

# Evening Showers

By Kenneth Francis (June 2018)



*Scrap Paper Pile With Water Cannon, Michael Karaken, 2007*

**On flattened cardboard, in pee-drenched lanes,**  
Huddled by empty bottles and bags, they rest:  
Nothing to declare, no job, just junk—  
Could've been you—thank God you're blessed!  
Look at the old man scruffy but saved  
Singing "Jesus' blood never failed me, yet"  
And look at the girl who drinks too much  
Slouching to relieve herself, her tattered gear  
In barren pram; she never sings or laughs

Her disordered soul is the answer to her  
Sleepless nights; just like well-healed selfies  
Who rush to Tinder dates; how long will  
They love delusions and seek the false  
Gods of their carnal mates?  
High above, the cold stars just keep on burning  
Like old man river, who don't say nuthin'  
While out on horizon a baby cries, as mother  
Suckles her newly born; one day he too might sing  
About Jesus, all alone while tip-toeing through  
Alleyways of dung, needles and paper cups  
He might even take meds and shout at old ladies  
Who'll push prams well into their eighties  
Or fulfil his life's days by attending the  
Spiritual needs of his body and soul  
Or help those mocked as homeless skunks  
By handing out soup and rolls in back-street  
Kitchens run by Capuchin monks  
Or sit alone staring out the window in a  
Zimmer-frame zoo beside another old biddy  
Who takes night feeds from a plastic tube  
Or one who sits in underground tubes;

One who used to work as a magazine model  
When they partied hard into the early hours  
Now she walks the streets at night without keys  
Or cards, through the mist of evening showers

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