



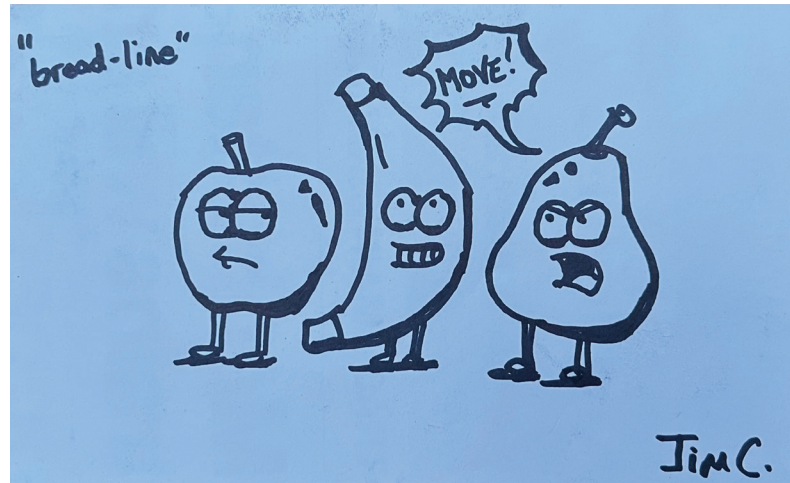
Wordplay (Remix)

Did you know that poets are superheroes? We have a God-like grasp of language and the power to transform any emotion into alliteration. We sit with sadness until it spins out of silence on to paper, we craft confessional poems with the spark of a metaphor and the speed of a comet, we are saviors of sonnets. Protectors of expression. If there is no answer, poets write down the question.

Did you know that poets are rappers? Sometimes we'll rhyme in standard time where every other line is a rhythmic sound, we'll bring you in with the stroke of a pen and make you believe every word is profound. Our books are bound to be mirrors of thought, transparent voices for hidden pain. And spoken word poets scream so loud our voices become melodic refrains. Did you know that poets are mathematicians? We solve puzzles with wordplay, using couplets of description.

"We obsess over scores for slam competitions, we carefully carve syllables when writing haikus, we painstakingly pick out six-line patterns for sestinas. There's palindromes, pantoums, villanelles, and prose. Poems are meticulously and miraculously mapped out like calculus. Did you know that poets are astronauts? We can be weightless with writer's block or gridlocked with gravity. We'll take our words from the page to the stage to the planets, from abstract ideas to the proof of new galaxies, where synonyms become stanzas, then satellites of sound.

~Khari



Drawing by Jim C.



THE GREATEST LOVE OF ALL

Just by reading the title, I think about the Whitney Houston song, a cover from the singer George Benson. What a wonderful song sung by a woman who had such a beautiful voice. There is a line in that song: "Learning to love yourself, it is the greatest love of all". But, the reality is, a lot of us really don't know what true love is, and don't to know where and how to obtain it. This is where God comes in, he loved us way before we were created. He loves us actually more than we love ourselves. "After the fall of Adam in the garden. God loved us so much, he made a way for man, so he wouldn't be eternally separated from him". John 3:16, sending His only begotten son in the form of man, in order for man to be saved. Matthew 1:21. So today put your trust in the savior. He loves you very much.

~Rodney Wise



St. Francis Breadline
Franciscan Bread for the Poor
COMMUNITY NEWSLETTER

V4 N14 ■ APRIL 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
Thursday 10-1:30

WHO:

All are welcome!

Good Morning! This week we have writing from Rodney Wise and Kevin F., poetry from Khari, writing from Craig Henry, and John David Madison, an informative flyer from an anonymous guest and artwork from Dominic, Garret and Jim C.

Luke 1:49-53

49

*for the Mighty One has done great things for me—
holy is his name.*

50

*His mercy extends to those who fear him,
from generation to generation.*

51

*He has performed mighty deeds with his arm;
he has scattered those who are proud in their inmost
thoughts.*

52

*He has brought down rulers from their thrones
but has lifted up the humble.*

53

*He has filled the hungry with good things
but has sent the rich away empty.*

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

When Easter eggs were first dyed, it was to represent what?

In the Bible, who was the first person to enter Jesus' tomb?

Easter's date is determined by what?

SUPPORTIVE HOUSING

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~Anonymous



369 East 149th Street
(Downstairs)
Bronx, NY

Tel 718-504-0070



No One Like You No One like Jesus

March 25, 2024

To Mary... W.D.R Employee... A Child of God...

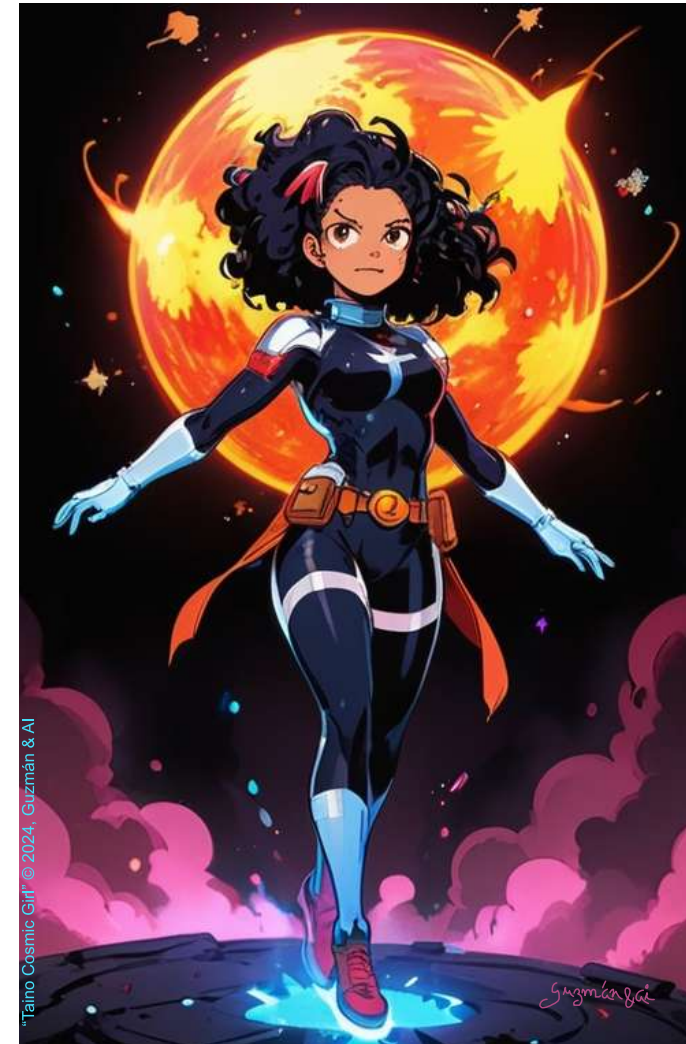
Words paint pictures that trigger feelings but no picture, painted like the portrait of a woman who enabled me to laugh to keep from crying, and although dying from a deadly disease of addiction, how could I not mention her care and concern for me, and although it isn't easy being me. A Poem was written by me, quite some time ago for someone else I don't even know, yet and still because I haven't seen this poem, or read this poem ever since it was written the moment I saw it, and read it again, it allowed me to be me... the tears I can't explain, the mention of her name brought water to my eyes, which is no surprise to a man who isn't afraid to cry, so I can honestly say, when it rains it pours... words paint pictures that trigger feelings but no picture painted like the portrait of a man such as myself capable of making a difference in his life so that one day he will be able to make a difference in the lives of others, for surely I have, and will continue to do so as long as I live, so help me God.. If only I knew then, what I now know, and as I continue to grow, I now know that no weapon formed against me shall prosper, so how could I ever forget exactly where I came from, when REHAB: white deer run is exactly where I came from. Nor will I forget the people who work at White Deer Run who because of their care and concern for me, ultimately became apart of my life, most importantly you...no one like me, no one like you, so today, without further ado I would like to take this opportunity to sincerely thank God for you, all that you have done and continue to do to help me in my time of need, You are greatly appreciated and will always be remembered as a real woman, one of a kind, one in a million, there is only one of you... I often wonder what it would be like for me to be you... No one like me, no one like you...

"No one like Jesus..."

~Craig Henry

It's Tuesday morning and I'm at the pantry at St. Francis picking up items for the week. As I'm returning home I'm seeing so many people on the street during this easter week picking up the cardboard or blankets that they have been sleeping on the previous night on the cold concrete sidewalk to begin their day. Several begin looking for food, some looking for somewhere to stay warm some just so unsure what their next step will be they are just standing in one spot in limbo! One cannot go hungry in NYC there are so many soup kitchens, pantries available in NYC one won't go hungry! Organizations like the Breadline of St. Francis are a staple of the community for decades, the Bowery Mission, St Apostles Church among many others. Many of these people living on the street because of mental illness are not aware of the supportive services because they don't have access to medications to help them nor access to therapy. They wander aimlessly because of their situations. NYC can do so much more to assist these people but the powers that be seem to worry more about their perception of them instead of providing more supportive services to the community to assist these people who need the assistance. Call your elected officials apply pressure to them they work for us be your brother's keeper!

~Kevin F.



Digital drawing by Dominic

The Road of Life

Those whom the Gods would destroy, they first call promising

The road of life is strewn with the bodies of promising people. People who show promise, yet lack the confidence to act. People who make promises they are unable to keep. People who promise to do tomorrow what they could do today. Promising you stars, athletes, entrepreneurs who wait for promises to come true. Promise without a goal and a plan is like a barren cow. You know what she should do if she could do it, but she can't. Turn your promise into a plan. Make on promise for tomorrow if you are able to keep it today. And if someone calls you promising know that you are not doing enmesh today.

~John David Madison



Drawing by Garrett