

Vendor Sonnets

Street Roots vendors gather weekly for a creative writing session. In one recent meeting, the vendors took a swing at sonnets.

Misery

By Misty Thornton

She feels the misery that surrounds her
Her faded denim and worn out tennis shoes
The days fade together and become a blur
Trying to discover the lost & hidden clues

Her body bears the torture and pain
Of the hardships of trying to find a way
For what she seeks is only her gain
Her journey soon becomes black and/or grey

Her demons are killing her from within
So she can succumb to their call
Of the war that brings her closer to sin
Feeling her body crumble and fall

The monster that subdues her spirited self
Has laid claim to her once loving child
Carrying her away and storing her on a shelf
She now is neither meek nor mild

Papier-mache Machete

By Sick Nullivan

Oh baby... papier-mache machete so fragile, still... you strike a mighty blow.
My piñata heart bursts to confetti, the red candy drops and begins to grow.
What kind of wild paper plant, bush or tree? What kind of flower to be expected?
Perhaps newspaper leaves, dangling free, sequined flower petals brightly erected.
Oh baby... bold papier-mache collage three dimensional landscape of my dream
Lavender pastel stops the world's barrage of non-stop engine revs and trains that scream.
For the moment make the plastic world stop.
Slow jam, slow dance, Watercolor hip-hop

Lars

By Joanna Nordness

Your hair shines gold and puts the sun to shame
Lashes longer than a Portland winter
You make the dulllest day the funnest game
The plainest room brightens when you enter

Your eyes are as large as the fullest moon
As green as the lushest overgrown wood
As full of promise as the perfect June
As full of mischief as full of good

Your cheeks are as round and soft as a ripe peach
Your smile as hearty and lovely and sweet
As warm as a day on a perfect beach
Your face brings joy to everyone you meet

You're as strong and as sturdy as a tree
You're the best child that there could ever be

Untitled

By John Michael

Days filled rolling around in sunlight and rain
Filling up on thrown-out things and treasures
My life an adventure in ego and thoughts slain
I set my soul next to yours for measure

Shopping cart means not a life shattered
It is life's whole prelude middle and end
Money can't hide a soul in grief shatters
Grief and terror steer my soul does not bend

I find my delight in discarded things
Your sadness lingers in all you touched
I search it settle makes my light heart sing
Or sadness melts pain turns to abstract dust
I set my soul next to yours as equal
Grief and pain shaved leaves the heart tranquil



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