

## **HOPES - WHAT YEAR IS IT?**

Without a house,  
I could be.

The wind blows through my clothes  
at night.

My feet are cold,  
so are my hands.

I tell people passing by  
"I am just feeding the pigeons."

"You shouldn't be in the cold, on the street"  
but I am.

My stomach rumbles.  
Lucky to eat last night.  
My body remembers more than me.

Shoppers pass by the mural of the dead  
at Union Square.

They stand in my way,  
I want to remember them.

-anonymous-