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.

INDEPENDENTLY PUBLISHED BY THE COALITION ON HOMELESSNESS SINCE 1989

JANUARY 1ST, 2021   |     BIMONTHLY     |     STREETSHEET.ORG

STREET SHEET

POETRY

ISSUE

2*0*2*1

INDEPENDENTLY PUBLISHED BY THE COALITION ON HOMELESSNESS SINCE 1989

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.
for too long,
I doubted my own wisdom,
let my visions be clouded by criticism,
left my decisions to my egotism.

I saw no escape, my mind in a prison,
I was going insane finding my rhythm.

again & again losing myself in women,
I have hurt more than I have forgiven.

I am writing when I should just listen
knowing words are all I hear in visions.

the difference is now I am

growing to accept infinite transitions,
rising & falling like the sky’s process,
hoping for nothing, expecting less.

power is in loving & loving to no extent.
reinvent yourself time & time again!

remain in the moment, now is always when
the flowing of love is the most potent.

no more reaching & hoping
for what I deserve to come by floating.

coping with what I thought was worthwhile,
knowing now it was not still brings a smile.

passion lives in me until my last breath,
I will bring flowers for my final dance with death,
take her hand in mine & let life end.

until then I will simply be because
the difference is now I am.
Livin’ an Dying on Dem Cold Concrete Streets

Judy Joy Jones

I am not afraid of poverty
I learned at the age of three that oxygen wasn’t free
And the expense of life was madness
That would forever be submerged
In a ice cold bathtub

I hugged the ocean’s waves
But I lost my mind at night
Survival is for the unfortunate
For sordid dreams to collapse by a broken family

I collected my whims in jars
And the moon captured my fears of governance
To be disregarded in history
Man without a home
A misery

The Utopians

The season of giving has come to everyone
In the Kingdom of Heaven,
As keepers of the
Garden around us there is a glow, here is peace harmony
And love,
We give praise for deliverance and the abundance from
Above,
Wide open is Heaven’s mandate titanic hope is at hand
Promising salvation to women and men,
Filling cups promised and granted, salvation has come to
The planet.

Words of the prophets are in the light, daily praising of god’s creations
Key’s our delight. We praise the despairing, the poor, and the blind be
Lifted, up. Praise the water, praise the leaders providing for us, praise the sky and
Earth giving us substance, Praise nurses and doctors in the Pandemic, praise
Food workers devoted to the mission. Praise the legislators giving stimulus
To the needy, praise the rich to be morally engaged, praise law men for doing
Their duty, praise employers setting aside discrimination. Let those
Around you enjoy the magnificent gift of praise, to lift minds and hearts to heaven
where all prayers are answered. There are no shortages praise is the answer,
come join with us in the luxuries. For thine is the kingdom, the power, the love,
the peace, and the light of the world.

Not necessarily saying all people
but the status quo.
Not just have to, want to exist a
person in a functional individual
in society.

Not just being, but functioning
in a humane way. It’s okay to say
have a nice day, it won’t hurt you
That’s called being a human
the sun did start setting this mourning
Awake a wake tumbled in from the gritty shores of yesterday, or next year?

I replaced the filament but brilliant tungsten could not rival the peculiar light of orange beams sprinting out of sky
rubber soul hit pavement iron from behind lazily screeched. then slammed
the gray air beckoned albeit too absent and I felt it. the whispers of trembling Pacific the salty residue palpable in cracked lips
the men at the gate. they couldn’t understand it so they asked me: are your nipples hard fuck you, i replied but gray is basically blue

and i think I remember because the brassy notes did fill my scorched lungs and I saw you there on the shore. with them Mystics Vailie-gurls Surfers Cat-walkers Sinners Airpods Scott Sourdough Chesa Ahsha Ventriloquists a real-estate Lord plus other dead ones too

the whole sage-waving orchestra. seductively naive at first they were so polite
a few strokes to the left please. one squeaked can you please just give me five fucking minutes

but see that glorious wave it wanted my body he wanted my body so sure i let that egyptian cotton thread count 500 sit on my boyish breasts head was cool too like the room it had no floors. just stars and scribbles on pages

but he dared tell me it was Dec 2020. even I understand how tacky time can be everyone stumbling around in the half light chins lifted ever so slightly towards the heavens? still gray. all this talk of Camus’ Plague

parchment unscratched whole peoples dis placed see you & me were set to exchange whispers mighty enough to tempt San Andreas, electricity palpable enough to implicate PG&E in the next disaster

but none of that happened so here we are a pop-up merchant who with a sublime treasure display as the foreground for Ronnie’s mural (power) sees my lens he wants a snap. suspends his body dotty behind the shutter (only he knows I’m dead) remnants of memory at

the seafoam quivered. a YIMBY did actually cry --- one less avocado for you. the shore people fidgeted with crumpled prayers from ripped pockets a valiant effort to upcycle wrappers and scattered lint

they believed that water could be dug up too. that the silken sheets could be pulled off in layers. a tissue box! the whole performance was truly quite flattering but who knew? slight empathy cannot unsheathe the drowned who’ve already been drowned

and as my brittle bones sunk down down down in frigid indifference i did regret that it would necessitate a sky of gray

the ocean gets what the ocean wants naughty Coriolis I have been dead since dot com. did you not leave a voicemail? Being ohlone down here is hard

but thank god. more room. for even more spectators. to mock my jettisoned corpse (should it appear) as Zillow points them towards pearly Austin

all because: they decided that now they miss

the color orange
I have 15 cents and the landlord with two beamers says it would be a hardship to reduce the rent.
I have 15 cents and the shirtless man holding a crystal to the bodega window needs cereal and milk (and a Mug Root Beer would be nice).
I have 15 cents and Mayor Breed’s aide laughs at me open heartedly over the telephone line. I have 15 cents and the girl on the Golden Gate Bridge runs towards the brink to forget a band of tricolour cloth thrown by the wind.
I have 15 cents and know where the Mayor lives but lying on the asphalt seems cliche.
I have 15 cents and didn’t know you could eat heroin until I walked down Hyde Street.
I have 15 cents and give a man my Muni token on Harvey Milk Plaza.
I have 15 cents and wonder if the baby in the pram has had more money spent on its short existence than the entire life of the man air drying his junk in the Dolores Park bathroom.
I have 15 cents and wish Mark, Jack, and Elon would jump in a lake.
I have 15 cents and two lovers who killed themselves after an eviction.
I have 15 cents and think I shouldn’t have to resort to these poetic tactics to make you care.

I know I’m living for the love you
Each and everyday I’m living for all your love.
I can feel it everywhere I go through things
And still feel your love.
Nothing can stop me from Living For the love of You
No matter what the world goes through
I’m Living For the love of You.
When I leave this world and join you in the next one
I’ll still be living for the Love of You.
We all should be living for the love of You
For I am you and you are me
Thank you for your Love. GOD
There’s a magistrate in the fridge:
It’s time to get rid of these old ass tamales.

Freezer burn babies of beef and cheese and I step into quiet wasteland.
Not a desperate land for Mad Max. Just cold emptiness like Gravity.

Big, Snorlax man outside the market. Beard like Klaus. Finger nails that pulled flowers from Golden Gate Park.

N95 masks headed in and out as though tear gas wailed around like the Kashmir Valley. I’ve microwaved the leaf-wrapped vessels of my heritage – this nomadic neighbor will be ecstatic.

When I offer, he takes the folded brown paper bag, rubber banded like a deck of cards, and asks: “Do you have room?”

I pause.

“Do you have a room? For me?”

he spreads his hands up & down the street like a sultan’s claim.

“I see so much but so quiet.”

I tell him I rent, that my land lord is not nice.

His prayer-soaked, ball-player mitt hands collect rain-wet magazines written in Chinese from near his shoes.

“Do you want these papers?”

I nod & thank him. I go home and I’m sitting inside and I’m thinking about all the birthday cake I ate just a week ago, purple frosting on a fish shaped chocolate cake, and all the strangers who came to my home for the birthday party, room enough there for anyone who might praise me, and all the White-claw in the recycling bin the next morning, and the drugs those strangers gave me that I put up my nose like snowballs balancing on brass, til they melt, and I’m feeling like an idiot.

Like during a pandemic is when I finally bake blueberry coffee cake for somebody who isn’t my high school girlfriend. Like I could take all the preserves on my family farm a few states north and dump them into the street and let the Sunset run rhubarb pink and it wouldn’t be enough. Like freezer burn pieces of my abuela aren’t even close.

there’s suddenly no room
at the inn
the shelter in place hotels
no room for
2,400 homeless people
high risk seniors
sheltered for months
no room
not even a stable
only a vague promise
of permanent housing
that always ends
up broken like treaties
no room
for 2,400 homeless people
now housed
but soon to be back
out on the streets
in the dead of winter
during the rainy season
just before xmas
in the midst of
a pandemic
no room
in far too many hearts

America’s hungry
it’s always been hungry
it stands every day
bundled up against the cold
masked and socially
distanced in lines
as far as the eagle
can see
outside food banks
and soup kitchens
hands always extended
on the cold callous street
there’s little change
trickling into the cup
little compassion in the air
America’s food stamps
have been cut
there’s no relief check in the mail
unemployment’s running out
America’s always been hungry
these days
it’s starving

There’s a magistrate in the fridge:
It’s time to get rid of these old ass tamales.

Freezer burn babies of beef and cheese and I step into quiet wasteland.
Not a desperate land for Mad Max. Just cold emptiness like Gravity.

Big, Snorlax man outside the market. Beard like Klaus. Finger nails that pulled flowers from Golden Gate Park.

N95 masks headed in and out as though tear gas wailed around like the Kashmir Valley. I’ve microwaved the leaf-wrapped vessels of my heritage – this nomadic neighbor will be ecstatic.

When I offer, he takes the folded brown paper bag, rubber banded like a deck of cards, and asks: “Do you have room?”

I pause.

“Do you have a room? For me?”

he spreads his hands up & down the street like a sultan’s claim.

“I see so much but so quiet.”

I tell him I rent, that my land lord is not nice.

His prayer-soaked, ball-player mitt hands collect rain-wet magazines written in Chinese from near his shoes.

“Do you want these papers?”

I nod & thank him. I go home and I’m sitting inside and I’m thinking about all the birthday cake I ate just a week ago, purple frosting on a fish shaped chocolate cake, and all the strangers who came to my home for the birthday party, room enough there for anyone who might praise me, and all the White-claw in the recycling bin the next morning, and the drugs those strangers gave me that I put up my nose like snowballs balancing on brass, til they melt, and I’m feeling like an idiot.

Like during a pandemic is when I finally bake blueberry coffee cake for somebody who isn’t my high school girlfriend. Like I could take all the preserves on my family farm a few states north and dump them into the street and let the Sunset run rhubarb pink and it wouldn’t be enough. Like freezer burn pieces of my abuela aren’t even close.

there’s suddenly no room
at the inn
the shelter in place hotels
no room for
2,400 homeless people
high risk seniors
sheltered for months
no room
not even a stable
only a vague promise
of permanent housing
that always ends
up broken like treaties
no room
for 2,400 homeless people
now housed
but soon to be back
out on the streets
in the dead of winter
during the rainy season
just before xmas
in the midst of
a pandemic
no room
in far too many hearts

America’s hungry
it’s always been hungry
it stands every day
bundled up against the cold
masked and socially
distanced in lines
as far as the eagle
can see
outside food banks
and soup kitchens
hands always extended
on the cold callous street
there’s little change
trickling into the cup
little compassion in the air
America’s food stamps
have been cut
there’s no relief check in the mail
unemployment’s running out
America’s always been hungry
these days
it’s starving
The Smile has a radiance of Power. It can change the course of your life and others as well. A Smile can be healing, I believe that it’s an indicator of love and happiness. I’d like to see a day when the whole world smiles at the same time all over the world. I think it’s the cure for just about everything in existence we suffer from in this world. I’m positive that the smile can bring us all together. It is the key to unity & Love and compassion to one another. We can all make this world a better place by smiling.

Shadows of great metal walls have got me stuck in the maze. I look in the east and see warm mountains, where does that light come from? How did I wander into rain and fog and cold? I remember a day when I looked out from a high hill in the morning, thirsting for water, my bones and muscles and senses broken, I stood there. Then I sang from my heart “come, Spirit, come” and my heart became the living sun. There came to me a great knowledge then, saying, “Look for Me always. When you go down into the valley do not forget but feel Me there always, and I will raise you up.” So I put on my torn, soaked coverings and went among the people. For many months I carried a blessed memory, my heart on fire, saying, “Peace up here with Me, and peace down here for Us.” Everywhere I went, in everyone I passed, my father and mother smiled at me, I saw my brother and sister and cousin. Inside my chest a sacred flame: on every busy street and trail, one candle lights a thousand candles. But now in my hunger, the coldest month still before me, I ask and wonder and cry, “Where did I come from, which way is correct?” Where is the one Mind that touched me and brightened up the sky?

The Lord has heard my prayers, my fears and worry rise like smoke, He heard — and bids me walk on, down to the water, daylight thinking on the clouds. I have a mother on this earth, her name is Mar; a long month ends, I seek her, the moving, turning, quiet glass. I am an old man, along the river my little things I take; at the end I lay myself down right where I began. From me my sorrow empties out, into the sound of her swaying. In the silence, she shows me the new man. His eyes reopen, he is filled with love, the mother shares a gentle word: this is what it means for tears to overflow.
On living in a car and “on” the street

Kelly: Probably, for me personally, it’s accepting the fact that I’m living in a car. That is really hard for me. I didn’t see that happening. Luckily, I have a truck so we can lay down but we have all of our stuff in it and there is not room for it. That’s a challenge because you have people breaking into the car trying to take your stuff. That’s tough. Having to use a restroom when you don’t have one, that’s hard. You have to put in work to get to a restroom.

Frank: Literally the hardest thing about living in a car is not letting anyone know you’re living in it. That’s the hardest thing. That’s what keeps us where we are, don’t want people to know that we are living in it and not being watched and not being looked at. So the hardest thing to make sure many people don’t know you’re living in your car. We do our errands all day, leave our car alone, go there to sleep. Kelly: We go back there to sleep and that’s it. We’re not there all day like hanging out, we wake up early, try and accomplish our goals that we have daily and then we go back to sleep, and that’s it.

What you carry with you?

Kelly: I carry mostly my paperwork. I carry my important documents or whatever the paperwork is for example those housing applications. I also carry keys, a wallet, stuff that you put on, getting cold out here, ties, a change of clothes, clothes to wear. I have some ice cream, chocolate, food, snacks, toilet paper, things like that.

Frank: I carry the same thing: paperwork, toothbrush, now a skateboard, cellphone, deodorant, gloves, toiletries, writing down plans and stuff.

Worst thing about being without a place:

Kelly: You have no place to look for comfort. There’s no place to look for something that you have, you’re just there.

Frank: Weather can be the worst thing. When it rains, that’s not fun and sometimes it can be too hot. You get looked at some type of way when you say that you’re homeless. People judge you but they don’t realize that you’re people like everyone else.

Hopes and dreams:

Kelly: I’m hoping that this situation doesn’t last too long and that we find a home that we are happy with and that we can maintain our life and not ever worry about being in this situation again.

Frank: All of our own stuff, our own cars. A good bank account, both of us have a good job. And I want us to have a baby once we get settled. And I want us to get married, that’s my hope.