

Homeless counts.

I've been doing a hundred years
of flip flops, dodges & dives,
trying to fly under their punishing radar.

The bosses, overlords, managers, administrators,
documentation obsessive compulsives,
are lurking everywhere above.

I've been caring about violence,
sentient beings who are scared & scarred,
cruelty against creatures & nature.

Not much money down here in
giving an authentic shit but I can't afford to be
another for-always victim.

Audrey Lourde talking about us
not being able to use the masters' tools
to deconstruct the masters' houses.

All due respect Audrey but I seem to be seeing
mostly their tools laying around & usually
those are the only weapons I can find.

Sometimes I can hide & help sisters hide,
become irritating to the higher-ups, create
a small safe space for our comfort.

Resistance is an incremental magic trick --
one ordinary subversive act at a time, maybe
one murmuring of the word 'no' each day.

Sometimes all the field slaves can do
is sing while they work - sometimes there are code words
in our lyrics that communicate & direct escape.

Sometimes all that can be done is to commit to witness
the sins, label them sins & look the sinner
in the eye with brazen contempt.

Perhaps even that is using their own tools
to crack fissures in their or their sons'
souls' houses.

**Si, May, 2008 while preparing
(with about 200 other volunteers) to do the
24 hour count of homeless people in Prince George**