

## HOMELESS IN LISBON

chill prompted raised collar of my overcoat  
glistening asphalt streets reflected  
illuminated storefronts, arc lamps  
hardly a decibel of vehicular traffic  
quiet enough to discern  
crying, sobbing, weeping  
silently, to himself

a defiance, as though in disbelief  
in denial  
on the edge, not yet there  
of losing his mind  
like silkworm spins cocoon  
regression to infancy  
to wordless emoting  
like baby lying prone, self-absorbed  
in crib helpless  
oblivious to who might take note

office clothes not yet sullied, frayed  
evidence of recent displacement  
from the neighbourhood  
from Baixa – capital's business district  
he clutched a blanket  
not gifted in celebration of birth  
but as philanthropy  
“take this blanket and leave”

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