

# Let's hear it for the boys — and girls!

Readers tell us their thoughts on their experiences with Street Roots vendors

Street Roots asked readers to write us on Facebook and Twitter about their favorite vendors. Here's what they had to say:

I've talked about fishing, community college, the weather (naturally), been able to congratulate more than one who told me they'd gotten a place inside; welcomed a guy

new to town who was also new to the street newspaper thing and having a hard go at getting comfortable selling; had a guy recite his own poetry printed in the paper (he did it with more feeling and art than some "name" poets I've heard (or) read), shared a joke about the April issue, discussed mental health

struggles. Basically, had a chat when we both felt chatty, shared a smile and a good word otherwise.

— Kathryn Burlingham

Always had wonderful experiences. One of my favorites is David, who writes or draws lovely messages on the front of each paper.

— Kathy Mark

Tibor is my go-to guy! Seeing him once a week and enjoying a long conversation is something I look forward to. He is a friend. And he is on a well deserved vacation now, but I will miss him until he gets back.

— Kasia Rutledge

The vendors are all very cool people. Why would anyone be reluctant to approach them - beautiful people and friendly as can be. Makes you want to buy and read the paper even if you had no intention of getting one!!

— Charlotte Bloebaum

I have experienced four different vendors, all very polite. I actually approached one

vendor when I was paying my electric bill off 82nd and Holgate. The vendor was quite surprised when I asked, "Are you selling Street Roots?" and he replied suprised, "Yeah." I said I would like to buy one- I love reading that paper! He thanked me and was so happy! Anytime I see a vendor and have an extra money. I am never reluctant to buy one of my favorite papers Street Roots! Keep up all the good work!

— Carrie Zuber

I still have a note that one of the vendors wrote on my paper: "thanks for caring, Happy Easter" with the cutest heart drawn on it.

— Jessica Giannettino

Great people, every one of them I've met has been friendly and cool

— Jeff Waid

Ma used to be frightened (seriously!) of the homeless, until she bought a paper and started hearing their stories. Fear gone! Amazing paper, amazing people, thank you!

— Ralphie Gogo

When I was in Portland I walked everywhere. Downtown, I always talked to one or two of the vendor's everyday. Great People for sure.

— Dylan Seaman

Awesome. Excellent. Engaging. Empowering. One of the highlights of my day.

— Gary Marschke

It is always a pleasure to be greeted with such positive energy! Keep up your great work!

— Sue DeMarco

I buy my Street Roots just to get that two minute chat in. The stories and the pride coming from these folks makes me grateful for what I have and energized by the positive thoughts they share.

— Rayray Dueker

They're always kind and often smiling.

— Dave Nelson

The vendors are one of the reasons I buy the paper. They are always ready with a cheery word or two and willing to give directions in the event I get mixed up on which way to go.

— Gwen Barnard

SR vendors have always been kind, respectful, happy and love to talk about politics. And very thankful when you buy a paper from them!

— Lauri Rose

Every vendor I've ever purchased a paper from has been friendly, polite, and not pushy. Great program, great product.

— Andy Yerman

They rock. I have three regulars. I always chat with them. Especially love Leo Rhodes, the poet and columnist. My fave.

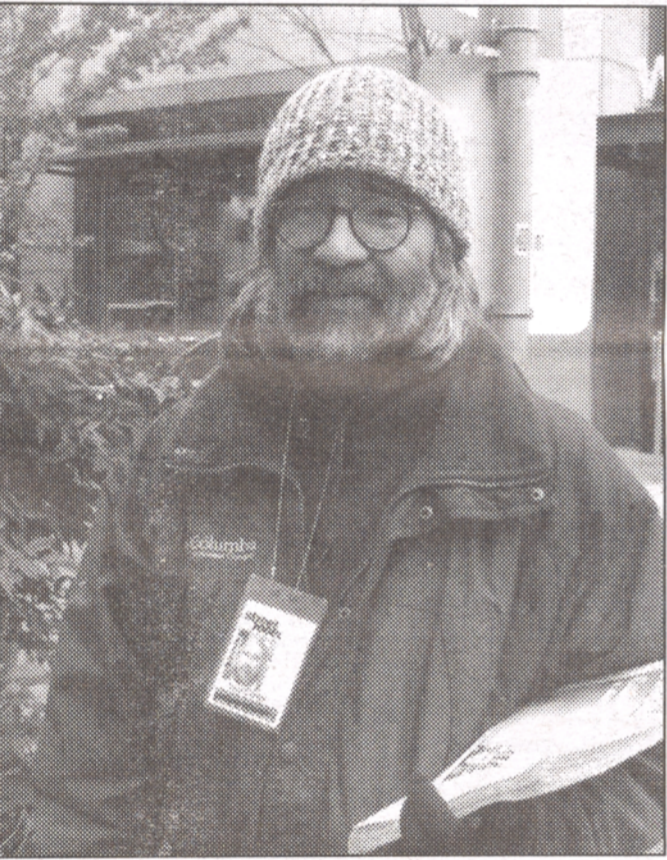
— Lisa Loving

Always have a good experience. My kids enjoy buying papers from our "regulars" and chatting with them. Always look forward to seeing them outside our neighborhood store.

— Carol Ann Wohlmuth

All the vendors I meet are polite, humble, and are informative and up to date on street issues. I always thank them for their service and for being there!

— Eric Dolphy



Saul Cortez



Tibor



Rain Duchelard

## Imagine

By Kareem Ali

Imagine mule deer  
Grazing in blue mountains  
Or yellow grasses  
Boiling into sloping hills.

Imagine nightjars  
Simmering above white wooden fences  
Or sparrows  
Torched in a locust of sun.

Imagine your eyes  
Garnished in blue light  
And your turquoise lips  
Riding a nectar of air,  
Past a final trellis of wind  
Burning.

## Mind of Madness

By Jason Wolf

My mind is filled with darkness and confusion  
Dreams of grandeur is only an illusion  
Where did it all go wrong, when did it start?  
The beginning of the callousness that invaded my heart  
The mask I wear, I've been waiting for it to peel  
So that for one second I know what it's like to be real  
It's a daunting task trying to keep myself in somewhat of an order  
There is a thin line between sane and insanity and I'm on the border  
Everyday I find myself trapped inside of a new maze  
There are complications just trying to see through the haze  
Madness is a state of mind in which I dwell  
As the angels await me in heaven, demons await to drag me to hell

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