

SEATTLE, home ... ON THE EDGE

I have gained a foothold
in this city
ON THE EDGE
of the Pacific,
of Amarika,

WHERE the Walking Dead mingle with
the Newly-Rich,
the Bightly-attired,

WHERE everyone smokes,
in defense.

WHERE the man with soiled pants
SLEEPS on a Modern Statue
(Public Art)
in front of a steel-and-glass building
in Beautiful Downtown,
while the "suits" stride by
(hurriedly)

WHERE Amarika's *still-fresh* energy/
dreams
CONFRONT Amarika's Shame:
the discarded,
the "irrelevant,"
the Industrial Waste

WHERE the System CRACKS,
exposing the Bodies,
the Ruins.
THAT ARE AMONG IT'S PRODUCTS

AND

WHERE the Hearts
of Good Amarikans
Work tirelessly at the Seams,
ON the Seams,
Mending,
Soothing,
INCLUDING and nurturing
the Lost,

HERE,

WHERE the Amerikan Ground
is still vital
WHERE i may HOPE...
here in Seattle.

God grant you Peace

—Marion Sue Fischer

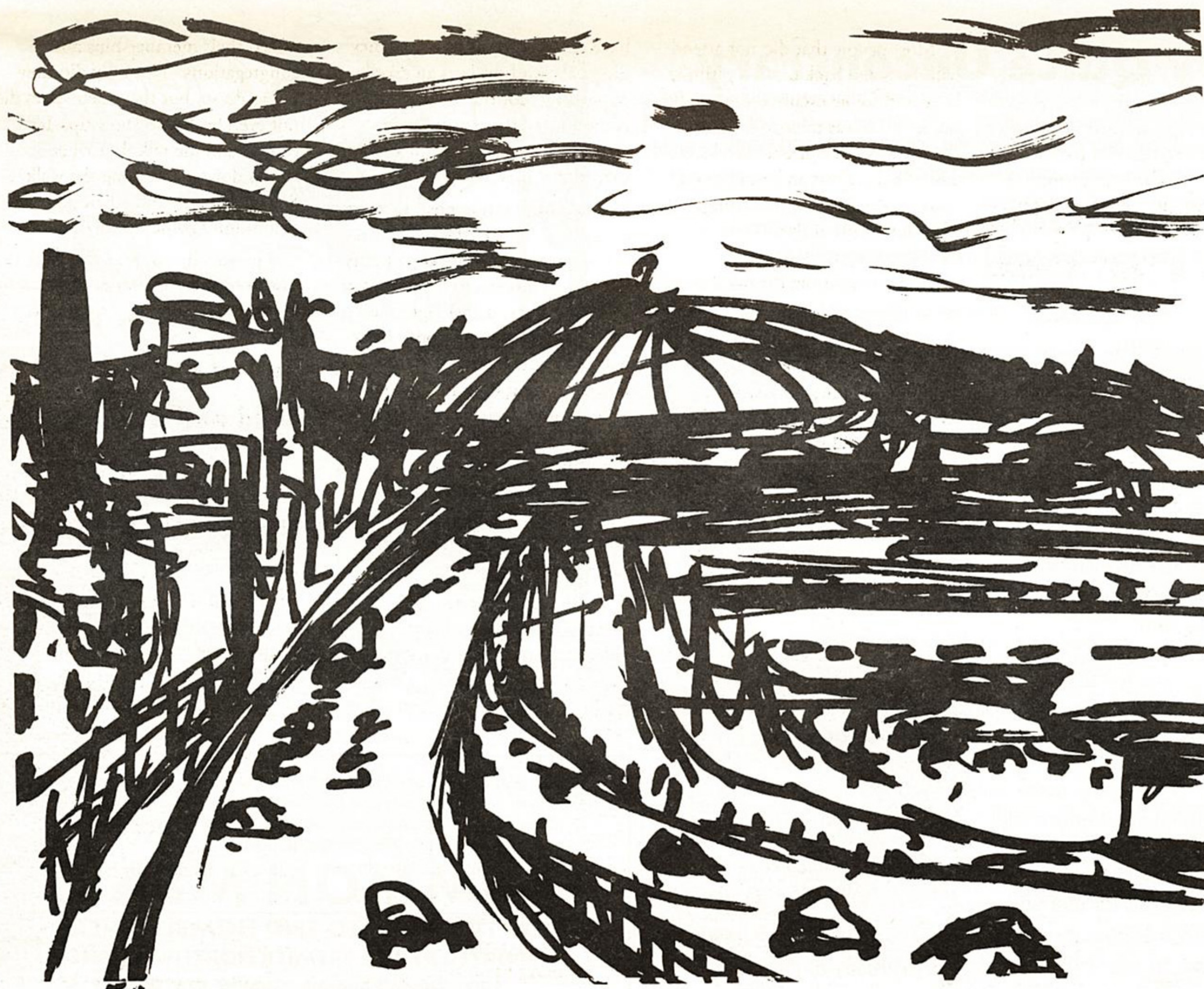


Illustration by Barrett Heaton