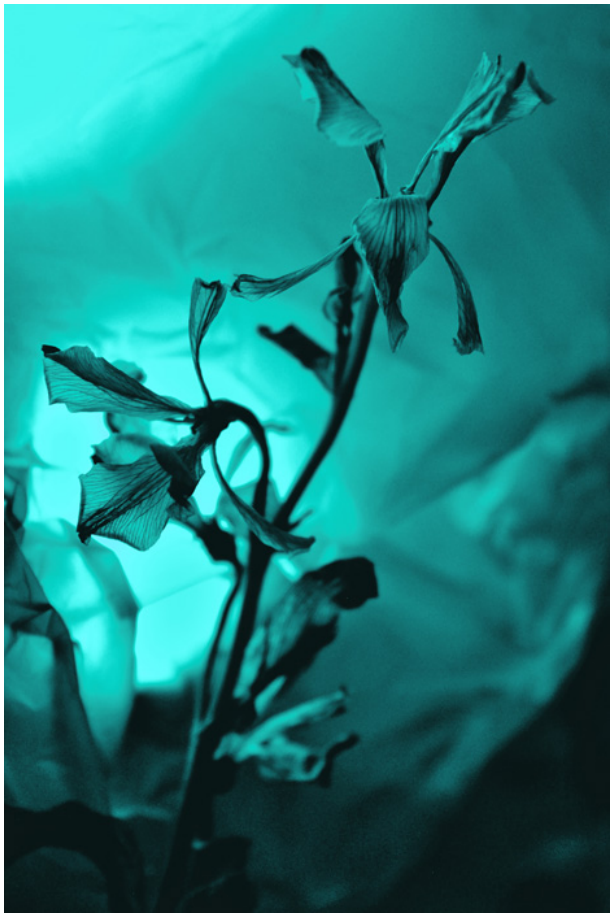
POETRY

Fort McMurray

by SaraSwoti Lamichhane



"Lethal Shards In The Bindle" by Jury S Judge

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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

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Torn

and tortured.

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