

WHEN WILL THE PRODIGAL SON COME HOME?

I remember passing this store
that sold lamps
late at night
while I was walking
they were closed
but they had the lamps on
it looked like
many people
in many homes
waiting up for me
by their lamps
I kept on walking
wishing I was sitting in a chair
next to one of those lamps
somewhere
in somebody's home

THE MAGIC WORLD OF READING

they kicked you out of the shelter early
there was no place to go
so we went to the library
the librarians were sick
of playing babysitter
to the homeless
they'd snarl
when we asked for the bathroom key
I was reading a book
about orgasms there
and composing poems
when I wasn't doing that
I'd stare at the books on the shelves
bored
and unwanted by everyone
especially myself



POETRY BY

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Homeless Poems

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FUCKING SHIT

laid my ass down
in a doorway
of a college building
but I was too
afraid of the cops
to get any sleep
later that night
I found a laundry room
in a nearby
apartment complex
where I was able to get some rest
I remember the lint
in the trash there—
that felt a whole lot like me

ANOTHER HOMELESS NIGHT

had kept the key
to the clubhouse
just in case
I ever had nowhere
to sleep
slept on a fancy leather couch
in the library
till the residents wondered
why the lights were on so late
got thrown out
spent the night
in a hotel parking lot, I think

TOUGH LOVE

my dad came to visit me
at the shelter
I asked for some money
he handed me 5 dollars
I was insulted
by how little he gave me—
a real man would've
thrown it back in his face

YOU GET HORNY WHEN YOU'RE HOMELESS

I don't know why but you do—
you get so freakin' horny when you're homeless
that you actually believe that
even though you don't have a place
you could get a girl to come home with you

HOPES AND DREAMS

the homeless shelters
I stayed in
had blue matts
to sleep on
my jacket was my
blanket
I had no dreams there
even when I was awake

BUS TO NOWHERE

sat in the terminal
because I had no place else to go
tried to make it look like
I was waiting for a bus—
at that time
my clothes were still clean enough
for nobody to notice
I was a bum

HOME SWEET HOME

he had a heroin problem
but he beat it
his biggest fear was relapse
he knew the city
I didn't
he guided me back to the shelter
one night
after a day's worth of wandering—
I forget his name—
he was an artist
I was a poet
we both wanted homes
we'd look at them everyday
he had a plan to get an apartment
I had no plan
the streets were my home—
I could tell by how they felt
below my feet