



MINIMUM SUGGESTED DONATION TWO DOLLARS.

STREET SHEET IS SOLD BY HOMELESS AND LOW-INCOME VENDORS WHO KEEP 100% OF THE PROCEEDS.

VENDORS RECEIVE UP TO 75 PAPERS PER DAY FOR FREE.

STREET SHEET IS READER SUPPORTED, ADVERTISING FREE, AND AIMS TO LIFT UP THE VOICES OF THOSE LIVING IN POVERTY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

# STREET SHEET

WORDS  
FROM HOMELESS POETS

2

POETRY  
AND PROSE

3

POEMS BY  
INCARCERATED WRITERS

4

THE BEAT WITHIN  
BY JESSE JACKSON

5

SOCIAL JUSTICE  
EVENTS CALENDAR

7

## the POETRY ISSUE

# 2018

### CRAWL SPACE

TONY ROBLES

The streets are  
Crawl spaces  
Where the overseers  
Watch you limp and  
Hobble on stumps  
Made of prosthetic trees

Discarded limbs  
On a canvas  
Where color is  
A concept  
Of absence

Crawl spaces  
Where ants arm  
Themselves with  
Fumes designed and  
Cooked and concocted  
To kill them

And emperors dressed  
In glorified rags and  
The shredded skin of  
The moon say in the  
Tone of an entombed God  
“I go and prepare a crawl  
Space for you”

and we fight over  
That space

Crawling over  
Each other  
Crawling over  
Ourselves

Trying to walk  
Trying to stand  
Under the weight

Of a  
Crawl  
Space  
(C) 2007



FLOUR

STEVE KOPEL

Rolls chased after Royce  
Picking up speed downhill

Empty Seat

TONY ROBLES

There's an  
Empty seat  
On muni

This bus  
Has voided  
And I have avoided  
The fare inspector  
Through the rear  
Door chimney

It must be the  
Holidays and the  
Fare inspectors have  
Grown white beards,  
Gained 200 pounds,  
And the jingle I hear  
Are coins I don't have

There's a seat  
An empty one,  
Two of them...three

A little leg  
Thigh and drumstick  
Room for these bones  
Of mine  
(And maybe a dungeness crab)

It feels good to  
Get a seat

I'm so tired of  
Ducking and dodging  
The glare and glances  
That say everything  
And nothing

But this empty  
Seat is mine  
At this second  
This moment

I'm going to  
Savor it and  
All the memories  
That pass by

Looking out at  
The unfocused  
Images slowly  
Coming into focus

Streets and  
Corners and buildings  
And an occasional face

I have a seat  
Finally, in this  
City of my birth

If only  
For a  
Second

It must be  
The holidays

REVIEW OF TONY ROBLES' BOOK:  
FINGERPRINTS OF A  
HUNGER STRIKE

This amazing col-  
lection of poems

BILAL ALI

and stories, illustrates keen insight from  
a San Francisco soul man. Tony Robles' book exemplifies the spirit and soul of  
a passionate and honest observer of the  
human condition on the San Francisco  
landscape and body politic. Finger-  
prints of a Hunger Strike captures all  
the nuances of The City and its deni-  
zens on a canvas painted with convic-  
tion and selflessness. This work is for  
me, like soul food, which fills me with  
warmth, fullness and savory flavorings.

ASK US ANYTHING

HAVE A QUESTION YOU WANT US TO ANSWER ABOUT HOMELESSNESS OR HOUSING IN THE BAY AREA? ASK US AT STREETSHEET@COHSF.ORG OR (415) 346-3740 AND IT COULD BE ANSWERED IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

LANDLADY

CLYDE ALWAYS

Oh in my youth, I usedta tramp  
the coast of California,  
and mighty fun it was to camp--  
though bitter cold I'll warnya...  
So thus I sought a room to let,  
just somethin' warm and cozy,  
and otherwise would not have met  
the lovely lady Rosie.  
She ran a humble boarding house  
the western side the City;  
she'd not a fam'ly nor a spouse  
but loved a cat named 'Kitty.'  
Her smile'd flash a blinding blur;  
her eyes were grey and steeley;  
her curves were round as peaches; her  
demeanor touchy-feely.  
Now quick the weeks they came and  
went  
and always short on money...  
so, Rosie said, "In lie of rent  
Ya work fer me now Honey..."  
Well, first I hosed her gutters out,  
I did it fast and steady,  
then next, she had me lay some grout  
and boy, my brow was sweaty.  
I cleaned her carpet -- made it gleam --  
the whole time I was humming.  
I poured her puss a splash of cream,  
she found that quite... becoming.  
But then she sent me on my way  
abruptly so and shocking;  
I packed my bag in time to say  
'goodbye' and started walking.  
These days, my youth is gone and dead  
and money ain't no issue,  
yet still, I lay awake in bed  
and weep... into a tissue...  
and reminisce when to my name  
I never had a penny,  
and wonder if she does the same  
but tenants had she many...

STREET ANGELS

JASON KNIGHT

Everyday  
I walk down  
The streets of Saint Francis  
Saint Francis of Assisi  
Washed the feet of the worn and poor  
Everyday  
I see angels in the street  
I see angels at the BART station  
Angels sleeping in the park  
I see it in their eyes  
In their souls  
I feel it in their warmth  
Everyday  
I'm surrounded by angels  
Reach out  
You never know  
When you might need an angel yourself

BETWEEN  
HOMES

DEE ALLEN

About more times  
Than I could count  
All ten fingers  
All ten toes,

I have lived  
Between homes.

Existed in that  
All too common  
Space of homelessness  
Indoors.

A friend's apartment,  
A friend's company,  
Their living room couch  
Where I sought rest in the mean-  
time,  
Their wooden floor  
Where my luggage sat,  
Their lavatory where I  
Cleansed my lean self  
From wooly black head to toe  
In the shower and  
Shaved over their face-bowl,  
Their kitchen where I warmed up  
Or slapped together vegetarian  
Miracles to please my tongue  
with.

A temporary arrangement  
That had grown  
Too old too soon,  
Tested the limits  
Of friendship,  
Yielded no privacy

But time spent upon  
A couch I'd visited  
Often sure enough beats

The parking lot asphalt  
Hard against you back,  
The commands of harassing cops  
GO! MOVE! KICK ROCKS!  
The jail-like atmosphere  
Of public shelters,  
The shelter curfew  
That traps you in at nightfall  
And kicks you out at daybreak,  
The fear of having your  
Luggage stolen in your  
Sleep by far needier hands,  
The unspoken hate  
In another's eyes  
Upon seeing you carry  
Luggage and sleeping-bag down  
This street and that,  
The unoused condition out-  
doors  
The housed assume  
Won't happen to them-----

About more times  
Than I could count  
All ten fingers  
All ten toes,

I have lived  
Between homes.

Existed in that  
All too common  
Space between  
The last home  
And the one  
Home to come.  
W: 4.19.17

COALITION  
ON HOMELESSNESS

The STREET SHEET is a project of the Coalition on Homelessness. The Coalition on Homelessness organizes poor and homeless people to create permanent solutions to poverty while protecting the civil and human rights of those forced to remain on the streets.

Our organizing is based on extensive peer outreach, and the information gathered directly drives the Coalition's work. We do not bring our agenda to poor and homeless people: They bring their agenda to us. We then turn that agenda into powerful campaigns that are fleshed out at our work group meetings, where homeless people come together with their other community allies to win housing and human rights for all homeless and poor people.

WORKGROUP MEETINGS

AT 468 TURK STREET

HOUSING JUSTICE WORK GROUP

Every Tuesday at noon

The Housing Justice Workgroup is working toward a San Francisco in which every human being can have and maintain decent, habitable, safe, and secure housing. This meeting is in English and Spanish and open to everyone!

HUMAN RIGHTS WORK GROUP

Every Wednesday at 12:30 p.m.

The Human Rights Workgroup has been doing some serious heavy lifting on these issues: conducting direct research, outreach to people on the streets, running multiple campaigns, developing policy, staging direct actions, capturing media attention, and so much more. All those down for the cause are welcome to join!

To learn more about COH workgroup meetings,

contact us at : 415-346-3740, or go at : [www.cohsf.org](http://www.cohsf.org)

STREET SHEET STAFF

The Street Sheet is a publication of the Coalition on Homelessness. Some stories are collectively written, and some stories have individual authors. But whoever sets fingers to keyboard, all stories are formed by the collective work of dozens of volunteers, and our outreach to hundreds of homeless people.

Editor, Quiver Watts

Assistant Editor, TJ Johnston

Vendor Coordinator, Scott Nelson

Our contributors include:

Jennifer Friedenbach, Sam Lew,  
Lisa Marie Alatorre, Bob Offer-Westort,  
Jason Law, Jesus Perez, Miguel Carrera,  
Vlad K., Mike Russo, Arendse Skovmoller  
Julia D'Antonio, Chance Martin,  
Irma Núñez, Paul Boden, Lydia Ely,  
Will Daley, Nicholas Kimura  
Matthew Gerring, Jim Beller  
Robert Gumpert, Art Hazelwood,  
the Ghostlines Collective,  
Dayton Andrews, Kelley Cutler,  
Raúl Fernández-Berriozabel,  
Jacquelynn Evans, Roni Diamant- Wilson,  
Julia Barzizza

VOLUNTEER  
WITH US!

PHOTOGRAPHERS  
VIDEOGRAPHERS  
TRANSLATORS  
COMIC ARTISTS  
NEWSPAPER LAYOUT  
WEBSITE  
MAINTENANCE  
GRAPHIC  
DESIGNERS  
INTERNS  
WRITERS

DONATE  
EQUIPMENT!

LAPTOPS  
DIGITAL CAMERAS  
AUDIO RECORDERS  
SOUND EQUIP-  
MENT

CONTACT:

STREETSHEET@

# HOMELESS LESSIONS, TO RACHEL LYRA

DAVID KUBRIN - JULY 24 2017

If human shit on the sidewalk offends you  
Think where you would crap  
In the middle of the night  
If you were forced to live on the streets;

If walking by sidewalk tent  
Encampments is uncomfortable  
For you, imagine how a 30% rent  
Increase, loss of job, sudden  
Hospitalization, or owner-move-in  
Could pull the rug out  
From under you, the many possible  
Trajectories from security & safety  
To the chaos of precarity when lacking  
Shelter-- all too easy  
To imagine (& then dismiss);

If the scattered empties, wasted  
Faces, ragged clothes soiled  
With the grime of urban elements,  
& the needles in the gutters scare  
You, consider what cheap escape  
You would turn to if continual danger,  
Sleeping on wet pavements, hunger, &  
Roused by cops or DPW at 4AM on a daily  
Basis tore your humanity & your soul  
To shreds & eliminated any hopes  
You once might have borne;

Consider too how having  
To confront the shit, the tents,  
The meth-depleted faces  
Nearly every day teaches powerful  
Lessons, lessons mothers can convey  
To offspring, teachers to students, landlords  
To tenants, and foremen to laborers  
About just how much shit they will  
Be willing to put up with at school, apart-  
ment,  
And job, & the many injustices they will wit-  
ness  
But do nothing about because they know  
How much worse their life  
Could really be;

Lastly ponder whether these lessons  
Might account for the curious fact  
That those having both the power  
& the resources actually to banish  
Homelessness & the vast inequalities  
Everywhere make noise but do little  
Else precisely because those lessons  
Provide a vital cement  
Binding together an inhumane system  
Riven with contradictions &  
Having serious cracks in its facade.

## DOLPHINS

JOSIAH MARTINEZ

No pathologies son, Don't be a hurt little boy.  
You look into my eyes with such sorrow shy symphonies exchanging  
glances with your maker, in the form of raw ecstasy  
Latin decadence.  
For the gift of rhythm is engraved in your essence Alluring mistakes  
don't conceive you to be,  
A dolphin amongst vultures, nesting in upturned realities.  
Majestic muses prince and prance,  
They become objects of desire, obscured in a distant Neverland.  
Dress to show flesh, heart wounded like a gored bull, you navigate  
through the sea of life, ubiquitous like a tool.  
To use.  
To see  
To fulfill many fantasies.  
There are no walls,  
There are no locks,  
Cops cruise and patrol your block.  
You've survived these cold dark streets, under the amber-lit lights,  
Generating buzz and excitement,  
for all the lonely cars, cruising through the night.  
A chance to make a profit prompts promising pleasures,  
To the vulture who surrounds you and makes you part of its equation.  
Your a misfit, trying to survive, paving your own lane.  
Your body pays for the walls you live in- where you create and  
medicate.

The talent to romanticizes a glorious lifestyle, here in the Bay.  
Yet you are astray  
You choose to stay, never swimming too far from the waters, that heal  
your pain. Wet dreaming of distant dreams that just may never see the  
light of day.  
Where do you go, from here?

## THANKS

TAMMY MARTIN

Thoughtful  
Harmony  
All loving  
Non-conditional  
Kind  
Serving in positivity

To be a human being in your day by day life,  
give thanks at the end of the day. We must  
stop waiting for November to be thankful,  
just because it's Thanksgiving. November  
is the month of Thanksgiving. Do we really  
do this only in the eleventh month of the  
year? Thank you! I feel an overall perspective  
should be an everyday saying. To be thank-  
ful of giving positively, positive every day, all  
day, every month, all year.  
“Thanks”.  
I appreciate November the month of Thanks-  
giving, I feel I'm not alone in spreading  
positivity around. At least people try in this  
month and I am thankful.  
“GRACIAS”  
Thankful I live in the United States of Amer-  
ica with a variety if human beings, Asian,  
Vietnamese, Chinese, Puerta Rican, Indian,  
Mexican, Cuban, Nigerian, Hindu, Iranian  
we all live in a nation together. Thankful  
we have a secure place, thankful we walk  
around in peace. Thanks.

## CONCRETE AWAKENINGS

ERVIN WATERS

Laying on this ground  
I open my eyes to the  
night stars  
Replaying my timeline  
Heaven isn't hard to  
find  
Did I miss my turn?  
Stoned out my mind  
Blind of my shine at  
times  
The onlookers and  
passerby's dark stares  
only reinforces that no  
one cares  
But the Lord  
does!!!!!!!

IMAGE FOUND ON HERCAMPUS.COM

## DAPHNE

RAINA HUNTER

Daphne was my friend, curiously perched in the twilight shadows of the streets. She was born a boy, but identified as a female. Smoky blue eyes she coated with mascara and a dusting of purple eyeshadow. She lived on the fringes of society, but was forever remembered as a diva of the Castro. She has friends and a couch to sleep on sometimes. At night, when the creeps and lonely people ventured outside their cages, Daphne would put on a ton of makeup and model-stomp the backstreets meeting strange men for money.

Many years ago, transgender folks were hard-pressed to find a job. Only because they were never hired. Like young spring flowers stagnating in an abandoned garden they fended for themselves against discrimination. They still face this stigma today in the workforce, military and outside their front door, if they have one.

One night, trying to round up some business, Daphne was jumped by a group of men and beat up pretty bad. I never forgot her blue eyes filling with tears as she told me the story. Just because she wore makeup and a dress. Personally, I feel more threatened at someone carrying a briefcase. There was blood all over the face of my friend. She holed up in a house with an old man and became a recluse, too afraid to go outside.

Daphne's mother had green eyes, tropical lagoons where Daphne roe dolphins to escape her mother's apathy. Now she hides like a prisoner in a tall tree because she represents a freeomd people didn't want to understand. Desire is who you go to bed with. Gender is who you go to bed with. Hatred is a serious form of poverty. In the sun, the clouds, the long night and short blades of summer, memories haunt the long corridor of my mind. Be nice to each other.

## KINDNESS

S. PHAETON

You do not need to see the bottom  
to know the lake is full  
you do not need to count the stars  
to know there is no limit to the world.  
Distracted through the day  
by our fears and loves and sorrows  
we are a part of that which has no center  
the thread that quilts our lives together.

An overflow of kindness surrounds us  
from the day we are born.  
Set adrift on a breathable sea of light and air  
powered by the tides of the sun and endowed  
with seamless growth and sleep's repair  
our share in life is kindness  
it is kindness that we share.

Whether we breathe it in or breathe it out  
we walk through time united by this  
kith or kin we are all the same kind:  
and if we wish to tithe the lot that we receive  
we need to be reminded to endure and forbear  
to not be eaten by our anger  
or diminished by our despair.

## LIKE SANDS IN THE HOURGLASS SO ARE THE EVENTS IN OUR LIVES!!!

DANIEL PE Ñ A

Looking up at the Stars in the Galaxy and  
Space  
I see a trickle of the Human Race,  
as the Holiday nears,  
And we bring in the brand new year!!!!!!  
At Two Thousand and  
Eighteen is certainly Clear.

As I wonder about the gifts I bring and the  
Christmas carols that I Awesome sing!  
And the brand new friends  
that this office brings.  
The challenges and struggles  
that homelessness brings  
I certainly wonder about my 24 carat  
diamond and gold ring!!

As I remember the Years of friends gone by!!  
I suddenly get Tears  
And I just want to cry. But then I remember  
that I have to stay strong  
And as we stay busy that year continues on!!  
As challenges continue  
and enduring we strive!!  
I have to remember we are all  
an amazing tribe!!

# Before I begin this poem ...

## I'd like to ask you to join me in a moment of silence...

### The Beat Within Jesse Jackson

In honor of those who died in the World Trade Center and the Pentagon  
On September 11th 2001 ...  
I'd also like to ask you to offer up a moment of silence ...  
For all those who've been harassed, imprisoned, disappeared, tortured, raped or killed in retaliation for those strikes ... for the victims in Afghanistan, Iraq, in the U.S. and throughout the world ...

And if I could add just one more thing ...

A day of silence.

For the tens of thousands of Palestinians who died at the hands of U.S.-backed Israeli forces over decades of occupation.  
Six months of silence ...  
For the million and a half Iraqi people ... mostly children ... who died of malnourishment or starvation as a result of a twelve-year U.S. embargo against that country ... before the war ever began ... and now ... the drums of war beat again ...  
Before I begin this poem...  
Nine months of silence  
For the dead in Hiroshima and

Nagasaki  
Where death rained down and peeled back every layer  
Of concrete, steel, earth and skin  
And the survivors  
Well they went on as if they were alive ...

### One year of silence ...

For the millions dead in Vietnam ... a people ... not a war ... for those who know a thing or two about the scent of burning fuel — their relatives' bones buried in it — their babies born of it ...  
Two months of silence ...  
For the decade of dead in Colombia ... whose names ... like the corpses they once represented ... have piled up and slipped off our tongues ...  
Before I begin this poem ...  
Seven days of silence ... for El Salvador  
A day of silence ... for Nicaragua  
Five days of silence ... for the

Guatemalans  
None of whom ever knew a moment of peace in their living years ...  
**1,955 miles of silence ...**  
For every desperate body that burns in the desert sun  
Drowned in swollen rivers at the pearly gates to the empire's underbelly  
A gaping wound sutured shut by razor and corrugated steel ...  
Twenty-five years of silence ...  
For the millions of Africans who found their graves far deeper in the ocean than any building could poke into the sky  
For those who were strung and swung from the height of sycamore trees  
In the South  
The North  
The East  
The West  
There will no DNA testing or dental records to identify their remains ...  
100 years of silence ...  
For the hundreds of millions of indigenous people from this half of right now  
Whose land and lives were stolen  
In postcard-perfect plots like  
Pine Ridge  
Wounded Knee  
Sand Creek

### The True Legacy of the Black Woman Billie McPhee

There is nothing in the world that's of a greater value to me than you- the Black woman mother of civilization - first Lady of the universe to who all praises are due!

And truly  
had it not been for our foreparents the great Kings and Queens of Egpy, Asia, and Africa, who gave birth to All other nations And taught them how to live - you would have never known your total worth as a Black woman that which history tried to despoil and rob you of mentally, physically, And spiritually, with hopes of burying deep,  
the true  
legacy of the Black woman!

### "Thru My Window!"

De Angelo Sanchez

Barbaric, struggle going on among pirates...  
One part poitics, the other the justice system.  
Thought it was, an Illusion, tell I got lost 2 the Corporation.  
Billions of dollars they make, from my Isolation from my loved ones,  
And Fam. I guess, it's really metaphorical, for supply and demand.  
Every time I try 2 stand, I fall deeper into the Quicksand they Call "system". They say "U gotta stand for something, and fall for nothing!"  
What if, I say "I give!" does that make me a sucker!?  
Corruption in this system makes me a casualty of mass imprisonment War.  
Their rights, our way of life, my wrongs really of Conscience; wrongs or right silence. Consequences, is no justice, no peace of mind or privacy. Then they make, Petty  
policys so we look as if we're not worthy of Being called... Human Beings...So  
Many getting Brain Washed, 2 Believe in a lie. Put ur faith in A hieroglyphic design to destruct enough to die. And there is so much Negative energy, the Positives looks like specks..."  
Thru My Window!"

### Learn 2 Love You Tanda V. Davis

I guess they wonder  
Where I been  
Searched through the Pain  
To find the love inside  
To reverse  
I was sleep  
Homeless on the ground one night  
When I heard the voice of God  
Come to me  
And this is what he told me  
He said  
"You can still have a good life  
As long as you don't give up  
You will suffer in life but  
Don't give up"  
When we are born  
Of course we want the best life  
This is True  
But you can't do a thing

Fallen Timbers  
Or the Trail of Tears  
Names now reduced to  
innocuous magnetic poetry  
On the refrigerator of  
our consciousness ...  
From the somewhere within the  
pillars of power ...  
You open your mouth to invoke a  
moment of silence ...  
And we are all left speechless  
Our tongues snatched from our  
mouths  
Our eyes stapled shut  
A moment of silence ...  
And the poets are laid to rest  
The drums disintegrated to dust ...  
Before I begin this poem.  
You want a moment of silence ...  
You mourn now as if the world will  
never be the same  
While the rest of us hope to  
hell that it won't be  
Not like it always has been  
Because you see  
This isn't a 9/11 poem  
This is a 9/10 poem!  
A 9/9 poem!  
A 9/8 poem!  
A 9/7 poem!  
This is a 1619 poem!  
A 1492 poem!  
This is a poem about what causes  
poems like this to be written  
But if it is a 9/11 poem  
It's a September 11, 1973 poem for  
the people of Chile  
It's a September 12, 1977 poem for  
the Steven Biko of South Africa

It's a September 13, 1971 poem for  
the brothers at Attica prison in  
New York  
It's a September 14, 1992 poem for  
the people of Somalia  
This is a poem for every date that  
falls to the ground  
Amidst the ashes of amnesia  
This is a poem for the 110 stories  
that were never told  
The 110 stories that history  
uprooted from its textbooks  
The 100 stories that CNN, ABC, The  
New York Times and Newsweek  
ignored  
This is a poem to  
interrupt their programs  
This is not a peace poem  
Not some poem of forgiveness  
This is a justice poem  
A poem for never forgetting  
This is a poem to remind us  
That all that glitters  
Might just be  
Broken glass  
And still you want a moment of  
silence for the dead?  
We could give you  
lifetimes of empties;  
The unmarked graves  
Lost languages  
The uprooted trees and histories  
The dead stares on the faces of  
nameless children.  
Before I begin this poem ...  
We could be silent forever ...  
Or just long enough to hunger for  
the dust to bury us  
And would you still ask us for more

of our silence ...  
Well if you want a  
moment of silence ...  
Then stop the oil pumps  
Turn off the engines  
The televisions  
Sink the cruise ships  
Crash the stock markets  
Unplug the marquee lights  
Delete the emails and  
instant messages  
Derail the trains and  
ground the planes  
If you want a moment of silence  
...  
Put a brick through the window  
of Taco Bell  
And pay the workers  
for wages lost ...  
Tear down the Liquor stores  
The Townhouses  
The Penthouses  
The Jail houses  
And the White Houses  
If you want a moment of silence ...  
Then take it now!  
Before this poem begins  
Here's your silence  
Take it!  
Take it all!  
But don't cut in line

Let your silence begin  
At the beginning of  
crime ...

Light At the End  
of the Tunnel

Tariq Jahad

In my Cellblock  
Ducking suckers  
And cops,  
Drama never stops,  
No need to be specific;  
It's prison, that's to  
Be expected-headphones on,  
In my own zone  
Listening to music,  
Making my life terrific;  
God feels your pain,  
God feels your pain,  
God feels your pain,  
Suited and booted  
In the wee hours,  
An idiosyncrasy of a poet  
Writing rhymes  
For the people to devour  
And develop power,  
God feels your pain,  
God feels your pain,  
God feels your pain,  
When you're trapped in the rain  
And you're calling His name,  
The storm took your house away,  
You're going insane,  
God feels your pain,  
God feels your pain,  
When you're down on your luck  
And you wanna give up,  
Because the road is tough  
God feels your pain,  
God feels your pain,  
God feels your pain.

Until you learn 2 Love you  
People gossiped and they talked  
about me  
I was on the ground  
Tapped out  
Messed up  
From all the pain  
I felt, endured, and seen  
Then one night  
I heard the voice of God  
Come to me  
And this is what He told me  
He said  
"You can still have a good life  
As long as you don't give up  
You will suffer in life but  
you don't  
Give up"  
What you need to do  
Is learn 2 Love you  
You will suffer in life  
But don't give up.

Empty Cells

Anthony Robinson

Doctors confined  
Inside the same open sore  
wounds  
That they bandage up but  
never heal;  
A Mother's weary heart confined  
Inside the knowing that the  
Devil's playground  
Is the only recreation that this  
community can afford.  
God confined to  
a myopic dream,  
Settles indifference smuggled  
into His creation  
As a result of the humanity  
trying to fly too close to the sun  
With no experience of the  
lightness that comes with being  
humbled.

A single mother confined  
To the ultra sounds murmurs of  
her child  
Saying prayers that will never  
surface;  
Because the ga-ga goo-goos are  
a chanting mechanism and not  
just gibberish,  
But who will bend an ear low  
enough to recognize the sweet  
hymn?  
A prisoner confined  
To the knowledge of freedom  
That he can only  
share with God  
Because it's not the  
bars that suffocate  
But the distance of the stars  
I had to navigate  
To find my purpose and know  
what worth is

To make a man clasp  
his hands in  
service and you think  
He praying but no words  
surface,  
He's just listening to God's  
heart within his grasp...  
The message is clear;  
This ain't livin'  
If the keys you're reachin'  
Only enforce one  
side of the prism;  
Cause every cell is empty  
Until you adjust the lenses  
And see that angels dance to  
**a convict's heart rhythms...**

\*\*\*

THE MAY DAY ARCANES

JACK HIRSCHMAN

1.  
On May Day, tomorrow, sometimes in the course of the day,  
I'll take your hand, sister, I'll take yours, brother, and lift  
our arms all together in honor of the workers' holiday,  
  
and the Internationale we'll be singing tomorrow will also  
remember that today Hitler blew his brains out 72 years ago  
like all war criminals should at any moment, and that today  
  
42 years ago the great people of Vietnam won an unforgettable  
victory for Socialism over the same brutal machine that beat  
Rodney King of Los Angeles 26 years ago and set off actions  
  
in states like Washington, Nevada, Illinois, because the hunger  
for justice that's coming, that's already manifesting for food  
in Haiti, Egypt, Nicaragua, Pakistan, Venezuela, the hunger  
  
that's joined to the will of that deathless invincible Union  
of the spirit of Revolution, that hunger which has already  
given birth to 23 years of Mayan resistance, which defies  
  
the mass production of outright lies about how delicious life  
tastes with individual choices and forgets about the children  
dropping dead of starvation, even here in the other America---  
  
O, if ever there was a time to get off both sides of our asses  
and go to the bottom of the pot and see that it's empty and  
the kids need food. O, if ever we were urged to remember  
  
today and tomorrow that this is the centennial year of the  
noblest most daring transformation of the working-class in  
the history of the world, and that with the loudmouthing  
  
neo-fascist trumpery threatening these days to imprison  
human compassion for the crime of not accepting a deal to  
deport more brothers and sisters, to divide whole families  
  
and to make more wars---O, if ever there was a need for  
genuine Revolution in the United States of America, it's  
Now !  
  
2.  
So many wars, mass massacres, tsunami deportations, rapes  
of children under 10, the starving of millions upon millions  
all for a piece of bread, the monstrous vacuum that sucks  
  
the milk from Africa's breast, so that today feels more like  
Mayday ! Mayday ! an emergency cry, an SOS because  
drug wars, gangs, Guantanemos---everywhere one turns a  
  
prison's waiting for you to grow up helpless, jobless, homeless  
hungry for that piece of bread, even if out of work, even if on  
the dole for crumbs instead of rolling in dough, still your heart  
  
unfurls the best banner in any neighborhood, city, state, nation  
or continent, the one that shouts out loudly HAPPY MAY DAY !  
and takes rat fascism by the tail and flings it till it's nevermore.  
  
Capitalism's rotten gyzym's making robobabies and fink-a-gogos  
that steal human solitude as well as everybody's pocket, so yes,  
it's time to take the system to the pawnshop and hock it, forget  
  
about your ticket and start thinking about a picket (and I don't  
mean a fence, I mean offense !), and then you'll spring and it'll  
be May Day and not helplessly, not Mayday ! Mayday !---  
  
Flowers that didn't know what they were called before will hear  
their names, and trees will speak and fish swim fingillygilly  
'round the lakes of human eyes, and I'll hear your smile from  
  
a thousand miles away. Lift those May Day eyes, camerados. What  
Judy said that Joe Hill sang many unwobbling years ago still holds  
true : Don't moan or mourn. Organize. For me. For you. For all.  
  
3.  
Oh show us the way to the next wikileaks, oh don't ask why, just  
don't ask why. For we must find the next rotten war where people  
are dying, children are dying, so we can put our system in a vise,  
  
that's my advice, my good old advice, and stop pimperialist lies  
that are making whores of our daughters and our wives, and all  
around the world are murdering our sons and other young guys.  
  
Oh show us the way to Julian Assange and Chelsea Manning  
---Free Chelsea Manning !---for we smell the whole rotting  
stench, and unless we smell the whole rotting stench, we'll  
  
never break from the Two, which are really One Doo-Doo of  
a Capitalist Party, of the Capitalist Party and we'll always be  
the shit that hits the fan, always fall to the Democraplicans.  
  
Oh show us the way to the People's victory. O yes, do ask how ?  
First, kiss off bourgeois democracy, 'cause you're never getting  
back the job you were fired from, and you're not a scary giant  
  
with a fee-fi-fo and fum, and the only millionaire you dig is  
Timmy Lincecum, and the only Mayday mission's this : Get  
rid of those lieing war-mongering bums, O yes, that's the way.  
  
The New Class dreams from each according to their ability to  
each according to their need---nothing else and nothing less for  
you and all that's yours and all that will be all of ours in the future.

THE HOMELESS ARE HUMAN

I'm Homeless  
I'm Human  
I'm a Person  
I'm Here.

ANTOINE SANIDAD

You ask me to move along  
I ask you to move along where  
And when I move to a new destination  
I'm almost certain you'll be there waiting.  
Telling me I can't reside on this sidewalk  
Nobody listening it's too much side talk.  
Keep in mind you could one day be  
In my shoes feeling my Blues  
Working with my tools  
Make no mistake  
This is a war  
This is a fight

FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT HOW TO GET INVOLVED,  
CONTACT QUIVER WATTS AT QWATTS@COHSF.ORG

LET'S DEHONE THE ELLIS AX

JACK HIRSCHMAN

Think of it, the word itself,  
landlord, redounding  
to almost feudal roots:  
the lord of the land.

And tenant from the having  
and occupying a space.

Ah but with the landlord's  
pee-pee, his deadly little  
pee-pee for private property,  
the lord of the land can  
make it so the tenant  
can't have can't occupy  
the space rightfully his or hers.

Private property is interested  
only in one thing: the other  
pee, for profit. So he can  
show the door to you and me,  
can simply tear up our tenancy  
and quite concretely show us  
the way to the concrete street.

That's what some of our friends  
and specifically Diego De Leo  
of North Beach here is facing,  
he who at 77 after his beloved

wife passed away, began to  
live the miracle of her being  
reborn by becoming a poet  
in the house they'd lived in.

And now the Ellis Ax wants  
to chop his voice from where  
it was born four years ago.  
Everywhere rents go higher,  
Our rights expire, and we ask:  
Can we have a city, can we  
refuse to be pissed upon  
by the lords of the land?

Yes, we can demand that  
housing no longer be for  
profit so that everyone  
can be free of the curse  
of skyhigh robbing rent,  
and all people live daily  
with the new three pees:

for Passion, Provocation  
and the Prophecy that  
means a future where  
everyone has landed  
and is lord of his or her  
living space.

Is It Just Me?

TINA BRIGHAM

Don't hate the messenger...  
I just call it as I see...  
I look from within observing from afar...  
Correct me if I am wrong, it comes to no surprise we're living in the last days and times...  
Meanwhile racial tension continues to escalate...  
While the white privileged exercise their positions...  
As for lady justice she never clung to the heart strings of many...  
And  
Righteousness is obsolete!  
Lady liberty her scales have flipped and turned over...  
She fail to carry her own weights, she finds herself hanging with no balance...  
Her chains are hanging ropes...  
Only to discover there was never any social justice!  
It's just us...  
Now here were are in the year of 2018 and blacks are being sold into slavery?  
There's nothing new under the sun...  
And...  
As sure as the sun and moon revolve around the earth, unless they spin opposite directions  
father time is sure to repeat...  
You tell me!  
Is it social injustice or is it just me?  
Black markets are booming black children bought and sold to the highest bidder...  
I've come to the conclusion that this ain't an allusion...  
Our young girls are forced into sex trafficking  
prostitution...  
It's convenient for us to stay silent; our people chose to wear muzzles on their mouths and  
blindfolds on their eyes...  
And...  
Most of us are so busy chasing that dollar..  
As long as it doesn't hit home, why should I be concern?  
Liquefied black genie in the bottle creates wishes...  
Honey melted black vanilla kisses...  
Our Melanin sold bottled by the ounce, injected under the skin to keep the UV rays out...  
I don't see it getting any better...  
We're being auctioned off as chattel...  
Hated by all envied by many...  
Yet, were set on display as fashion models auctioned off as trendy commodities...  
Studied and psychoanalyzed under the microscope...  
We're the black Hebrew Holocaust presented as tattooes painted in red crimson blood used in  
rituals as  
sacrifices...  
Now, you tell me is it social injustice or is it just me!

I DIDN'T HEAR IT

SHERRY MEANS

Nigger, Sambo, Darcy, Coon  
some say "yes'um", some say "what did you say?", some say "I didn't hear it".  
Black lives matter  
They do?  
Systemic Racism--exploitation, oppression, resources and rights denied,  
mass incarceration  
Who? Where?  
Racial segregation in the United States  
What? When?  
Jim Crow born 1890, died 1965  
Who? Who?  
Billie Holiday saw strange fruit on southern trees  
She did?  
Internalized Racism--Acting white, black on black crime, self-hatred  
Huh?? what are you talking about?  
Jigaboo, Blacky, Mammy, Pickaninny  
some say "yes'um", some say "what did you say?", some say, "I didn't hear it".

Since 1989, the STREET SHEET has been an independent media organization that  
provides a powerful platform to homeless people to reclaim and shift narratives  
about homelessness in San Francisco. visit [www.cohsf.org](http://www.cohsf.org) and click “Donate

| SOCIAL JUSTICE CALENDAR<br>DECEMBER   |   |   |  |
|---|---|---|--|
| JANUARY<br>6  | JANUARY<br>9  | JANUARY<br>16   | JANUARY<br>17  |
| <b>CITY RISING: PUBLIC LAND FOR PUBLIC GOOD!</b><br><br><b>WHERE:</b> FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF OAKLAND, 2501 HARRISON ST, OAKLAND<br><br>A screening of the new documentary special, CITY RISING, examining gentrification in California, followed by a discussion about the use of Public Land in Oakland. | <b>DEPORT ICE: THE RESOLUTION TO END COOPERATION WITH ICE</b><br><br><b>WHERE:</b> OAKLAND CITY HALL 250 FRANK H OGAWA PLZ, OAKLAND<br><br>Oakland’s Public Safety Committee will debate a resolution from Desley Brooks and Rebecca Kaplan to end all Oakland Police Department cooperation with ICE.  | <b>TRANSPORTATION GENTRIFUKATION OF OAKLAND - PRESS CONFERENCE /RAL</b><br><br><b>WHERE:</b> OSCAR GRANT PLAZA<br><br>How Bus Rapid Transit (BRT) Is Kicking Out Our Neighborhoods . The continual displacement of our neighborhoods by corporate transportation agencies and government. | <b>BENEFIT FOR BAY AREA WOMEN AGAINST RAPE- SARCHASM, MYA BYRNE</b><br><br><b>WHERE:</b> THE OCTOPUS LITERARY SALON 2101 WEBSTER ST @ 22ND<br>Scene In Opposition is organizing a benefit concert against sexual violence in the Bay Area, featuring local ponk heroes Sarchasm, singer/songwriter Mya Byrne from the fabulous Homobiles, and queerdo-punks Lavender Scared. |
| JANUARY<br>18   | JANUARY<br>20   | JANUARY<br>26   | JANUARY<br>31  |
| <b>QUEER ANCESTORS PROJECT EXHIBITION</b><br><br><b>WHERE:</b> STRUT, 470 CASTRO ST, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94114<br><br>The Queer Ancestors Project Presents Prints by Queer and Trans Emerging Artists. Opening Reception & Print Sale   | <b>WOMEN’S MARCH SAN FRANCISCO</b><br><br><b>WHERE:</b> CIVIC CENTER<br><br>This rally and march is designed to engage and empower all people to support women’s rights, human rights, civil rights, disability rights, LGBTQIA rights, workers rights, immigrant rights, reproductive rights, Indigenous people’s rights and social and environmental justice. | <b>POWER NOT PARANOIA: A DISCUSSION ABOUT DIGITAL SURVEILLANCE</b><br><br><b>WHERE:</b> 1330 BROADWAY, SUITE 300, OAKLAND<br><br>Join us for a panel presentation about the current state of surveillance.  | <b>STREET SHEET MUSIC</b><br><br><b>WHERE:</b> EL RIO, 3158 MISSION ST, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94110 9PM-12AM<br><br>A night of music and poetry, raising money to benefit San Francisco’s Coalition on Homelessness. Plus raffles, Street Sheets, and an open jam session.   |

# My CREATIVE SPACE

GIANNI JONES

I CREATE SPACE FOR MYSELF TO FEEL, TO LOVE, TO GROW  
HUMANITY IN ITS ESSENCE IS ADDRESSING THE NEEDS OF EVERY HUMAN ACROSS THE GLOBE  
I ADVOCATE FOR RESOLUTIONS THAT UPLIFT AND EDIFY OTHERS  
TO BUILD COMMUNITIES THAT SUPPORT AND HUMANIZE ONE ANOTHER  
NOT TO LIVE IN A PERFECT WORLD BUT TO LIVE THE ESSENCE OF HUMANITY IN EVERY WAY  
I LEARN TO EDUCATE, I EDUCATE TO GROW, I HEAL THE HEART OF A HUMBLED SOUL  
FOR THOSE THAT LIVE BY COMPASSION AND INDULGE IN HOPE  
THIS IS FOR YOU  
SEEK JUSTICE, LOVE WHAT IS KIND, AND ACCEPT THAT EVERYONE HAS FLAWS BUT CAN CHANGE OVER TIME  
TO LOVE EVERY DAY, LIVE IN SPIRITUAL WAYS, HEAL IN EVERY WAY  
I FEEL, I LOVE, AND I GROW, I GROW THROUGH THESE WEEDS OF CAPITALISM, RACISM, SEXISM, AND TERRORISTIC MINDS  
THAT ATTEMPT TO HAVE SO MANY IN BONDAGE, MENTAL, PHYSICAL, AND EMOTIONAL PAIN (BONDAGE)  
HUMAN CONDITIONS CAN NO LONGER BE FALLACIES TO THOSE THAT MAKE PUBLIC POLICIES TO GOVERN THE SAME  
HELP US HEAL, LET US GROW INSTEAD OF BEING IN BONDAGE BY SYSTEMATIC IMPURITIES AND POLITICAL WOES,  
SO I REFLECT ON WHAT'S BEST FOR ME  
I MAKE PROMISES TO MYSELF ON A DAILY LIKE:  
ALWAYS LIVE A LIFE OF GRATITUDE,  
NEVER LET THE HATE OF OTHERS CONSUME YOU,  
GIVE LOVE FREELY WITHOUT CONDITIONS,  
OPEN YOUR MIND TO OTHERS OPINIONS AND BEWARE OF INTENTIONS,  
CREATIVELY WRITE THE FRUSTRATIONS AWAY,  
FIGHT FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE, EQUALITY, AND PRAY,  
BLACK FEMINIST TO THE CORE,  
MAKE BELL HOOKS PROUD AND MAYA ANGELOU SOAR,  
HONOR DIVERSITY, ERASE RACISM, SEXISM, AND HATE,  
I HONOR MYSELF THROUGH LOVE, AND EDUCATING MY MIND,  
I CARE FOR MYSELF THROUGH THE CREATION OF SPACE AND TIME  
MY CREATIVE SPACE

# A HOME LOST

ANONYMOUS

ONE DAY OUT OF THE BLUE I JOYE WHERE I STOOD;  
AS I REMBERNIST ABOUT MY NEIGHBORHOOD ;  
WONDERING WHAT HAD HAPPEN TO EVERYTHING I POSSESS  
FROM MY HOUSE, CAR PROPERTY WHICH FILL ME WITH HAPPENS;  
IN ALL THE THINGS HAD DISAPEAR OUT OF MY CONTROL;  
IN NOW IM COVER IN DIRT AND SMELL LIKE MOLD;  
TRYING ONLY TO SURRVIVE DAY BY DAY TRYING TO PASS BY;  
I STRUGGLE STILL HAD TO LOOK PEOPLE IN THE EYE;  
MY PAIN IN MY BODY IN BACK DO GROW;  
I FIGHT TO TAKE YET ON ANOTHER STEP FORWARD;  
THE REAL THING IS BEING HOMELESS IS NOT A CRIME;  
THESE ARE THOUGHTS NOT ONLY ON MY MIND BUT ALL  
THAT ARE HOMELESS THIS WHAT YOU'LL FIND.

# SILICON CITY

ALEJANDRO MURGUIA

They evicted Mia from her storefront on Valencia  
Then they burned down the apartments on 22nd Street  
The good die young and isn't it a pity  
But the beat goes on in Silicon City

You're a stranger now in your home town  
With strange faces on once familiar streets  
And strange shadows at four o'clock  
And cops strangers on a strange beat  
The days and nights are mostly gritty  
But hey, it's ok, you're hanging in Silicon City

So I've been told that everything that rises must fall  
And that the wicked shall be denied  
But now a days you don't know who to trust  
And watch out you don't get run over by a google bus  
It be's that way all down and dirty  
In the heartless heart of Silicon City

Now everybody knows the center cannot hold  
But prophecy is cheat and politicians are slippery  
So baby get your high-heeled sneakers and your black beret on  
Because tonight we fight the powers in Silicon City.

# SHELTER WAITLIST UPDATE:

As of December 29th there are **1,134**  
people waiting for shelter in San Franisco

## THE THEATER OF LIFE

I.K. EZE SELASSIE

The Theater of Life is a journey manifold,  
Where by and by not all that glitters is gold;  
As classic Art is the theatrical sway  
Upon a cosmic sphere of nights and days!  
The blessed beatitude, perspective and attitude,  
One man's poison is another man's food.

On One Earth the masses inhabit different worlds,  
Assigned to the makings of a strategy unfurled;  
So one man's dream is the nightmare of another,  
And one lad's patriotism is the bloodshed of his brother.  
Thin is the line between the barbarian and the soldier,  
For the justice of men is in the eye of the beholder.

Loud is the scream that goes unheard,  
While money's whisper ripples the herd.  
Money buys real estate, but not real friends; indubitably,  
Better good health than money's security.  
Riches come in various forms, and like a tree without fruit,  
A prince fitted in luxury may be destitute.

The haves and the have-nots, the hunter and the hunted --  
As arrows sent forth by skillful Archer, each one is tested  
In the blaze that refines a treasure chest,  
Therefore every man thinks his cross is the heaviest:  
Some fear to lose, others suffer to gain,  
Alas, some say poverty is a sin.

What can the downtrodden do when injustice is glorified?  
Can poverty evade the lash of despotic pride?  
Let not tyranny armed with indignant zeal  
Assume victory in a momentary thrill;  
Nor with double-minded scorn ignore the cry  
Of the multitude given to the perpetual sigh.

Watch, as double standards swing to and fro,  
With a sour recompense brutally bestowed;  
And because Providence is patient to the sentence,  
Presumptuousness assumes a nullified consequence.  
So mineral booms become the people's doom,  
Where with impunity dictators consume;

Where cruelty against animals is outlawed in one fort,  
While in another, creatures are killed for sport.  
In the battlefield of daily trial,  
The living engage in an age-old recital:  
Many profess their fidelity yet who can you trust,  
Where carnal dispositions counsel against the just?

Alas, the blessedness of a man's peculiar state  
Is dashed asunder by the hand of fate.  
There is the value system that undermines respect,  
And crowns the masses with the thorns of time,  
That man, woman and child, be inclined to accept  
A vicious cycle couched in democratic rhyme.

The monotonous slogans, the ignoble hand;  
Behold, men flood prisons as fish in cans.  
And would he who refused to weigh clemency  
Stretch forth his hands to ask for mercy?  
Ambitious as the zeal of fallen Babel:  
The means, the end, time doth tell.

As in the days of Nebuchadnezzar and Nimrod,  
When crooked calculations waged a duel with the Lord.  
The Most High is Exalted, what can man do? *DANIEL 7:9*  
The Unsearchable Counselor, what does man know?  
Behold, nations rise and nations fall,  
At an appointed time, David replaced Saul.

It's a wonderful world of human contradiction:  
War upon war, nation against nation;  
Rumor on rumor, a concrete jungle;  
Taxes on taxes, trouble on trouble.  
Brush off thy shoulder, rise and shine,  
Befor ashes and dust into dirt recline.

Oftentimes humanity appreciates not,  
Until the thrill is gone, and a new day is wrought  
With memories of good times on the transient road,  
Where the highest highs reflect the lowest lows,  
Where evil is a strategy for good:  
Lo, through pain the naive become shrewd.

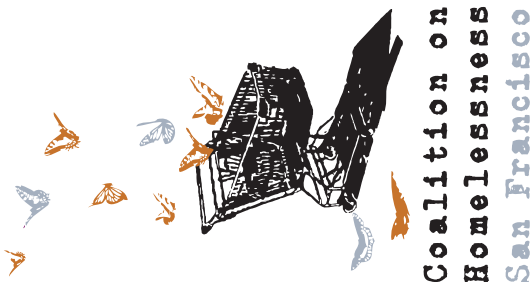
Certain experiences confirm the unknown,  
And today's fruit is yesterday's seed sown.  
There are lessons acquired through formal teaching,  
And there is the poetry that emerges from long-suffering;  
There is the blissful peace as life-giving breath,  
And there is a manner of existence worse than death.

When all is said and done on this great road,  
Favored is the one with a good family an a peaceful abode;  
Content in prosperity, or with humble means,  
The satisfied soul is sustained by living springs.  
Through the highest highs and lowest lows,  
Appreciate the beautiful things that life bestows.

# EMERGENCY STREET SHEET NEEDS YOUR HELP!

This past week five of our office computers went obsolete and we do not currently have the resources to replace them. We need donations of high quality Mac desktop computers (no more than 3 years old) in order to get our office up and running again. Please email [development@cohshf.org](mailto:development@cohshf.org) or call (415)346-3740 before bringing donations to our office. You can also donate money online by visiting our website [www.cohshf.org](http://www.cohshf.org) and clicking "Donate Now"

NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION  
U.S. POSTAGE  
PAID  
PERMIT NO. 3481  
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94188



## HOLLOWED OUT EMPIRE

MIKE MOSLEY  
CURRENTLY INCARCERATED

Black presence means civilization building, an essence of conscious realization.  
Proof against a white hegemony dominated by swinging circumcision.  
Black presence means anti capitalist - pro pooe, the (product of our environment.)  
keeling before the representation of bloodshed  
The state of surveillance; cops crashing a pool  
party, Cops shooting without worry,  
The grand jury-giving normative validation to white supremacy.  
The black clad, single minded omnipresent police kicking in the door, long barreled guns jutting.  
Non-violent drug raids in Oakland twin to militarized raids for Osama...  
This is Augmented reality.  
Augmented Reality  
What happened to the days when as kids we used to play?  
Hand touch shoulder tag ur it, now those in blue "freeze!" tag boom gone the youth, Smith and Wesson long in tooth.  
Cycling the cylinders now everyone is flexing jaw muscles.  
Lost too many building castles, psycho political figure heads strip mining society of its values, sliding the scale; Immaturely chasing fame, every-thing for sale.

No longer is anything sacred, it grew long ago to hatred.  
Bigger and Bigger the Thomas in us quicker than Uncle Ben, when will it end?  
The disparage of the Common man's moral compass, and unleasing 3rd party of 5, erector sets become the prison industrial complex.  
Lost is the Democratic process; those rules under which the governing bodies must ensure they will heed and respond to the need, of those affected ne'er by decree, but decision and policy made by committee.  
Undoubtedly some pai was necessary, the Justification.  
A process of misdiagnosis of psychosis, for eradicating the youth intellectually.  
family a thing of the past. Everyone lives for self, the opportunity to boast and brag; whos got how many and which culture will be last.  
An elite kabalist attitude all that's left behind, malnourished intellectually, can't remember a # without opening a window or taking a bite of an apple, raisedby pop culture, starving for knowledge, forced to build our mansions from scrap clap board the end result of a deceased head like a vulture.  
This is Augmented reality. So many generations of gentrifications where the assault of biggotry and past prejudices branded freedom's call with lashes that bore suicidal ashes...  
The remnants of a hollowed out empire.