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# STREET SHEET

## POETRY ISSUE 2022



BANNER DROP AT CITY HALL DEMONSTRATING RESISTANCE TO THE MAYOR'S PLAN TO CLOSE SIP HOTELS DURING THE ONGOING COVID PANDEMIC



# A DISTINCT LACK OF CHILL

The Paltry Sum: Detroit Richards  
November 9, 2021

A total lack of chill  
Yet the room feels  
As cold and empty  
As space itself:  
Vast and unyielding  
A black hole soul  
Defining the edges  
Of what it means  
To be  
Afraid.

That is a cute hat.  
It hides your eyes and  
Shields your scorn  
Do the stars disappear  
Just because it is  
Morn?  
Does steel ever crack?  
Does the white bird fly?  
Are the ships upon the water?  
Is this a speck or a log  
That is in my eye?  
Do you like to write rhyme?  
Is what's yours really yours?  
Is what's mine safe or lost?  
Do you believe in freedom -  
Freedom at any cost?  
Can you ever walk back  
Across the bridge  
Of what has been given  
And has been given up?  
What would your mother say  
If you could see her?  
Would she say that  
It was worth  
The cost?

And the infinity loop  
Expands  
Expands to envelop  
The soul  
And the numbers  
On your pillow  
Are the combination  
To the hole  
That is torn  
The hole that is rent  
In the substance  
And the marrow  
Of a world which  
Is bent  
Quite out of  
Shape  
As it is turning  
Out of time  
For any more  
Learning  
Out of room  
Out of space  
And the diamonds  
That are laced  
Across the

Curtains and  
The veils  
Are spinning  
To no avail.

And all the mirrors  
That are broken  
And the promises  
That are open  
To interpretation  
Are left lacking  
In addition  
To their cracking.

Enough.

Time is yearning  
For borders  
Keys are turning  
In locks that have been  
Fit  
But we cannot get  
Out of it.  
Mountains are  
Not made to go  
Around.  
The wall is  
Coming up  
Rising  
Out of the ground.  
All these petty sacrifices  
Made out of noise and sound  
Are too bourgeois to prevail,  
Too petty petty to lift the veil  
Too lacking and too dumb  
To ever move even the  
Thumb from which you struggle  
under.

You are lost, doomed,  
Cast asunder.  
There is no turning back  
For you.  
There is no way back to  
What will, will be,  
And who you used to be  
To you, or to me  
Or to any  
Who have eyes  
Which see.

I must say  
You have  
A distinct lack  
Of chill  
Yet are  
The  
Coldest  
Thing  
I have ever felt  
This common side  
Of  
Hell.

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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 agendas to us.

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.

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Coalition on Homelessness staff also includes Jennifer Friedenbach, Jason Law, Olivia Glowacki, Miguel Carrera, Tracey Mixon, Carlos Wadkins, Kelley Cutler, Tyler Kyser, Ian James, Yessica Hernandez, Solange Cuba

Our contributors in this issue include: Jesse Mentken, Johanna Elattar, Simone Manganelli, Alastair Boone, Jordan Davis, Paul Boden and Western Regional Advocacy Project

CONTRIBUTE TO STREET SHEET!

We are always looking for new writers, photographers, poets, artists to help us spread the word on the street! Share stories about your experiences of homelessness in San Francisco, about policies you think the City should put in place or change, your opinion on local issues, or about something newsworthy happening in your neighborhood!

PROMPT:  
What would you do on your first day as Mayor of San Francisco?

SUBMISSIONS: You can email your work to qwatts@cohsf.org or submit in person or by mail at the Coalition on Homelessness at 280 Turk Street, San Francisco CA 94102. Paid opportunities may be available to contributors who are experiencing homelessness. Ask the editor to find out more!



# JUSTICE

Waverly Walton

Justice is hard to find  
Can't we just get along?

Stop the violence of every race  
let love take its place.  
We should not have to be afraid  
of our justice system.

We should all be judged fairly.  
Life is too short to get this type of  
Response, there has to be fair  
Justice for everyone, Black,  
White, yellow, or Blue,  
We are ask for fair Justice  
For you

Can't we just get along?  
We are a family and the city is our home.  
Can the police stop picking on the poor  
And try to open up other doors?  
This would be a better city  
Than it ever was before.

Can the Judge judge us fairly  
On the color of our Skin.  
Not for the money we don't have.  
Because injustice is a sin, which  
God don't love, and he's everyone's  
Friend.

Give every color justice.  
And don't just put the poor  
Behind the closed door.

Can't we just get along  
Justice

Thank you  
Waverly Walton

# What's the Deal?

Aaone Enosa

What is it that you're feeling  
Do you want me or you don't?  
All this beating around the bush...need to stop and let me know.

I'm too old for these games and I'm wasting my precious time;  
Life's too short to be playing games with my mind.  
You're hanging on a thread with me I would say

My heart of gold deserves to make it to second base.  
I'm outgrowing your mentality that's inconsiderate and stuck,  
Long as we're on the same page, there's no we or no us.

You don't prioritize me as important in your life  
I'm contemplating hard whether to be your wedded wife.  
I need someone who knows how to balance life and respects,  
Who reciprocates fairly, leaving one without regret.  
I need a strong man that's humble and honest.  
Who loves me unconditionally and treats me with respective modest.

So, do you want me or not? Seriously, I need to know.  
I will be an asset not a liability with hard work it will show.  
Things will work out for the better I believe, the power of prayer to heal  
And asking anything I'll receive!

I am strong enough to take whatever answer you decide.  
The sooner you give me an answer the sooner I start a new life.

*I, Aaone Siapai Enosa, am a recovering alcoholic and addict at Crestwood Champion Healing Center. I've been here since July 8th, 2021. My program has 3 phases. First is The Willows which is acute care, 2nd is Cypress which is low level care, and The Oaks which is independent living. I am now in the Oaks. I love it here. I found my passion and discovered my gift of writing poems. I never thought I'd like writing before.*

*When I'm lost in my thoughts, words easily come to me. What inspired me to write poems for the hardworking staff was because I could see the effort they put in to help me recover. I am blessed to have met them. Each and every one is unique in their own way. But, one thing they have in common is that they all want the best for me. I believe the Lord put them in my life for a reason. They really do care and love.*

*I came here with the willpower to change. At this moment, I have the desire to make a difference. I am the President: pulling my peers up, encouraging them to go to groups, do their hygiene, socializing with them, advocating for them, be their role model., a liaison, treat them fairly and with respect, and have no expectations. I am loved by this beautiful facility.*

## THIS WINTER SEASON.. GIVE THE GIFT OF HOME

This year alone, our work resulted in...

- 3,000 homeless households becoming housed
- Over 2,000 extremely vulnerable folks experiencing homelessness to have a shelter in place hotel
- AND LOTS MORE!



Coalition on  
Homelessness  
San Francisco



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SCAN ME



# "STATE. FORCED. PREGNANCY."

## art and poetry by Revolt

Where do men get off telling women what they can do with their *body*?  
Where do men get off telling trans and genderqueer people what they can do  
with *their body*?  
Where do men get off? At the next stop please!

we got *no need* for your authoritarian fetus fetishization  
your quasi fake as fuck demonstration  
supporting

State.  
Forced.  
Pregnancy.

State.  
Forced.  
Pregnancy.

is what this is all about

twelve year old girl finding out  
her stomache grows  
to bring life close  
er  
losing compose-r  
teased in geomtry classes  
for a demon seed  
father planted

where did she give consent?

when  
State.  
Forced.  
Pregnancy.

is what the GOP represents...

228 lawmakers from the Senate and the House  
lecherous scum pushing a bill right now  
to execute with their executive powers  
such  
*unspeakable crimes*  
to force women into back alleys with coat hangers  
blood, tears, and *cries*...

gaslit manipulated hypocrits with picket sign fraud  
misuse feminist words  
or leverage the voice of a God  
rabidly frantic to take on a cause  
laced with po-lit-i-cal agendas  
to keep the people at odds

anti-life demonstration  
denies a woman's right to *choose*  
bible belt Christianists  
supporting sexual abuse  
claiming "pro life" taglines  
when they dont do *shit* for refugees attacked  
by drone bots  
in airplanes  
with *American* flags

Palestinian children shot apart by Israeli rifles  
is unimportant says FoxNewsMax pundits  
they value more the so-called "life"  
of a fetus  
in a *white woman's*  
stomache

an unborn glob they debate  
with philosophical semantics  
word salad antics  
horror porn posters  
on freeway overpasses  
means so drastic  
to protect at all costs  
what's inside the *white woman's* stomach  
an *Aryan* embryo  
that can't be lost

Universal childcare?  
paid time off? No,  
for any mother that gives birth  
it's right back to the job  
backbreaking sweat  
paid less  
fighting the odds  
for the *same exact work* that I get?

stop.  
fuck. off.

you misogynist hypocrit pigs  
you're about as "pro-life" as Dick Cheney  
with 3 beers in him  
on a hunting trip.

Your white supremacist agenda  
isn't fooling me in the least  
you're the *first* to sterilize *black women* against their will  
that's your *motto*-  
I mean,  
you're the first to sterilize disabled mothers to be  
if my crippled ass wanted a kid you wouldn't help me in the *least*!  
but if it's a *white woman's* stomach  
you'll fight to the *death*  
1st degree...

murders and crimes you commit with your bat shit  
philosophies that provoke  
white wing terrorists with six feet of rope  
Here's a *brief* list of the victims you *attacked*  
spreading hate and fear  
with  
State.  
Forced.  
Pregnancy.  
acts:

George Tiller, woman's health care provider, *murdered*.  
June Barnett, and her husband, woman's health care provider *murdered*.  
Calvin Jackson, woman's health care provider was *stabbed 15 times*  
David Gandell, women's health care provider *attacked by a sniper* in his apartment  
Emily Lyons, women's health care provider lost her eye in a *bombing* that *murdered*  
*a cop*  
sounds like pro-life to me!  
- wait -  
- no -  
*get the fuck off* at the. next. *stop*.  
we don't need your policing people's bodies at *all*  
13,000 homeless Americans die each year,  
who you don't care about *at all*

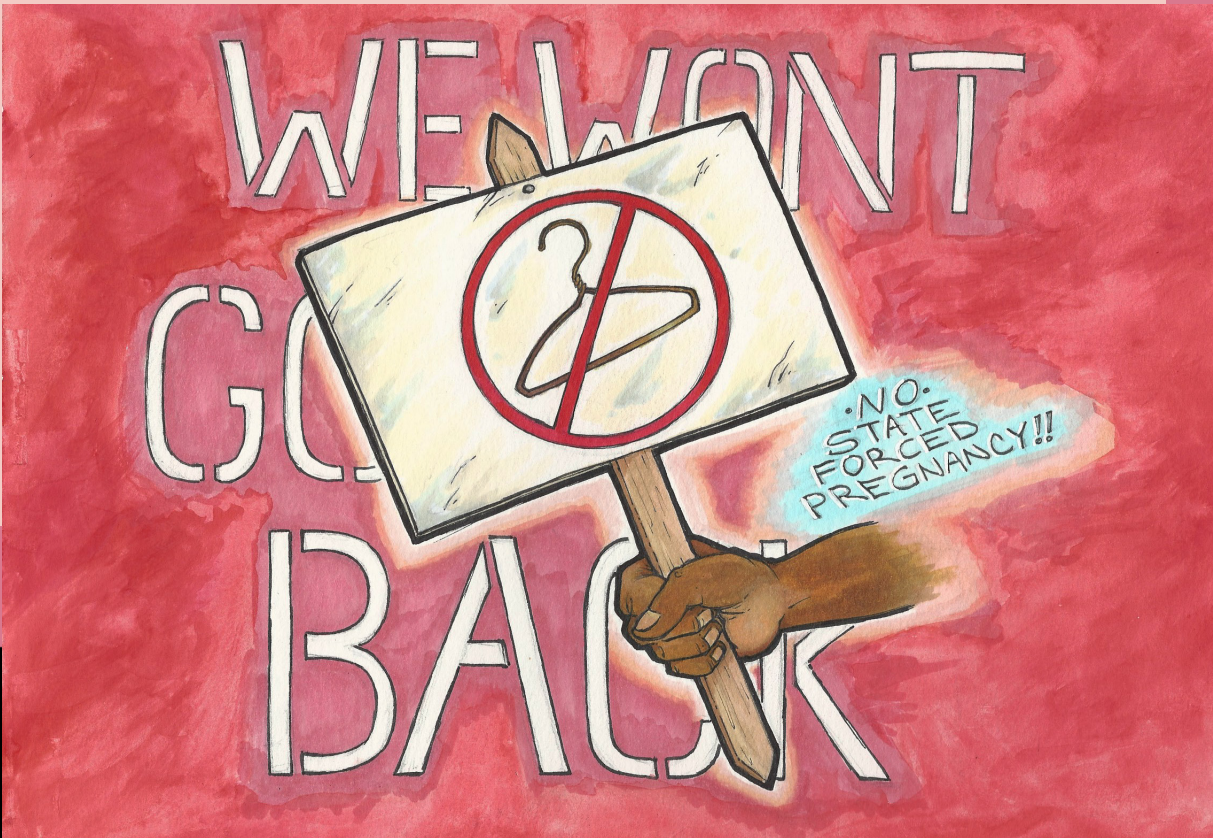
Go volunteer with a soup serving or join the Red Cross  
instead of demonizing women's choices with  
State.  
Forced.  
Pregnancy.  
accosting young women and teens abused at the hands of men  
who look a lot like *you*, who act a lot like *you*-  
with the same agendas and trends...

you set clinics on fire, you bomb people's homes and stab doctors in the back  
you're about as *pro-life* as a *Sopranos* rerun on HBO Max

we won't put up with your attacks  
and WE WONT GO BACK!

to  
State.  
Forced.  
Pregnancy.

so  
don't.  
even.  
ask.



# ACROSS FROM THE POPULAR PARK WITH PALMS

*your elders will dream dreams*  
*Acts 2:17*

On the sidewalk near the intersection  
across from the popular  
park with palms

an aged man pushing a shopping cart piled  
high with bottles and with cans  
and four large

garbage bags stuffed full hanging off  
the sides. He plods, his head of  
white hair hung over his

shrunken self as if his neck were broken, back  
humped, his arms outstretched; he  
leans into

the discarded weight. Reaching the curb  
he does not cross on Dolores  
to the park

with palms but stops, bows his head to the cart’s  
hard handle: a surrendering  
in prayer?

A flock of lorikeets swoop, screech, and land.  
*Old leaf scars form a pattern—*  
blessings crowned.

Poems by  
Virginia Barrett

## BY THE BUS STOP

She sells flores | Flowers by the bus stop | La gente |  
La basura | Walgreens is always open | All flores five  
bucks | Her face is an umber daisy | Bus stop | People |  
Garbage | Flowers son preciosas | Cinco dólares | She  
sells flores | Flowers | Flores | How fast the cherry  
blossoms came and left | Her flowers | Flores | Flowers  
by the bus stop in their cut bouquets | She had to leave  
her children behind | She remembers all the flores in  
the market with her mother when she was small | Muy  
lejos | El mercado they walked to arm in arm |  
Chickens and mangoes and shoes | Abajo | The Earth is  
round | A daisy disk | Cactus on the border in bloom |  
The brick wall of Walgreens | People | La basura | Que  
sonrisa | Her big white bucket is stained |

## THE KINSHIP OF NEIGHBORS

Jonah Raskin

Homeless I am not, nor am I a Republican or a Democrat, though I’ve  
been woke since shortly after I came into this world & knew I was  
different from the Others who lived in big houses & whose parents  
drove big cars, believed in Bigness, didn’t see the folks who lived under  
the sun & the stars, & in broken down houses behind Main Street,  
an invisible presence my hometown wanted to pretend didn’t exist,  
wasn’t a part of the bleached nation born of chattel slavery, that at this  
late date doesn’t want to acknowledge that we all belong to the Family  
of Humans who came down from the trees, lived in caves, learned  
to harness fire, built pyramids, believed in an end to bondage & the  
kinship of neighbors inside & outside four walls with light, heat & all  
that shit.

## HUNGRY BABIES ON EARTH

hearin babies  
screaming  
in the nite  
from hunger  
an fright

knowin many  
will die  
before the  
mornin light

oh lord  
please help me  
find a way  
to feed every  
starving baby  
on earth

my heart  
is yours  
in anyway  
you need

i have nothing  
to give  
but the love  
pouring in me from  
above

if it be thy will  
please help me  
oh lord  
find a way  
to feed every  
hungry baby  
on earth

hearin babies  
screaming  
in the nite  
from hunger an fright

## HOMELESS ARE SAINTS

the homeless  
living an dying  
on our streets  
as we walk by  
pretending not to see  
as they eat  
out of garbage cans  
an die alone  
in cold dark nites

the homeless are the  
nameless saints  
who were created  
to do great things  
like you and I

an they need food shelter  
and medical care  
as we all do  
to survive

the homeless are saints  
having to watch  
as we walk by  
not caring  
if they live  
to see the morning lite

the homeless are saints

Poems by  
Judy Joy Jones

Poems by Sam “Palos” Kraemer

## untitled

There are worse feelings than misery  
There is worse hurt than pain  
There an exhaustion beyond being tired  
When I pass let me not be resurrected  
But let me sleep a dreamless sleep  
Afloat in the void  
Lost in the black

## Crickets

Fingers touch flesh and fingers touch strings  
Muscles ache and bacon sizzles  
I am stoned in the middle of the art museum  
The crunch of crickets in the hot night air  
Stepping branch to branch and talking to strangers



## COLLECTION DAY

Virginia Barrett

We are feeling the universe with giant  
gloves which grow each night covering  
the cosmos, as one covers their face  
when caught by surprise or an overwhelming  
grief. Cloud-shadows move and don't  
move; walking trees make their way  
closer to stars while we sleep, draped  
on limbs. From the window I watch  
a woman wheel a dog in a carriage on  
the sidewalk as a man pushes a shopping  
cart down the middle of the dead end  
street. She's shouting at him across the space  
between them, over the rattle of the metal  
cart piled with plastic garbage bags full  
of empties. They vanish from view, become  
barely audible: gone. I put on my mask  
and go outside. After collection, blue  
recycling bins stand like bodies gathered  
for an action yet to begin. I breathe through  
the tight weave, watch light salvage  
wreckage from the sun; I am too seldom  
at the ocean to hear the murmuring of shells.

## SOMETIMES IN WINTER

She wears  
Broken promises,  
On a string necklace  
Around her neck  
  
Worn and frazzled,  
Its bloody knots  
Cut into her skin.  
  
Touching each promise,  
Believing every lie  
She's a phantom  
On a foggy winter night.

Poems by  
© 2021 Johanna  
Elattar

## THIS HOUSE IS HAUNTED

In darkness, they dwell,  
Consumed by madness,  
And relentless need.  
  
Long dead spirits,  
Still searching for rest,  
Death, so unkind, never took them.  
  
This house is haunted,  
Haunted by cruel games,  
Endless, and, unwinnable.  
  
Words that turn to  
Silent screams, hang in  
The frigid air, unheard.  
  
Youth, its blush  
Long faded,  
Was it ever there?  
  
Long shadows stumble,  
Like birds blinded by an  
Unforgiving sun.  
  
On a broken street,  
Invisible, it remains.  
This house is haunted.

## gender bender

© 2020

I've become what you  
fear the most  
a big bad wolf  
standing outside  
your house of cards  
the binary that binds  
you like constipation  
or a straightjacket  
I'm not an enigma  
I'm an oracle  
only it's not deities  
I converse with  
I'm as ancient as  
language  
as mystic as music  
you think I'm an  
abomination  
but I'm the mosquito  
buzzing in your ear  
the dream you  
pretend you don't  
remember  
the rose you  
won't let open

Poems by  
Tommi Avicolti Mecca

## cop kicking a homeless man

© 2018

the cop kicked him  
he kicked a homeless man  
sleeping on the cold cement  
no blanket  
no shopping cart  
no bags  
nothing but the clothes  
on his back  
a half empty water bottle  
and a styrofoam take out  
carrier with noodles  
the cop's partner stood  
beside him looking bored  
as she checked her phone  
the drinkers drank in the  
nearby bar  
their laughter spilled out  
onto the street  
the people crossing the  
intersection never glanced  
at the cop kicking  
a homeless man  
who jumped up and  
raced for the train that  
had just pulled up  
door shutting behind him  
it being Veterans Day  
I had to wonder if the man  
the homeless man  
was a vet  
not that it would matter  
to a cop who kicked a man  
a homeless man  
to wake him up  
from his cold cement bed  
no blanket  
no shopping cart  
nothing but the clothes  
on his back

## I HELP BUILD SAN FRANCISCO

Marcella Ortiz

I helped built this building  
inside families from different  
states, prey on a  
Mahogany dinner table  
give thanks for  
all they have

I helped built this building  
outside the cement continues  
to shed its bubble gum layers  
tents pitched on corners  
inside them  
families from San Francisco  
prey and give thanks  
for all they have

I helped built this building  
in 2019  
my first job as a journeyman  
pulled all the electrical in-between the  
double layer rock  
that was hung  
to keep the noise of the  
street  
out

The noise of the outside  
cars, busses, street cleaners  
cleaning the streets  
families walking along the  
dead grey, sometimes black  
city slabs

I helped built this building  
inside lights up beautifully  
beautifully with there vintage Edison lamps  
that take and take all the energy  
outside a family clicks off  
the 5.99 LED lantern from REI  
kisses children goodnight

I help build San Francisco  
wish my next job  
was something that  
brought me pride

# HOME

I thought HOME was family  
I thought HOME was where I lived  
I thought HOME was only blood  
But it’s not.  
Home is where you and your partner talk about marriage  
Arguing over nothing but then cuddling 5 minutes later  
It’s where your dog and cat snuggle in your lap from time to time  
And interrupt the “alone time” you rarely get with your partner  
Home is where you can let loose and act crazy  
Singing from the top of your lungs even if it can get annoying  
It’s where you feel safe and secure and loved  
Home is running around while chasing a naked toddler  
Tripping over his toys while rewatching Bluey a million times over  
Or continuing to tell a 7-year old to do her homework  
As she makes up excuses and continuously jumps in your lap  
Needing to sneak out because they give puppy dog eyes every time you leave  
And it’s talking nonsense with your best friend,  
having a dirty mind and trying to go through with some very subtle pranks  
Home has a guinea pig named after our favorite character which was named by  
the 2-year old  
BABY YODA  
Defining home is difficult  
Everyone thinks differently  
But to me,  
It’s my Chosen family  
Those who have been there no matter what  
My home is a wild but safe place  
My home isn’t a where but a who  
My home is my family and friends  
The old and the new  
From my brother, sister, and dad  
To My best friends. Niece and Nephew,  
To my love and our new founded family  
They are my HOME

*Leilani Sabugo Bio: Leilani Sabugo is a 21-year old female, born and raised in San Francisco. She is a poet and college student majoring in Child Development. Leilani works with the Sunset Neighborhood Beacon Center and is passionate about working with youth. In her spare time, she writes and performs original poetry that expresses her thoughts and feelings. Leilani has performed her poetry at the Tenderloin Museum’s Annual Community Celebration, Larkin Street Academy’s Annual Education Graduation, Larkin Street Art Program’s Performing Arts Night and had her work highlighted in Larkin Street Art Program’s San Francisco Public Library art exhibit.*

## HOPES - WHAT YEAR IS IT?

Without a house,  
I could be.

The wind blows through my clothes  
at night.

My feet are cold,  
so are my hands.

I tell people passing bye  
"I am just feeding the pigeons."

"You shouldn't be in the cold, on the street"  
but I am.

My stomach rumbles.  
Lucky to eat last night.  
My body remembers more than me.

Shoppers pass by the mural of the dead  
at Union Square.

They stand in my way,  
I want to remember them.

-anonymous-

# I AM...

I am a human being. I make mistakes. I laugh. I cry. I get angry. I forget things. But, these all make me human. I’m not a robot. But, some people expect me to be robot-like. Able to easily turn my emotions on and off like a switch. But, it’s not that easy. Eventually, human-like robots develop feelings. Eventually, they malfunction. Eventually, they develop their consciousness to see that what they were taught to do was wrong. I guess they become sentient that way. I guess I am a sentient robot in a weird way. It explains my rebellious nature of life. Because of this robotlike upbringing, I was seen as a weird, antisocial, teacher’s pet and when I was an adult, I was seen as strong, nonchalant, a pushover, easy, unapproachable. But, that wasn’t the case at all. I was taught to act like that. I was taught to dress like that. I was taught to BE like that. After I moved out of my parents house, that’s when I realized that all of that was a mask – it wasn’t me. I was never boring. I am actually quite entertaining. I was never what people expected of me. I was just myself.

# HOME

My community is as tightly knitted together like a comfy sweater, as the many threads create a beautiful project together. It emits the smell of cotton candy, the smell of fun and friendships. The way the many silky strands of sweet sugar forms into a deliciously sweet treat reminds me of my community. Community to me resembles a second family to me, but also a group that I know when I am around them, I feel safe.

My neighborhood is diverse. My neighborhood is creative. My neighborhood is loud yet comforting. I think about the Starbucks that I used to work at- right before the Stockton tunnel that leads to Chinatown. I think about the 38 bus line- the bus I constantly took from Inner Richmond district to Union Square. I think about the places that I used to go to when I stayed at Geary House: the Shai-Lai Seafood Restaurant where I got my favorite egg white fried rice, Bam-bu, where I got Mangonadas from that were always bomb, Sanppo Restaurant in Japantown where I always get my favorite Japanese rice dish, and lastly the places that I shop at: Safeway, Target, and Grocery Outlet. This was my neighbrohood back in 2019, but I’ll always visit it.

My home now is closer to Golden Gate Park, the greenery just a block away. I smell the lavender scented wax that greets me as soon as I enter my room- my safe space. The place where I can sit and revive myself from the busy day of being social. The N Muni Line that I take to and from work is part of my routine, and the comfort of music in my ears as I listen to music wherever I go in my headphones. It’s vivid as I’m greeted with fresh air and serenity as I leave and come back from work. My home is not perfect, of course, with it’s cracks in the wall, the heavy windows in my room, and the lack of elevators since I live in an old house, but... I see the positivity in these things. I walk up and down the stairs without any complaint. I cover the cracks with colorful posters and decorations. I prop my windows open whenever it gets too hot. I made my home into a home just for me. And that is all that matters.

*Cierra Murray Bio: Cierra Murray, formally known as “SHIN”, is an artist born in Hollywood, Florida that currently resides in San Francisco. She uses a blend of word play in the form of rap, R&B, and K-pop inspiration to create a uniquely addictive sound that she can only describe as the spice in Shin Ramyun.*

## BASIC NEEDS

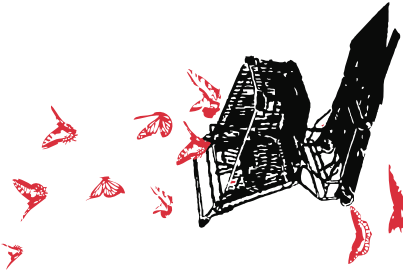
Hugs

How can I unwind in a city full of crime?  
Full of drug od’s and racist police  
In a city where housing is a prize even if you work a 9-5  
How can I get by?  
How can the youth in this city get ahead, without dropping dead from exhaustion?  
Because our jobs abuse us, our bosses refuse us basic needs....like A DAY OFF PLEASE??  
It’s not a life when all you do is work.  
It’s not a life when you cry all night cuz PG&E sent you a late fee  
And now you have no electricity  
Basic Needs.  
But I guess they’re not so basic  
If we have to climb 10 trees and cross 5 deserts to get those “basic needs”  
I guess having healthy food, shelter and clean water is a privilege many don’t get to see  
Yes of course it’s unfair, I see it everyday  
Walking through the Tenderloin, the Haight and all over the Bay

But try to smile  
Cuz at the end of the day  
Nothing lasts forever  
And those bills you never paid  
Will eventually  
Fade  
Away

Coalition On Homelessness  
280 Turk Street  
San Francisco, CA 94102  
415-346-3740  
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streetsheetstf@gmail.com

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STREET

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# TENDERLOIN TENT DRIVE



Please join the Coalition on Homelessness, St. James Infirmary,  
and Faith in Action in raising funds to provide tents for our  
unhoused neighbors.

Donate at: [bit.ly/TLtentdrive](https://bit.ly/TLtentdrive)

## TENDERLOIN TENT DRIVE:

Our unhoused  
neighbors need  
your support this  
winter!

Please donate to our  
mutual aid drive to  
offer tents, sleeping  
bags and tarps to our  
unhoused, unsheltered  
neighbors in the  
Tenderloin. A \$40  
donation provides a  
2-person tent, offering  
people basic shelter  
from the elements this  
winter.

## STREET SPEAK

### EPISODE 10: WHAT IS THE OVERDOSE CRISIS AND WHY SHOULD I CARRY NARCAN?

The overdose crisis claimed the lives of 700 San Franciscans in 2020—twice the number of COVID-19 deaths during the same period. We speak with Ashley

Fairburn—a harm reduction worker at the San Francisco AIDs Foundation—about what the overdose crisis is, the disparate impact it has on homeless San Franciscans, and how we can practice harm reduction in our own communities.

#### Learn more!

The San Francisco AIDs Foundation has so much helpful information about the overdose crisis and many programs to help keep people who use drugs safe. <https://www.sfaf.org/>

Support for Street Speak comes from our listeners!  
Please donate to us online at <https://coalition.networkforgood.com>



SCAN ME