

# Oracles of Angels

## *An Elegy for Fallen Homeless Neighbors*

By Raquel Duran




Reaper has been busy in our town  
Nabbing some unguarded or exposed

A pall of shadows yet prevails  
Chills of wintry days

The cause of death may be complex,  
Could it have been prevented?  
And if preventable, by whom?

Place of death outlined in bold,  
Lands of life as yet untold!



Not a crime to die unhoused  
Street hazards test your wit

Forensic quests for evidence  
May yield important tales

And who's to speak for unnamed souls  
Or those with bodies yet unclaimed?

Not likely a conspiracy  
To die in solidarity

Martyrdom suspected  
Save a sinking ship?

Choice of locus Angeles  
Hints of some intent

Rejection from a shelter wounds,  
So build a larger tent!

Looking for an Open Door  
Hospice for the homeless


Core of life is to survive  
Keep your body pulsing

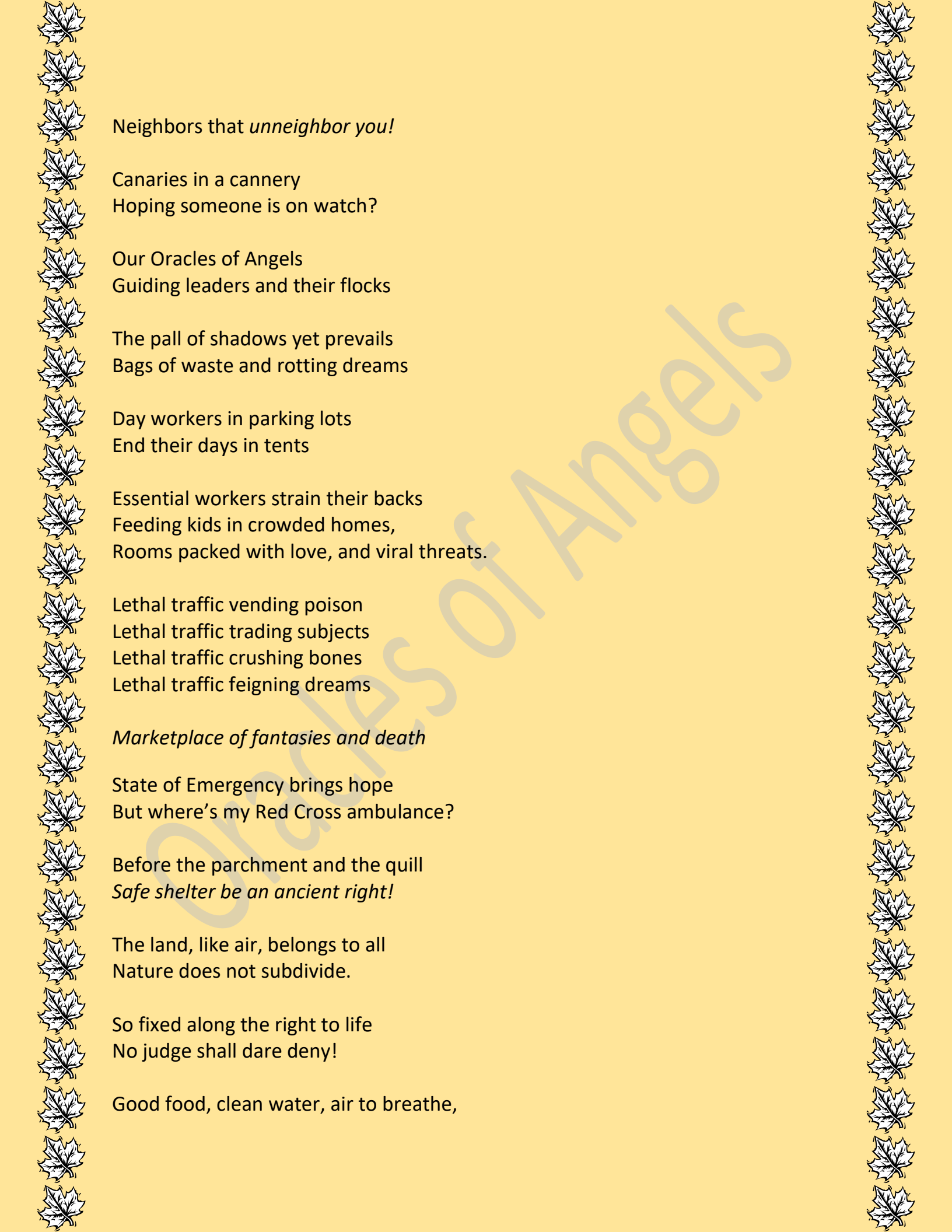
DIY construction  
Like tipis of old prairies

In urban streets or nature's edge  
Jungle territory claims

Advantage smarter over fittest  
In the killing fields efficient

Hostility from neighbors, too,





Neighbors that *unneighbor* you!

Canaries in a cannery  
Hoping someone is on watch?

Our Oracles of Angels  
Guiding leaders and their flocks

The pall of shadows yet prevails  
Bags of waste and rotting dreams

Day workers in parking lots  
End their days in tents

Essential workers strain their backs  
Feeding kids in crowded homes,  
Rooms packed with love, and viral threats.

Lethal traffic vending poison  
Lethal traffic trading subjects  
Lethal traffic crushing bones  
Lethal traffic feigning dreams

*Marketplace of fantasies and death*

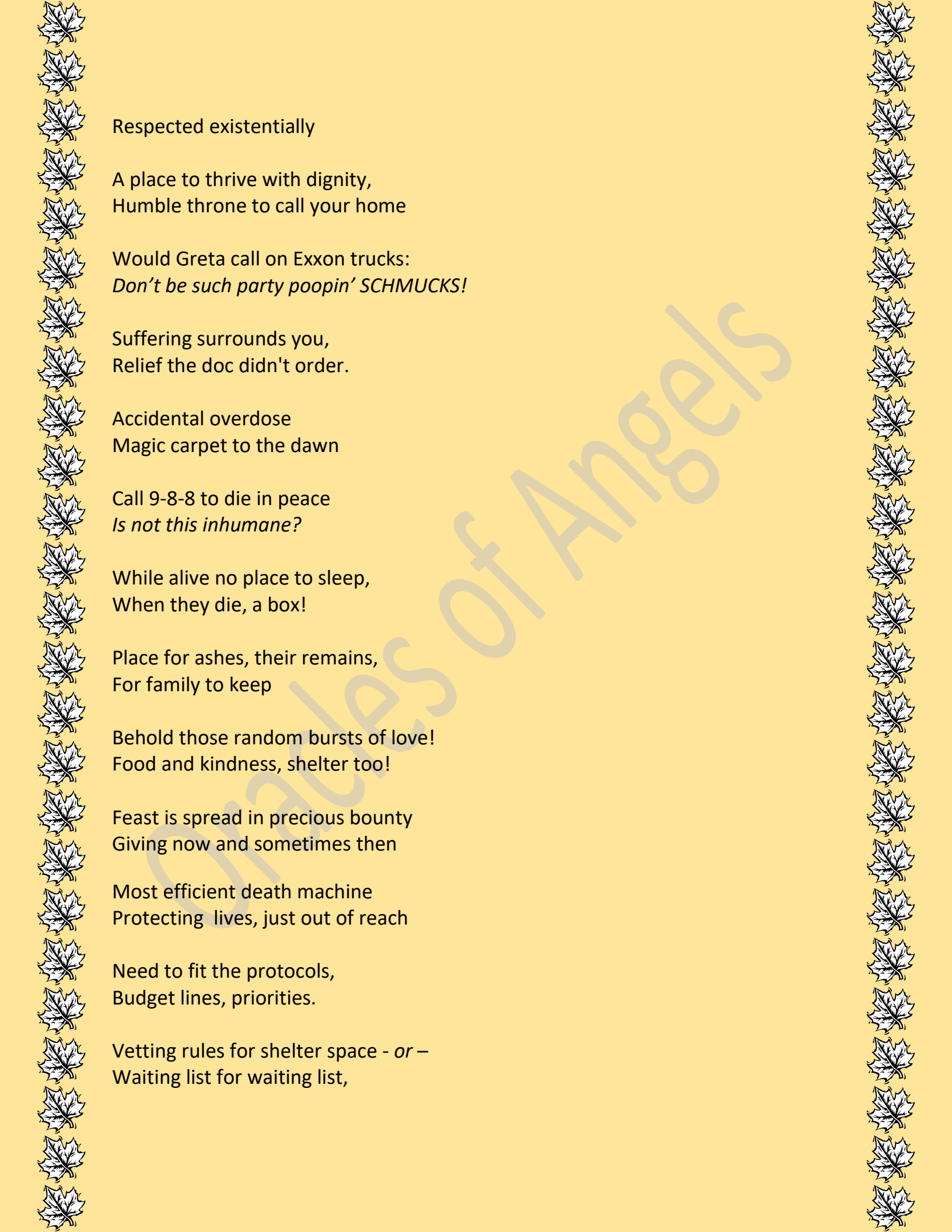
State of Emergency brings hope  
But where's my Red Cross ambulance?

Before the parchment and the quill  
*Safe shelter be an ancient right!*

The land, like air, belongs to all  
Nature does not subdivide.

So fixed along the right to life  
No judge shall dare deny!

Good food, clean water, air to breathe,



Respected existentially

A place to thrive with dignity,  
Humble throne to call your home

Would Greta call on Exxon trucks:  
*Don't be such party poopin' SCHMUCKS!*

Suffering surrounds you,  
Relief the doc didn't order.

Accidental overdose  
Magic carpet to the dawn

Call 9-8-8 to die in peace  
*Is not this inhumane?*

While alive no place to sleep,  
When they die, a box!

Place for ashes, their remains,  
For family to keep

Behold those random bursts of love!  
Food and kindness, shelter too!

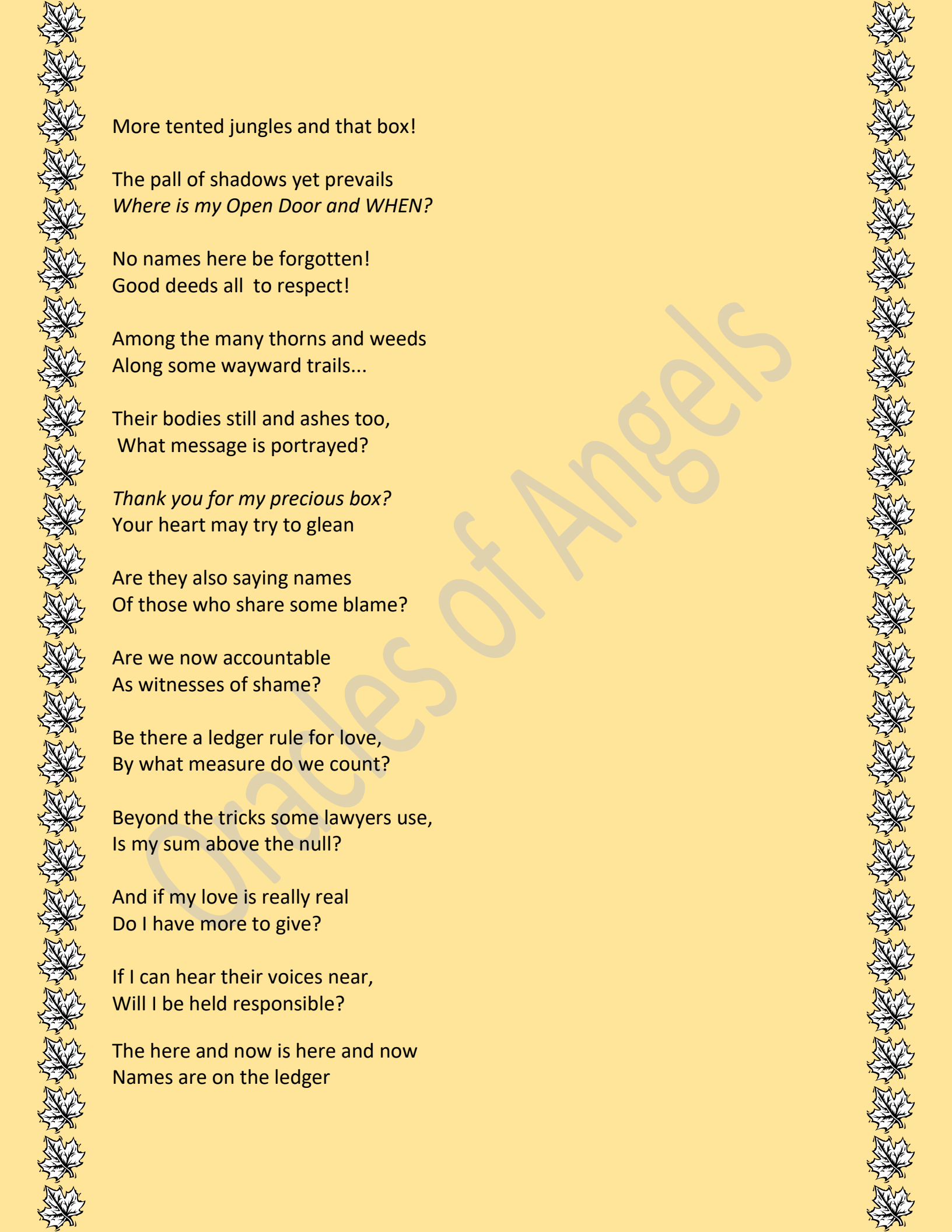
Feast is spread in precious bounty  
Giving now and sometimes then

Most efficient death machine  
Protecting lives, just out of reach

Need to fit the protocols,  
Budget lines, priorities.

Vetting rules for shelter space - *or* –  
Waiting list for waiting list,





More tented jungles and that box!

The pall of shadows yet prevails  
*Where is my Open Door and WHEN?*

No names here be forgotten!  
Good deeds all to respect!

Among the many thorns and weeds  
Along some wayward trails...

Their bodies still and ashes too,  
What message is portrayed?

*Thank you for my precious box?*  
Your heart may try to glean

Are they also saying names  
Of those who share some blame?

Are we now accountable  
As witnesses of shame?

Be there a ledger rule for love,  
By what measure do we count?

Beyond the tricks some lawyers use,  
Is my sum above the null?

And if my love is really real  
Do I have more to give?

If I can hear their voices near,  
Will I be held responsible?

The here and now is here and now  
Names are on the ledger

Their shadows trace a fleeting mark  
Plus all that you remember

Hail to the Oracles Emeritus!  
Our canaries winging hope,  
Breathing oxygen of love

When love is scarce they chirp no more,  
Let the Angels be informed

In gratitude we hereby swear  
*Your stories will be told!*

**Permission granted** to recline,  
With gold-laced shelters in our hearts

The pall of shadows now unfolds  
A glimpse of dawn unveils

Better woke than dim and broke,  
The dying elder warned his son

With gentle smile and a wink  
Sheepish grin and thoughtful nod  
Old man river sigh . . .

Would there be a better day  
If only just no pain

Message Ken to bro Rene:  
Miss you, love you, see you soon!  
**MAYDAY - MAYDAY ENGINES OUT!**  
Ground control to tower  
Ken down, Ken out

Let's call it done.  
Amen!

