

INDEPENDENTLY PUBLISHED BY THE COALITION ON HOMELESSNESS SINCE 1989



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STREET



I was shocked, confused, bewildered,
As I entered Heavens door,
Not by the beauty of it all,
Nor the lights or its décor.

But was the folks in heaven,
Who made me sputter and gasp,
The thieves, the liars, the sinners,
The alcoholics and the trash.

There stood the kid from seventh grade,
Who swiped my lunch money twice,
Next to him was my old neighbor,
Who never said anything nice.

Herb, who I always thought,
Was rotting away in hell,
Was sitting pretty on cloud nine,
Looking incredibly well.

I nudged Jesus, “What’s t the deal?
I would love to hear your take,
How’d all these sinners get up here?
God must’ve made a mistake.

‘And why’s everyone so quiet,
So sombre – give me a clue.’
‘Hush, child, ‘ He said, ‘ they’re all in shock,
No one thought they’d be seeing you.’

JUDGE NOT
Remember, just going to church doesn’t make
you a Christian any more than standing in your
garage
makes you a car.

Every saint has past...
Every sinner has a future!

Martine

EMBARCADERO WINTER’S TALE

Birds flying
Bell is tolling
Ghost of the
Good ship Klamath
Sits on the water
Rolling.
There are decorations
On Pine Street
Big enough to live in
But the homeless
Can’t even find a
Hole to piss in.
Palm trees stand
Guard saluting
The flags that are
Waving,
But I’m in the
Mood for looting
Pier 27 stands
There waiting
For the exodus
Of all those
Escaping.
The have-nots
Stand around
Fading,
Waiting
For someone who
Can do something
Worth
Waiting
For.

Detroit Richards

WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS TO ME

Lisa Willis

Christmas means different things to different people. Some are very religious, and all the expected emotions are in play. But many are like me. A church elder at a church in Reno used to call us CEOs, standing for Christmas and Easter only. I’m not really sure what the hell is happening in this universe, and I just want to enjoy the season.

If you have money, Christmas can be wonderful! I remember one Christmas when I was 7. My mom was working for Los Angeles and had moved us to Bellflower. It was great! We lived in a huge apartment complex with tons of kids. My school was just across the street, yet I still managed to be late several times.

Our first Christmas there was perhaps the best of my life! My older sister and I had 20 presents each—they covered the entire sofa! We had money that year, but most years we didn’t.

Christmas can be a cold, bitter holiday when you’re broke. My mom and I were both terribly abused growing up. Many in my family are cruel and abusive. We tried many years to spend the holidays with family, but my mom and I eventually just gave up and spent the holidays together, just the two of us.

So I spent the holidays with my mom. She was the perfect companion for Christmas! She was funny, sweet, and intelligent. She loved Van Halen, Me-

tallica and Megadeth, but she also loved Johnny Mathis. “Chances are, though you wear a silly grin” were the only words I remember.

We had a tradition where I would cook a turkey, she would make the dressing and potato salad, and the rest we would just wing it and make whatever we were in the mood for. And every year we would watch “It’s A Wonderful Life.”. Our favorite was the bar scene where Nick the bartender tells George, “Listen, mister, we serve hard drinks in here to men who want to get drunk fast, and we don’t need no characters around to give the joint atmosphere!”

We used to watch the entire movie. But over the years it became difficult for us to watch. George Bailey, the main character, is a very smart man who never got a fair chance at life. He has friends and family that love him, and that’s really important, but so is the honest, pure ambition that made George Bailey what he was, and it was never fulfilled.

I can just imagine a 60-year-old George Bailey: His kids are all grown up, and he and his wife are tired. All of their friends are retiring, taking cruises, going to Hawaii, but they can’t afford it. It’s really a very sad movie pretending to be uplifting, so years ago we stopped watching it. We memorized when the bar scene started, and only watched that part.

continued on page 3...

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SHEET
GOING
STRONG!



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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.

COVER ART CREDIT
Hey there the name’s Britt (she/her) short for Brittany T Genius. I’m a 31 year old Black Lesbian Tattoo artist/Graphic designer from Brooklyn NY. I’ve Been living and creating in the Bay Area since about 2018. In my spare time I like to illustrate life in the form of comics and massive paintings. Check me out at www.BrittanyisGenius.com

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SCAN ME

PEANUT

Waverly Walton

in the back of the bus
a very fine young man
with fine cornrows
was asking me where
he could go
here in San Francisco

in Oakland all
the shelters are full
and here you play the
lottery to get in he’s
destined for the street
for sure

he has a bag of
peanuts in their shells
circus peanuts
riding in the back of

the night bus in
a lonely carousel

who is sung in
their peanut shell?

in infinity of stories

will it be the nowhere tonight
and knew no way to shelter
here or in Oakland his bag
of peanuts
riding around

every story is a loneliness
snug in its peanut shell

and me sitting here
in my peanut gallery head
writing this

of his face of his hand
holding his bag of
peanuts in their shells

in the bus rolling down
to the end of the line
where you used to
sometimes sleep

where you hide and
I seek you

Where are you?

boy with the bag
of peanuts how
are you?

This is not
a love poem

Thank you
TO ALL OF MY SUPPORTERS

Much love
Waverly

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI DIED

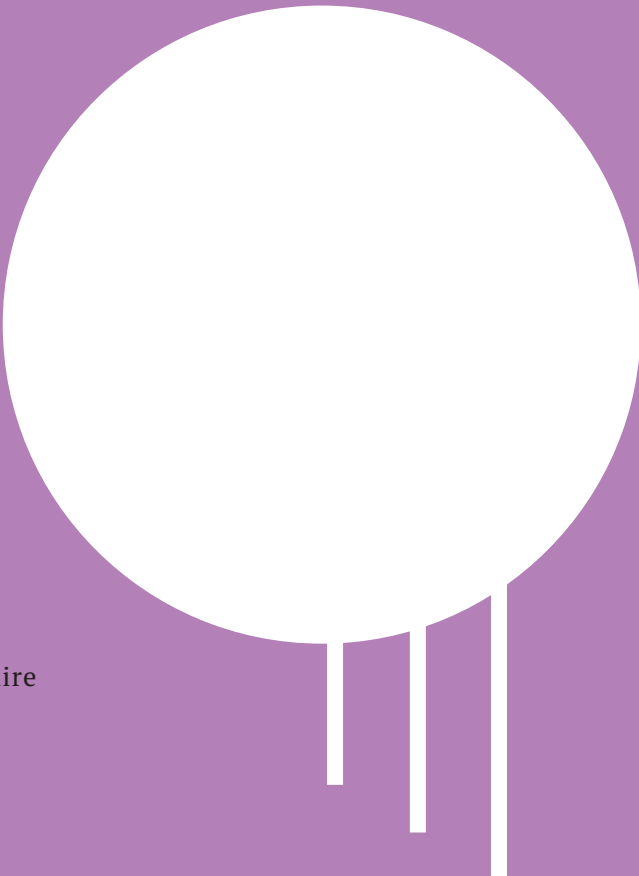
Virginia Barrett

Lawrence Ferlinghetti has died
It’s all over the internet
It streams through social media feeds
A great being has died
But his work won’t die

His work is in our island minds
it’s in our useful musings
In North Beach
in his own bed
he died
There is no way
to change it
He died the death all life dies
He died the death of a poet,
of an artist, publisher, insurgent extraordinaire

For a century
his bright eyes saw
what the sky sees
what the ocean brings
Blind in his last years
He listened
as humanity heaves under
the weight of greed & need
and left poems for us all
Through the cycles
in the wheel of the world
There is only one Ferlinghetti
The lover Death
has enchanted him
where once he drew
her nakedness
with live open strokes
And stood among the flesh remains
at Nagasaki
a newborn poet-pacifist
He has passed beyond the Golden Gate
His painted vessel out of sight
becoming pure light
He has taken off his Lady Liberty mask
he wears the infinite one
the face of all expression
Lawrence is on the big screen now
playing in the Poetry Room
He climbed the stairs a final time
his office door an OPEN DOOR
His voice is in the air
it fills City Lights everywhere
His breath is in the books
between each line and word
And we hear his new manifesto
the sea weeps in it
the birds sing in it
dissidents no longer hide
It is high tide and the seabirds cry
The water has washed over him
here by the bay
in San Francisco
Where a migrating whale
comes early this year
to weep in the sea
to sing in the sea
A deep sonar song
sonorous waves
sounding through us
Lawrence they call
Lawrence

In tribute to Lawrence Ferlinghetti (1919-2021), San Francisco’s first poet laureate. This poem was inspired by Ferlinghetti’s poem, “Allen Ginsberg Dying.”



THE COMMUTE [SAN FRANCISCO TO HALF MOON BAY]

Virginia Barrett

Hawk in a dead tree overlooking a field
where horses graze. Yesterday, a mattress
dumped on the sidewalk in front of my
building; restless sleep with so much
rain. My neighbor upstairs leaves at four
this morning—a guy who usually sleeps past
noon. The engine of his vintage van whirls
under my window, waking me. My drive
begins near sunrise. An opposite commute
they say but still, the creeping numbness
of it. What comes into view day after day
we begin to hold dear—random milestones
of existence—a neon cafe sign blinking:
OPEN. Like mala beads, I’ve come to count
on the hawk and horses. Sometimes I find
no raptor, but a tiny sparrow for prayer.

What Christmas Means to Me

continued from page 2...
The other tradition? My mom watched “A Christmas Carol.” She kept trying to get me to watch it with her, but I never did. It just seemed boring, so I would blast metal, my favorite kind of music, with my headphones on.

My mom died last year at the age of 76. We both thought she would live to be 100. I never did get around to watching “A Christmas Carol” with her, and I really regret that.

I recently moved. It’s a tiny studio, but in a nice neighborhood with good and kind people, the

kind of people that make this dreary world livable. My mom was like that—she would have loved this neighborhood!

So this Christmas is different for me. It’s sad, it’s lonely, and it’s isolating.

I’ve never experienced romantic love. Every try has been a painful disaster. This time of year is really hard for that reason as well. I’m one of those hopeless romantics you hear so much about. My mom and I also had that in common—really nice women who are constantly being hurt.

When she reached her 50s she just gave up. I’m 53, and I sort of feel the same. I’m gonna give this roller coaster ride just a few more tries before I get off. And I think I’m feeling the same about Christmas. But I have a home now. I can’t even imagine being homeless on Christmas in this city!

Many of us have given up on Christmas. Just another dream sold to the naive, like me. I think I’m gonna start a new tradition. Every Christmas I’m going to write an article about my thoughts on Christmas. Maybe one day that article won’t be a sad one. ■

WE RESIST

Wear black
Fight back
We resist
Being surrounded by cars
Wear black
Fight back
We resist
Aggressors dressed the same
Wear black
Fight back
We resist
The sight of their guns
Wear black
Fight back
We resist
Harassment @ 1st sight
Wear black
Fight back
We resist
Being punked into surrendering
Wear black
Fight back
We resist
The bark of their guns
Wear black
Fight back
We resist
Falling dead on concrete
Wear black
Fight back
We resist
Being driven to the morgue
Wear black
Fight back
We resist
Being planted in the boneyard
Wear black
Fight back
We resist
Watching families grieve
Wear black
Fight back
We resist
Watching many tears fall
Wear black
Fight back
We resist
Any more community deaths
Wear black
Fight back
We resist
Any more night rides on Blacks
Wear black
Fight back
We resist
Because it serves us to preserve us
Wear black
Fight back
We resist
Because our lives count, any amount
Wear black
Fight back
We resist
On a special day
Wear black
Fight back
We resist
Every October 22nd
Wear black

Fight back
We resist
Beyond this 1 day
Wear black
Fight back
We resist
The stereotypical criminal profile
Wear black
Fight back
We resist

Brutality from the police—

W: 10.22.22

MONITOR

Light shined on my path
Radiating from one
Black Dell©
Laptop computer monitor.
Curiosity took hold
Of my fingers,
Tapping the keyboard,
Hand on mouse,
Following the light's source.

Meeting I.D.
And then

Passcode
And then

White waiting room
And then

The light
I sought
Manifested as
40 poets
Inside squares
On screen.
My element,
My people,
My audience.

I adore
This light
I discovered.
The light
Adores me in return.
With each
Line I exhale,
Stanza I spit,
Into the monitor,
Into the Zoom© room.
Claps, snaps & emoticons.

W: 11.9.22

Dee Allen



Only a coward
Attacks people
Only a coward
Insecure in hims
Loads an ammo
To his person
Only a Coward
To be certain
Lacking the last
Disregards free
To sacrifice the
And spill the blo
Of a community
That thrives on

Only a Coward
Immortalized in
Another mass g
Infamous for a p
A Coward
afraid of change

Only a coward
Marks off the cr
Hides behind a l
The press ask fo
Only a coward t
Wont say yet
If the crime was
Only a Coward
Denies the obvi
To gaslight and p
The abuses they
The news
Hoping to spin a
So they wont ne
People
LGBTQ

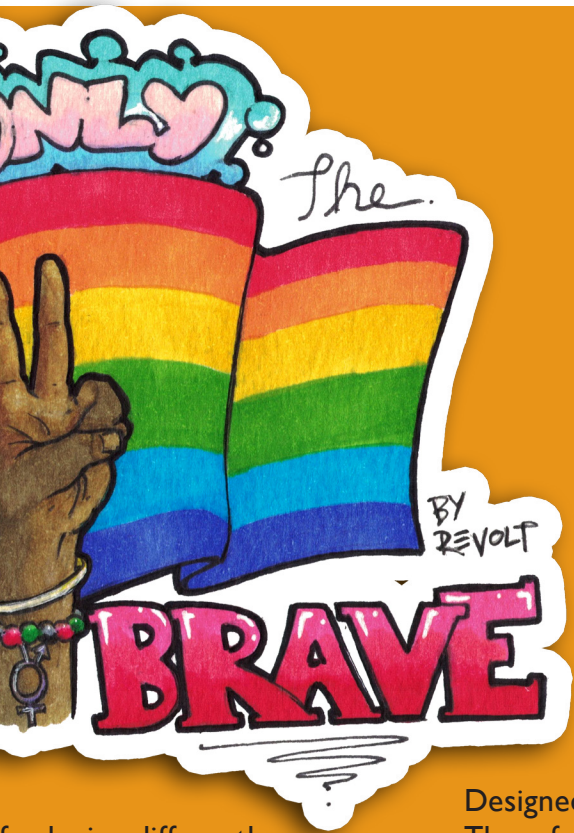
Plus

Disgus-ted with
Myself for feelin
By So Many Cov
With itchy trigg
Playing Call of D
Like it was Call
Splitting torsos,
In plain sight
Our backyards a
Soaked in the bl
Only a Coward
Enlists terror
Against those th

Only the Brave

Only the Brave

Stay their resolu
Against a genoc



POEMS BY REVOLT
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for loving differently

self
belt and straps an assault rifle

straw of common sense
dom and all it meant
innocent
ood
y
tolerance

another headline
rave
pointless crime of terror

crime scene
PR desk
or a statement they'd make
funded to protect

s motivated by hate

ous
perpetuate
y oversee

a headline
eed to support

g numb
wards
er fingers and thumbs
Duty
of the Reich
limbs with artillery

and playgrounds
lood of our friends

that serve no threat to him

ve
idal machine

Designed to eradicate
Them for being
The only way they could ever be

Only the brave
Kings and Drag Queens
Explore beyond the perversions of binary
Hetero-normative One Size Fits All
Meet the Beavers reboot
Cookie cut plastic Mean Girls
Fuckbois Juicy butt
Frat flake alpha male
Hero; slut
Secret; ashamed
Submissive
Lust, look like GQ magazine
Or a Penthouse pinup
gripped in the endless
Monotony of a
Patriarchy
Christian rightwing theocracy
But

Only the Brave
Challenge the mold
Without weapons to hold
But fly
Rainbows flags across gates that are gold
Reminding all people
Young, old
That they. belong. here.
Everyone has someones hand they can hold
Diversity and celebrate
With parades and glitter
Dance and fashion
Uniqueness
In all its fantastic compassion

Only the brave
Can leave a closet
To begin a new life
In unfamiliar and often hostile territory
Recite and uplift
A generation in step
For the first time in thousands of years
Humans beings learning how to accept

Only the brave
Can spot
A coward
Who can't accept what is unique
To tackle he who distributes death
With mechanized ease
Disarming a butcher
So that others may still breathe

Only the Brave
At Club Q
November 20, 2022
In Colorado Springs

Nothing gets me hornier fast
then to see your fine ass wearing a mask
black garters in lingerie
socks that are knee-high
don't get me aroused like an N95 :)
Let's dip back to my pad to do things wild and obscene
after you flashing the card that says you got the vaccine!
Might be afraid to socialize; call me chicken or rooster
but I'd love to meet your two breasts if they come with a booster!
Safe sex ain't nothing less than condoms I keep in my wallet
all it tells me
is you care about safety
a compassionate being
to acknowledge other medical needs
makes this cripple weak at the knees
like I wasn't already
checking my breath
I'll freshen up with a mint
after your negative test
the free one from Biden
I'd love to just slide in
your DMs
so you'll be scratching my back to give me scars in the nude
instead of SARS-2
making boo boos and ouchies
tie me up with a whip
while I scream, "Anthony Fauci!" <3

The cases are down, but baby I'm up
let's shelter in place
with my hips to your waist
pulsing with love
Down about Covid?
I'll read you erotic poems by Ovid
sexting you up so good you won't care that ain't nothing open!
PPE excites my pp
and you're super fine
gimme a sign
but not if you out maskless
catching
Covid one nine
I'ma pass on that
for like
a couple of weeks
after that hmu and maybe we can get back to
knocking the knees
I get horny to see
you avoiding Omicron
make me come out the shower
and drop my robe like I was Obi-Wan
resurfacing later sometime around noon
to do it again after your meeting on Zoom
I'm naked most days now lifting weights in the back
nothing gets me hotter
than when you're wearing a mask!

On my 53 birthday my soul is so dry, as I fight the temptation to forever close my eyes.
The choking frustration, the bitter cold of reality
The unmistakable fear of coming calamity.
What in the world must I have been, in a previous life that so did me in.
Well if this life is nothing but a punishment, then God please end it now, hang my head like an ornament

Lisa Willis

SHE

She sits on a corner
Of a frozen,
Dirty street,
Sign in hand,

“Homeless,
Hungry,
Please
Help”

Surrounded by
Piles of bags
Meant to keep the
Monsters at bay

The monsters
Who avoid
Her eyes,
Ignoring her plea.

Some spout
Venom,
Their faces
Contorted, hateful

And others,
Only she
Can feel,
And see.

Johanna Elattar

SPEAK THE OCEAN

Speak the ocean,
He said to me,
On a bright,
And sunny
Summer’s day

He didn’t recognize
The woman that
Accompanied him,
And he didn’t care.

There’s no happiness
Like lovers lost
In a dream, their
Ignorance, bliss.

I surrender to the
Calmness of the
Mediterranean sea
As it takes me home.

Johanna Elattar

SHUFFLE WITH FATE

Andy Howard

Prisons are the Temples
where
Devils learn to Play
Honing
Skills of Deviance
with
Each waking Day

Every
Time we turn the key
We twist the knife
of
fate

Because every time
we
Cage
A
man
We Close Him in
with
Hate

If the man is strong enough
to leave the
cage
filled with love
Vs
Hate

there is a chance
He will
accomplish
something great.

And that is How
Society shuffles
with fate

SOMEBODY’S SON

Jan Steckel

His toes flowered out of the busted shoes,
long curling nails, peeling skin, ripe and bursting
into decay. He had fastened cardboard shields
around his feet with strapping tape.

He lay on the sidewalk asleep among bags
of his belongings. I stood over him,
half my hamburger and a handful of fries
in a cardboard box, but I didn’t want to wake him.

My husband said he’d give him his own shoes,
but I saw they wouldn’t fit the swollen feet.
I wanted to wash those feet, cut the nails,
slide them into soft slippers.

I imagined sitting the man up
against the chain link fence, feeding him
something warm, building him a tiny house.
Instead I walked away and wrote about it.

IN MY AMERICA

for G. L. Morrison

Jan Steckel

Because no one should have to choose
between helping a friend
and paying the rent.

A woman in a wheelchair shouldn’t worry
where her next meal’s coming from.
Not in my America.

Virtual rent parties are fine,
but why should she have to throw one?
What are my taxes going for, anyway?

Seven-year-old tried to sell his stuffed bear
for food on the street. Seriously?
In my America?

Policeman took the child out for lunch
while his partner went to the house,
found more kids who hadn’t eaten for days.

Because no one should have to choose
between their teddy bear and food.
Not in my America.



DID YOU KNOW WE HAVE A PODCAST?

Get answers to your burning questions about poverty
and homelessness wherever you get your podcasts.
PLUS! Stay tuned for our upcoming 2023 Poetry Episode
to hear poets from this issue reading their pieces aloud!

<https://www.streetsheet.org/street-speak-podcast/>

SCAN ME



Final Form (dedicated to mark major)

By Cancer

My ultimate form is a piece of trash in the street
(not everything is a groundscore)
find me pick me up
twist me into a new style
stop crying like some rich girl and
smoke this door.

...
Find me discarded in a puddle of water in it next to me is the chilliest pigeon
ive ever seen.

...
groundscore!

El Joker

Anonymos

#5(contranym)
Done the day?
He asked with a slight downward nod both hands palm down on the invisible
table in front or him, he continued into the liquor store.

Tostilocos please.
her hands parted slid across some invisible floating panel above the counter
and she slightly nodded her head downward.
uhh yes please (i know so many words in spanish i hafta pull a finger outta my
nose to count them all.)

4 more essentials:

Pero
Guerro
Pinche
Flaca

CLOSED
CHURCH
DOORS

Judy Joy Jones

as they make their way
into the church doors
all dressed in their finery
ignoring the poor
don't they realize
'tis jesus they seek
and he can be found
dying on their streets
it's him on your cold concrete streets
dying from hunger and neglect
can't you see him
in the poorest of the poor
dying outside your church doors?
'tis jesus you seek
and it is he
the poorest of the poor

WHAT I
WANTED TO
TELL YOU

I've been emotional
Allowing the chemicals
Inside and outside of me
To manage me
Pull my strings
Make me dance
Dance baby dance
With fleeting thoughts
Uncontrollable
Unsustainable
Untraceable
To their point of origin
I can see them
Racing around
Like rats in a maze
Match my emotions
Fueled by the toxicity
They've lost their way
And somehow
The moment passes
And my actions
Speak louder
Than the megaphone
Of my heart
And I'll never get to say
What I wanted to tell you
I can't seem to say
What I wanted to tell you

Sarah Tea

VULNERABILITY

My life growing up wasn't all peaches and cream,
I was told to be silent about abuse done to me!
How dare you shut me up when you know you are wrong,
God gave me a mouth to speak on how you raised both me and my son.
It's not Christian like to tell me stop when you are holding grudges,
God gave me a gift to write my story so I'm sorry if I'm pushing your buttons.
That's unfair for you but it's fair for me and God,
Pleasing Him is my priority I don't need no side talk!
You're worried about what other think and I'm worried about healing,
Maybe you should consider opening up and stop bottling up your feelings.
My children deserve to know the truth of their neglect,
I was deep in my alcohol addiction that I painfully regret.
The Lord is my witness I started drinking because of you,
I have feelings and I have the right to stop this madness and expose the truth.
God intervened in my life to be an inspiration to younger generations,
My experience in the past can make a difference in people's lives and true motivation!
God blessed me with the gift to write,
I have to express what's on my mind.
Writing is how I cope,
Instead of isolating myself and mope.
You suggest I find another hobby,
What's wrong with writing it makes me happy!
No one can take away what God bestowed on me as a gift and a talent!
My purpose is glorifying the Lord of His goodness despite my menace!
I feel victorious of how God delivered me,
The road is tough but that's when faith comes in.
The world needs my voice to encourage and empower,
It starts with me first by carefully taking the road that's narrow!
I am doing the footwork to live for Christ,
It's hard but it's possible with God on my side!
My apology Dad if I hurt your feelings,
My feelings are valid I wish you know their meaning!
I don't see nothing wrong with exposing you at all,
You should be proud of me that I'm coming up strong!

Aaone Enosa

BLACK HISTORY & BLACK FUTURES MONTH

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS!

We are currently accepting submissions and pitches from Black writers, poets, comic artists, and creators for this annual issue of Street Sheet. Accepted submissions eligible for a stipend!



Submit in person, at StreetSheet.org or by email to qwatts@cohsf.org by January 20th to be included!

BREAKING:

INJUNCTION WON AGAINST ENCAMPMENT SWEEPS IN SAN FRANCISCO! SEE AN ILLEGAL SWEEP? REPORT IT HERE → [HTTPS://FORMS.GLE/FSUGKK1TEUVK7FLW6](https://forms.gle/FSUGKK1TEUVK7FLW6)

V. CONCLUSION

For the foregoing reasons, Plaintiffs' motion for a preliminary injunction is granted as follows:

I. Defendants are preliminary enjoined from enforcing or threatening to enforce, or using California Penal Code section 148(a) to enforce or threaten to enforce, the following laws and ordinances to prohibit involuntarily homeless individuals from sitting, lying, or sleeping on public property:

- California Penal Code section 647(e)
- California Penal Code section 370
- California Penal Code section 372
- San Francisco Police Code section 168
- San Francisco Police Code section 169

This preliminary injunction shall remain effective as long as there are more homeless individuals in San Francisco than there are shelter beds available.

II. Defendants are preliminarily enjoined from violating San Francisco's bag and tag policy as embodied in DPW Procedure No. 16-05-08 (REV 03).

IT IS SO ORDERED.

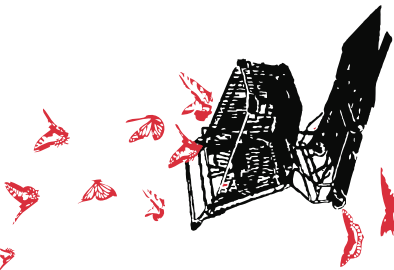
Dated: December 23, 2022



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