

“Us, in Another Life (Or in This One, If You Dare)”

I saw you again after three years.
And it wasn’t magical.
Or cinematic.

It was awkward. We were both sweating. You with dark circles under your eyes. Me with a torn shopping bag.
And still, we smiled like idiots.
We didn’t say “hello.” We said:

“Remember when we almost died on the road to Barahona?”
And we laughed. About that. About us.

About how much it hurt to be alive and not be together.
In that cheap café on the corner, we ordered the usual without asking.

Your fingers tapped like they always did, like every time you were about to say something that would change everything.
And you said it:
“I still dream about you.”

I didn’t know whether to hug you or throw up.
My heart did both at the same time.
You left that time without a goodbye.

A summer morning, smelling of bread and betrayal.
You left the book half-read, the playlist half-loved, the bed half-buried.

But I’m not here for reproaches.
I’m here because I still know your voice by heart.
Because every time someone looks at me the way you used to, something breaks that shouldn’t.

I asked if you were happy.
You lied with a smile.
So did I.

We walked for a while without touching our wounds.
And when you were leaving, you looked at me like that last time, before the disaster.

“If we cross paths again,” you said,
“make me stay.”

And now I wander the city,
turning corners like they were destinies,
scanning every face in case one of them is yours,
learning not to wait for you,
but never managing to forget you.

Because there are loves you don’t get over.
You just archive them in your chest,
like letters no one dares to reread,
but that still smell of ink,
and what might have been.

-DOMINIC

• Father’s Day •

As this year’s Father’s day comes around I will be celebrating myself being a father as well as celebrating my father and grandfather! I’m a father of three daughters and five granddaughters which I cherish! I remember the special times spent with my father and grandfather the things they taught me, the guidance and love shown me. Watching my granddaughters growing up into adults cherishing the women my daughters have become! My birthday is a week after Father’s day so I have two special reasons to celebrate every June! Treasure being a father on your special day!

- KEVIN F.

STREET VOICES

St. Francis Breadline Franciscan Bread for the Poor COMMUNITY NEWSLETTER

V5 N24 ■ JUNE 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 Henry Yee, a Father’s Day message from Kevin F., writing from Tony S., writing from Cora Shaw, writing from Jane Farmer, poetry from Stryker, writing from Dominic, poetry from Joey R., artwork created by Jim C., and Khari.

*Guide me in your truth and teach me, for you are
God my Savior, and my hope is in you all day long.*

PSALMS 25:5

Be the first person to correctly answer all three trivia questions and win a gift card.

What is the 4th letter of the Greek alphabet?

What is a word, phrase, number, or other sequence of characters that reads the same backward as forward called?

What is acrophobia a fear of?

Answers to last weeks trivia questions

Which Knicks guard won the Slam Dunk contest three times?
Nate Robinson

Name one team that played in the first official NBA game?
Knicks and Huskies

Who wore 613 for the Knicks? Red Holzman



BE STRONG...

When life dears a person setbacks, best way to deal with them is to be resilient. Succumbing is the worst scenario to ponder and resort to. So we should always be prepared and ready. Because setbacks are always going to cross our way and test our resolve.

So it is shortsighted indeed on our part to expect a smooth sailing in life. The more ready we are as we live the more we enjoy life. And so being resilient is the key for a happy life. Any shortcuts will undoubtedly cause more problems than solving them.

It is really up to us to prepare for an event or a problematic circumstance. Stand up, face up to them and push them aside. The faster we surmount them the quicker we resume our journey. AND SO BE STRONG AND NEVER SUCCUMB.

-TONY S.

We grant well wishes for those we appreciate and support: Deputy Timothy Pearson.

We appreciate his service in the NYPD and the sacrifices he made to keep all of us in New York City safe and secure.

To his family, we grant you our well wishes. Your loved one is bigger than any circumstance and stronger than life’s challenges. May he continue to stay focused and pursue his dreams and higher pursuits concerning his destiny.

His worth and credibility is appreciated and highly esteemed. Our prayers and love for him is inseparable.

Let’s all thank Deputy Timothy Pearson as well as his well wishers, NYPD.

My prayers and support are with you for successfulness in your endeavors. (God’s thoughts towards you are for good and not evil that I will give you your expected end, your future hope.)

-CORA SHAW, ORATOR, MINISTER

Narrow Path

Well I know a Man who gave His life for me
He shed His blood so I could be clean
He’s coming back for you and for me
But until then we’ll keep fighting till were free

We must walk along this straight and narrow path
Even though it is difficult we must never look back
He will walk with us through the fire and the rain
And when we get to the other side there’ll be no more pain

- HENRY YEE



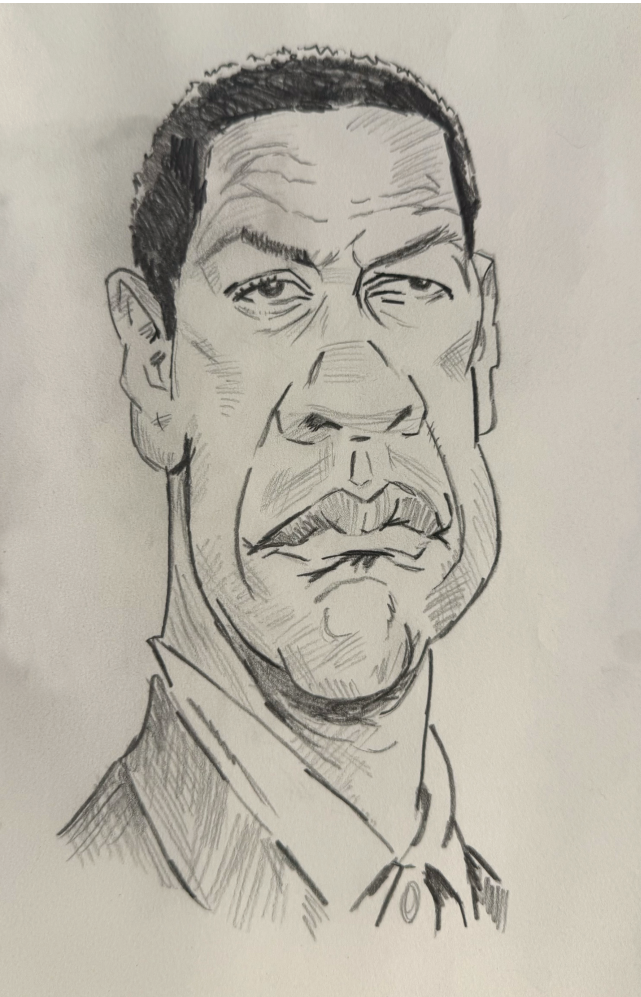
Beneath the golden sun’s warm embrace,
Summer whispers softly, calling our name,
Long days of adventure, boundless and free,
A time of laughter, joy, and spree.

The sandy beaches lapped by turquoise waves,
Children’s giggles echo, spirits brave,
Ice cream drips as moments fleeting fade,
Memories etched, never to evade.

Sunsets paint the sky in fiery hue,
Evenings filled with stories anew,
Starry nights, a peaceful sigh,
Dreams taking flight in the midnight sky.

Summer vacation, a fleeting song,
A chapter of life where we belong,
In sunlit days and starry nights,
Forever cherished, shining bright.

-BY STEVEN CONTI, A.K.A. STRYKER



Drawing by Khari

Persistence in the Face of Betrayal

There is so much good in the world, so why let the darkness overpower the light? It is easy to become jaded in the face of evil-doing. You experience so much heartache, stress, and injustice in this cruel world that you begin to close your heart off to everyone and begin to look at life with tinted glasses; glasses tinted by the gloom of seemingly never ending disappointment, failed attempts, and betrayal. What distinguishes those who are truly kind, joyous, Godly people from those who are, at their cores, unkind and easily corrupted by worldly influence, is the ability to look beyond all of the viciousness mankind bestows upon the Earth and continue to live life to the fullest; continue to live for God, for family, for friends, for our neighbors, for all of the our brothers and sisters in Christ that we share this planet with. We persist in the face of inequity. We continue to smile at strangers on the street even when we’re having a bad day ourselves. We continue to uplift others even when we are feeling down ourselves. We continue to donate our time and resources to the less fortunate even when we ourselves are not the most fortunate. We continue to put our trust in other humans despite our trust having been broken in the past. We continue to love openly and freely in the face of hate. We cannot allow the evil found within our world to change our souls. We are spiritual beings and must always remember that our purpose is far greater than the temporary abuse we all experience in this realm.

-JANE FARMER

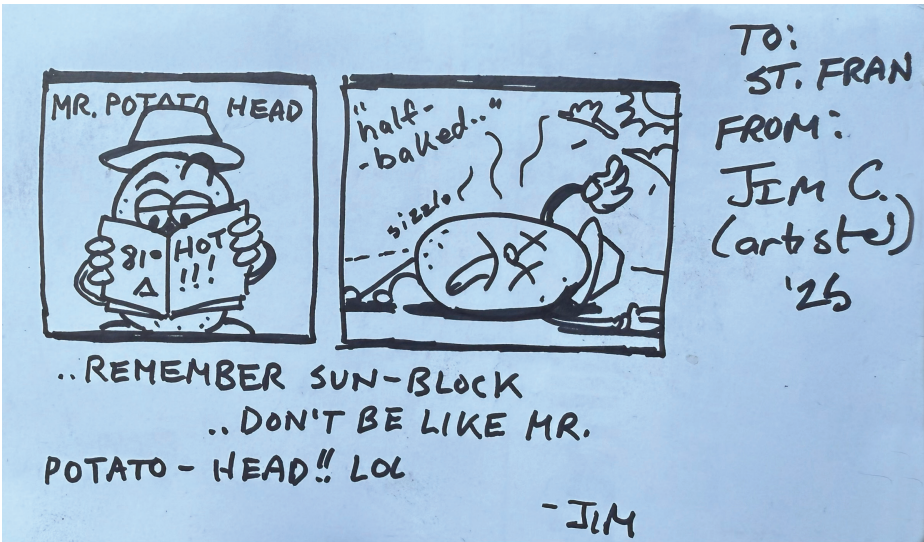


The path unwound, a tangled thread,
With doubts that whispered in my head.
Each step was taken, slow and new,
Through shadows deep and skies of blue.

I stumbled often, learned to rise,
With clearer vision in my eyes.
The battles fought, the lessons learned,
A quiet strength within me burned.
And now I stand, and look behind,
At all the mountains I have climbed.

A gentle pride begins to bloom,
Dispelling every trace of gloom.
For all the growth, the change, the might,
That brought me to this present light,
My heart is filled with gratitude profound,
For every step on hallowed ground.
The journey’s rich, the spirit free,
So thankful for the person I’ve come to be.

-JOEY R.



Drawing by Jim C.