



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

POETRY FROM THE STREETS

MISTER HARDTIME

Dee Allen

One afternoon, around
My high school days,
Grandma Lillie
Took time away from
Sewing clothes and talk show
On daytime TV to tell
My little brother and me
An important tale
About a guest
Who often came
Uninvited. Hard to predict his moves—

Being a teen-aged girl
And young mother in
The Great Depression of the 1930s,
She already knew
The guest personally,
As did her sister Vivian, her daddy
Lonnie and Lucy, her mama.
In those days, there wasn't one person
Standing in a bread-line or begging the next
Brother for a thin dime who hadn't met

Mister Hardtime.

If you have
No bread in the bread-box,
No fresh or frozen food in the refrigerator,
No boxed or canned food in the cupboard,
No coins filling up the Mason jar,
No dollars filling up your wallet,
No way to pay
The rent or
Clean your clothes,

Best believe
That's when
Mister Hardtime
Comes for a house call,
Knocking on your door,
Counting on your
Despair, answering him.

Let Mister Hardtime in
And those hard times
Last longer.
W: May Day 2018



THIS ARTWORK WAS CREATED BY LOCAL PRINTMAKER BUDDY WHISLER. HIS WORK APPEARS THROUGHOUT THIS ISSUE OF THE STREET SHEET

FELLED BY FACT

Tony Robles

The winding roads
lead to a small
A-framed Baptist
church

a simple structure
where complex
questions reside

a stain of quandary's
residue on the pages
of a holy book

the winding roads
unfurl wisps of gauze
colored mist exposing
A blush of hurt

the minister
is a pleasant man
who brings to mind
a ripe pear as i sit and
take in his sermon

feelings don't
replace facts,
he says

and i look at the
facts of this church

a wooden table with
a nativity scene

a piano
pulpit

American and Christian
flags on either side

ceiling fan

people who utter
yes and amen in
the appropriate pauses
where the profound
makes its sound

"Feelings don't replace facts"

i walk out the
door of this church,
built in the 1800's

Its symmetry
intact

(A fact)

i look up
and see a single
yellow leaf fall

my eyes follow
as if caught
in a thought of
water

landing on
a bare branch.

caught
before
hitting
ground

feelings don't
replace facts

but sometimes
they do

(c) 2018 Tony Robles

Ronnie
Is running
To run to get
His art
From being
Run-over,
Carted away
In trucks rumbling.
Ronnie was running
To sketch, to
Print, to paint,
Black lines,
Lives.
Running over
Sidewalk cracks,
Feet moving, stepping,
Sitting for a moment.
Ronnie is bicycling,
The pedals drawing
Circles on
Sixteenth Street.

TO RONNIE GOODMAN

Alice E. Rogoff

The Fourth Amendment to
the United States Constitution
states people have a right "to be
secure in their persons, houses,
papers and effects against
unreasonable searches and
seizures."

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!

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.

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!

EVERYONE IS INVITED TO OUR WORK GROUP MEETINGS.

Unfortunately our space is not wheelchair accessible, but
we will move our meeting location to accomodate people
who cannot make it up the stairs. For access needs contact
development@cohsf.org

To learn more about COH workgroup meetings,
contact us at : 415-346-3740, or go at : www.cohsf.org

VOLUNTEER WITH US!

PHOTOGRAPHERS
VIDEOGRAPHERS
TRANSLATORS
COMIC ARTISTS
WEBSITE MAINTENANCE
GRAPHIC DESIGNERS
WRITERS & COPYEDITORS

DONATE!

LAPTOPS
DIGITAL CAMERAS
AUDIO RECORDERS
SOUND EQUIPMENT

CONTACT:

STREETSHEET@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, Emmett House

Our contributors include:

Jennifer Friedenbach, Sam Lew,
Jason Law, Jesus Perez, Miguel Carrera,
Scott Nelson, Nicholas Kimura,
Robert Gumpert, Art Hazelwood,
Dayton Andrews, Kelley Cutler,
Raúl Fernández-Berriozabel, Garrett Leahy

SUBMIT YOUR WRITING

STREET SHEET publishes news and perspective
stories about poverty and homelessness. We prioritize
submissions from currently or formerly homeless
writers but gratefully accept all submissions.

send submission to qwatts@cohsf.org

FORT

Cesar Love

They were the secret places
You'd go there with friends
Maybe a meadow, a tree,
A basement, a cabin

No one knew where they were
Only you
And your small band of friends

You called them hideouts
You called them forts

Now where are those friends?
Their last names are forgotten
Where are those places?

You could have found them without a map
You could have found them with your eyes
closed

Now you keep your eyes open
Especially at night

Find a dry square on the sidewalk
Keep it as neat as you can.
Don't let anyone else near it

Be ready to move
If the policeman returns

DESPITE EVERYTHING, HE SMILED

Vivian Imperiale

The tired homeless man
worked his way across traffic lanes
to stand on the divider strip,
hoping that drivers
would open their windows
and hand him change.
Not terribly likely
but he had no other plan
than to stand in the cold,
breathing in fumes,
seeing stern faces
turning away.
He spotted me
standing on the sidewalk
and he smiled.
It melted my heart.

I came and thanked him
for smiling at me.
Then the realization
spread over his face —
despite everything
missing in his life
he did have something
to give someone else.
He had his smile
and it had mattered to me.
Without being asked,
I gave him a dollar.
We both were richer that moment.



ECSTASCENE

Dee Allen

System: Activism

Her poetry
Gave medicine
To the broken
In heart & mind,
Revolutionaries
Found within
Their ranks sometimes.

Her plays
Gave us
Reason to laugh
At the misery
Associated with poverty
In our lives brought to heel
In one act or two.

A different play
For each
PeopleSkool
Kept things interesting
For the privileged
And underprivileged students.

Always where
The excitement is—
Teach-ins,
Movement strategy
Meetings, radio shows,
Street protests,

Film and
Arts festivals,
Confrontations
With politicians—
Yet calm, humble,
Eloquent through it all.

Berkeley-born dreadlocked
Daughter of Caroline
On the ground reporter
Digital resistor
Afro-Punk
Not on the forefront

Melted into the scene
With Poor Magazine

Welfare Queen
Gentle heroine
Ecstascene
Disseminated that

Revolutionary love
For other
Single mothers,
Revolutionary love
For sex workers
Surviving off their
Physical art,
Revolutionary love
For the Punk Rock scene,
Her secondary
Bay Area family,
Revolutionary love
For the indigenous
Whose land this
Settler lie stands upon,
Revolutionary love
Patience, in actuality,
For the author of these words,
A man whom extreme
Few respect and none understand,
Revolutionary love
For the poor
In all guises, levels of hardship,
Revolutionary love
For her biological son,
For her Mexican
Lover and his own son,
For little
Xolo and Chihuahua
Dogs, the softest spots in
Her heart were for them,
Revolutionary love
For most she encountered

Order was
Brought to
Disorder when
Her calm
And positivity entered
A room together.

W: 9.13.18
[For Laure McElroy—1972-2018.]

THE GAZA ARCANES

John Hirschman

1.
Shema here,
shema hear me,
a child born
and raised originally
in Superman's
capitol of Death,
whose rule is trumpery.

This stack of
matzohs I fling
one after another
across your Rosh
Hashanah clear
to your Yom
Kippour

like a paroxysm
of memory,
a matzohgraphy
of unforgettable
irony of ironies:
you, who were
so holacausted

by the nazis
have created
the largest
concentration camp
in the world,
in Gaza, yes,
we in Gaza,

when Sari Shobaki 18,
Amir Al-Nimra, 15,
Louay Kahn, 16,
Kami Halas, 14,
Nasser Shurrab, 18,
Louay Hasan, 13
organized

a series of non-violent
protests calling for
the return
of Palestinians
exiled all
over the world,
you murdered them

in cold State blood
or sniped their
legs or slingshot
arms off and—
irony of the ovens
where the nazis
incinerated

so many of
your families—
those New York
settler thugs
celebrating a
wedding were
crying out:

"Ali's on the grill"
referring to
Ali Dawbsheh,
whose 18
month-old body
they'd burned
to death.

2.

Dilapidated shacks
or even tents
in which we live
all crazy now
without a capitol
and filling with
apartheid.

Gaza, we're Gaza
who may rainbow:
Dareen Tatour,
you magnificent,
"terrorist" poet,
and you,

Ahed Tamimi

who physically
took on a couple
of Israel's cops,
you of a family
of grassroots
activists,
sister

of Razan Al-Najar,
that glorious
21 year-old
who gave her
life helping to
nurse the wounded
in the protests.

We don't hole up.
We stuff malice,
be terror cool,
steer no one wrong,
even as arms are torn,
even as wounded legs
are smoking.

In Memory of Al

Yolanda Catzalco

His name was Alonzo
Poor, African American in his 40s
He lived like the homeless
Sitting on bus stop in Bernal Heights
I would treat him to a coffee
He insisted on 6, 7 packets of sugar
He told me to "Take care of your girl
Love them"

In January, 2017
A friend of his told me
He died of liver or kidney failure
I had stopped buying his coffee
After I saw a homeless friend of mine
Shooting him up with street drugs
He was my friend, Alonzo was,
So is the homeless, mutual friend

I have since found out
Sugar is bad for heart and liver.

May God bless the vulnerable, the
The elderly, the children
May everybody march so that
Government officials elected by the
Provide for peoples' needs.

*I wrote this poem so people don't
homeless down for using drugs. I want
how human and vulnerable the people
homeless are.*



Artwork by Buddy Whisler

I'M GRATEFUL (2018)

Sharon Randle

I knew the day would come soon.
At last I have keys to a clean quiet room.
Thank you for all the gifts you've given.
I'm grateful to have a safe place to live in.
Enjoying my comfort, grateful for space,
Looking ahead to a much larger place.
Grateful for the money, the clothes and the food,
And everything else that makes my life good.
I really enjoy greeting people I meet
Knowing I no longer live on the street.
Giving a smile when I sit for awhile,
Willing to go that extra mile.
As my day starts out sunny and clear,
I thank God for you and all things dear.
Grateful to have a brand new start.
Thank you, everybody, from the bottom of my heart.
There's nothing better than peace of mind.
I'm healthy today and doing just fine.
So grateful for positive people in my life,
Lessons learned that have made things right.
You added me to your Christmas list
Let me thank you with a hug and a kiss.
I'm grateful to come to this place I know,
Much happier today: I'm good to go.
Writing fulfills my goals and dreams,
And truly lifts my self-esteem.
Hope you've enjoyed reading each line,
You can tell how much I love to rhyme.
Most of all I thank God when I pray
For letting me live another day.

I KNOW A PLACE (2011)

Homeless I am, but I know a place where
I feel safe. I can put on my happy face, yes
I see this place as lilies in the valley ...Blooming
buds of people, pets and kids, this place I know
is sweet like cookie dough ...A community with
unity, these lilies lend a hand wherever I stand...
not just money, food and clothes ...A scent in
the air gives a feeling of care.
I know a place, a smile is all it takes to grow
flowers every hour. It lets me know every day
I'd rather go, when I'm down I rush to the other
side of town, whatever it takes to get to this place...
Let me mention I embrace the attention, a hello,
a nod of the head, a laugh or giggle from the tots
coming and going near parking lots.

This place has elegant taste, not giving a sad
face. I thank god for the beauty it brings, listening
to the birds as they sing, I don't worry about a
thing because this valley keeps me away from a
filthy alley ...What I feel is real, I don't
have to steal because I'm not broke or down and
out ...This, I will shout without a doubt
I do know this place.

This photo of Sharon Randle selling Street Sheets originally ran in the Noe Valley Voice alongside the poem "I Know A Place". Sharon is now in housing and wrote "Grateful" to trace the journey from homelessness to home.
Image credit: Pamela Gerard



BETRAYED THYSELF

Tameika Renee Smith
AKA Chocolate Chip

Born through lust
raised in pain
besoiled by trust
soul insane
curiosity intoxicated me
A flawless gem
Dependently sneakiness
Spirit lost within
Lashin weakness
Participated in sin
Guilt
Shame
Abandonment
Blame
Addicted
Lost
Self inflicted
Tossed
Enticed leniency
Helplessly let down
Talented yet punitive
Tortured
Thugged around
Entertained by the game
Experienced extension
Now whos to blame?
Deliriously in the midst of hell
Injuriously fatigued
100 whole times in jail
In lying stuck to grieve
The walking dead
Transmitted by love
I prayed in my bed
To the heavens above
All thanks to my God
for saving me again
For when I was lost
He still was a friend
Today and forever
I am never alone
For I walk with my God
And that’s where I belong
Independently Trustworthy
Betrayed thyself
But then I woke up
And found myself wealth
I love Tameika today
From beginning to end
I will always and forever
Be my own best friend

COFFEE

Tony Robles (2018)

I keep going to Peep’s Coffee
The coffee isn’t great
But the place has been
A has-been place where
It still happens and once I killed
A roach there by accident
And the coffee is constant in
Its consistency ranging from
Watery to a semi-syrupy serum
that takes care of what ails you

A tight budget keeps
Me coming and I don’t
Got a plot to piss in but
The coffee is only 75 cents
A cup

On the wall is a
Calendar stained with a
Year that passed away many
A fuckin’ moon ago and the
Coffee keeps coming, keeps
Pouring, sometimes bitter,
Sometimes better with grounds
Floating, never weak

And the conversation is a
Tangle of stops, stutters,
Guttural flutters, laughs
Curses and good natured
Teasing

“Say man, this
Some nasty ass
Coffee”

What you call it?

It’s called arabaca-dabra
Blend

And a big
Swig is taken

“Taste more like
Arabaca-dabrabullshit”

Laughter, wet with
Words down the wrong
Pipe, forgotten and
Coughed up

And the guy at the
Counter of Peep’s coffee,
A Chinese guy who makes
More than coffee replied,

“I piss in your grits”

Laughter

and the grits
are served up in the
grittiest of ways
the way it should

Peep’s coffee

A unique
Blend

MY COMMUNITY

Arletha Leon

What they see: drugs, addicts garbage
And debris.

What I see: love happiness, dignity
& joy

What they see: confusion, needles,
mental disorders & disease

What I see: beautiful people, fruit trees,
passion for what they believe + many talents not yet perceived.

What they see is death, poverty,
homelessness & dysfunction

What I see: human beings living
rich in spirit, housed by God in need of patient encounters

What you may see: plenty of togetherness, love, dance,
laughter, helping hands, joy, talent, & plans to make this a better
community for all to see.

WARNING (A LOVE POEM)

Blue Phoenix

Listen, this transmission is critical, please listen, you are in danger
this is not a joke, please assess your self, think again
Remember the things you wanted, Dreamt about
when you were 12, 24, 30, 17
Some of those Dreams still live inside you
But you only and always,
will ever have today
Stop worrying about the past, its over
Let the Future take care of itself
Be sure to share the love which you desire
You don't have to be everyone's friend
Live like there's no tomorrow
Honor the dreams of your ancestors
Live a life worthy of God
Stop hiding under a rock
behind a screen, in a room
on the bus in a corner in your head phones inside your phone
enticing, distractions
while you watch the life that's yours to live pass you by
no there is no return to now
Yes this is a warning its critical so live critically
Now pray the prayers, dance the dances, sing the songs,
love the unlovable, preach the word,
learn a new way, see a brighter day,
live in true peace, fulfill the legacy,
shake off the darkness, move to the a bold rhythm
hold space for the things that matter
exit and unplugged from the matrix
come into fruition, shine brightly
yes this is Gods warning
who cares who loves you.

When I hop onto the 38 Geary headed downtown again,
For another century of living to work and working to live,
I stutter quietly while we all sit there in silence staring, longing for a friend,
I lie, and pretend, that I’m currently not depending on alcohol just to fend,
Off malicious content circulating through the tabs on my newly installed browser bend,
And I may be over 7 months sober, but my attitude and behavior, haven’t warmed up from being colder,
So now I’ve got a chip on my shoulder, and a swagger to act older,
To impress who? The people on this bus?
Perhaps it seems to me, no one wants to trust

Air Male

a flying f***

by Karl Rohlich



Artwork by Buddy Whisler

The Canon of Misunderstanding

I see hope but I am seen as nothing
I feel sorrow of the heart yet life sees no part
Everyday I awake my needs the same as humanity
yet society only sees what I lack
I know what loneliness is when life would rather spit on the street than recognize me
I see the activities of the holidays when dreams become real
it's joy seen on there faces as they get into there cars and headed home
there home filled with warmth
and as I smile at them
I know there is no couch that awaits me
for my home has no walls
it's dwelling perpetual
always known and yet never entered
I see many things
hope for many things
But most of all i wished to be understood
so life might know the canon within me
and see that my dreams,hopes,and desires
are just like there's

written by A Voice in the Wind aka shorty from MSC South actual name Simeon (Mike)Omeha wishing you all a kind and encouraging new year

ANTHONY BOURDAIN

(June 25,1956 NYC to June 8, 2018 Strasbourg, France)

Morgan Zo Callahan 6-18-18

For viewers of the award-winning series “Parts UInknown” and for curious seekers of parts unknown, anywhere, everywhere, here’s a short poem, a tribute to Anthony Bourdain, (creator and presenter of “Parts Unknown”) who died tragically on June 8, 2018:

Gift given, passing to Mystery
your soul’s next curiosity
Bye Adios Shalom Warm Abrazos Grazie
Hello, are you in the invisible world, sweet Tony?
We feel you, cordial world shrinking peace wishing phenom
Sharing parts unknown, sisters & brothers awaiting
the kind touch of a faraway magnanimous friend
Human being man traveling lip licking man, afraid & fearless, solitary & outgoing
Brilliant touching Stories like prayers: no person unworthy of interest,
unqualified for fairness
Respect dignity, nourishing secrets of food, life & heart are revealed
Tasting deeply the juice of good living, suffering, despair, & hope
there is no other place to go in the visible world.

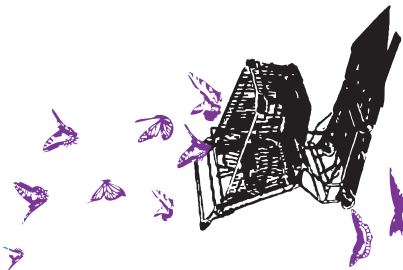


Name: Sandra Mullinex
Date: 20 December 2018
Place: the sidewalk on San Bruno Ave between 15th and Alameda
Without a home: 2 years

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

Coalition On Homelessness
468 Turk Street
San Francisco, CA 94102
415.346.3740
www.cohsf.org
streetsheetsf@cohsf.org

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED



Coalition on
Homelessness
San Francisco

10-12 YEAR-OLDS

How is it, my dear
a misguided youth of 10-12 years
can be corrupted by adults or his peers?
In that short span of say, 2 years;

an urban generational fate
from the playground to the police
and then prison the gate.
Tossed away with an eternal date;
warehoused for perpetual profit
in the bloodied hands of the state.

The irony is clear, no doubt
a dearth of rehabilitation, a lack of reform.
Nothing whatsoever to tout.

Redemption in the military, rehab centers and churches churn
Yet CDCR fails dismally to teach or even learn.
30 years-plus it takes to reform 2 years of corruption.

It's a farce, it's an outrage
claiming to rehabilitate humans in a cage.

There's another model that far exceeds abroad, Google Germany, Switzerland
or Norway's prisons and grant the nod
You want public safety, humanity and morality wrapped in one and tame?
Stop the insanity, the profanity and inhumane shame!

by Dortell Williams
(incarcerated at LA County
California State Prison)

HOME

Sweeps:

I never would have dreamt this up in a million years, something like this was going on. I don't understand the purpose of it. I'm laying out in the sun on the sidewalk, in the afternoon cause sun is like medicine to me. I was asleep and he loads my stuff up. I didn't have a pair of shoes when this man (DPW) got through.

I had a sleeping bag, and I had a really big tarp. The tarp itself, you know, I could do the floor part, then up the sides and over. That's how big it was. It's gone. The sleeping bag gone. Everything's gone. I finally got some nice dresses and pants, it's all gone. I'm right back to square one (with only this suitcase).

I'm about ready to just leave here. I don't see no future, I don't see any hope. I don't understand why the city is doing this. I mean to me the DPW is high priced thieves. I mean what's going on? How can this city tear their people down?

I don't understand. Something needs to be done and said. But I'm not happy anymore, I'm not happy at all, so depressed. I see depression in so many faces, more so than any smile.

Shelters:

The shelters, you couldn't pay be enough money to go back to them because they condone my phone being took and tell me to shut up and sit down. Or leave. That's why I'm out here. I don't have any choices left.

(c) 2018 ROBERT GUMPERT TAPTAS.COM GUMPERT@IX.NETCOM.COM