

Mind the gap

Oil on canvas

I step off the tube at one of London's Underground stations, home to the homeless, and I hear the prime ministers voice informing us to '@Mind the gap' as we leave the carriage.

This painting portrays that gap, a gap in society which has left thousands of people homeless who are currently sleeping rough on the underground, and indeed on the streets of London

'Mind the gap' has been executed in the style of a London underground tube map, a labyrinth of lines depicting the divers range of social districts situated within a relatively condensed area of our capital.

When observed closely, the repetition of linear marks used in the painting from several figures of whom I met during an afternoon touring this underground of bed and breakfast hotels.

Although it was early afternoon, the clientele were unaware of the time of day, and took no interest in the fact that it was daylight upstairs.

Due to the eager and persistent room service provided by the Government, most of the clientele had been encouraged to 'Move on' and as a result had slept at all of the underground hotels.

TEXT

[Link to Mind the Gap in Portraits](#)

Mind the gap

Come closer
See the lines of sleepers
Laid out in military perspective
Each sleeper a dead soul
Each gap between, their sorrow.

Come nearer
See the lines of bodies
Crumpled with apathy, but like you
They vomit in the morning
And dream at noon

Stand here
See the lines of travellers
Trudging their Districts and Circles
From station to blurred station
Not knowing if they lead or follow.

Now focus
See the lines of shadows
Creeping past the cold bundles
Hurrying home from the homeless, only
O sleep under the same moon.

And before you go
Hook between the lines –
Without a train to take you somewhere
Without a map to guide you
There is no tomorrow a train to take you somewhere

POEM

[Link to Mind the Gap in Portraits](#)