

## Home Address

Met him at the street, weary and drowsy  
He asked me where I live, while handing a bottle of water

While he drinks two sips of water from my bottle  
He enquired, where do I live?  
Cheerful me answered where I belong to

It's my turn to ask him where he lives  
Reply for the same enquiry was pure silence  
Alas! He is homeless

To suppress hunger, he rummages in rubbish,  
And this litter is his resort for a meal.

Some call him lunatic, some call him druggie  
Some walk away from him, some misread him.

Summer or winter, freezing cold or heat waves,  
Lonely or desolate, teary or shrieking,  
Sojourn streets are always his companion.

Future to be enduring empathetic housing  
To listen, not hear their needs

Attention! It's high time to act  
To liberate from their fate, hereafter  
To release lives from exposed living

For a perky spirited life of 'homelessness'  
And let them say an address of their own  
And then be renowned by home addresses.

Jinu Joseph

