

Come The Rain

By Denney Walker

Rain seeks the embrace of mother earth
journeys the path of least resistance

Flows untiringly to the sea by many tributaries
destiny unfolding moment by moment
foretold by the ages

Never resting, never questioning
obeys only its own instincts

Pounding rocks to dust, carving gashes
on the face of its matriarch

Pulling, pushing, carrying, unteathered,
and eroded victims to another abode
to await the coming of another rain

The Merchant of Death

by Dan Shea

Bullets, bombs, and grenades made in the USA
are the products we are best known for

The tears of fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters
are the by-products of these sales

Pain and death the benefit of the buyer
and profit the gain for the merchant

What profit it our name but shame

Normal Like You

By Bonnie Smith

Why is there always a frown
When there should be a smile?

Why is the rain always coming down
When you wish for one ray of sunlight?

Why are the days always so long
When the night is gone in a blink of an eye?

Why does it seem that everyone has a place that they belong
When I struggle so hard just to be noticed?

Why is it, that people who have much and all they need
When they look at me, they wish me to suffer and bleed?

Why is the world always so cold and dreary
When I awake, my eyes are red and bleary?

Why am I doomed to be looked down upon
When all I want is to be normal like you?

Why are all these unanswered questions just floating around
When they could just leave me alone?

Why does my life have to be in complete disarray
When all I want is a happiness that cannot be found?

Why am I blessed with talents that no one can see
When all I am asking, is some acceptance?

Why is it, that I'm stuck in this cycle
When all I want is just to be free?

Why do you look at me, repulsed and disgusted
When I didn't ask for this, this destiny chose me?

Why can't you see, I'm just trying to survive
When all you see is just another street kid?

Why don't you understand, we all aren't made of money
When you stand there and scoff, while I wait for the highest bid?

Why don't you just open your heart, maybe just a little
When you see me sitting there, begging everyday?

Why don't you help me out, and give me a little pay
When you read my sign, every word ringing true?

Why can't you see, it's hard work that I do
When I'm out here, just asking, begging, pleading with you?

Why don't you stop pointing your nose in the air
When I ask "Spare change?", just acknowledge me there?

Why does this world have to be so cruel and unfair
When all I want is a dry place to sleep, and to wash my hair?

Why am I doomed to be looked down upon
When all I want is to be normal like you?



Dignity



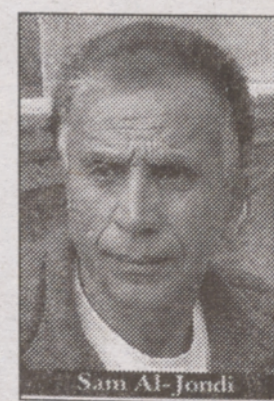
Poverty

Over 6 million people worldwide vote for dignity over poverty when they buy street press. By doing so, they help vendors in 40 countries, selling over 100 different titles, to change their lives. In return, readers enjoy quality, independent journalism, in the knowledge that they've made a difference.

Vote for Dignity.



Check out Street Roots Vendor Sam Al-Jondi's new book, "Code of Conduct." Al-Jondi writes about his experiences and offers a fresh perspective about the world we live in.



The books can be purchased at the Multnomah County Central Library on SW 10th Ave., on Kindle, Amazon, and for \$10 through Street Roots at 211 NW Davis St., Portland, OR 97209.