

When we speak about poverty we imagine other countries, other families, not our own. But poverty is here, with us. It is something in the background that is gnawing away. We walk passed it on our way to work, crumpled on the pavement. Soaked in the rain. We see it in the shops plastered on the do good sign posts that state "food bank donations" We even see it in our schools. Little faces looking up from beige plastic trays. Poverty is here. It's always been here. It's just changed form from kids on the streets with dirty faces, selling newspapers to kids in rented houses eating off brand beans and canned fruit. I've seen it first hand. Some people hide it. They work every day, to the same beat of the same drum and come home and listen to rats scratching at the walls behind their bed. Ive looked into the new fathers eyes. Eyes that have lost all hope set in a face contorted and pained from worry about how he will support his girlfriend who's out of work, and their tiny baby. I've seen that fathers depression set in like a disease. Tell me 'if I died, they would get more money. My baby wouldn't struggle for food' Why do we live in a country where a new father who, instead of enjoying the first months of his babies life is instead considering suicide as a valid option to help his family? What kind of country buries the issue of rising costs, lower wages, less career opportunities, more homelessness and more starvation? Poverty has never left. Poverty just changed its face. It's wearing a mask but it's still here. It's just hidden in the working class.