(16) is out of the room (and probably out of the building) again. There's been no sign of CW. Him? I hope he's OK where-ever he is. Me? I've taken my sleep aids. Hopefully they'll be able to work through the whole night, with-out interruption. I've set my alarm (my little cell phone alarm) for 5:30am tomorrow morning. No "holiday" for me. I have to get to work, and on Christmas, the transport runs on some "holiday schedule" which means WORSE than any and every other day. - And so, this is Christmas Eve in the Bellevue Men's Shelter. Where's Jesus Christ now? Where's the "Messiah"? Who died on what cross for what reason and for whom? Yeah... Right. Homeless people... Homeless people, in a Homeless "shelter", on Christmas Eve. Does it get any better than this? I doubt it.

Thursday, 25 December: 133days Homeless / 102days in the "Shelter"

10:05am Back at work, "early Christmas morning" (to quote a Cindy Lauper lyric). - Christmas? What the Hell? What the difference? None. I haven't the time, the place, the patience nor the mood. "Peace on earth, good will toward..." whom? This isn't "jaded", nor is it "bitter". This is simply... the "fact". While others "deck their halls" there are thousands of us, out here, with no halls or, for the fortunate ones, sleep in halls. And as I sit here, watching these people making merry, I can't help but think: Homeless... and they have no idea, no clue, and I say nothing about the matter. If they knew, if anybody knew, I'd have no job, and no chance of ever making my way out of this. And I've no doubt, at all, that I'd be thrown out of the very houses where I go to "help" those in their time of need. Their "Jesus" was, to be honest, "Homeless". But that was him and I am me, and the Homeless today are a scourge. Oh well... Thus is the world today. - 6:58pm I made 2 peanut butter and cream cheese sandwiches (the cream cheese from when? Tuesday?) If I'm sick, I'll know that cream cheese doesn't do well in the locker for that long. - ... on "their holiday" of "merry". It might be kind to say that I care... but when I look round me here, the locker, the metal bed, the empty walls, the echoing halls, the lunatics... to say that I "care" would be a blatant lie, and, after all, 'tis "Xmas"! Perish the very thought of lying... today!) A bit of some kind of chocolate drink to go with and wash down the sandwiches. And so, the menu for this "Christmas dinner". - 7:28pm This morning I thought: How lovely that those who've loved me so much for so long haven't even looked for me. To them, I'm dead and gone. To me, I'm dead and alone. Here, these idiots keep in touch with "friends" and "family and at the end of each and every day, and yet, this shelter is where they lay their head. Loved so much. What bleating BS! - Now I'm sneezing and my tummy's cramping. No time to be sick! I've done (almost) a 29-hour week WITH holiday pay! I'm going for a brass ring! Screw and to Hell with the world! "If I should die before I wake..." I won't miss tomorrow! - Merry frigging Christmas and to all a good riddance.

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