

Homeless But Happy (Pt 7)

Who knew that in my
ever-changing daily routine of homelessness I'm now learning some of the
language of street?

It's almost like
going back to school to get a degree in sociology and I'm
the oldest person in the classroom while looking around thinking, "Great, guess
I'll be the last person in the room invited to a keg party."

Come to think of it,
I have never socialized at one before so I wouldn't be missing out.

At classroom outside,
I'm staring blankly wondering what on earth I was
thinking to even think of learning to attempt street corner solicitation of
spare change. I have zero common ground skills to my professional pan handling
teachers, which is noted from my deer in the headlight look most days of this
life experience.

I cannot picture
myself holding up a sign asking for spare change. One person mentioned he did
it for two years making over five hundred a week. I was listening and doing the
math thinking, well that's a reasonable amount to put towards renting
somewhere. But how long would you want to employ yourself doing that in all
kinds of weather and dealing with the various personalities of the suits
wondering and even saying that you're a useless member of society, you're being
lazy, or "get off the drugs," which doesn't apply to me whatsoever??

I would have to have
a creative sign since I enjoy the challenge of journalistic catch phrases. "To
Be Me Or Not To Be Me That Is The Monetary Question, Change Please." To long
start over. Second thought "This is my second career in life, Change Please. Three
words or less in advertising. "Miss Money Penny Has Needs" ? still two words
over. Finally, why change what works anyway, so it's back to "Spare Change."

Life at the library,
my office of networking, management of my destiny details, and the psychiatrist
is in Lucy. I meet yet again, Mr. Conspiracy Factor, as I nickname him.

He goes on to tell
me in "street" you need to learn how to lie. I cannot I say, that's so not me.

"Well if you want to
survive you better start. If you can't
get a job, lie to get one, lie to get a place lie to survive." I'm no Donald
Trump, but I now have learned the real raw brutal truth, do I have to give up
my moral compass to get ahead?

Out of that lesson.

part two in street, I'm given the nickname the 'Queen' simply because I debate all his bizarre issues while I listen stoically and maintain at the same time, I like the Royal Family. This street talk is a woo who whirlwind of crazyville as I see it, but also humorous and quite an amusing way to unleash random thoughts we would otherwise have never shared at the dinner table of aristocrats to begin with, or each other until now.

We also laugh to let out a real emotion letting lose for a normal few seconds of our day out from the chaos of our depravity.

So far in Street; earning income, nickname, lie, and laugh to feel human. Sharing is a real currency. Food, cigarettes, clothing. The in-the-know, too, of shelters places, community dinners and medical aid. I just absorb this knowledge with the stark contrast that I cannot survive as a 'Streeter' but I'm grateful for the education into it if at any point I should start.

What does he call the society that recognizes us as sub-human? Well, there is a nick name. The 'Aristocraps' according to Mr. Conspiracy. I, on the other hand, do not want to label people of privilege since a while back my lifestyle was indeed the candlelight suppers of the Bucket (Bouquet) residence.

I'm Homeless But Happy, still alive and coping, according to my amusing street friend.