

(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

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

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

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

bad day Like an alarm It's coming

Sick scared Sick back Sick pit form stomach on

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, stanger. (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 velvet and matching kicks, hair laid 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 without 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 accustomed		

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
homeless

My mother took my home from me

My mother made me homeless

Mother is not home

My mother made me

Made me
mother-me

take my home
Not mother

Not mother

Mother is not me

Took my

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
no place to go
thoughts of empty

I was homeless
no place to be

I was homeless
I did have class

I was homeless I had
It took me away from

Empty being those thoughts of meal

and Where

My mother made me homeless
homeless

My mother made me homeless My mother made me

My mother made me mother may I come

Home is where mother rests her head
comfortable

Mothers do not rest until baby is

I am uncomfortable
night

Mother rests
Warm Secure Mother made me homeless

Mother sleeps through the

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

(You) 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
to love me enough to help with open hands

Dependent on friends

I need (You) to love me
off

where my mother left off
in Rehab Said never come back

Dropped me

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 human Can I never be more than this Am I human Can I be
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 honey walked there honey Walked miles
walked miles walked back honey Walked

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