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STREET SHEET IS READER SUPPORTED, ADVERTISING FREE, AND AIMS TO LIFT UP THE VOICES OF THOSE LIVING IN POVERTY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

# STREET SHEET



CURRENTLY ALSO DISTRIBUTED BY HOMEWARD STREET JOURNAL VENDORS IN SACRAMENTO





[evening]

JONI PRINCE

Consider the remarkable resilience of the Mac Dre Industrial Complex, whose subsidiaries belong to the rarefied business of “culture,” unlike the manufacturing and logistical enterprises which appear at first glance to be “graspable,” and yet take for example Stauffer Chemical, which in the 1960s and ‘70s disposed of 11,000 tons of alum mud, also known as red mud, or bauxite residue, at present-day Albany Bulb, radioactive industrial waste which, it was recently revealed, continues to spit off elevated gamma count rates, invisible and ungraspable to the innocent park-goers. But Annie Andy Pondscum and Candy and I, we do not care about this revelation. We like to go sit at the shore of the irradiated bulb and we look over the bay and into the polluted haze over the distant skyline and we find a gnarled tree to tie disposed medical tubing and our shredded graffiti-soaked bandanas to. We sit and smoke and pretend like we’re dancing on the rafters new millennium-style and roll around the trash heap in order to hasten our trajectory toward blinding radiance, gamma rays soaking into our tissues, lighter now, glimpsing gradual systemwide mutation, expression via the iris, turbid purple, like that one Future music video. A peculiar time in which all the horoscopes might as well read ‘ketamine waxing, promethazine beeth waning.’ Well, We want real new — one extra syllable in a fit of late style, the dog-walkers averting their gazes as we inspect the opening of an emergent sex organ and we caress it gently, with purpose, before it atrophies to make room for a perineal vent, look, intergenerational trauma laid like an egg, aglow, and so cute — we want to summon our ancestors back from the grave, not ashamed but to fill them with lust and lean, here, on this collapsing solstice, we’ve expropriated all of the light evacuated from the day to which it belongs, waving goodbye to the irradiated sky, its illumination diminished so we can more properly remember the dead, each one a mutant flower out from the trash-filled earth, children of the not-so-charming sarin, tabun, and soman. Nazi compounds whose horror we have inherited, not of our own choosing, structure/history/agency, otherwise known as wind, the soot of nuclear winter, and holiday cheer, which we lack, and is why we came here tonight, to stand atop the wreckage and turn memory to ash. For every boydyke, for every unclockable Machiavelli; for the wailing tranarchist, running, yelling “Shelley”; for Big Dick Ice Spice, who’s still shaking ass in the deli; to the daddies and bitches and withered nipple-latchers, with whom we share universal basic bitch era guerrilla warfare. Remember the vests and their peace policing? Remember “white men to the front?” Now it’s just Hind’s House, the tranny lumpen, partisans of the student intifada, a taste for blood only capable of being acquired in riotous Spring, and now that it is winter we have nothing to lose but our holes, mwah.

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

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.

HELP KEEP  
STREET  
SHEET IN  
PRINT!



coalition.networkforgood.com

ORGANIZE WITH US

**HOUSING JUSTICE WORKING GROUP  
TUESDAYS @ 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! Email [mcarrera@cohsf.org](mailto:mcarrera@cohsf.org) to get involved!

**HUMAN RIGHTS WORKING GROUP  
WEDNESDAYS @12:30**  
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! Email [lpierce@cohsf.org](mailto:lpierce@cohsf.org)

**EVERYONE IS INVITED TO  
JOIN OUR WORKING GROUP  
MEETINGS!**



*Street Sheet is published and distributed on the unceded ancestral homeland of the Ramaytush Ohlone peoples. We recognize and honor the ongoing presence and stewardship of the original people of this land. We recognize that homelessness can not truly be ended until this land is returned to its original stewards.*

# PUNK ROCK SPIKES IN THE ASHES

NICOLE NOEL HENARES

*For all the poets and punks who have remembered with integrity, in particular Jello for reminding me last month that Jose went by the name Ocaña to honor his grandfather, my great grandfather, who was proudly Andalusian, and a black man.*

when I was asked who was next of kin,  
it was a trick question.  
The next night at La Lunada,  
the moon turned red —  
a full eclipse  
beneath an Aries sky,  
the sign of fire and reckoning,  
where endings ignite  
their own beginnings.  
The sky itself  
was remembering.  
And through that remembering,  
I remember now.  
It burns like a mixtape  
of every lost song,  
every name I thought I'd forgotten.  
Memory is not a wound,  
but a portal —  
a way back through time:  
April 22, 1984, Easter Sunday.  
You wore a blue gingham shirt  
and were in the ninth grade at Lowell.  
We were at the Crown Room for brunch  
with my grandmother and Mrs. Boucher,  
her grandson and his wife.  
And I realize:  
punk rock is never about rage —  
it is about resurrection.  
About turning silence  
into sound,  
and memory  
into mercy.

*\*originally published in Literary Underground  
on Dec. 24, 2025*



SOLANGE CUBA

SAMUEL KRAEMER

## IF I WAS INVISIBLE

If I was invisible  
I would eat baby back ribs  
invest in smoke and mirrors  
Dance to Maroon 5  
Stare at you shamelessly  
Wonder why I didn't do this sooner  
Scare the fuck out of people  
Redistribute wealth  
See the real me  
Trip people up and out  
Learn sign language

## TWO PARTS

Are you a broken heart, too?  
In two pieces, too?  
Let's come together, be unbroken.  
Let's make a clover.  
Then we'll be bigger than a little ol' heart,  
Who has no one to cling to,  
Who has no one which to be.  
Come together with me.  
It's lonely being just two.

# THE SURVIVORS

TATIANA LYULKIN

*to my friends who call the TL their home*

Don't write us off,  
Don't pretend you don't see us  
As you walk down the street,  
We're not the faceless shadows,  
Some strange beings  
Sleeping in the alleys  
And the long vacated buildings  
In the middle of nowhere.  
We're here,  
We're alive,  
We matter  
And we're "you."

Don't write us off,  
We're just like you-  
We fall in love,  
We fight and forgive- or not,  
We try to protect our own.  
We work and take night classes,  
We feel pain and joy,  
We dream of better times  
And we keep each other  
Safe and warm  
When the fog rolls in.

Don't write us off,  
We fight for our right  
To be seen,  
To be heard,  
We survive.  
We overcome.  
And we recover.

# “THAT’S NOT HOW IT WORKS”

BECCA

It's my poison. It's my vice.  
Don't preach to me, I've got my reasons.  
I'm better than expected, from what they say...  
they've put me at ground zero -- oh, that's a shame!  
They used to laugh about it, but now,  
they're running scared.  
They think it's me they fear,  
actually, it's their own conscience, they can't bear.  
They've got their hand caught, in the cookie jar;  
then blame me.  
That's not how it works,  
take responsibility.  
True up your wrongs.  
You'll respect yourselves again,  
you won't go wrong.  
Live in the light, God's light.  
Talk to Him daily, bout what's up.  
Don't tell God what to do,  
just turn it over, to Him.  
Then, you'll see,  
Divine intervention.



photo by tatiana lyulkin



ETERNITY & ETERNAL

OZZY LOMELI

When I hear the word Eternity & Eternal  
The definition is everlasting & infinite & if it was up to me  
There would be a picture of you & it would say Lili  
A woman with infinite & extraordinary beauty  
Because in my eyes, you are flawless

A woman that is dedicated, hardworking, a great mother & loyal partner  
A woman with such a beautiful smile that she lights up the room  
With her beautiful pearly white teeth  
A woman with such beautiful amber eyes  
That have such a beautiful almond shape  
They also have this one of kind sparkle in her eyes that remind you of the stars  
That are in the heavens  
Or diamonds that are breathtaking & her skin is in a beautiful light mocha color

Her skin is so soft like the finest and softest silks you have ever felt  
Her lips are so sweet that they remind me of sweet dark chocolate & they're nice and tender  
What can I say about the word eternity  
Besides I'm the luckiest man in the world  
Because I get to be with a woman with eternal beauty for Eternity

SHOOK

ERIKAH WALTON

This late night hate leads to violence and spoken words of disgust and an unwanted fate,  
of an argument, a fight, or even worse than that can be found in debate.  
It becomes the manifestation of disgrace with a hideous face,  
Letting me know that this used-to-be has-been sanctuary is no longer a safe place.

To tell one person is to tell all, because information spreads like wildfire,  
and the person that brings the gasoline to fuel the poisonous wood is apparently who you should admire,  
Their negativity placed in a large castle atop a marble spire.  
Are these cruel and disgusting words used to break down others what you truly desire?

You keep trying to say that I'm hating, but you're getting it wrong, I'm not.  
I want the best for everybody in these battles that we've fought.  
And to avoid the insecurity that has been brought,  
And hopefully re-establish a healthy and friendly community that we all have sought.

But nobody listens and everybody wants to focus on the bad.  
The lack of respect, the sense of entitlement, and the slander of names makes me so fucking sad.  
Don't you realize that this type of behavior is like a high school fad,  
and the facade you keep wearing will have you drive yourself mad?

I'm not trying to call anybody out, throw shade, or diss names,  
But I just no longer want to participate in these social acceptance games,  
Where in the end, it's at least one person who is always shamed.

I just want to make the point that I think we should all try to get along,  
Like in the beginning when we all used to sing the same song,  
How during those late nights we all had fun and felt we could do no wrong.  
Is that gone?

I don't want to go and be the bearer of bad news,  
But I think it's about time that we've all paid our dues,  
And be like adults and tie our own shoes,  
Letting the world know that from this conflict we grew.

And as friends and as a community, we're supposed to build each other up, not tear each other down.  
Because of ill-will and malice, please don't let your brother or sister drown.  
I know at times we all feel like we deserve to wear the crown,  
But if we keep fighting over the little things, in the end we'll all look like clowns.

I just want us to be in a state of mind where we can all be united,  
and to avoid the ill-will and negativity that's been incited,  
and to let the warm feelings of love and encouragement in this community be rei-ignited.  
So that one day we can have fun and take part in being oh-so-delighted,  
In knowing that these feelings of love towards one another will NOT be unrequited.  
And I'm hoping it becomes a little clearer with these words that I've recited.

And I just want to say that this is a message of love and not of hate,  
And if you misinterpret the meaning of this poem, please let us sit down and discuss this on another date,  
So that we may gain understanding on which feelings we should let incubate,  
So that there are no hard feelings and it will never be too late,  
To let you know that at my dinner table, for you, there is always a plate.

EVICTIOn  
HEARIng  
BLUES

KAROL OLESIAK

we won our eviction hearing

corporate clones bought our  
building agreeing to finally toe  
the line a year free rent in  
san francisco seems worth  
roach scatter kulaks cripple  
tenderloin inducing exodus  
psychic costs of shifting earth  
red light abatement pansy craze  
compton's cafeteria uprisings  
tết lunar new year little saigon  
rent aspiration crediting convos  
shared around hospitality house  
skills shared with outsiders

we won our eviction hearing  
we won our eviction hearing

is this still even a blues poem  
I heard the loin in tenderloin  
belonged to sex workers in  
hard boiled detective sagas  
single-room-occupancy-haven  
insecure vertical village bánh mì  
handed joining time gained  
they were always going to  
settle that's thing applying  
mind-fuck pressure on anxious  
vulnerable there used to be  
live nudes now hear me my  
elderly disabled neighbors

we won our eviction hearing  
we won our eviction hearing  
we won our eviction hearing





# BLOCK THE BOMBS, BRING ON THE POETS

CATHLEEN WILLIAMS

On September 22, 2025 Representative Delia Ramirez (IL-03) introduced the Block the Bombs Act during the 119th Congress.

“This bill prohibits the President from selling, transferring, or exporting some of the most destructive weapon systems — specifically bunker buster bombs, JDAMs, 120mm tank rounds, and 155mm artillery shells — to Israel, which are currently being used in the destruction of Gaza.”

On September 24, Bay Area poets, with scores of other protestors, gathered outside the offices of California Senators Padilla and Schiff at Post and Market Streets in San Francisco. The poets, standing together in front of the crowd, included SF Poet Laureate Genny Lim, former SF Poet Laureates Alexandro Murguia and Devorah Major, as well as Mike Wong, Joe Lamb, James Janko, Maxine Hong Kingston, Salma Shaie. Kathleen Herman, Alameda Poet Laureate Kimi Sugioka, and Kirk Lumpkin.

Brightly painted streetcars packed with commuters rumbled past on Market Street. On the crowded sidewalk, passersby stopped to listen. The poets demanded our Senators take action to support the Block the Bombs legislation. Most US Senators voted for it recently and it has 50 congressional co-sponsors.

Reading powerful poem after poem, the poets also called for protection of Palestinian journalists who have been deliberately targeted and killed in the Gaza Strip, crimes committed with impunity.

In the shadowed canyon of Market Street, outlined against the late afternoon sky, it seemed as if kites flew above the poets and the crowd. They were protest signs created by artist David Solnit, and they quoted Palestinian writer, poet, professor and activist Refaat Alareer, who was targeted and killed on December 6, 2023, by an Israeli airstrike in northern Gaza. Here is Alareer's poem:

## IF I MUST DIE

by Refaat Alareer

If I must die  
you must live  
to tell my story  
to sell my things  
to buy a piece of cloth  
and some strings  
(make it white with a long tail)  
so that a child, somewhere in Gaza  
while looking heaven in the eye  
awaiting his dad who left in a blaze  
and bid no one farewell  
not even to his flesh  
not even to himself—  
sees the kite, my kite you made, flying up above  
and thinks for a moment an angel is there  
bringing back love  
If I must die  
let it bring hope  
let it be a tale

For more information about the Block the Bombs Act, and to make your voice heard, check out the website: <https://www.block-thebombs.org>

## DARK MORNING

SKIP GENTRY

It is early, but it's late.  
The mind is quietly rousing.  
Hmm. A hierarchy of needs?  
The ego feeds.  
Does your Rome burn like mine?  
Are you having a good time?  
I wake because it is time,  
situationally and chronologically.  
Life's winding down for me.  
And, perhaps, for thee.  
I realize this  
When sometimes sadness hits  
Again. Like a daily bugle.  
And my mind is bottlenecked  
as I make my way through a grid-  
lock of fear and hate every day.  
First thing  
in the morning.  
It is beginning.

## AGAINST RECOVERY

SKIP GENTRY

Life is on the line  
You don't need no stinkin' rights.  
What's in your urine?

Mandatory hugs  
Workfare-industrial days  
Where's your gratitude?

Go to a meeting  
You don't need education  
"Recovery" has spoken.  
Because it's cheaper!

photo by kit mikalsen

## CONTRIBUTE TO STREET SHEET

WRITING, ARTWORK,  
PHOTOGRAPHY, POETRY, AND  
MORE!

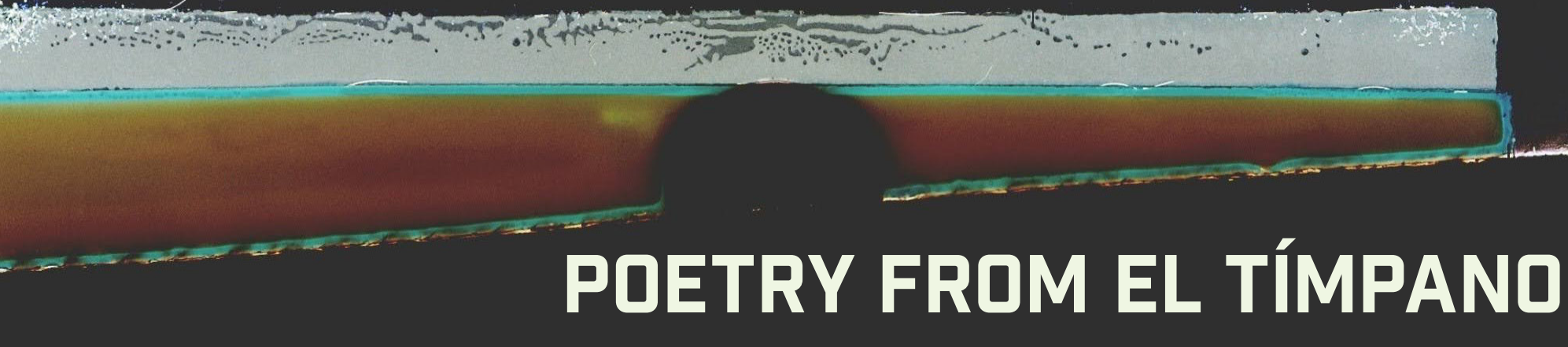
Write about your experience of homelessness in San Francisco, about policies you think the City should put in place or change, your opinion on local issues, or about something newsworthy happening in your neighborhood! Or create art that uplifts homeless people, celebrates the power of community organizing, or calls out abuses of power!

visit [www.streetsheet.org/submit-your-writing/](http://www.streetsheet.org/submit-your-writing/)  
or bring submissions to 280 Turk  
Street to be considered.

Pieces assigned by the editor may offer payment, ask for details!







# POETRY FROM EL TÍMPANO

## LIFE WAS MORE OPEN

Life before  
the pandemic  
was more open.  
We went out in confidence  
and felt like we were breathing fresh air.  
What I loved was  
going camping with family and friends in the community.  
Most of us knew each other from the block,  
and we hung out  
with those we trusted the most.  
Working was fantastic,  
and finding work was easier and faster.  
for me, the challenge was  
my medical condition  
because I had to go to doctor's appointments very frequently.  
I loved walking outdoors  
and once a week I would meet up  
with friends for a cup of tea or coffee.

FELICITAS EMBRIZ

## HOPE UNITED US

Uncertainty came  
hand in hand  
with fear.  
It appeared, trapped  
by an uncertain destiny,  
with conflicting feelings,  
discovering a deserted path at every step.  
Helplessness compounded  
the confusion  
with so many souls losing the battle.  
Fear covered us  
with its cloak,  
keeping us distant,  
completely separated.  
But hope united us.  
It arrived just when it was time, giving us the responsibility  
to take care of ourselves  
in order to take care of others.  
And not resigned,  
we learned,  
although separated,  
but together, to fight.

ANGELA

## I WILL NEVER FORGET

NURIA DARDÓN

I will never  
forget the change  
the pandemic wrought  
as long as I live.  
I felt like I was dying in agony.  
I thought about my family and friends.  
The oxygen in my body  
was running out. I was hospitalized.  
I felt like my day was over.  
I thanked  
God the Father  
for everything.  
I entrusted my daughters and grandchildren to Him,  
who were worried about my health.  
I felt compelled  
to go to the window  
and look at the blue, starry night sky.  
My tired and weak eyesight scanned  
the firmament.

For the last time,  
I give thanks  
for another chance at life.  
The saddest thing is  
that many of of my friends  
passed away before me.  
They passed away before me  
because the pandemic  
took them away.  
I will never see them again.  
I live with the aftereffects, but I am grateful.

## THE SYMPHONY

CELIA

In the city symphony. The melodic touch of neighboring  
languages, the T's of dialects. The sound of river water hitting  
ancient rocks. In the voice of God, "there was no more power,  
no more truth, no more love."  
Out of a thousand loves, not one more did favors for others.  
Out of a thousand loves, not one less wanted respect, but the  
good kind. The collective awareness that while others die, one is  
still alive. How painful those families were. But they were not  
alone, and in those who had celebrated.  
Take care of the volume of happiness, for absence hurts more  
face to face than joy.

# night moves toward morning

SALLY ANN FRYE

The window's sigh  
and rattle / finally / is silent.  
It settles  
around the flying dark.

My face looks out  
and all the far-  
flung faces  
are scattered  
now heading to bedtime,  
led by the toes  
and the lapels.  
Lurch home.  
Sift ... out  
like sand.

All have traveled  
far, in the pattern  
of plans dispersed  
in a mystery void  
and street glow,  
under the pale smile  
of moon,  
and tiny dots of lamp bulbs.  
Cold, a biting blank,  
a blank, black, bitter bone,  
a finistration, a frustration,  
a dilemma unresolved, a right  
to this lone cloud  
that is my face.

If only  
This is a sad settling,  
with dreams overtaking me  
even before the flowers  
of the pillow flirt.

And I look back  
with eyes  
that droop, slant, slide,  
and close  
upon another night,  
and the skitter  
of sun will move  
across this lone ground  
again.

# I MADE A DIFFERENCE... FOR A MINUTE

VIVIAN IMPERIALE

He ranted down the street  
Filthy hair in clumped tangles  
Clothes encrusted  
with a layer of impacted dirt  
So loud  
yet so unable  
to be understood  
Traveling down the busy street  
with everyone turning away

Someone saw me looking at him and said,  
"Oh, he's a regular here;  
he's crazy."

I walked up to him  
He stopped ranting  
His eyes met mine and focused  
He carried on a regular conversation  
in a normal, quiet voice  
He was so engaged and polite

We parted  
He ranted down the street

by Yousef

Living on the streets, ain't nothing sweet  
Sheet sheet all over the concrete dog spit hog spit racist  
vomit all over the the streets of a corrupt city corrupt  
cops pork chops plop plop  
Pigs pigeons rats roaches all connected to a wicked  
matrix tricks tricks tricks are for corrupt pigs like the lies  
they hold dear & true to their defiled corrupted venomous  
hearts they stink of filthy swine farts (Mission police sta-  
tion, Ingleside, Bayview, whole lotta racist jealous hatred  
and greed over shopping cart(s) property privatized ... u  
dirty pigs mean stolen land that by no means belong in  
your hand(s). Fee fine foe fum bull shhh ... your world is a  
lie upon lie to protect your guilty web of deceit. homeless/  
hopeless what a buncha corrupt capitalistic compounds  
to describe a mess u create. Chaos & hate privatized  
prisons to fill. Modern day slavery with no end. Pretend  
pretend to be nothin but real fake from ur oath to ur rump  
roast filthy swine filling streets with fentanyl meth & the  
ghastly smell of death polluting truth, minds, neighbor-  
hoods, families, communities.  
SFPD & DPW is worse than STDs a viral deadly disease.  
Coverup after corrupt coverup. Shoot em up after shoot  
em up. False report after false report. Snort snort court  
court. LIFE IN THA cold & on concrete & in the rain might  
drive many insane yet Almighty One up above is thee  
only sanity to twenty plus years living clean on foul city  
streets of this here concrete jungle full of fentanyl pigs  
death deceit & wild animals.  
The wicked are everywhere like shit on concrete in Heavy  
Abundance To the Most High All Praise is due his de-  
served share (portion) May Good find every wicked man  
& tread him out throughout the land. All Praise is due to  
the creator of the Earth, Heavens & all visible & unseen.  
All power to the original man & upon righteous people.  
Death to all wicked man & the deceitful. Or mercy grace  
forgiveness & Abundance if you bow in prayer, Love,  
Gratitude & REPENTANCE.  
CLASS DISMISSED. ONE LOVE!

LONELY CITY  
NIGHTS

JUSTICE

Long shadows  
Dark buildings  
Follow me on lonely city nights  
Winds lcy hands  
My only embrace  
Follow me on lonely city nights  
Car horns and feet shuffle  
as they pass me by in  
The hum of dim street lights  
My only friends on lonely city nights  
Hunger, pain, insatiable need  
My cries go unheard  
Ears blinded by greed  
No one to hold me on lonely city nights  
And alone I'll be when death comes to take me  
This hard ground as the sounds are fading  
Alone in this lonely city night

# HOMELESS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

YOLANDA

To be poor  
Homeless  
And unable to look for a job

Your spirit almost broken  
Under the slosh of rain;  
The coldness of the night

The coldness of the souls  
Of those who were once homeless  
And now must abide by anti-homeless  
propaganda

Stopped by PayPal,  
By the Pentagon, by Peter Thiel  
In 2016 as well as before

To find some peace of mind  
When you have an Rv  
To stay as warm, safe, private

Only to be told "no more"  
Unless you have the six-month exemption  
That for now can be renewed once

While those who came  
To San Francisco after May 2025  
Or were not notified

Do not qualify  
To be excused  
From the two-hour parking limit

Set up as a new law  
By corporate San Francisco  
With help from Administration

In a city as cold as ICE

When will homeless lives matter?  
Lives, the color of sand  
The color of rust,  
Of smoldering coal

Alas, humbug  
What can one do  
Besides cry in misty space?

You can do enough  
If you haven't  
Discarded your soul,  
You can protest

You can contact  
The Board of Supervisors  
You can submit letters to the Chronicle,  
Bay View Times, neighborhood press

You can give a homeless person a dollar  
You can talk to your friends

During this holiday season  
You can remember changed Scrooge,  
Remember Tiny Tim  
Remember the Los Angeles moratorium

One person can think  
"What I say or do  
Doesn't matter"

Or you can remember  
Stories told by elders  
Who despite being robbed  
Of their land  
Keep coming back to Alcatraz

Some on streets,  
On wheelchairs, walkers, canes,  
Which have been confiscated  
By the police

Some on their feet  
In worn down shoes  
Or barefoot

Because of our spirit  
Our spirit, our beliefs  
Tell the people

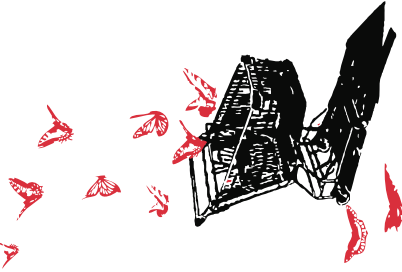
"Don't give up,  
Fight back,  
Resist the negative propaganda"

Dare to struggle!  
Dare to win!



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RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED



Coalition on  
Homelessness  
San Francisco

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

CONTRIBUTE TO  
STREET  
SHEET

**WRITING:** Write about your experience 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!

**ARTWORK:** Help transform ART into ACTION by designing artwork for STREET SHEET! We especially love art that uplifts homeless people, celebrates the power of community organizing, or calls out abuses of power!

**PHOTOGRAPHY:** Have a keen eye for beauty? Love capturing powerful moments at events? Have a photo of a Street Sheet vendor you'd like to share? We would love to run your photos in Street Sheet!

VISIT [WWW.STREETSHEET.ORG/SUBMIT-YOUR-WRITING/](http://WWW.STREETSHEET.ORG/SUBMIT-YOUR-WRITING/)

OR BRING SUBMISSIONS TO 280 TURK STREET TO BE CONSIDERED  
PIECES ASSIGNED BY THE EDITOR MAY OFFER PAYMENT, ASK FOR DETAILS!

BECOME A  
VENDOR—  
MAKE MONEY AND HELP  
END HOMELESSNESS!

STREET SHEET is currently recruiting vendors to sell the newspaper around San Francisco.

Vendors pick up the papers for free at our office in the Tenderloin and sell them for \$2 apiece at locations across the City. You get to keep all the money you make from sales! Sign up to earn extra income while also helping elevate the voices of the homeless writers who make this paper so unique, and promoting the vision of a San Francisco where every human being has a home.

TO SIGN UP, VISIT OUR OFFICE AT 280 TURK ST FROM 10AM-4PM ON  
MONDAY-THURSDAY AND 10AM-NOON ON FRIDAY

HONORING EVERY  
LIFE THAT ENDED  
ON THE STREETS  
IN 2025

