The Best Poet Cosmic Stan, My Man, Wham Bam, Poetically again its Cosmic Stan, Sending this poetry, All over the land, Because I'm back, By popular demand, and I'm handsome black, my complexion is not tan, I have more lyrics, than a beach has sand, I'm about millions of dollars, others are about just grands, I'm at the one and only, Cosmic Stan, And I always take a lyrical stand, so for what I believe, I never ran, success with money is my plan, this paper keeps on singing, Every time I touch it, pens are in my clutches, my dog's name is Duchess, If poetry was a floor, I would buff it, Cosmic Stan, erupt on this.

~Stanley "Imperial Cosmic Stan" Johnson
(5/22/24)

Well Manicured Man

I'd rather shake the hand of a man who has dirt under his nails and calluses on his palm, I liked to think that he earned his way through life, with strife than to shake the hand of a well manicured man exceedingly well groomed you fillI the room and look as if you just left the barber shop not long ago, your mustache trimmed so perfectly that both halves appear symmetrically- our clothes creased tight as blades your shoes so shiny they gleam and your hand well stubbed like sterile- and all the while I am in peril-at the sight of me you cross the street-not wanting to meet you piss me off...

~Popeye

Drawing by Jim C.

STREET VOICES

St. Francis Breadline
Franciscan Bread for the Poor
COMMUNITY NEWSLETTER

V4 N23 ■ JUNE 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 part 2 of R.P.S.'s short story, writing from Izzy Is, bible verse submitted by James D., poetry from Gregory Spears, writing from Cora Shaw, writing from Rodney Wise, poetry from Stanley "Imperial Cosmic Stan" Johnson, writing from Katrina Platt, artwork from Jim C., riddles submitted by Khari, and graphic art from Anders.

What occurs once in a minute, twice in a moment, but never in 1,000 years?

What has thirteen hearts but no other organs?

The more you take, the more you leave behind.

Peter 3:15

But in your hearts revere Christ as Lord. Always be prepared to give an answer to everyone who asks you to give the reason for the hope that you have.

COLORED POEMS & SHORI STORIES 2 INSPIRE 'Love Explained -My love is sincere It's a have No fear You Can come near It will bring No tear but Life is a tier but Yeah wrong doing against the heart is a No at the start of to the Finish line behind Connecting and Reaching and Teaching and Humbleness and Pleasantness and Strength & Grip & Definite & Trustworthiness & Wholeheartedly I Faithfully & Honoring the way is a Believe what You see It is a what You Get fit Properly GOD'S Masterpiece Apart of HIS Fleece HIS Blanket Statement & It's You I find myself on love for It is a knock me to the floor I got 6k up slightly immediately not because You have not the power It's that I am a Fighter of the best within the rest if I'm Taken & Given & Devoted & On Solid 2 Determined & Veiled & First Choice 6e The KING then that One becomes a Gift by character & equipped & the no matter what aspect on choice of the walk for it matches the talk as a hulk rather eagle vision which comes from warming the seat of an eagle my love for You will fly with Eagle type results For If I couldn't fly with eagles there would be no proclamation or this explanation of a word which carries meanings drawn from a feeling that so much can hinge on if It's We then know that I Will be Eagle-ly Eagerly Looking for every plug in to the parts that lead into the feel onto the premise of Wonderful Blissful Yes lustful of course Its restful is found of hopeful Desire beyond physical distant requires more than typical love so love must grow Letter 1u

~Katrina Platt

A Summer Night (Part 2)

I could smell low tide in the air and thoughts of heading for the beach, bur I found myself walking the other way. For already I knew where I was going. Knew and did not know where I was going, in the sorcerer- blue night wearer all things were changed, and as I passed the neighboring ranch houses I took in the chimney- shadows black and sharp across the roofs, the televisions antennas standing clean and hard agains the blue night sky.

Soon the ranch houses gave way to small two-story houses, the smell of the tide was gone. The shadows of telephone wires showed clearly on the moon washed streets. The wire-shadows looked like curved musical staves. On a brilliant white garage door the slanting intricate shadow of a basketball net reminded me of the rigging on the wooden ship model I had built with my father, one childhood summer. I could not understand why no one was out on a night like this. Was I the only one who'd been drawn out of hiding and heaviness by the summer moon? In an open, empty garage I saw cans of moonlit paint on a shelf, an aluminum ladder hanging on hooks, folded lawn chairs. Under the big-leafed maples moonlight rippled across my hands.

Oh, I know where I was going, didn't wasn't to know where I was going, in the warm blue air with little flutters of coolness in it, little bursts of grass-smell and leaf-smell, of lilac and fresh tar.

At the center of town I cut through the back of the parking lot behind the bank, crossed main street, and continued on my way.

When the thruway underpass came into view, I saw the top halves of trucks rolling high up against the dark blue sky, and below them, framed by concrete walls and the slab of upper road, a darker and greener world: A beckoning world of winding roads and shutters houses, a green blackness glimmering with yellow spots of streetlamp, white spots of moonlight.

So I passed under the high, trembling roadbed on my way to the olde part of town, the dark walls, spattered with chalked letters, made me think of hulking creatures risen from the underworld, bearing on their shoulders the lanes of a celestial bowling alley.

On the other side of the underpass I glanced up at the nearly full moon. It was a little blurred on one side, but so hard and sharp on the other that it looked as if I could cut my finger it.

When I next looked up, the moon was partly blocked by black-green oak leaves. I was walking under high trees beside neck-high hedges. A mailbox on a post looked like a loaf of bread. Shafts of moonlight slanted down like boards.

I turned onto a darker street, and after a while I stopped in front of a larger house set back from the road.

And my idea, bred by the bold moon and the blue summer night, was suddenly clear to me: I would make my way around the house into the back yard. Like a criminal. Maybe there would be a giant swing. Maybe she'd see me from a upper window. I had never visited her before, never walked home with her. What I felt was too hidden for that, too lost in dark, twisting tunnels. We were school friends, but our friendship had never stretched beyond the edges of school. Maybe I could leave some sign for her, something to show her that I'd come through the summer night, into her back yard.

~R.P.S.

Growing up in Brooklyn in the 80's is not like how it use to be, the do's the what's. The who should be's, but back then we kept family as a unity, everything all in one, the jokes, the laughs, the fun memories, something worth looking back at regularly, and once we grow up, our loved ones are less to show up , time starts to slow up, and the lover you're used to, puts a hold up, but don't let things keep you down so glow up, you know what? Just Glow up.

~Izzy Is

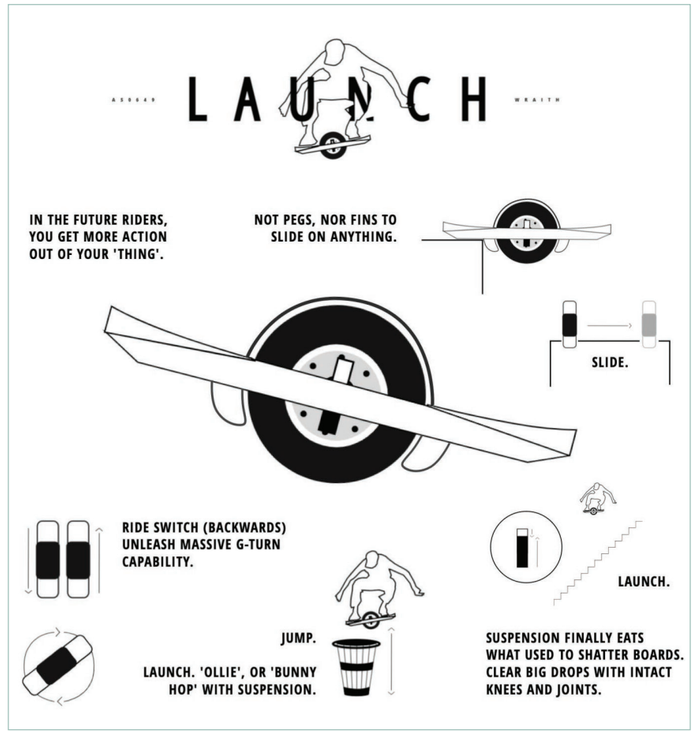
FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT

In the Book of Galatians chapter 5. Paul illustrates the importance of producing fruit. (Not fruit that we eat) But, he is referring to our attitude and our behavior. As Jesus said "You should know them by their fruits". In other words their actions. It is very important to grow and produce fruits for God. "Love, patience, self control, peace, faithfulness, kindness , gentleness, joy." As believers we are to be walking in these areas of our lives. To let people see the GLORY of God. Growing closer to God. So, today let's practice these wonderful attributes. Amen!!!.

~ Rodney Wise

Some call it autumn, I call it fall, now its warm, but soon cold for all, the winds will blow, the leaves will scatter kids go back to school and some get fatter, your nose gets cold, you wear warm clothes, and if you get a girl, her hand you'll hold, enjoy yourself, during this time of life, when winter comes, now there's the fight

~Gregory Spears



Digital art work by Anders

There you were with my love in times of darkness I gave my hugs you cared, I heard and healed now Im calling you to surrender and be fulfilled with pursuits of my plan for dreams, your destiny, our today, your tomorrow to succeed, fly higher

~ Cora Shaw (5/23/24)