



CONGRATULATIONS GRADUATES ALL OF YOU 1 WE'VE PRAYED FOR YOU ALL,SO GO HAVE A BALL THEN NAVIGATE THE LESSONS OF LIFE, THERE WILL BE SQUALLS AND THEY ARE SMALL, STAND TALL, ANSWER THE CALL FROM THE HIGHER DUDE THATS NEVER LUDE NORE CRUDE, FORGET THE MALLS AND DISMISS THEM ALL THAT ARE FOES OF THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE ALMIGHTY THE CARNAL WORLD IS AN ILLUSION, HELD LONG ENOUGH THAT BECOMES THE ILLUSION, HELD LONGER THUS BECOMES A DELUSIONAL HENCE THE LATTER IS THE QUAGMIRE THAT PERVADES THE PARADES IN THE EVER GLADES DD YOU KNOW CENTRAL PARK WAS A VIBRANT BLK AND AMERICAN INDIAN COMMUNITY

~Sir Richard Holland



## The Best Poetry in the World

Can I write the best poetry for you, because writing the best poetry, is what Cosmic Stan, a.k.a Cosmic Stanley Johnson always does, let my poetry shed some light on you, let my poetry make you smile, and laugh instead of feeling blue, let my poetry, open your heart and feel true, so like a family, we an learn to love each other too, like a caterpillar, turns into a butterfly's really brand new, so no matter where you are, this the best poetry, that you ever read, will touch hearts, with light to be shed, and as soon as it gets to your heart, no power can keep our family love apart, this poem is made up of, poetry, love, fun and happiness, fore all the 4 elements of love, will be here, so let my poetry take y'all to Paradise's atmosphere \*\*\*\*\*

~Stanley "Cosmic Stan the man" Johnson



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, Thursday 10-1:30  
**WHO:** All are welcome!

**Good Morning!** This week a part one of a new highly anticipated work from writer R.P.S, poetry from Stanley "Cosmic Stan" Johnson, Sir Richard Holland and Gregory Spears, writing from Popeye, Kevin Ferguson, Khari and Rodney Wise, artwork from Jim C., an anonymous contributor and Dominic

No matter how little or how much you use me, you change me every month. What am I?

If your uncle's sister is not your aunt, what relation is she to you?

You walk into a room that contains a match, a kerosene lamp, a candle and a fireplace. What would you light first?

**Be the first to answer all three riddles above to win a gift card**

*He raises up the poor from the dust; he lifts the needy from the ash heap, to make them sit with princes and inherit a seat of honor. For the pillars of the earth are the Lord's, and on them he has set the world.*

1 Samuel 2:8



## "Walks after the Ride"

Do you believe that in some small way we seek death- I ponder this now even weeks after the ride- Why? Because I didn't follow the mapped out course by others who had gone before\_ I sought out adventure- new sights- enlarged my territory- in doing so I was relaxed, and blessed, some video's will show you alone on miles backroads- serene in the scheme of the scene standing on a bridge looking out I finally understand how small I am in this universe- and yet with no helmet no money I was by one divine force, some by another force, mother nature, father time but it never was really about a destination it was to see if I still could and to accomplish a few things but the journey-someone I asked what was the one thing above all else that top's them about the journey- (What you learn about yourself!)

Just for some context, Popeye the author of this work, recently returned from his semi annual journey from down south, like a migratory bird he spends winters in Florida and summers in NYC however unlike most humans he makes the journey on a bicycle.

~Popeye



Digital art by Dominic

"Sorry, Bob, the AI made your skills obsolete.—So... We have to let you go."

## "Redemption"

This world reeks of lonely souls and broken hearts  
We wade willingly through flood waters of forgotten dreams  
Sustaining ourselves on frozen dishes of revenge  
Casting our rods into oceans of apathy while we complain of a hinger we cannot feed  
We are failing ourselves  
We are failing each other  
Teaching our children to put themselves first  
To the point they see no one  
While communities crumble  
Digital cities rise  
Love becomes a donation  
Fix me becomes fund me  
Thoughts and prayers  
Pave the way to redemption

~Khari

## A Summer Night (Part I)

The summer I turned fifteen, I could no longer fall asleep. I would lie motionless on my back, in a perfect imitation of sleep, and imagine myself lying fast asleep with my head turned to one side and a tendon pushed up along the skin of my neck, but even as I watched myself lying there dead to the world I could hear the faint burr of my electric clock, a sharp creak in the attic- like a single footstep- A low rumbling hum that I knew was the sound of trucks rolling along the distant Thruway. I could feel the collar of my pajama top touching my jaw. Through my trembling eyelids I sensed that the darkness of the night was not dark enough, and suddenly opening my eyes, as if to catch someone in my room , I'd see the moonlight streaming past the edges of the closed Venetian blinds.

I could make out the lampshade and bent neck of the standing lamp, like a great drooping black sunflower. On the floor by a bookcase the white king and, part of a black bishop glowed on the moon-stripped chessboard. My room was filling up with moonlight. The darkness I longed for, the darkness that had once sheltered me, had been pushed into corners, where it lay in thick, furry lumps. I felt a heaviness in my chest, an oppression- I wanted to hide in the dark. Desperately I closed my eyes, imagining the blackness of a winter night: snow covered the silent streets, on the front porch the ice chopper stood leaning next to the black mailbox glinting with icicles, lines of snow lay along the crosspieces of telephone poles and the tops of metal sheet signs: and always through my eyelids I could feel the summer moonlight pushing back the dark.

One night I sat up in bed harshly and threw the cover off. My eyes burned from the sleeplessness. I could no longer stand this nightly violation of the dark. I dressed quietly, tensely, since my parents room stood on the other side of my two bookcases, then made my way along the hall and out into the living room. A stripe of moonlight lay across a couch cushion. On the music rack I could see a pattern of black notes on the moon-streaked pages of Debussy's "Second Arabesques," which my mother had left off practicing that evening. In a deep ashtray shaped like a shell the bowl of my father's pipe gleamed like a piece of obsidian. At the front door I hesitated a moment, then stepped out into the warm summer night.

The sky surprised me. It was deep blue, the blue of a sorceress hat, of night skies in old technicolor movies, of deep mountain lakes in Swiss countrysides pictured on old puzzle boxes. I remembered my father removing from a leather pouch in his camera bag a circle of silver and handing it to me, and when I held it up I saw through the dark blue glass a dark blue world the color of this night. Suddenly I stepped out of the shadow of the house into the whiteness of the moon. The moon was so bright I could not look at it, as if it were a night sun. The fierce witness seemed hot, but for some reason I thought of the glittering thick frost on the inside of the ice-cream freezer in a barely remembered store: The popsicles and ice-cream cups crusted in ice crystals, the cold air like steam.

~R.P.S

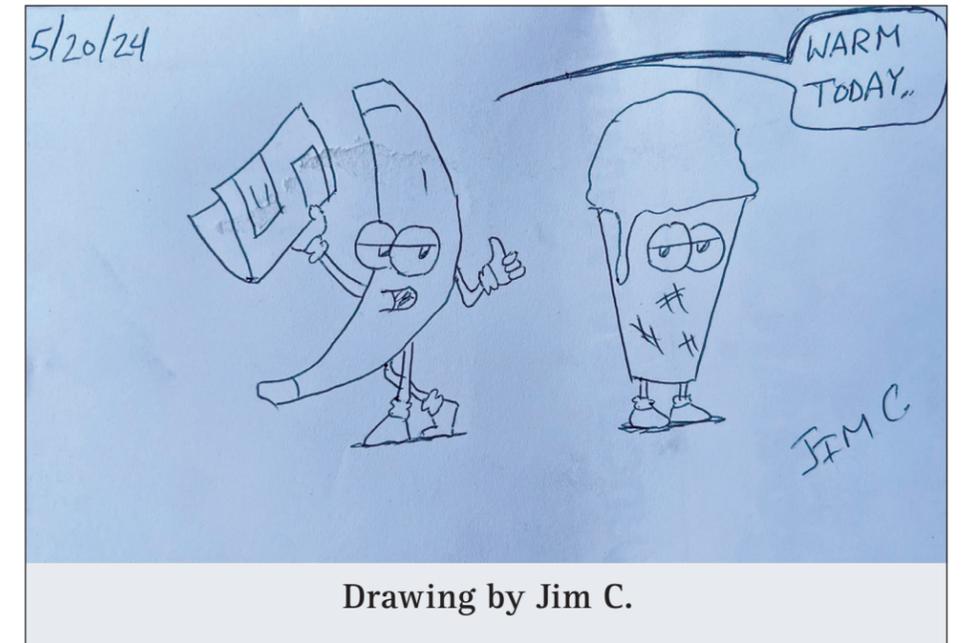


Memorial Day is a day where honor is prominent! Sacrifice is the ultimate action. Those that have given their lives over the decades to keep the United States free and democratic should always be praised and their families included in that praise because of the pain and sacrifice of their members profound actions. Never forget them always honor them the ultimate sacrifice!

~Kevin Ferguson

Don't turn me on, then  
throw me out, I've  
come to learn, you  
can't do without, I'll  
tell you, I never saw it  
coming, now for your  
love, my affections are  
running, I have tried,  
but I cannot hide, what  
I feel for you, I can't  
deny, Don't turn me  
away, lets take that  
ride, and lets explore,  
what's deep inside

~Gregory Spears



Drawing by Jim C.



Collage by an  
Anonymous Contributor

COLORED POEMS & SHORT STORIES  
2 INSPIRE DYNAMIC NO NEED TO BE  
FRANTIC, FRANTIC BEHAVIOR IS FOR  
ONE WHO LACKS A SINCERE COMPASS  
ONE WHO HIDES IN PLAIN VIEW  
AMONG THE MASS, THE CROWDS WILL  
SURELY GATHER IT GOES WITH THE  
MATTER, EVALUATION WILL SURELY  
BE MEASURED IN THE SUM OF THINGS  
IN FACTS IN SPITE OF THE HACKS,  
HACKING YOUR DEMEANOR OR YOUR  
WORDS CAN ONLY STAND IN DELUSION  
TOO AID CONFUSION, A FOUNDATION  
WHICH WILL ALWAYS COME UP SHORT  
OF STABILITY IN REALITY, FOR TRUE  
POSSESSION OF ABILITY ARE THE HELM  
OF CREATIVITY THAT ENLIST A SOLID  
SOUND GROUND, CONTINUE SHACKING  
THE EARTH LET IT TREMBLE FOR  
CORRECTION REGARDLESS OF OVERALL  
ACCOMPANYING OF RECOGNITION IS  
YOUR TASK EVEN IF THEY WISH THERE  
WAS A MASK, IT WAS YOUR FACE IN  
THAT PLACE & IN THAT PLACE & IN  
THAT PLACE YOU RAN THAT RACE, TOO  
THE FINISH LINE YOU RACED SO THAT  
WIN WIN SITUATIONS FOR EVERYBODY  
STRETCH THE LINE OF TIME, CONTINUE  
JUST CONTINUE - 47 Letter 2C

~Katrina Platt