

Spare change please?

Richard Hill

A young man begs alongside the supermarket doorway.

“Got any spare change please?” he asks.

Some fumble in their bags and rags and hand him some small change.

Who is he? Who is his father, mother, sister, brother?

He smiles with glistening, sparkling yet distant eyes.

A handsome young man, reasonably dressed.

“Got any spare change please?” he asks.

One stops and declares “No cash, but anyway, you’re nowt but trash”.

Each day got through, means there’s more too,

Of beggars like this who ask for what we’ve earned.

But still this young man holds out his hand.

“Got any spare change please?” he asks.

Whatever strife has shaped this life. What has he seen of pleasure and pain?

His politeness and pleading gives more meaning.

To this haunting, fascinating yarn.

He sits in weather fit for a penguin.

“Got any spare change please?” he asks.

A difficult time he says he’ll be fine, despite interest rates arising.

Disturbing sight, but what of night. Where does he go to sleep?

Behind closed doors, he may be back where he started.

But what of the money he has raised?

“Got any spare change please?” he asks.

Will he use it for food if he’s in the mood, or...

Maybe a smoke, or is this a joke, preceding something stronger.

He may have ambition, but what’s his position?

And one hands a sandwich to him.

“Got any spare change please?” he asks.

With regard to, it’s simply hard to give money you might spend on coke.

What you need is food, you’re not healthy dude. And so she went on her way.

The food set aside, hand open, he repeats his pleading mantra.

In the early evening, he’s nowhere to be seen. The echoes...

“Got any spare change please?”.