

Mother's Day

by J Thiemeyer

Whatever that self has been or remains.
 A rendered-down pair of something that has survived.
 Minor circumstantial stuff might differ, but it is just that.
 Just minor stuff. Geographic, momentary, a recognizable accumulation of
 faces and settings gathered
 under the tent, in an abandoned container, or in the barn out Key Road- like
 those old gone hoboes living out their last days
 at the Atlanta Prison Farm, chewing their gums and swapping their stories.
 You look deep in their eyes, set deep in the wrinkles,
 and you
 know they've seen something, and only they know what it is.
 And what I remember
 which brought this larger memory to mind,
 was standing on the forward lip of the flat-bottom ferry,
 as it trudged slowly across the James River,
 and spitting into
 the water and watching it slide slowly behind,
 like a figure on an urn,
 like a contrary fish belly-up
 on the surface, as Raymond the Gunsmith sat in lotus on top
 of the van
 driving me home to Virginia
 for Mother's Day, by accident

Haiku Kung-Fu 1

by Terris H.

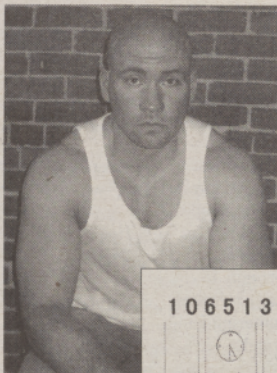
Street Roots helps me to,
 Keep my dignity, head high.
 Thank you for reading.

1971

by Elicia H. Marsh

So long...
 Love in always given and
 Mostly hate returned.
 While people standing all around you yell
 "Will you ever learn?"
 They say "you must stay positive and hold your head up
 high."
 They'll act as if they care
 So long as they don't hear the cries.
 "Always tell the truth, unless their
 happiness is in your lies."
 I say act or speak on what you feel,
 So long as that's where your happiness lies.
 Even if you don't want me there
 Through the days and nights;
 No matter when or where you are,
 I'll be there to help you through
 Fears, anger, or cries.
 Whenever you are ready, just tell me
 How you feel and know that no matter
 What you say, what I've said to you
 Remains the same and I will always still
 Be real.

I love you and I always will,
 Fuck what others say,
 Are they ever there for us
 When we need somebody anyways?



I chose to advertise in Street
 Roots because I know its
 readers believe in helping people
 who are trying to help themselves.
 I've spent a number of years
 abusing meth and alcohol.



I've spent half of the last 17
 years clean/sober and most of
 it was spent inside a
 correctional facility in Iowa.
 I've written a book about my
 experiences. "1065131" by
 Jason Breedlove is available
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