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
They 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
“Let me 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

2018

IMAGE BY KEVIN CAPLICKI via Just Seeds.org
**FLOUR**

**STEVE ROPEL**

Rolls chased after Royce
Picking up speed downhill

---

**LANDLADY**

**CLYDE ALVINS**

Oh in my youth, I used to tramp
the coast of California,
and mighty fun it was to camp—
though bitter cold I warn ya...
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
in the western side the City,
she’d not a fam’ly nor a spouse
but loved a cat named ‘Kitty.’
Her smiled flash a blinding blur;
her eyes were grey and steeley;
hers curves were round as peaches;
hers 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
in the shower and
Shaved over her face-bowl, and
ma€™s curse the whole time I was humming.
I cleaned her carpet -- made it gleam --
I poured her puss a splash of cream,
the whole time I was humming.

---

**BETWEEN HOMES**

**DIE ALLEN**

About more times
Than I could count
All ten fingers

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 living room couch
And nothing.

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 public park lot
Hard against you back,
The commands of harassing cops
And kicks you out at daybreak,
That traps you in at nightfall.

---

**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) 340-3740 and it could be answered in the next issue!**

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**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.

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This amazing collection of poems 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. Fingerprint’s of a Hunger Strike captures all the nuances of The City and its denizens on a canvas painted with conviction and selflessness. This work is for me, like soul food, which fills me with warmth, fullness and savory flavorings.

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Homeless Lessons, To Rachel Lyra

DAVID HUBBEN - JULY 24 2017

JAN 1, 2018 - RAINA HUNTER

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 precarious 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
& the needles in the gutters scare
If the scattered empties, wasted
Shelter—all too easy
From under you, the many possible
Increase, loss of job, sudden
Encampments is uncomfortable
Where do you go, from here?
Your body pays for the walls you live in—where you create and
Your a misfit, trying to survive, paving your own lane.
A chance to make a profit prompts promising pleasures,
Generating buzz and excitement,
Cops cruise and patrol your block.
There are no locks,
There are no walls,
To fulfill many fantasies.
To see
To use.
through the sea of life, ubiquitous like a tool.
Dress to show flesh, heart wounded like a gored bull, you navigate
For the gift of rhythm is engraved in your essence
Alluring mistakes
You look into my eyes with such sorrow
Shy symphonies exchanging
No pathologies son, Don't be a hurt little boy.

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
In the sun, the clouds, the long night and short blades of summer,
Looking up at the Stars in the Galaxy and
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.
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.

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, every year.
“Thanks”
I appreciate the 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, Puerto 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

NEWHAWKS

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 cockroaches and
poverty’s dark stahes
only reinforces that
no one cares
But the Lord
does!!!!!!!!

Kindness

S. PHAEON

You do not need to see the bottom
to know the lake is full
you do not need to crawl 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!!!

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. Everyone is equally
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
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, etc., 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 death 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 razors 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 politics, 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 demand.

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.

And their rights, our way of life, my wrongs really of Conscience; wrongs or right side. Consequences, is no justice, no peace of mind or privacy. Then they make, Petty policies 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 hierogliphic 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
Searchered 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
A moment of silence...
Our eyes, our ears, our
bodies—speechless.

---

**Until you learn to Love you**
People gossiped and they talked
about me
I was on the ground
Tapped out
Messsed 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.

---

**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,
Suit and booted
in the wee hours,
An dissonancy 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 you 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.

---

**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-goo are
a chanting mechanism and not
just gibberish,
But who will bend an ear low
for you?
Writing rhymes
In the wee hours,
Suited and booted
Of the Tunnel
Light At the End
Of our silence...
Well if you want a
moment of silence ...
Then stop the oil pumps
And pay the workers
for wages lost ...
And the White Houses
The Jail houses
And the White Houses ...
And the White 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 ...

---

**These poems were submitted by incarcerated poets**
**Housekeys Not Handcuffs**
Hey Day tomorrow, sometimes in the course of the day,
I'll take you, hand in hand, up and down
in the sale to be held on this Saturday.
I'll take you out to breakfast in the morning,
and the international we'll be singing tomorrow will also
remember that today Hitler blew his blains out 72 years ago,
and that all criminals should be in death at any moment, 
and that today
42 years ago the great people of Vietnam won an unforgettable victory
the same as the unbelievable victory 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 is a human right. It's already manifesting for food
in Haiti, Egypt, Nicaragua, Pakistan, Venezuela, the hunger
that's raised the will of that deathless invincible
Union of the spirit of Revolution, that hunger which has already
given birth to 35 years of Mayan resistance, which defines
the mass production of outrights lies about how delicious life
(extermination camps and lies) has to do with the
Doomed dead, the stinking dead, 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 pit 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 centenial year of the
nobest most daring transformation of the working-class in the
history of the world, and that with the bombast
neo-fascist trumpery threatening these days to imprison
humanity, who're worth a thousand miles away. Lift those May Day eyes, camerados. What
your ticket and start thinking about a picket (and I don't
remember that today Hitler blew his brains out 72 years ago
I'll take your hand, sister, I'll take yours, brother, and lift
for more information about how to get involved, contact Quiver Watts at qwatts@cohsf.org
woman 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 peas:
for Passion, Provocation and the Prophecy
of a world where
everyone has landed
and is lord of his or her
living space.
I didn't hear it
Nigger, Sambo, Darksy, 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,
reincarnation
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?
Ligaboo, Blacky, Mammy, Pickaninny
some say “yes’um”, some say “what did you say?”, some say “I didn't hear it”.
I didn't hear it
SHERRY MEANS
My Creative Space

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 EMBRACE 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 INDOUCE IN HOFPE
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 REACT 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,
CREATE MY FUTURE AS AN INFLUENCER,
FIGHT FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE, EQUALITY, AND FREE,
BLACK FEMINIST TO THE CORE,
MAKE WILL HOOKS PROUD AND MAIA ANCELOU SOR,
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

Shelter Waitlist Update:
As of December 29th there are 1,134 people waiting for shelter in San Francisco

Social Justice Calendar

December

January 6
CITY RISING: PUBLIC LAND FOR PUBLIC GOOD!
WHERE: FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF OAKLAND, 2501 HARRISON ST, OAKLAND
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.

January 9
DEPORT ICE: THE RESOLUTION TO END COOPERATION WITH ICE
WHERE: OAKLAND CITY HALL 250 FRANK H OGAWA PLZ, OAKLAND
Oakland’s Public Safety Committee will debate a resolution from Deasy Brooks and Rebecca Kaplan to end all Oakland Police Department cooperation with ICE.

January 16
TRANSPORTATION GENTRIFICATION OF OAKLAND - PRESS CONFERENCE /RAI
WHERE: OSCAR GRANT PLAZA
How Bus Rapid Transit (BRT) Is Kicking Out Our Neighborhoods. The continued displacement of our neighborhoods by corporate transportation agencies and government.

January 17
BENEFIT FOR BAY AREA WOMEN AGAINST RAPE- SARCHASM, MYA BYRNE
WHERE: THE OCTOPUS LITERARY SALON 2101 WEBSTER ST @ 22ND
Scene In Opposition is organizing a benefit concert against sexual violence in the Bay Area, featuring local punk heroes Sarchasm, singer/songwriter Mya Byrne from the fabulous Homobles, and queerdo-punks Lavender Scared.

January 18
QUEER ANCESTORS PROJECT EXHIBITION
WHERE: STRUT, 470 CASTRO ST, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94114
The Queer Ancestors Project Presents Prints by Queer and Trans Emerging Artists. Opening Reception & Print Sale

January 20
WOMEN’S MARCH SAN FRANCISCO
WHERE: CNVC CENTER
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.

January 26
POWER NOT PARANOIA: A DISCUSSION ABOUT DIGITAL SURVEILLANCE
WHERE: 1330 BROADWAY, SUITE 300, OAKLAND
Join us for a panel presentation about the current state of surveillance.

January 31
STREET SHEET MUSIC
WHERE: EL RIO, 3158 MISSION ST, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94110 9PM-12AM
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 Home Lost

ONE DAY OUT OF THE BLUE I JOY WHERE I STOOD,
AS I REMEMBER 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 DISAPPEAR OUT OF MY CONTROL,
NOW I COM COVER IN DIRT AND SMELL LIKE MOLD,
AS I REMEMBER ABOUT MY NEIGHBORHOOD;
ONE DAY OUT OF THE BLUE I JOY WHERE I STOOD;
THE REAL THING IS BEING HOMELESS IS NOT A CRIME;
THAT ARE THOUGHTS NOT ONLY ON MY MIND BUT ALL
THAT ARE HOMELESS THIS WHAT YOU’LL FIND.

Silicon City

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.

Alejandro Murrieta
The Theater of Life

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 rippled the head. 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 The haves and the have-nots, the hunter and the hunted — A prince fitted in luxury may be destitute.

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 toil, That man, woman and child, be inclined to accept A vicious circle couched in democratic rhyme.

The monotonous slogans, the ignoble hand; Behold, men flood prisons as fish in cans. And would who be refused by then? By then? Stretch forth his hands to ask for mercy? Ambitious as the zeal of fallen Babel. The means, the end, time and 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? Danitz 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.

Hollowed Out Empire

Black presence means civilization building, an essence of conscious realization. Proof against a white hegemony dominated by swinging circumstances. Black presence means anti capitalist - propose, the (product of our environment.) looking 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 barrelled guns jutting. Non-violent drug raids in Oakland twin to militarized raids for Obama… This is Augmented reality.

Augmented Reality What happened to the days when as kids we used to play? Hand touch shoulder tag us it, now those in blue “freenut” tag boom gone the youth, Smith and Wesson long in tooth.

Cycling the cylinders now everyone is flinging jow muscles. Lost too many building castles, psycho political figures head strip mining society of its values, sliding the scale, Immaturely chasing fame, everything for sale.