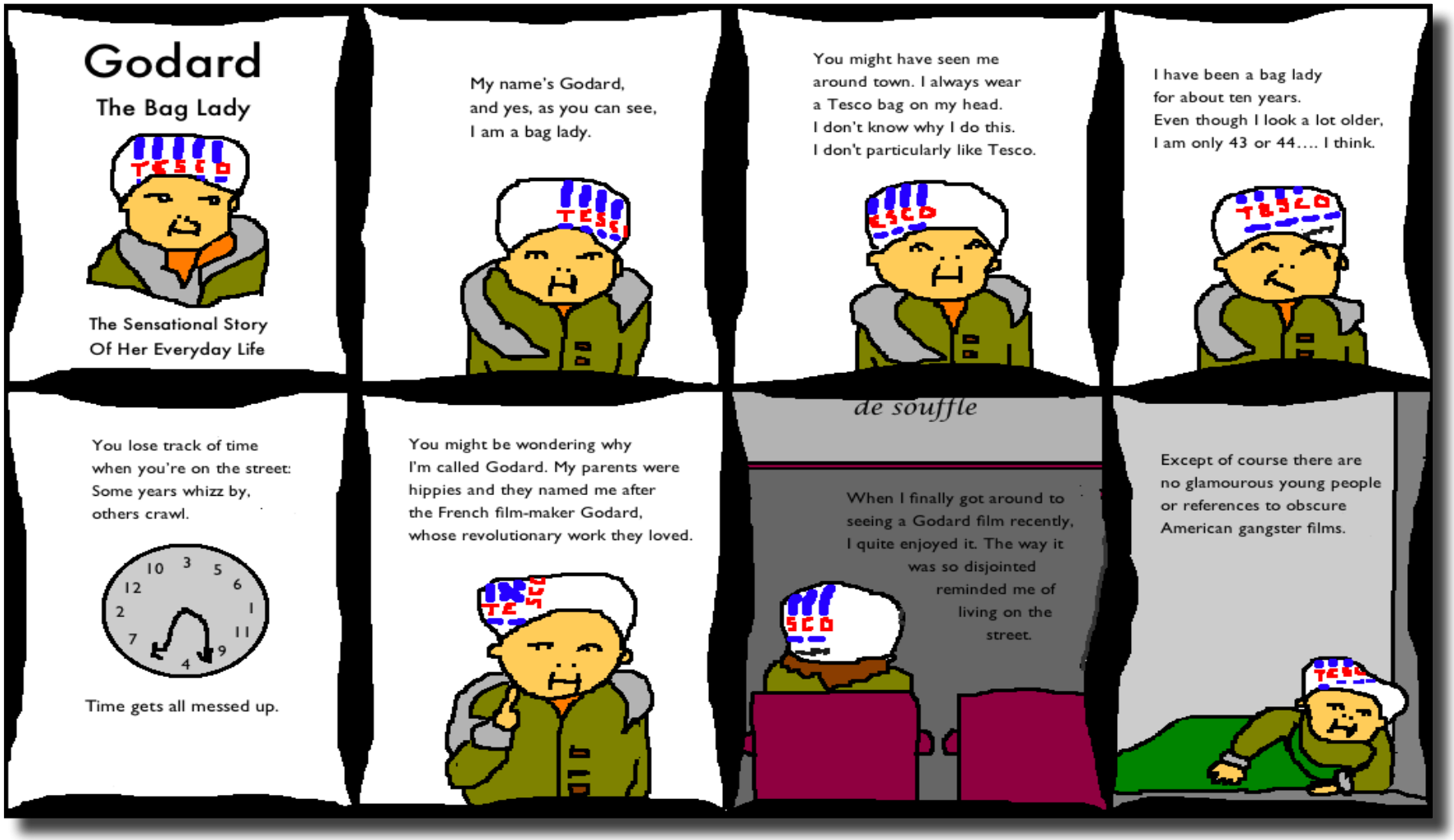
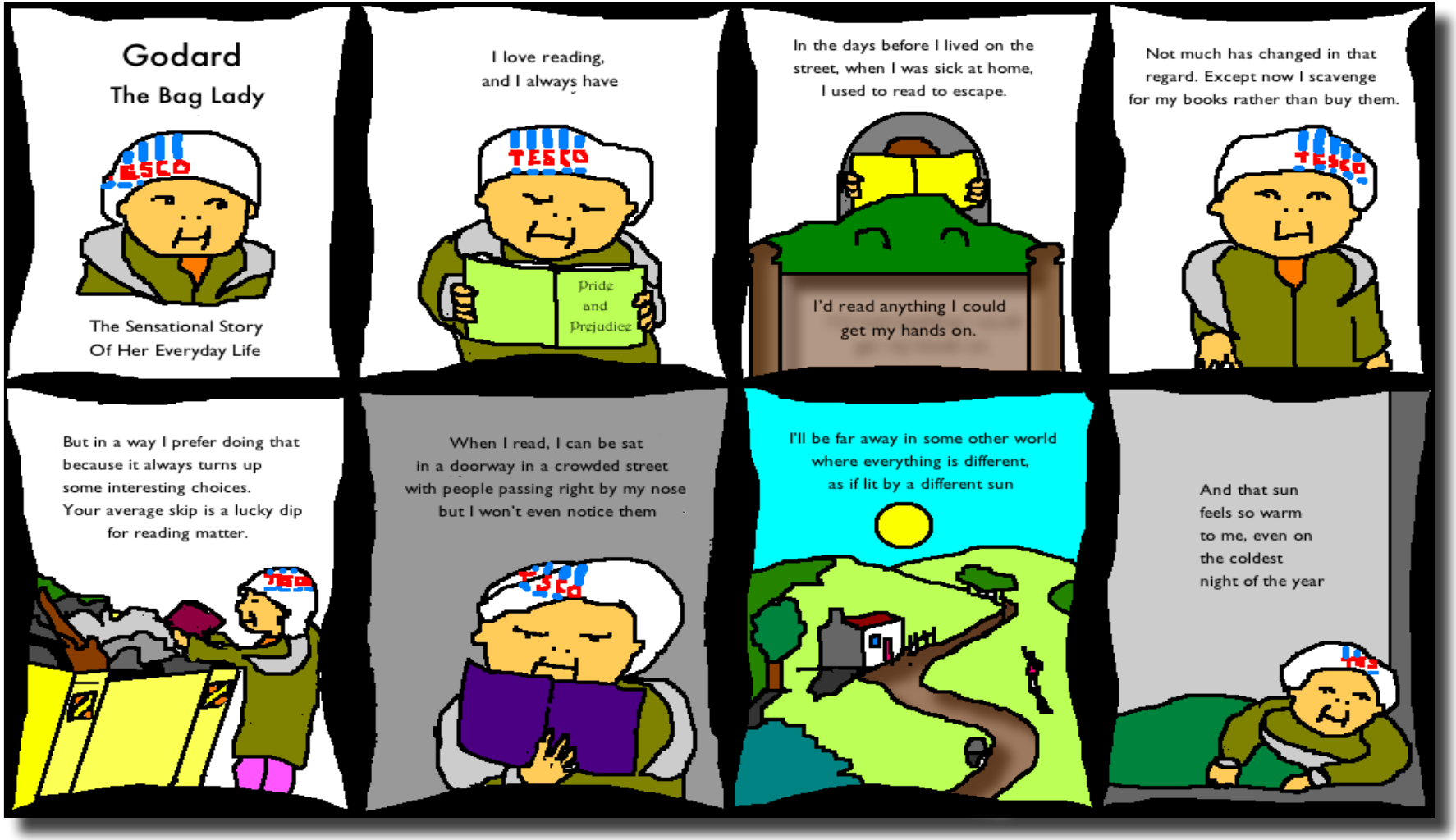
Andrew Pidoux

The Bag lady



Godard
The Bag Lady
The Sensational Story
Of Her Everyday Life
When I was at school
the other kids used to
tease me a lot because
of my name
They didn't know who Jean-Luc
Godard was. All they knew was
that it was weird for a girl
to be called Godard.
Do you think
you're a god?
They used to say.
They also called me
Godard the
Retard
because I was dyslexic.
After a while I hated them
and I hated school too,
which was why I left
as soon as I could
But that's not what led me to the
street. I had well over a decade of
trying to live a normal life before
that happened. I got married,
had a couple of kids.
We weren't rich, but we got by.
The kids drove me mad sometimes
but I cooked and cleaned
for my hubby like a good wife,
and did my shopping at Tesco
But all the while
I had my eye on the street,
a place of endless possibility
and no responsibility.
Seen from my house,
it looked like heaven.

Godard
The Bag Lady
TESCO
The Sensational Story
Of Her Everyday Life
I think I should tell you
about the time I finally gave in
and started living on the street
I had been depressed for months.
My family was getting me down
and the walls of my house
felt like they were closing in
The doctors had put me on
all kinds of meds, but they
just made me sick because
they conflicted with
each other
Then one day I woke up
and thought, "I can't live
another day in this house."
I packed a few things into a bag –
just clothes and a bit of food mostly,
and not forgetting the weed
I had stored under my bed …
I left a note for the kids, who I thought
were old enough to understand
why I had done it
Then I went
outside and
melted into
the street.
I had never
been happier
in my life.


Godard
The Bag Lady
The Sensational Story
Of Her Everyday Life
I love reading,
and I always have
Pride
and
Prejudice
In the days before I lived on the
street, when I was sick at home,
I used to read to escape.
I'd read anything I could
get my hands on.
Not much has changed in that
regard. Except now I scavenge
for my books rather than buy them.
But in a way I prefer doing that
because it always turns up
some interesting choices.
Your average skip is a lucky dip
for reading matter.
When I read, I can be sat
in a doorway in a crowded street
with people passing right by my nose
but I won't even notice them
I'll be far away in some other world
where everything is different,
as if lit by a different sun
And that sun
feels so warm
to me, even on
the coldest
night of the year