Ghosts of Chicago

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Nomads, imprisoned to the streets. Reeking of stale piss and decay. Eyes drawn and faces worn, tattered bags in hand. The living avoid eye contact. As if we can catch their plague. A choice to ignore their pleas. Out of disgust or fear. Their heartache knows no bounds. Yet those that pass without glance are far more empty. Occasionally, one will stop to offer up a small sacrifice of the living world in which they take for granted. Whether it be the ability to bring warmth or the offering to avoid famine. The light of living will begin to spread, flourishing within its invisible friend. But for it is the living that receives the greatest gift of all. The gift of gratitude. Conversation. And the ability to see the other side.

Ghosts of Chicago

ANGELA FERDINANDO

Ferdinando: Ghosts of Chicago

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