

## Homeless But Happy (Part 6)

### Special to The Auroran

I close my eyes and imagine my Mother with her arms wrapped around me holding me tightly, to keep me safe in this world of uncertainty.

I want her to believe I'm well and doing fine like anyone else in my family that knows nothing of my current providence.

Months back I had left behind my glass slipper, my shoe of life, from possessions and a home. I have new shoes to fill, with new destinations unknown.

I managed and struggled to have made it to 2019 along with billions of other people in our ever changing world.

My New Year's celebration was a beautiful experience. I was invited by a girlfriend and her husband to share in her family's traditions, a home celebration of many relatives who made me feel most welcomed.

The respect the younger generation gave to their elder grandparents, aunts and uncles was truly awe-inspiring.

Laughter, games, flavourful foods and warm greetings filled the evening. At the stroke of midnight in thoughts, I shed my metamorphic cocoon of homelessness and began the newness of my butterfly wings opening, awakening, and revived as if reborn again.

These same wings will soar in celebration of the directions I'll take in achieving the dreams, hopes and ambitions to live a full life again.

A fresh start in the New Year isn't resolutions but solutions.

One solution was to become my own CEO for a few days in order to sell some of my personal possessions and heirlooms I've had for most of my life, in order to raise some sort of capital for myself.

It's so heartbreaking to let go at prices so ridiculously low of these material belongings, that were once important to the history of my soul and memory of my life growing up. The real reality was I had no place to bring them to, no home to yet call my own and display these possessions as a curator to a national gallery of one's self.

These objects were the best of my times and now the worst of my times.

I keep reasoning what value to my heart were these possessions anyways.

Months back I started to become desensitized to this opinion, thus giving away so much to various charities; my designer clothes, vast shoe collection, my book collections of photography, fine art, architecture, history, humor, philosophy, English literature of Shakespeare and Dickens, bins of various holiday décor for any occasion and table setting. Everything gone, erased as if I wasn't even part of my lifecycle.

I can nonetheless fill my mind with the enjoyment of literature on any subject from our library.

I'll let the pages open to a new fountain of learning and experiences.

In the future, I will re-furnish even, a new space creating a whole new identity of design patterns and colours to reflect my refreshed new self.

It's not easy to let go of your past that has trapped your mind and heart for days and nights on end. But it is easy to say goodbye and forgive yourself as I am the maker of my own future now.

Although I'm my own CEO for this short period, I feel I am contributing to society as a productive member. I want to be in the working environment. I must secure a position or contract soon despite the many resume releases.

I remind myself something incredible will eventually turn up. This New Year brings new promise. Homeless but happy I am to share my enjoyments of what this New Year of 2019 will bring for all of us together as a community.