

Poverty

Peter S. Jacobs

“St. Michael’s Hospice. It is a good charity. But sorry, I can’t afford to support it. I wish I could. You can see by my threadbare clothes, and my hair; can’t afford a haircut. I’ve had relatives that needed the hospice. But I don’t have anything to spare at the moment.

“Young hooligans bang on my door wanting money. I don’t have any. They are nasty youths. They should be banned.

“I live here all by myself. I used to sleep rough. Then the council gave me this place. I don’t talk to anybody though. I’d like to support the hospice, but I just haven’t any money.

“I had a wife. She died many years ago. She was young. Took her own life. I feel dreadful at times and wonder if I should do the same thing.

“Sorry I can’t help. All the best to you though.”