(Homeless)

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This is an experimental prose story of an experience of homelessness.
(You)- is you and every variation of you be it “I”, or “me”, or “your”, or “you’re”, or “them”. Whatever fits the sentence/phrase. But always in remembrance that anyone at any minute can become homeless.
(You)- is the space between the self that is homeless and the self that is not. It is the point in which they meet and don’t. It is the line in which they try to avoid each other and where they perpetually collide.

(You)- is not always seen, or read. Just as we were taught that anything in parentheses is not necessarily read or important.

(You)- can be read as the self of the reader, the self of the speaker, or and other self that the reader see fit.
What else do (You) choose not to see?
This train means a quarter From pocket to (You) hand In search on this L-train We are the only two Black people Assumptions know what money

Any arm extension will fill the void between life and death with (You)
Floating hands between wants and needs Life there alone tired Hungry This void occupies (You)
feel nothing  (You) feel as nothing  Wind hits face  not a bird  Cold  Have a cold
It is cold outside  No time to this of roof over head  there is no rain  Food
Where is Food

Displaced in placelessness  Exhaust be (You) and used fuel  from auto motion
Motionless  and yet existent  Still and festering  and festering into
desperation  And desperate for help

And help reaching hand  Shameful to reach  Heavy with shame

(You) do not have because  (You) should not have
(You) don't look homeless  Sure  (You) have some place to go  (You) just won’t think
of it  right now  or  (You) don't want to go there
Where did (You) come from

Mother was mean   In my dreams I crave her as soft light
                    Soft light with perfect coloring and smiles
Overalls red shirt necklace
                    green grass background
Father was Very tired
Went he went far He only came back when I asked
Depression That’s where

Where were (You)
Like being a bubble
Homelessness
Come close enough and it bursts
Did (You) notice the color

walk train
ask quarter
see me burning Black
I wish I had time or patience or money to give but I don't
If only there were some robin hood to supply our status quo with foods, extra clothing, shoes, and entertainment
I live in the hood

If I wanted to rob' em I could Play em' skin to skin, no patience No money No strangers match my time wish Burning shoes and clothing
Mother gave (You) everything

Contents gifts hopelessness fear of commitment (You) won't commit to time
Open hands and closed fists Can (You) spare some time I don't need time

(You) need time to cease I don't know what time wants (You) will grow gray and fragile with time I can't keep asking
time
Sometimes I forget I'm an artist

That space opens up Black

(You) stranger have eyes with which to see my skin matches your poverty

We are the color of common
We are the color of hard times
Comin from where we from ain't never been comin from too much
Is that a red line or a purple line?
Is that a red line or a purple line?
Huh?
Huh?

...it says out of service
I know what it say I'm asking (You)

If I were less conscious I'd hate me If I could talk to a man feeling the same exchange of
knowledge that I feel speaking to a woman I might be able to smile without fear for the circular
opening of my face Understand no woman has ever asked me no woman has ever been so bold
He will not steal my senses for his own pleasure I cannot give you common sense I am not (You)
mother
My mom told me sometimes (You) allergic to people screw with (You) chemistry before (You) know (You) sick

Sick scared Sick back Sick pit form stomach on bad day Like an alarm It's coming
I walk away He smacks his lips His lips should smack each other harder What kind of question is a question in the direction of a peer

What is the sum of life stranger

Bird bird there tell me the color of the sky I talk to (You) with my mouth see (You) with my eyes but the extent to which I want to use my eyes is only shallow enough to see (You) feathers not my vision but my desire

I speak to (You) from the opening of the only eye I care to use The only eye that brings physical pleasure I ask(You) to tell me what you see my only sense is physical touch and I hope to penetrate (You) mind
Out of service means just that. It is not a line of color. It does not work, it does not want you. To board it or think of boarding it or question its existence at all is a waste of time. Time which I don't have to give to you. Leave me be, stranger. (You) speak to me only to present your existence because a door will only open if you push it with your hands. Unless it is out of service.

Have I money Know, it's like no. What to?
Who
is the homeless person here? Standing in red velor and matching kicks, hair lain with a perfect wave, this face says “Shit. Shit. I don't give no f-” without finishing because who finishes anyway One hand out, one foot down, the goal is to hustle with out the drive Mother gave you everything didn't she Money Consciousness of street lights, cigarette induced asthma, an abandonment complex, a knuckle sandwich for your growling belly, the naturalness of the word bitch in the direction of women

(You) probably want to call me a bitch.

I was homeless I was homeless I was homeless I was so homeless I ate from a garbage can I was so homeless I slept at my friend's house and her boyfriend nicknamed me homeless I didn't like it at first and then it panged a nerve sensitive on accustom
A bun sitting atop a heap of garbage Like a crown glorifying filth and waste and food Unwanted food I would always save my food for a refrigerator My mom would laugh at me for saving next to nothing Nothing piles up and is crowned Here is my proof before my eyes Extra foods How could I Somewhere in consciousness we know that bacteria is microscopic and cannot necessarily travel to the crown faster than we

I could feel my mouth water

Bejeweled with sesame seeds it sat waiting for I Picked it up when no one was looking No one saw me No one looked No I checked first I checked Many times No one saw I checked I checked many times I checked No one saw No one was looking I checked No one saw I enjoyed my taste bud frenzy I went to class still hungry
Hungry is a luxury  

Starvation is a game we play in the city  

First on to tell the government (You) support a family gets two-hundred and fifty dollars in food stamps with no refrigerator

Refrigerators are a luxury  

Keeps food eatable  

Won't rot  

Buy every meal and eat it all

Make no garbage  

Garbage is a luxury  

Eat it all

The average meal is about seven dollars times three times thirty

Won't survive til the end of the month.

Heavy face and eyes sag to (You) hell  

Throw (You) self into (You) studies

Explode outside of the self because self can’t escape the homeless shell
(You) can never come home  (You) are not welcome here

My mother made me homeless  My mother made me homeless  My mother made me homeless
Made me homeless  My mother took my home from me  Mother is not home
Made me take my home  Not mother  Mother is not me  Took my mother-me  Not mother

Sleeping at the beach means no one questions  (You) morning swim ~

Look at you with your head start  You must live by the beach  How luxurious
Assumptions have large asses ~
I was homeless I was homeless I was homeless I was homeless I had
no place to go no place to be I did have class It took me away from
thoughts of empty

Empty being those thoughts of meal and Where
My mother made me homeless

My mother made me homeless

My mother made me

mother may I come

Home is where mother rests her head

Mothers do not rest until baby is comfortable

I am uncomfortable

Mother rests

Mother sleeps through the night

Warm Secure Mother made me homeless

Can’t be Mother

Never wanted to be Mother rather comfortable

Rather excited

Rather sister Mother wanted to be like her sister

Mother was not happy with self

Mother wanted lively life

Mother liked to fuck

I saw him

I saw him too

And also him

And also

And also
When did mothers start harboring jealousy for babies   Mother saw me free  happy single   Mother pussy jealous
Mother  (You) are of me   I am of (You)   I am not (You) competition
Does your pussy feel good mother   does that man replace your instinct with   pelvic thrust

I can’t feel my toes Mother   does he make you transcend this Earth   When do you
                                        see heaven   Am I there too

Do you care
We always want to think well of mothers. Mothers love babies. Mothers have best interest. (You) will always—should always love (You) mother.

Mother forced me to see human. Mother is not slang for saint. Mothers quick to defend mothers. (You) are not of her. I am of her. Day in Day out.

Vessel of indifference

Fathers rape daughter and we call monster.

Mothers make babies homeless and there’s something wrong with the child.

(You) pussy is not a saving grace from (You) humanness.
Let bubble over into creation
To have something
To have anything
Make it and it is (You) Home
in my mind Where (You) can’t take it from me

I was homeless
A poet Love one when whoa like yes Homeless
Dependent on friends
to love me enough to help with open hands
I need (You) to love me where my mother left off
Dropped me off in Rehab Said never come back

No sooner did I cry
Here take these pills (You) crazy

She was so sick of me and my dreams My youth drowning her
Sick of her nineteen year old reflection creating where she had no inspiration
I was her parasite I needed her to care for me
I was her baby She was so tired Of me I am of her

She threw herself away
Here take these pills (You) crazy
Am I less than Can I never be more than this Am I human Can I be human Do (You) see me Do I deserve Beating heart do I feel Where is my out

I was homeless I was homeless I was homeless I was homeless I was homeless walking I've walked miles Honey Miles honey I have Miles walked miles walked miles Walked miles walked Miles walked miles walked miles Walked miles walked miles Walked miles Walked miles walked miles walked miles Walked miles walked back honey Miles honey walked there honey Walked miles
It takes time but (You) start to see it See differently See them looking at you differently (You) are different from them Bacteria (You) are a disease (You) should be extinguished (You) burden So don't tell them So they don't worry or question or abandon So they don't pity But you anger silently They are so much luxury They do not see your sunken Eyes on your protruding Belly sticks out to nowhere No where are you staying No They will not question that Ever They do not care For you are None of their business whether (You) are comfortable