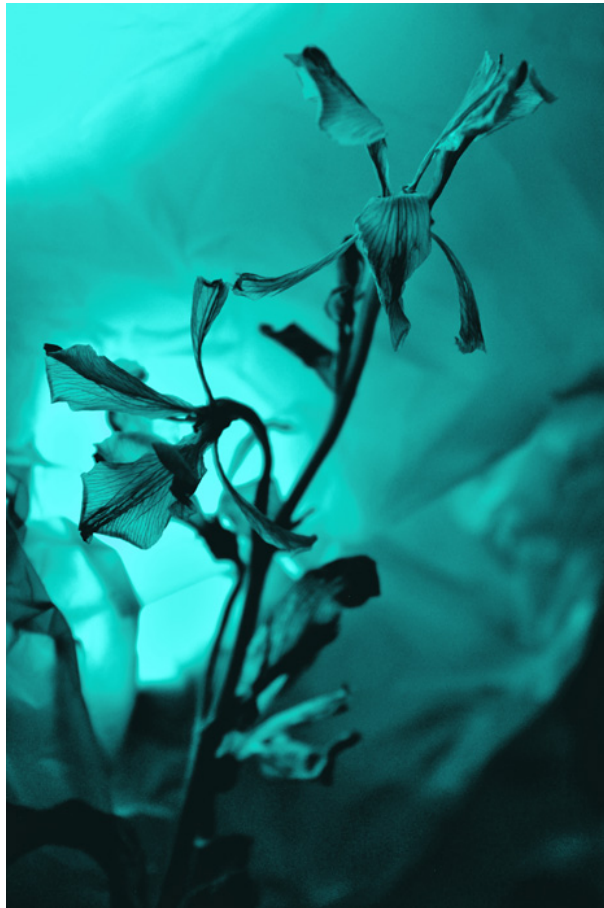


POETRY

# Fort McMurray

by SaraSwoti Lamichhane



"Lethal Shards In The Bindle" by Jury S Judge

Had I not heard it's a wasteland? A new Hiroshima?  
Fuels all over; fumes everywhere  
A crew digging a hole so deep  
And diseasing the city to death

For me  
As kind as you could be  
Greeted me  
With a beautiful landscape  
Curves of highways, patches of valleys, forests and hills  
A home to the creatures, warm and safe

Athabasca at your lap  
Deep woods that decorate you  
Northern lights glisten you

Innocent, yet, restless you breathe  
The treasure of rich oil sand in you

I can only imagine you  
Helpless, yet, ignorant

An adultery: a rape, a sucking of your blood  
And your giving-up against the deep hole digging

Spread flat are your legs; sharp blades that plow  
Big wheels compress you mercilessly on your  
Bare and brutal blue wounds

Chopped off your soft hips and boobs  
Ground into the tiniest bitumen  
Squeezed and steamed you in the tank bowls

The rich: the smugglers  
Hid the sinful semen of their crime

Cologne your oil

Yet,

Sigh a victory of concurring you

I, I, I stand meek: Edward Scissorhands  
Weeping my sorrow flakes on your ragged gown  
Muddy

Torn

and tortured.