

DC

TO: Long Beach City Council/ Mayor/Assigns
SUBJECT: A Raise for the HOMELESS Requires that WE:

October 18, 2016



REMEMBER THE HOMELESS ON HALLOWEEN

A Poem: A Role Model Still

They walked past me and crossed the street.
Sam, how do you want to dress for Halloween Mom asked?
I wanna be a **BUM**, like the one on the corner. Mom shrieked and looked back at me in horror! I winked.

I'm Steve. I chuckled as I heard what Sam said; he wants to dress like me.
I am dirty, my clothes are torn, filthy and when the sprinklers come on during the night, I am also wet.
My grime is real, the smell of my clothes-vintage bum cologne, along with the blood streaks from my last fall, when I tripped on the uneven sidewalk; thank God, I am not blind.
I wonder how Mom will "do" Sam's make-up, to get this look; authentic is what this is.
I've been homeless for 9 years, since 2007; everything about how I look took 9 years to do. And now Sam wants to "look" like me; this look didn't come cheap!

For 9 years, I wandered the streets; took 9 years to get this look and the young lad wants it.
I started out clean, presentable, a socialite by normal standards; once considered good stock.
I lost my job, home, wife, kids and finally my dignity. Now neighbors don't want me on the block.
It took 9 years for my face to have these permanent streaks. But lil Sammy has no clue; for these steaks, he will need clay and glue. For Halloween Sam, wants to "look" like me. I wanted to be a role model; kind of jaded, but I guess I made it.

A Swarm Moment/swarm4u.com: Never enough said!

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Sammy ABC

Spiritual Wholeness And Re-creative Motion, everyday!