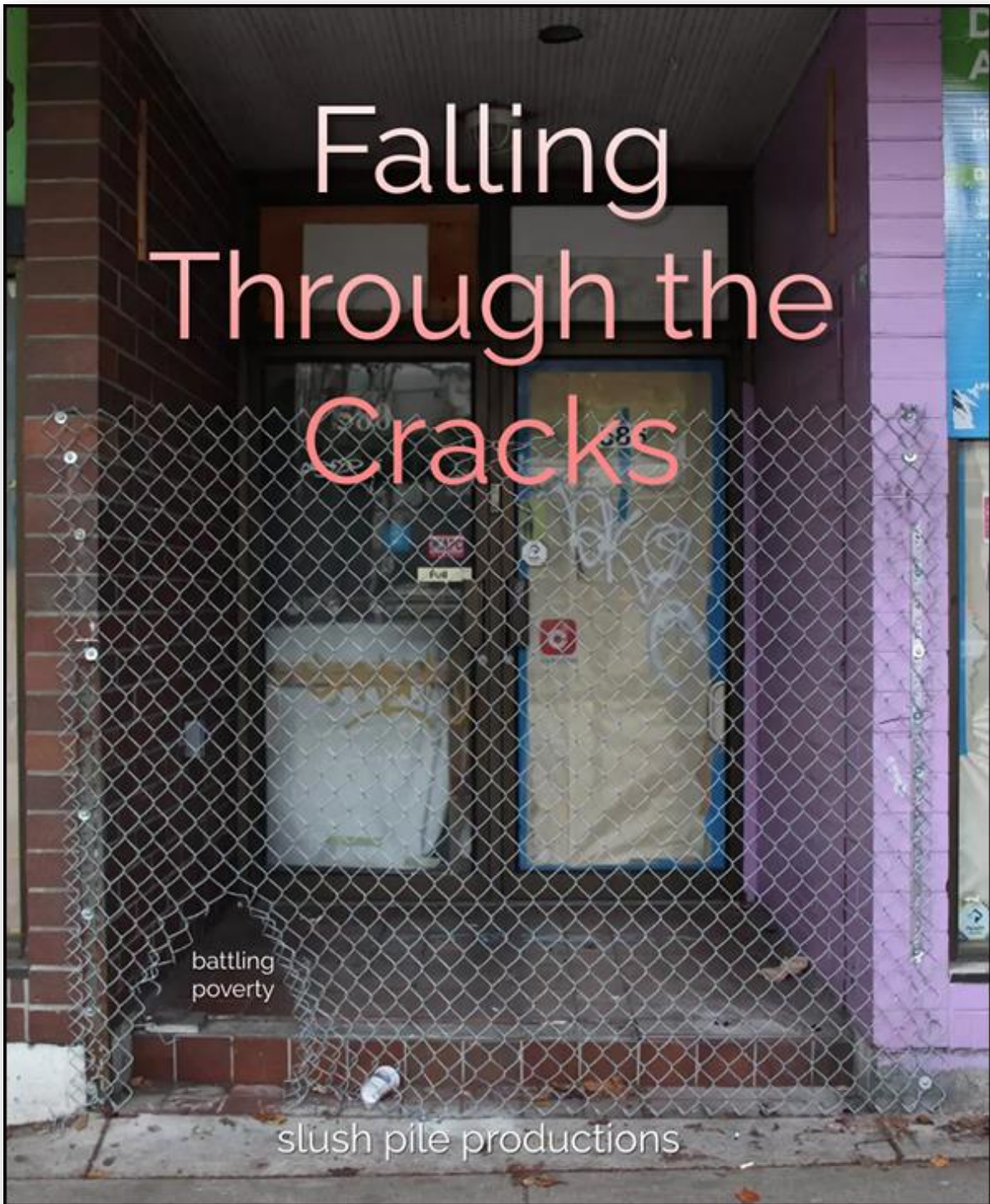


Lindsay Wincherauk

The War on the Poor | by Lindsay Wincherauk |



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In the upscale neighbourhood of Yaletown, where we reside, our lives were abruptly thrown into uncertainty when my long-standing career fell victim to the Covid crisis. Struggling to make ends meet, we often find ourselves with only pennies to spare, overwhelmed by fear and depression, desperately trying to deny our harsh reality.

Surprisingly, we now relate more to the suffering souls on the streets than to our affluent neighbours, who relentlessly strive to eradicate the eyesore of homelessness. Their voices echo in our ears, "Get a Job," "They brought it upon themselves."

Empathy, compassion, and understanding have vanished into thin air.

Of course, no one desires to witness the anguish of individuals on the streets. I certainly don't aspire to become one of them, nor do I wish to be subjected to judgment.

It is vital to remember that individuals facing dire circumstances often do not choose their predicaments. Our inclination to judge and assign blame only intensifies their pain.

In the photograph, you can observe the fenced-up storefronts of a building that houses now-defunct businesses slated for demolition in the upcoming year. This act of enclosing the premises is a blatant display of cruelty perpetrated by the residents of my neighbourhood, who seem to prioritize property values over the inherent injustice of humanity.

It is truly repugnant.

The fencing-up of this building serves as yet another weapon in the ongoing war against the impoverished, sending a clear message to those who have fallen through society's cracks: the privileged view you as subhuman.

These vacant storefronts provide a momentary refuge for those in distress, a brief respite from the elements.

Regrettably, it appears that those who possess abundance feel compelled to vilify those who don't, all in an attempt to elevate their own self-worth.

Humanity must strive to be better.

Let us never lose sight of compassion.

