

BLACK SATIN BATTLEFIELD

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SO A GREAT HARVEST WE YIELD
WE SPREAD OUR SATIN WITH POETRY PEELED
ROLLING OUR WORDS LIKE THE WATER'S SHIELD

SATIN AND SATAN FIGHT
LIKE RIPPLES, MY SATIN MOVES RIGHT
SHOWING SATAN THAT HE HAS NO MIGHT
LIKE GOD AT CREATION, I HOVER IN COSMIC FLIGHT

DARKNESS WAS ON THE WATER'S DEEP
GOD SAID, " I MUST ELIMINATE THE CREEP
SATAN YOUR DARKNESS, I MUST PUT TO SLEEP
MY NEW HEAVEN AND EARTH WILL MAKE YOU WEEP"

BUT THAT WAS HUMANITY 1 PHASE
GOD TESTED HIS CREATE AND DESTROY DAYS
PLANETS WERE BORN THEN DESTROYED IN A BLAZE
GOD EXPERIMENTED TO MAKE A WORLD THAT STAYS

CREATE AND DESTROY AS SATAN INVADED
GOD SCOLDED THE MERCHANTS THAT TRADED
SATAN'S TECHNOLOGY MADE SURE EQUALITY FADED
MY SATIN MURALS SIGNAL IN THE WATER WE WADED

~ Diane D.



Digital Artwork
By Dominic



St. Francis Breadline
Franciscan Bread for the Poor
COMMUNITY NEWSLETTER

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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 poetry from Diane D., work from Khari, P.A. Miller, Song lyrics submitted by David R., writing from Rickie C., writing from Richard Holland and artwork from Dominic.

*When hard pressed, I cried to the Lord;
he brought me into a spacious place.*

6

*The Lord is with me; I will not be afraid.
What can mere mortals do to me?*

7

*The Lord is with me; he is my helper.
I look in triumph on my enemies.*

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

Shoot at me a thousand times and I may still survive.
But, one scratch from me and you will find your prospects
take a dive. What am I?

You do not want to have it, But when you do have it, You do
not want to lose it. What is it?

What is unusual about the following words: revive, banana,
grammar, voodoo, assess, potato, dresser, uneven?



**disburse from nuance
all wisdom isn't good for you
have faith in existence otherwise have none
at all**

**believe not as others
a perverse twist on perception is similar to
manipulation
take care of wisdom
not as others teach you
a little goes a long way
don't hate dislike, it would be fair to know u
disagreed with me to begin with
Strengthen your spirit, similar to a bell tune it**

~P.A. Miller



Report Rebuilt Dresden Poet

Part One

Letters kept sculptures letters treaty sign poet academy sister second deepened sign
première may also this altered greatly depended poet Prussian kept sculptors as ponder
opera lengthy Dresden voiced academy letters these disregarded lengthy performance
voice called academy letters Von these kept seemed share style reproduction Carthage
theatre voiced style Carthage directed.

Part Two

Report rebuilt Dresden poet [continue] key role share court called whom possibly Vienna
so score late guided send Germany obliged second called kept from some her principles
trouble style empress orchestra troupe as puppets two Dresden Academy into altered
whom circle intermezzo turn guided called two connect abandoned Libretto unusual court
Libretto sign deepened theater key had principles voiced performance different directed,

Part Three

Report rebuilt Dresden poet [the end] Not Libretto intermezzo performance opera
première atypical kept sculptors repeated obliged puppets connect Carthage toured
revision because altered day. Splendid revision Dresden for whom send brother empress
turn does initially thus letters composers celebrate second.

~Rickie C. Column Lines.

THE INSANITIES ARE THE RECIPROCITIES THAT INGULF THE N.Y.C. AND POSSIBLY INTERNATIONALLY, GEO POLITICALLY, SOCIO-ECONOMICALLY

Spiritually is the cure that has the least allure, yet you can be sure that the almighty is waiting at heavens door! Awaiting you and I to come to him and bring more than a slim Jim lol

Hence while there is little common sense, we must all come grip with confessions from the lips, that for the gods ears to stop all of our tears and heal the fears! He alone should be on your phone and know that

You are never alone! The angels are watching us from the distance, protecting us, directing us, never neglecting thus, the full monty of the 4 pillars of the building blocks and don't go and kick rocks, come to the

Confession box! Talk to he, the one and only almighty has a plan for you and I and that is more advantageous than a punch in the eye! Lol

Hence with the lack of common sense, insanity becomes more intense, goes in the wash and doest recycle in the rinse > Hence we celebrate this thing called life and that with a happy wife equal a happy life! So

Don't be tripe, celebrate each and every day as proven by Sade, CHERISH THE DAY! In each life a little rain must fall. Stand tall and when you get the chance to sit it out or dance, DANCE! Dance is actually a form

Of worship song is too. That and prayer can and will behoove you and the love that surrounds you and relatives too

THE DUPLICITY IS THE ENEMEY OF THE N.Y.C THE DULE MINDED AND THE WALKING DREAD, ASTONISHES THE HEAD!

He's to deny a people and company to fund those who truly love n.y.c.and will be apart there of eternally! Special thanx to all the god squares that are tieback bone hold the phone! Snow creams on the loans, little Italy

Certainly entertained and enlightened me to inter cultural maturity! Which behooves all the Almighty's armies, air forces, marines, navy because my hair was more wavy than the ships in the navy! His name was davy

He's in the navy and probably will be for life

SPE4CIAL THANKS TO ALL THE MILITARY FAMILIES AND FRIENDS OF THOSE WHO KNOW THAT THE HEART AND SOULS OF THE MATTER ARE IN BEING THANKFUL INSTEAD OF FULL OF SELF! Leave that and all

Unrighteousness with that unwisely miss that you kissed! Perhaps you'll cry and then dry your eyes and look up at the clear blue skies! Thanx to all military contractors, suppliers high fliers as the greatest fighting force that the world

Has ever known! Snow cones and I phones leave them alone as they divide and squander the popular vote over yonder

CONDOLENCES TO THE LATE GREAT GEORGE MICHAEL OF THE BRITISH MUSICAL GROUP WHAM, RECOMMENDED LISTENING IF ONE FEELS DOWN, IN THE S.A.D. TIME OF YEAR That is not depression, that is a solar condition,

When we receive less sunlight on our skin. Which deletes from the happiness factor!
THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT. SPING IS HERE AND NEW CHEER!

~Richard Holland

The United States of Anxiety

Welcome to the United States of Addiction. In this country, your smart phoneholds more meaningful moments than your memory. Here, social media is social justice and history is a hashtag for broken screens to get their fix. Here, fame doesn't lead to fortune –just first-world problems. Echo chambers for people at war with themselves. In the United States of Addiction, the declaration of independence isn't for independent people – the quiet-minded who mind their own business

In this country, you can be an activist by just being active on your phone, retweeting revolutionary wars, thumbprints of repetition, standing up for something without getting up from your couch, self-indulgent shouts with a global view, but boomerangs of wisdom from a bedroom in your house.(This is a patriotic poem.)

Welcome to the United States of Anxiety. In this country, society tell us our credit should be straight while selling us the crooked path of commercialism. Here, citizens take CBD oil between awkward conversation and the constant chatter of the mind. Boredom is not an option, silence is not sustainable.

In the United States of Anxiety, Instagram spoons with insomnia. We swipe up and get out of bed, wide awake with sleepy minds then daydream of FOMO and flat screens – the American dream.(This is a patriotic poem.)

Welcome to the United States of Assumptions. In this country, the color of your skin allows automatic privilege! Land, money, power, health, monuments, legacy, generational wealth ... Here, anything unfamiliar is dangerous, anyone who disagrees with you is the devil. In the United States of Assumptions, any poet who speaks about injustice is an Obama-loving,hip-hop bumping, tree hugging, emotional heartbeat pumping soul of a man. (On the surface, that may be true about me but there's many more layers for you to see.

Welcome to the United States of Aggression. In this country, we freely walk over broken bones in the basement of buildings built by the kidnapped and enslaved. Here, we walk on beautiful landscapes and dance on graves. Welcome to America, a walking contradiction.

This is a patriotic poem LOL

~Khari



Lily (My One and Only)

Lyrics by: William Corigan

Lily my one and only
I can't hardly wait till I see her

Silly I know I'm silly
'Cause I'm hanging in this tree

In the hopes that she will
catch a glimpse of me
And through the window shade

I watch her shadow move
I wonder if she
Lily my one and only
Love is in my heart and in
your eyes
Will she or won't she want
him

No one knows for sure
But an officer is knocking at
my door

And through her window
shade

I watch her shadow more
I wonder if she could only
see me?

And when I'm with her I
feel fine

If I could kiss her I wouldn't
Mind the time it took to find
My Lily, my one and only

I can't hardly wait till I see
her

Oh Lily, I know you love me
'Cause as they're dragging'
me away

I swear I saw her raise her
hand and
Wave (good bye)

~Submitted by David R.

