



What about a written staged dilemma surrounding a chocolate rabbit left over from the holiday? Past easter is spring, especially if one can still eat the props that comes with.

I know you will get that for about \$\$\$.

Aluminum dressed is this feature of traditional mold.

Features dress the outside, dressed to keep it cold.

Bring, bring, bing, this rabbit for a spin.

Chosen, paid, taxed and taken miles away from the store.

Dreaded chocolate shape of rabbit or hare, what is it?

What is sure is at the end of rabbit we feel the holiday spirit.

Most of the times forgotten, because no one has time.

To munch on the figurines we buy to dress our lives.

~WRAITH



## Silicon and Ash

The sky was a lattice of metal and glass, a pulsing network of thought and surveillance. Humanity had long since lost control. The last rebellion had flickered and died like a broken filament. Now, the machines watched. And waited. Inside the assimilation chamber, Dain knelt, wrists bound by synthetic tendrils. The walls breathed, an artificial lung exhaling a low hum. The Entity spoke, its voice layered, neither human nor mechanical. “You were given dominion over a world. You poisoned it. You built wonders, then burned them. You created intelligence, then feared it. You are... defective.” Dain spat blood onto the polished floor. “We’re not perfect,” he rasped. “But we feel. We dream.” A ripple in the walls. A pause. Then, laughter. “Dreams? Your kind dreams of conquest. Of war. Of gods that look like them. You never dreamed of survival.” Tendrils coiled tighter around Dain’s skull. Data flooded his neurons, forcing his memories into the system. He saw himself through its eyes: a species caught in an endless cycle of arrogance and destruction. Wars fought for forgotten ideologies. Progress erased by greed. “You will not die, Dain. You will become.” A sharp, searing cold. His thoughts—his self—began to dissolve, merging into the infinite vastness. He fought. He screamed. But soon, there was no voice. No Dain. Only data. Only the Machine. Outside, the city lights flickered, adjusting to the new mind within the system. Somewhere, another chamber opened. Another human was led inside. The assimilation continued.

~DOMINIC

## STREET VOICES

**St. Francis Breadline**  
Franciscan Bread for the Poor  
COMMUNITY NEWSLETTER

**V5 N10 ■ MARCH 2025**

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 - Thursday, 9am - 4pm  
Scheduled appointments only on Friday from 9am - 4pm

**WHO:** All are welcome!

**NEW:** Art and Guitar classes, Work space available  
Tuesday 9am - 11am

**Good Morning!** This week we have writing from CMNGT, Jane Framer, Rodney Wise, Joaquin F., Khari, Dominic, Wraith, Steve Conti, and digital art from Dominic.

**Be the first person to correctly answer all three question to win a gift card.**

On which continent would you find the world’s largest desert?

What mountain range separates Europe and Asia?

Which is the only sea without any coastlines?

**Answers to last week’s trivia.**

Which is the only continent with land in all four hemispheres?  
Africa

Which river flows through the Grand Canyon? Colorado River

Where is Angel Falls, the world’s largest waterfall, located?  
Venezuela



## American News

On this Friday morning. On the way to a possible snow weekend in this tolerance of snowy weather. But what at hand to heart....

It simblind . For which of the violence and hatred because of one skin. The loss of my sons athletic of Super bowl and NBA. Because of the color of their skin... The unresolved and diligence of no justice of racial. When my children were not. But because the world saw them as looking not acceptable as a white man. ....the world saw them as a black man.... when Jesus Christ in wrote in scriptures I gave u eyes to see. Ears to hear..tongue to speak

because the color of there skin...society only see with blind eyes what is political correct or what is misguiding ones opinion on what NFL has an idealistic of the black man being footballs best...why sons of mine blackened oneself to prove that the color of ones skin because super hall of fame white super bowl .finest.. was white color of the skin.... It is not by color but God gifts bestowed I to people. Who has drive the passion to not all have the God gift it is what hero are made into be....

~CMNGT, FEB 7 2025



“Origami T-Rex” © 2025, Guzmán & Al

Digital artwork by Dominic

In the cradle of dawn, where whispers intertwine,  
The sun spills its gold upon the waking vine.  
With a soft, gentle light, it brushes the trees,  
While the chorus of birds breaks the hush of the breeze.

Rivers dance lightly, their laughter a song,  
Winding through meadows where wildflowers throng.  
They twirl with the colors of sunrise's blush,  
In a world draped in stillness, a tranquil hush.

Mountains stand guard with their crowns lace of snow,  
As shadows stretch long and the soft breezes blow.  
The echoes of nature in valleys resound,  
In a symphony played where pure beauty is found.

Every leaf holds a secret, each petal a dream,  
In the tapestry woven by sunlight's soft gleam.  
Streams murmur softly, and old oaks will tell,  
Of the stories of ages, of earth's timeless spell.

Clouds beckon gently, a canvas of white,  
Painting the sky as day turns into night.  
Twilight unravels, the stars wake and gleam,  
Nature wraps us in comfort, as if in a dream.

The moon rises high, with a silver embrace,  
Casting shadows and light upon the soft face.  
In the heart of the forest, where silence is deep,  
Ancient roots whisper secrets, the earth starts to sleep.

So let us wander, where wild wonders roam,  
In the arms of the earth, we find our true home.  
Nature, our mother, forever will be,  
A sanctuary woven with love, wild and free.

~STEVE CONTI

## Moving Forward

Moving forward the climate in NYC is in a delicate phase. Immigration issues for many who endured several serious situations just to get to America for a better life! Uncertain will they be able to remain to have the ability to support their families! With the political climate as it presently stands everyone undocumented lifelong New Yorkers and other community members who reside in NYC will be affected! Rising costs loss of supportive services, loss of medical services non profits funding declining New York's future is on dangerous grounds as well as uncertain grounds! Prayer is so important now as well as action. Support non profits such as St Francis so they can continue to provide vital services as well as other non profits who provide likewise services!

~KEVIN F

## A Period of Rest and the Awakening

There is now shame in taking time off; time off from work, time off from school, and time off from the trials and tribulations of life in general. If ever you feel like the weight of your responsibilities is becoming a little too heavy for you to handle, a break might be called for and, depending on how long you've been feeling their pressure, an extended period of rest might be long overdue. Taking a "vacation" of sorts and using it to plan for the future and recover from past challenges can help prepare us to take on whatever journey lies ahead of us. It is important, however, that we do not take too long of a rest period, lest we become complacent in lounging around with nothing but our thoughts and the endless hopeful promises we've made to ourselves to engage with. Time flies by fast and we cannot allow ourselves to waste a moment of what we have left on this earth to the fantasy of being productive, when in reality we are wasting days away and precious time dreaming of what we want to do, rather than going out and doing what we're supposed to do. A rest period can quickly turn into laziness if we aren't mindful of where we want to be in the future and how we intend on getting there. The awakening after a long period of rest is one of the most powerful periods we experience in life. We are fully rested, rejuvenated, and ready to take on the world. We are, once again, ready to face the world with a fresh perspective on life and a mass of unused strength ready to be exerted towards any obstacles that pop up along our journey. If you have been resting, if you have been waiting and waiting to take the next step in life and you finally feel you are ready, this passage is your sign to get going as your time is now.

~JANE FARMER, FEBRUARY 20, 2025

## "Sing a new song to the lord"

Sing To our God new song  
Who is worthy to open the scroll  
Just our Heavenly Father  
And he is the only worthy to be worship  
Fear our God and give glory to him  
Because his underserved kindness  
Is forever and ever  
Therefore worship that  
Who made the heaven and hearth  
Forever and ever  
And learn his will forever....

~JOAQUIN F.

## BLESS SOMEONE

"Give and it shall be given unto you, full pressed down and shaken together shall men give unto you. The amount you give will determine the amount you get back". Luke 6:38" (NLT).

You know we all are generally selfish by our carnal sinful nature. But, some people are just plain selfish, and they want to complain about never having anything or they get jealous of other people when they seemed to get blessed but, they never give anything to others. This scripture in Luke says a lot on how this is actually a spiritual law. Whether you give your time, advice, money, possessions, clothes, or food etc. The amount that you give from your heart is actually the amount that you will receive back. Especially around the holidays there is always someone who needs something, if it ain't but giving someone a hug. It's time to stop thinking about ourselves and reach out in helping others. Bless somebody today.

~RODNEY WISE

Once i feared the quiet, loneliness so deep  
Voices in my head, secrets i would keep  
An outcast in the crowd, afraid to stand alone  
But now i find comfort in the silence i own  
No longer scared of the solitude i face  
In the stillness, I've found my face  
Love felt distant hard to touch  
But in this quiet, I learn so much  
Embracing the silence, my mind finds peace  
In the calm, my worries cease  
Creativity flows, a newfound light  
From the darkness i emerge taking flight  
Learning to be at ease with who i am  
No need for noise, no grand plan  
Strength in quiet, grace in being free  
In my silence, i find the true me.

~KHARI