

Back From Crack

by Deb Ann Debozy

The moonbeams and the starlight do their magical dance
Around one wandering aimlessly, as if in a trance.
The energies at work here escape the naked eye.

Small things said and done here are not what they imply.
Things that seem concrete to me are merely murky haze.
What were hours just moments ago have melted into days.

The road ahead is foggy, yet still I walk along,
Never paying mind to the fact that the road I took was wrong.
Shadows to my left and right strike fear into my heart.

What started out as a Sunday stroll is now tearing me apart.
From a distance screams are heard, or is that from inside?
I can't run fast enough now and there's no place left to hide.
Desperate cries are echoing back to their lonely source.
My mind just spins and races now, searching for recourse.

It's cold and dark and damp here, I'm lonely, lost and scared,
But somehow God inside me says, "What's broken can be repaired."
Suddenly, the turbulent winds that bléw calmed to a gentle breeze,

A peace and a love overcame me then, the kind that lifts and frees.
It swept away the dark shadows, now half out of sight,
And I'm bathed in the warming glow of the sunshine's brilliant light.

Dazed

by Jaison Kirk

Waking up in a daze, I find my way into the office
taking smiles and good cheer until I can get that first
cup of coffee

A glass full of Joe and smoke outside I find a
semblance of normal talking with the other vendors
about the world out there

Street Roots is a microcosm of the country and yet we
find a way to cope

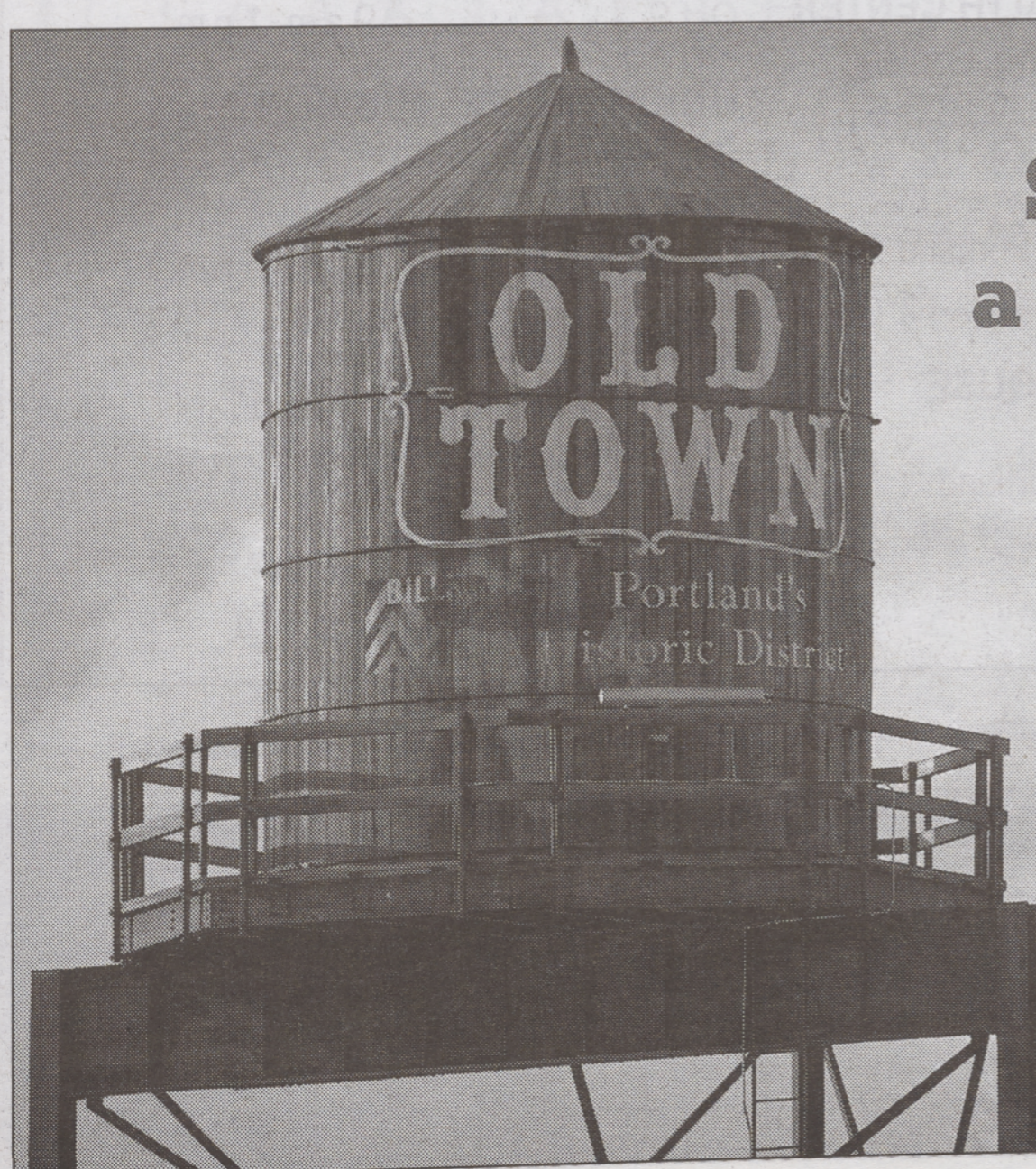
Two years I have haunted the office because it gives
me hope. Every day a chance to earn my way and
meet a new friend or two

Street Roots gives me a chance to escape my head,
the crowd and any situation

I Wish I Were Not ...

by Aileen McPherson

So anxious, my feet would you sit still,
My heart you are running a marathon,
Yet still breathing so shallow, will you
Think I should reside under the hill,
Native freedom is what I seek, living
Healing, my mother calls, time to rest,
It's OK to weep, head to chest her
Heart does beat, patting head till
Sound I sleep.



**Street Roots is hiring
a Development Director**

Applications accepted through November 7
Details and job description:
streetroots.org/DD



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