

Toronto has to be both the worst and the best, but right now I'll think of the worst. Toronto the good, My ass! The only good about it is the poor get stepped on, and the rich wear crowns. Due to my own experience, I too have been stepped on by both the politicians and the Mental Health hospitals.

Politicians make promises of helping the poor get back into the mainstream. That builds my hopes up, only to find myself on a dead end street. I've been on a dead end street now most of my life living in cockroach havens and rent so high it can choke a maggot.

The Mental Health hospitals drug me up to make my life into an Alice in Wonderland and they throw me out into boarding homes of despair. No wonder I get sick and end up back in the hospitals popping more pills and having some Shrink asking me the same old questions from days gone by.

To me it seems like the ghost of Christmas past.

- Donald Sharman (published in *Kiss Me You Mad Fool*)