

Providence Row poem by St Paul with St Luke's School

It's gonna be the same day again today.
The sleeping bag suck at my chattering legs.
My blankets hug me like my mum when I was cold.
The wind howled at night like a mountain top wolf.
My hat squashes my head like a cuddle that will never come my way.

It's gonna be the same day again today.
The wind is telling me there is hope.
The people's handbags are scowling as if I were a bag of rubbish.
My belly grumbles and rumbles, "We will eat something no matter
what".
Over and over my food keeps running away from me like a game of
"it".

It's gonna be the same day again today.
My coat is grabbing on, asking for "an embrace".
I could hear a sizzling burger calling my name.
The world spins like a basketball in the middle of a game.
I need new trainers that don't chatter as I walk.

It's gonna be the same day again today.
Sometimes street lights blink and wink at me.
Cold as can be, the wind is always whistling in the air.
The benches carry me on its green, long, metal legs.
Could there be a day when chicken meets my lips?

It's gonna be the same day again today.
Crying whilst my tears speak.
The trolley beckons into its gapping mouth.
My laces turn around like a leaf in a tornado.
The bags punch each other whilst the wind eggs them on.

It's gonna be different tomorrow.
The van will come and open its arms.
Food will flow and dance with my friends.
Their words will soothe away the cold and fears.
My future will smile as it runs towards me.

It's gonna be different tomorrow because of Providence Row