

**TIRADO, from page 9**

logic. That's patronizing and condescending. It's well-intentioned. And that's the trouble that we have a lot of the time with the poor. We have such good intentions but we do not trust them, and we tell them that we do not trust them. This is why food stamps can't buy diapers, because we don't trust people with money. You want to solve poverty, give people money. If you want to solve homelessness, put people in empty houses. That's what Salt Lake (City) is doing, and it's a fantastic program. It's actually really working really well. If you want to tell people to be autonomous adults that make good decisions, let them be autonomous adults that make good decisions. But don't treat us like we're infants. You can't treat an adult like a 5-year-old and then expect them not to resent you.

You have these workplaces where they treat you like you are 5 and then they tell you that you do not deserve any better. And you know, look at what I've done. Look at what I have managed. And they pulled me out of a night-shift diner in nowhere, Utah. Do you know how many philosophers work in diners? Do you know how many artists, how many geniuses? My favorite cook of all time used to sing arias in the most gorgeous baritone that you've ever heard in the middle of the night when nobody was around. You give a poor person some resources, honey, we're just as capable as anybody else. The only reason that most people haven't accomplished anything is they've never had the start-up capital to do it with.

*J.P. What is something that a low-income person can gain from reading the book?*

L.T. I don't think I say anything in that book that somebody working at McDonald's doesn't already know. Again, it goes back to "You are not the only one. You are not the only one." And not only are you not the only one, it's not entirely your fault. Any mistakes that you have made, this is America, you should be able to get backup and recover. The fact that there is no more recovering from a mistake is a problem with the society that we have built, not with an individual. If it were an individual problem, our unemployment rate wouldn't have been this record high for so long. If it were an individual problem, we wouldn't have Stanford talking about how we're almost an oligarchy. When the Ivy League starts saying, "We've got a problem," then you cannot blame yourself for not being able to fix the problem that the greatest minds in our country can't fix. And that's why I wrote the book. I wrote the book for people who are like me. It's great if some people who have a lot of comfort and a lot of wealth and a lot of privilege read it and learn some things. I think that's fantastic, and they need to. This book I wrote to validate everything that everybody I've ever known has talked about and felt, because they finally gave somebody a chance to talk about it.

**Nobody's Child**

Christopher Robinson

A child cries out in the night  
no one comforts the child  
A child walks through the night lost and hungry  
no one finds and feeds the child  
Someone is beating the child  
Someone has burned the child  
Someone has locked the child in a basement in a bedroom in a closet in a shed.  
Somebody has tied the child on a bed to a staircase to a chair.  
The child is neglected, unwanted, unloved, unseen, unclaimed.  
The child grows up alone uncared for.  
Who will love the child  
Who will cry for the child  
Will the child die alone  
Will the child die in vain  
Who is that child  
That child was me?  
I'm all grown up now  
I survived childhood abuse  
I should be a killer but I'm not  
I should be a hater but I'm not  
I should want revenge but I don't  
I am a loving kind drug and alcohol-free well adjusted black man who knows all too well about what it means to be hated  
I am a gay man who knows the true meaning of Hell hath no fury like a woman's scorn.  
I know what it's like to be homeless and eat out of dumpsters  
I know how it feels to be unwanted and I'm used to being hated  
I was punished for being born, being black being gay and rejected for being me  
The bottom line is I am a survivor and now live a quiet life here in Portland, Oregon

**Looking into Her Eyes**

David Mair

In the fall little kids  
Are so excited at the sight  
Of freshly fallen leaves that  
Are ready to be stomped on.  
Over and over.  
Her eyes are the beautiful brown,  
Of those leaves that  
Bring such happiness.

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