



Help the homeless-poetry

By Hajrah

In the dark empty wallet of endless torture,
the silver cobwebs stare at nothingness.

On the streets of hunger,
lay a man.

His moldy, battered blanket of minimal comfort ,
crying for a clean that won't come.

On the pavement of despair,
hunger consumes him.

The man's brown hat of hopeless dreams lay there,
waiting pointlessly for a miracle.

Around the corner of surprise,
something awaited him.

A shelter of love,
calls him.

In your hands of kindness,
you don't have to leave him to starve;
to cry for help,
to wait,
because at any time you can donate.