

This Is 3rd Eye Street Media



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Not a charity brochure. Not a success story factory. Not another soft-focus article about "humanizing the homeless" written by someone who gets to go home afterward.

Not policymakers.

Not outreach organizations addicted to PR language.

Not people who think homelessness is just a sad aesthetic with rain sounds and black coffee.

And definitely not the kind of people who say "these people need help" while speed-walking past someone overdosing outside the Rideau Centre.

No inspirational piano music over somebody's worst moment.

This blog exists because most conversations about poverty are completely detached from the reality of surviving it.

Policy papers. Round tables. Panel discussions. Awareness campaigns. Instagram infographics with rounded corners.

Meanwhile somebody is trying to stay awake all night so their backpack does not get stolen.

That disconnect is the entire problem.

A lot of what you'll read here is ugly because the systems themselves are ugly.

Not dramatic ugly. Not movie ugly. Real ugly.

The kind where people stop treating you like a human being and start treating you like a public

infrastructure issue.

The kind where you spend six hours travelling between services trying to fix a problem another service caused.

The kind where you explain your trauma so many times it starts sounding rehearsed even to yourself.

This page is for the parts people clean out of the final draft.

The waiting. The paranoia. The rage. The absurdity. The fact that surviving poverty is basically a full-time administrative position with no pay and constant psychological warfare.

And yeah, sometimes it is funny too.

Street humour is what happens when everybody is one inconvenience away from a breakdown but still finds a way to laugh at the dumbest possible thing behind a shelter smoking area at one in the morning.

People do not need to become inspirational to deserve dignity.

Essays written from inside the experience.

Policy breakdowns without government-flavoured corporate language.

Stories people usually sanitize beyond recognition.

Dark humour. Anger. Moments that are weirdly beautiful for no reason.

And probably several posts written sleep deprived in a Tim Hortons trying not to lose their mind.

Because honestly, some of them were.

This is not a success story factory.

People do not need recovery arcs, redemption narratives, clean endings, employment statistics, or photogenic resilience before they are allowed to speak.

Some people are still in it.

Actively.

Right now.

That matters too.

Especially now.

Expect: institutional gaslighting, aggressive honesty, system-induced psychological damage, sarcasm as a survival strategy, addiction, homelessness, poverty, death, stigma, survival, and deep disappointment in public systems.

Emotionally unstable levels of realism.

And occasional moments where you realize the "crazy homeless person" was reacting pretty reasonably to insane circumstances.

Document. Archive. Amplify.