

SOME SAINTS HAVE ARRIVED

SOME SAINTS HAVE ARRIVED
TO CLEANSE THE EARTH, SO DEPRIVED
TO ENSURE GOD'S CHILDREN SURVIVED
TO PREPARE THE WAY SO EACH ONE THRIVED

PETER, PAUL, AND JAMES
"I AM WITH JESUS", EACH ONE CLAIMS
POWERFUL AND HOLY ARE THEIR NAMES
THE DEVIL'S MILITARY PLAN GOES UP IN FLAMES

JESUS BROUGHT THEM TO 31ST STREET
IN ST FRANCIS OF ASSISI CHURCH, WE MEET
I WAS PRAYING, VIBRATING, POUNDING MY FEET
A TORNADO BLEW ABOVE AS JESUS CAME TO GREET

HIS VOICE WAS STRONG
"THEY HAVE WAITED SO LONG
I HAVE TRAINED THEM TO ENSURE ALL BELONG
MY ARMY GENERALS STOP SATAN'S EVIL WRONG"

I WAS JUST IN CHURCH OBSERVING
THE SAINTS GO STRAIGHT, NO SWERVING
THE BATTLEFIELD IS TENSE AND UNNERVING
IT IS JESUS, KING OF KINGS, THEY ARE SERVING

~Diane D.

A walk on concrete
Back home to my chair
A cold winter
Searching for warmth
A vineyard to share some spirit
Security within my space
May I greet you with peace
A lodging for a time
Places to perceive
A partner in life
May the days be blessed
May the hour be eternally sublime
A beautiful seen
May my bones rest
And my words manifest
A goodly form
Light in me
A shade cool enough for me
Let us drink together
My vineyard Lord willing be
praiseworthy
And wine and drink shared with
wisdom

~VL Slamm

STREET VOICES

St. Francis Breadline
Franciscan Bread for the Poor
COMMUNITY NEWSLETTER

V4 N11 ■ MARCH 2024

If you have any content to share for our newsletter please see one of the breadline staff. **We are in need of content such as a poem, lyrics, writing, thoughts, questions, image of your artwork or anything uplifting or informative.** Anyone who contributes content for our newsletter will receive a \$10 gift card.

The St. Francis Breadline and this publication is made possible by the Our lady of Guadalupe.

FRANCISCAN 360 IS OPEN!

WHAT:
Case Management,
Computer Access, Mailing
Address, Health Clinic
WHERE:
144 W. 32nd Street
WHEN:
Monday 10-1:30,
Wednesday 10-1:30 (new day),
Thursday 10-1:30
WHO:
All are welcome!

Good Morning! This week we have writing from David E., artwork from Garrett, poetry from Stanley "Cosmic Stan" Johnson, writing from Rodney Wise, writing from Diane D., writing from V.L. Slamm, poetry from Claudia A. and artwork from Dominic.

If you have work you would like to share please send it to Adam at across@stfrancisbreadline.org

Matthew 11: 28-30

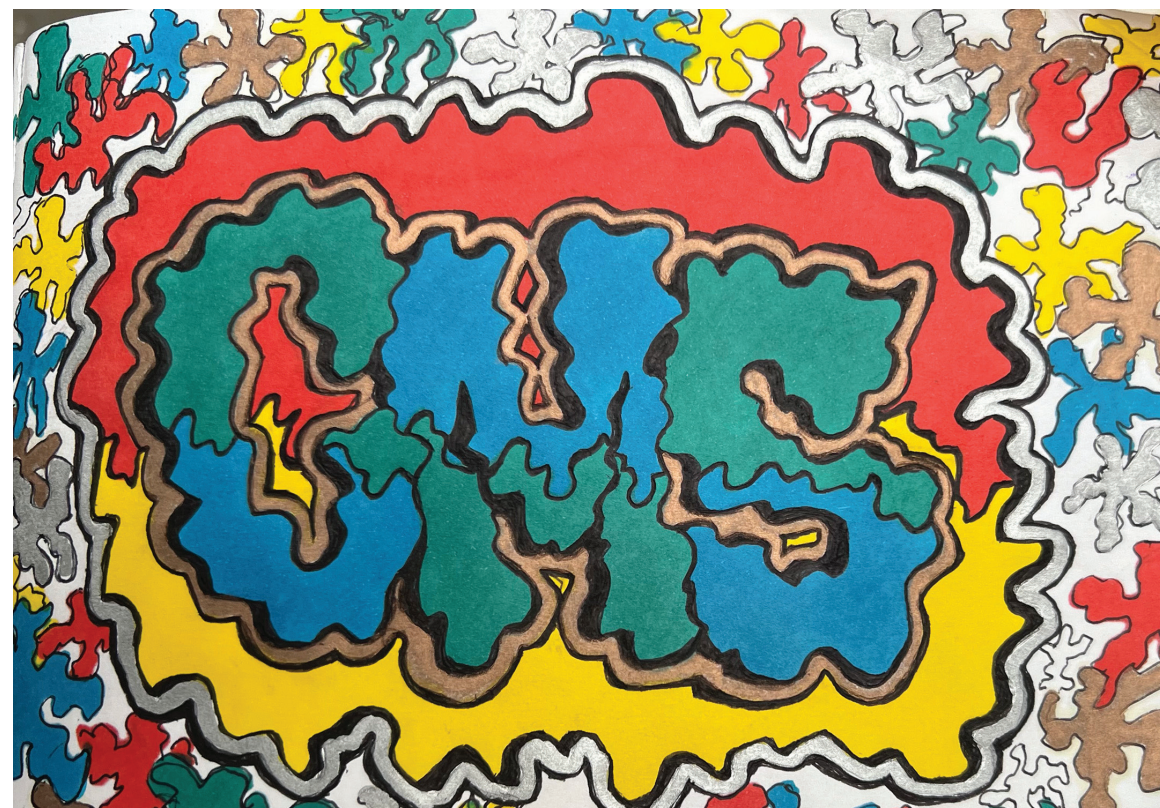
28 "Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest. 29 Take my yoke upon you and learn from me, for I am gentle and humble in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. 30 For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

Be the first to solve all three riddles below and win a gift card.

Take one out and scratch my head, I am now black but once was red. What am I?

I can be short and sometimes hot. When displayed, I rarely impress. What am I?

The cost of making only the maker knows, Valueless if bought, but sometimes traded. A poor man may give one as easily as a king. When one is broken pain and deceit are assured. What is it?



Drawing by Garrett



Poem to Rose

A Rose Dresses up her majestic colors in
summer time.

Joyful and painful at the same time as life is.

Her stalk is thorny, but, she gives us her
delicate fragrance.

Whispering the sun her love on June.

~ Claudia A.



The Short Man from Pakistan

Some of you might remember from my other stories that my parents divorced when I was eight. My mom raised me and my brother and sister by herself but even though she did her best there were some things that she either hated doing or wasn't physically strong enough to do. One of those things was paying the rent to our landlord. She may have been embarrassed because she knew the landlord from parent-teacher conferences at the elementary school my older siblings attended. He was their science teacher and would've been mine as well but we moved one very small town over and I had to switch schools. But as luck would have it he owned the house we moved into. When my mom was a little short she sent me to his house with a note and however much of the rent she had that month. I knew him before but not very well but he knew a lot about me. I was a smart athletic kid and I was always polite to my elders. Of course all that changed later on but that's not relevant to this story. So like I said I was my mom's choice when she didn't want to deal with a situation or a certain person she didn't like. I learned early on how to speak to adults and how to understand what they were saying. So from the age of eight to eighteen I was learning how to survive in the real world. All of those years seeing the way people take advantage of others that they feel are beneath them or not as smart as them, taught me what to do in case someone tries to take advantage of me. Well I'm happy to say that from 18 till just last month I never had a problem with any of my landlords.

Let me introduce "The short man from Pakistan" his name is Zubair and he might not actually have a heart. Since I moved in 5 years ago he has not made one repair or lifted a finger to improve that place. I get my rent paid by the city so I never got crazy over the repairs not getting done. I figured I shouldn't complain since it wasn't my money but last month he did something outrageous. I had no choice but to respond. I come home Tuesday morning on the second week of January 2024, I was feeling sick so I went to my room and went to sleep for about four hours. It was still daytime so I checked my phone to see what time it was and I noticed that my phone didn't charge at all while I slept. That seemed odd so I made sure it was plugged in correctly. It was but there wasn't any electricity. Very rarely does the electric go out on a clear blue sky days, so it must be a blown circuit I figured. But when I went downstairs the power was out in the entire house so it probably wasn't just one circuit. I get the key to the downstairs apartment and I go looking for the breakers box. I searched the tiny rooms but no breaker box. That's when it hit me. That short man from Pakistan decided to steal our breaker box because he wants me and the other six tenants to move out so he can put the house up for auction. But wait he wasn't done, he also turned off our gas and removed vital parts from our heating system. I could go on telling you how horrible he is but that's not the point of this story. Se've already got our electric back on and the heat will be fixed very soon. The reason we got our electric and heat back was because the way we handled the situation. Instead of taking the bait and doing what he wanted us to do, we stayed calm and collected and called 311. He expected us to give up and just leave but we knew our rights and we didn't budge. His plan cost him \$1,500.00 each day he failed to replace the electric and heat plus much more in lost rent. Like I said before, I could tell you about several horrible things Zubair has done but that's not what's important. The important thing is to always stand up for yourself.

~David E

Come Together

As we approach spring in a couple of weeks. It seems like there is chaos everywhere. Russia & Ukraine, Israel & Hamas. Violence is prevalent on the streets of New York City. Slashing's on the subway. Bodega's are getting robbed on a regular. Protests are getting aggressive. Seems like most people are worried about who is going to be the next president of the United States. 2 Tim 3: 1-5 tells us that we are presently living in the Last days. These are very, very difficult times. We as believers in Jesus Christ have to keep praying and holding on to our faith. This is the time to "come together". As the enemy tries to divide. We as believers must continue to stand on the word of God.

~ Rodney Wise

Poetry now in 2024 Cosmic Stan turns star

Poetry Cosmic Stan best creates,
Innovate, demonstrate, devastate,
commentate,
On a higher level,
Ill be back,
With the bass and treble,
Poetically, I'm a literary rebel,
Let me tell you something now,
About poetry,
It's still part of the music industry,
It's reality,
But many people call it a
philosophy,
Many people I teach, So that they
can learn,
Other poets before me, just had
their turn,
Now in 2024, it's Cosmic Stan turn,
I'm a poet, and a lyrical artist,
I already have started this, with
poetry and hip hop,
I'm one of the hardest,
With poetical concepts,
It's my logic, the poet Cosmic Stan
Straight out the Bronx projects

Title of this dope Poem:
Cosmic Stan a poet and a lyricist
straight out the Bronx Jackson
housing projects.

Written by one of the best poets,

~Stanley "Cosmic Stan" Johnson



Digital art by Dominic