

2008

"it looks like the ground is on fire"

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Recommended Citation

Schoetzow, Kimberly (2008) "'it looks like the ground is on fire"; *The Laureate*: Vol. 7 , Article 16.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol7/iss1/16>

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“It looks like the ground is on fire”

Burning trees overflow onto houses
and sidewalks. Smooth pewter
cement crumbles into cheese cube size blocks.
Young children and their bicycles
ignite, try to run, the bicycle tries
to pedal, and the flames catch up with them.

From up here, it all seems normal.
Screams can't be heard at such a high altitude.
The cement's merely aging like a good red wine,
and the children are having such a good time
with their new Schwinn's.

Is this ignorance
or separation? Blindness
or clear vision? People are dying by choice
while some refuse to see it happen. Like me
at 3500 feet, with a compass pointing North, those anonymous
screams might just as well be this Southern wind I'm leaving behind.

Kimberly Schoetzow