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# Untitled

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*NSU University School*

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I shake my can up and down, left and right,  
The coins hitting the sides of the metal.  
People keep walking taking no heed of me.  
I sit on this stool  
Tired  
Hungry  
Thirsty  
All the maladies of  
Someone with nowhere to go.  
Someone walks by and I hold out my can to him  
My eyes pleading  
He looks at me, his eyes vacant, void  
He digs around in his pocket and if searching for gold-  
If only it was  
And places a few pennies in the cup.  
I grunt thanks, and he stalks off...

# They Don't Care

by Aliyah Hill

Though I am invisible to just about everyone around me,  
I see everything,  
and everyone.  
Crooks run here and there,  
Break-ins and break-outs,  
The strumming of nearby musicians,  
And the mimes that float across the sidewalk  
As if they were walking on water.  
But they're not Jesus, or so I've heard.  
People play statues, colored  
gold, red, silver.

Though I am a shadow at every waking moment,  
There is something so hypnotizing about my life.  
And all I do is stare,  
And most people don't care.

Photography by:  
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