



## Anything God Wants

He has all the power, and it never ends.  
I tell Him I want my God to be my friend.  
Some say my God is on a power trip,  
but that only makes me want to worship Him again.

They believe in idols, in human things that  
fade away,  
but my God and Jesus are eternal.  
I fall short, and still He shows me grace again  
and again.  
He blesses my life with family, provision, and  
purpose.

He gives me truth, not empty words.  
He offers real guidance and another chance to  
save my life.  
No fake love. No hollow posts.  
Just faith real and alive.

BY: KYLE LYFORD



## Voices of the Hopeless

The concrete sky hangs heavy, gray and low,  
Above a world where bitter currents flow.  
In corridors of shadow, cold and deep,  
Where weary hearts their silent vigils keep,  
It seems the very air has turned to stone,  
And every soul must wander here alone.  
The echoes of a thousand broken dreams  
Dissolve like salt in stagnant, murky streams.

Yet even here, beneath the iron weight,  
Beyond the reach of suffocating fate,  
A narrow crack within the pavement shows  
Where one resilient, nameless flower grows.  
Its petals, pale and fragile, seek the light  
That filters through the everlasting night.  
It does not ask permission to bloom,  
Or fear the encroaching silence of the tomb.

BY: JAE WEBB



# STREET VOICES

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Community Newsletter

This week's collection brings together a diverse group of writers and artists, including Denston Hinds, Mike Gonzalez, Jane, Caleb Thompson, Jae Webb, Rhyan Scorpio-Rhys, Kyle Lyford, and Kevin Agee. Alongside visual and conceptual works by artists Honesty and Joseph Richardson. Through poetry, reflection, fiction, and spiritual meditation, each contributor explores themes of faith, resilience, forgiveness, hope, consumerism, fear, and the human condition. Together, these works invite readers to reflect on both personal struggles and collective experiences, while finding meaning through creativity, spirituality, and perseverance.

## Forgiveness

At night, I sit beneath the quiet sky, asking God why my heart still carries old mistakes like stones in a riverbed. The city sleeps, the wind moves softly, and somewhere a church bell reminds me that mercy is never far away. God does not count every scar the way I do. He lifts shame gently, like rain washing dust from windows after a long season of storms. I breathe slowly and let forgiveness enter me, little by little. I learn that healing is not forgetting the past; it is walking forward beside God, trusting that love can still grow where pain once lived deep within me.

BY: DENSTON HINDS

*"For I know the plans I have for you," declares the Lord, "plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future."*

JEREMIAH 29:11 (NIV)



## WEEKLY TRIVIA CHALLENGE

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

### This Week's Trivia Questions

1. Who wrote the play Romeo and Juliet?
2. Which country gifted the Statue of Liberty to the United States?
3. Which ocean is the deepest in the world?

### Answers to Last Week's Trivia Questions

1. What year was the first Thanksgiving Day parade held in NYC? **1924**
2. What year did the first commercial airline flight take place? **1914**
3. What year did the first animated TV series premiere? **1949**

## Animals as Teachers

If you grew up with gentle stories about Saint Francis of Assisi preaching to birds, it is easy to turn animals into decoration I cute symbols or background music for a comforting faith.

But animals are not merely cute. They are honest.

A pigeon does not wake up hoping to be admired. It wakes up searching for enough. It understands that the city is difficult and does not take hardship personally. It gets pushed aside, shooed away, cursed at, and still it keeps moving head bobbing like a stubborn little sermon saying: I am here. I am adapting. I am not quitting.

A stray cat does not waste energy on pride. It does not pretend to be fine. If it is hungry, it hunts. If it is cold, it searches for warmth. It does not apologize for needing what it needs.

There is humility in that not humiliation, but humility: the clear eyed acceptance of reality without self pity.

We spend so much time trying to appear okay, trying to seem in control, trying to outthink what cannot be outthought. Animals teach a different lesson: presence, persistence, and truth without performance.

BY: RHYAN SCORPIO-RHYS

## FRANCISCAN 360 IS OPEN!

**WHAT:** Case Management, Computer Access, Mailing Address

**WHERE:** 144 W. 32nd Street

**WHEN:** Monday - Thursday, 8:30am - 4pm  
Scheduled appointments only on Friday from 9am - 4pm

**WHO:** All are welcome!

If you have any content to share for our newsletter please send content to [streetvoicesnewsletter@gmail.com](mailto:streetvoicesnewsletter@gmail.com).

**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.

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## Buy More

Bright windows whisper, buy me now, shining plastic dreams in endless rows. People drift like programmed tides, chasing things nobody truly chose. Wallets open, silence grows, hearts replaced by barcode beats. Happiness becomes rented space stacked between disposable sheets. Voices are buried beneath brands, names louder than human sound. Every need becomes a want once advertisements begin to spin their illusions around us. Mountains rise from what we waste, oceans choke on painted lies. Still, we trade our time for dust, calling clutter paradise. Step outside the glowing maze and feel the weight of what is real. Less can speak a deeper truth; more was never meant to heal. Remember when hands once built and shared, before desire was sold in fragments designed to keep us endlessly wanting more.

BY: MIKE GONZALEZ

**Y**ou have probably heard the famous phrase attributed to baseball legend Babe Ruth: “Never let the fear of striking out keep you from playing the game.” While most of us are not going to be hitting baseballs across an MLB field anytime soon, we can still reflect on those words and allow them to influence the decisions we make every day.

Throughout life, there will be hits and misses, wins and losses, successes and failures. In fact, if you are truly striving to achieve great things, you will likely experience more failures than successes along the way. But you cannot allow the temporary pain of defeat to overpower the long-term joy that comes with perseverance and eventual victory.

BY: JANE

## Silent Thrillers

I went to pray  
for my sins to be forgiven.  
But I became the prey,  
the feast waiting to be eaten.

Silently, the beast crept.  
Slowly, some people wept.  
They followed me without my knowing,  
while the devil carried other plans for me.

What should I do?

Should I run? No they are everywhere.  
Should I hide? No they surround me.  
So what do I do?

I pray and hope  
that God hears my prayers  
and expands my thoughts  
so that every evil plan against me  
is trapped inside a box,  
while my mind learns  
to think outside of it.

BY: KEVIN AGEE



By Joseph Richardson



By Honesty



## The 6:17 Departure

The old train station had not seen a departure in over twenty years, yet every evening at exactly 6:17, the signal light flickered from red to green. No one in town could explain it, and most people had stopped trying. But Caleb had not. He grew up hearing his grandfather's stories about the last train that left—how it carried more than passengers, and how it took with it things people never realized they had lost.

So one quiet autumn evening, with crisp air and a sky fading into soft violet, Caleb stepped onto the cracked platform and waited.

At exactly 6:17, the ground trembled ever so slightly, and a low hum filled the air. Out of the distance, a train emerged...

To be continued.

BY: CALEB THOMPSON

