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Carnegie



NEWSLETTER

MARCH 15, 2000

401 Main Street, Vancouver V6A 2T7 (604) 665-2289



You Want To Make the Streets Safer?



It you think bringing in more police, more guns, more tear gas, more tanks, and more prisons will make the streets safer, you're wrong. All you'll end up with is a police state. The United States has followed this route with its armies of public and private police, its prisons run for profit, and its incarceration rate for adults (rate of throwing people in jail) that is about four times as much as Canada's. The United States still has the highest crime rate of all the industrial nations. It also has the highest infant mortality rate, the highest child poverty rate, and the worst problems concerning drug misuse.

It is a simple truth, supported by forty years of research, that there is a direct relationship between poverty, unemployment, exploitive part-time employment at low wages, the lack of good social programs, and street crime. (1) Denmark, for example, has one of the industrial world's lowest rates of criminal violence, as well as one of the most advanced welfare systems. The United States, on the other hand, has the industrial world's worst rates of violent crime, the widest spread of income inequality, and the most punitive laws against low-income citizens.

Here is one way to make our streets safer. A commitment to full and decent employment at wages above the poverty line is the foundation of an anti-crime policy. Many of the so-called jobs

for youth in the growing service economy have the worst features of the poorest jobs for adults. (2) These jobs are often part-time and poorly paid, and they do not lead to the stable jobs youth need in order to take their place in the adult world, and raise their own families.

It is the responsibility of government to ensure that everyone who wants to work has a decent job at a decent wage. Narrow-minded people involved in the pursuit of large quantities of money, tell us that the market (private power) must decide about employment questions. However, the Dutch criminologist, William Bonges, warned us seventy years ago that a single-minded emphasis on market values (accumulation, aggression, competition) breeds crime because it weakens the social instincts of people.

In the high-tech global economy, jobs are being destroyed everywhere, and migrants move from country to country looking for a secure livelihood. We need to change the definition of work to include many of the social and educational activities that help build a strong community, but haven't been part of the profit-driven labour market. Keeping a home together is important social work, and should be paid. Taking part in post-secondary education, including upgrading, is also important social work and should be paid. We need more health care workers, education workers, helpers for senior citizens, national day care workers, and workers for public works programs in fishing, forestry, mining, construction, and housing. Think of all the good jobs our country could create in order to meet the need for affordable housing in Canada. If we were as serious about ending unemployment as we were about fighting in World War Two, we could end unemployment quickly, and one result would be much safer streets than we have now.

By Sandy Cameron
to be continued

References

- (1) Confronting Crime, by Elliott Currie. Pantheon Books, 1985.
- (2) Confronting Crime p.226.

DOWNTOWN STD CLINIC - 219 Main; Monday - Friday, 10 a.m. - 6 p.m.
EASTSIDE NEEDLE EXCHANGE - 221 Main; 8:30 a.m. - 8 p.m. every day
YOUTH NEEDLE EXCHANGE VAN - 3 Routes
ACTIVITIES City - 6:45 p.m. - 11:45 p.m.
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NEWSLETTER

At 2000 Main, Vancouver V6J 1T1 (604) 682 1100

THE NEWSLETTER IS A PUBLICATION OF THE
 CARNEGIE COMMUNITY CENTRE ASSOCIATION
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**Submission Deadline
 for next issue
 Tuesday, March 28**

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DERA

“Keeping the Door Open”; A Symposium on Health, Addictions and Social Justice

From Thursday March 2, through Saturday the 4th, St. Paul's Hospital and the Carnegie Centre played host to a conference that examined the problem of drug addiction in British Columbia in general and the Downtown Eastside in particular. The seminars were attended by some of Canada's



leading addiction researchers, many front-line workers, community activists, street nurses, police, and Mayor Philip Owen.

The theme of the conference was the need to start treating drug addiction as a health issue rather than a criminal problem, and the urgent need to start implementing harm reduction programs. Criminalization has led to further and unnecessary marginalisation of drug users; the stated purpose of the conference was “an understanding of how the door to health and social services can be opened so that individuals who have experienced marginalisation can achieve full access to health and social services.”

The statistics: 15,000 IV-drug users in Vancouver alone, 300 overdose deaths, 40,000 Hepatitis C sufferers in B.C., 8,000 H.I.V. patients, and a grand total of 60 rehab beds available in Vancouver. These numbers are appalling and are an indictment of the current Canadian drug strategy.

On Thursday and Friday the conference featured a number of workshops and seminars that investigated such topics as harm reduction through peer support, safe injection practices, methadone vs. prescription heroin, HIV and Hepatitis C awareness and prevention, and the relationship between

mental health and drug addiction. Also examined were the legal and ethical ramifications of harm reduction strategies.

Mayor Owen was the first speaker at the dinner meeting on Thursday evening. He stated that in the six years he has been in office he's had a rather dramatic change of view on the drug issue. The Mayor related how he had entered office favouring a criminal approach, but has since come to see the problem more in health related terms. While declaring that health care was a provincial rather than municipal responsibility, Mayor Owen reported that the City of Vancouver was going to spend \$10 million on addiction and harm reduction.

Eugene Oscapella, a lawyer from the Canadian Foundation for Drug Policy, enumerated the harm to society that prohibition has spawned. These include: the violence that is inherent in regulating the drug trade, the secondary crime such as theft and prostitution that users must commit in order to support their habit, the huge enforcement cost, and the damage done to social institutions through the corruption of police, judges and elected officials. Mr. Oscapella made a very strong case for de-criminalization and physician prescribed narcotics.

The Deputy Director of the International Harm Reduction Association, Dr. Diane Riley, a Professor in the Faculty of Medicine at the University of Toronto, related the extraordinary successes of harm reduction programs in Europe and Australia. Dr. Riley also spoke movingly of the need to remember the humanity that is at the centre of this issue.

On Saturday the symposium changed venues - from the conference centre of St. Paul's Hospital to the rather more earthy confines of our own Carnegie Centre. Hepatitis C Community Day was organized by Carnegie's own Carol Romanow, John Cameron and William Sandquist from the HIV/IDU Consumer Board. The purpose of this event was to raise awareness of the epidemic proportions that Hepatitis C has reached in our community, and to educate people in preven-

tion and disease management. Among the speakers here were Leslie Gibbenhuck and her son Jared. Jared is a twelve year old Hep C sufferer who was infected during a blood transfusion. He spoke about what it is like to be a child fighting this disease. Also on hand were Doctors Farley and Sacks, Hepatologists who discussed symptomology, treatment alternatives and the different outcomes of treatment. Organizations such as the HIV/IDU Consumers Board, the Vancouver/Richmond Health Board, VANDU, and AIDS Vancouver set up displays in the lobby to distribute information. Carol Romanow stated "the Downtown Eastside has the highest rate of Hep C in Canada and we don't know enough. We need to do this again next year and we need to make it longer(two days)." The occasion was a tremendous success, and, in the words of Director Michael Clague, "a great day".

Drug addiction is a terribly complex problem that is not going to simply disappear. Criminalization of drugs and drug users has been a dismal failure for decades now. The policy has created far greater harm to both the users and society at large than need be. A more enlightened approach is long overdue. Judging by the attendance and tone of this conference, (as well as the recent visit to Carnegie by the Governor General, Adrienne Clarkson) perhaps the political will necessary to any meaningful change is starting to grow. Let us hope that this conference leads to some direct action and was more than simple posturing, lip service and empty rhetoric.

By SCOTT HAMEL



your drug problem

your drug problem
destroy others' lives

after a decade of
paralyzing depression
of psychiatrists and botched
suicides of Zoloft and paxil prozac
and meditation of working out and
prayer and
fasting in the woods
I finally find relief
cocaine
but you
have a problem with that

your drug problem
pushes me underground
makes me dirty
makes all my money go to
greedy gangsters and warmongers
instead of into health care
it goes to the vile corrupt and sleazy
you prohibit therapeutic use
leave me fumbling in abuse
entwined in a counterspinning culture of
robbery overdose beatings prostitutes rip-
offs illness desperation decrepitude
while the drugs
call out to children
'cause you've made them such
a big fucking deal
cops 'nd guns 'nd rebellious renegades
your prison industrial complex
your courts and lawyers and detox beds
your drug problem
destroys others' lives

my doctor sympathizes
but there's nothing he can do
he's under the thumb of you
you and
your drug problem

jiang chang

Way to go, Andy!

He's a familiar face in the Senior's lounge, he's the proprietor of the most outrageous laugh you've ever heard, and now he's Carnegie's *Volunteer of the Year!!*

Yes, Andy Hucklack is getting the recognition he deserves for all his dedicated service to Carnegie and the community.

Day in and day out, you can find Andy in the lane level of Carnegie, selling coffee to raise money for the Seniors' out-trips and other programs. Often, he works a double shift to make sure the coffee keeps flowing.

"He's dependable, he's always here, he never misses a shift," says Seniors' president George Nicholas. "He's a true example of the Carnegie spirit."

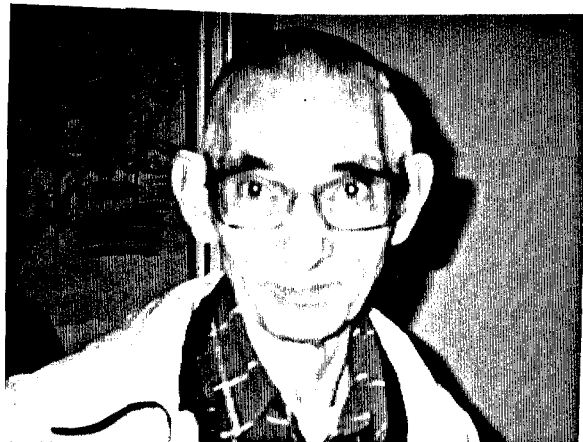
Andy is characteristically more modest about his activities. "I do a little bit of this and a little bit of that," he says. "That keeps me alive and in pretty good shape. If I didn't keep doing stuff, I would probably be ten feet under the ground."

As volunteer of the year, Andy will represent Carnegie at a swank dinner held by Volunteer Vancouver at a downtown hotel this Spring.

Andy has been a fixture in Carnegie almost from the day it opened as a community centre in 1980. He got recruited a few years later by Norman Mark as a Seniors' volunteer. He likes it in Carnegie because, "it's a place to come in out of the rain, but it's also a community where you meet new people and learn to get along with different nationalities. You can be part of something."

Ordinarily, Andy is a quiet kind of guy, but every once in a while he lets loose with a laugh that can shake the rafters. He was born in the tiny mining town of Kingsgate in southeastern, B.C., near the U.S. border, and moved to Vancouver as a small child. Over the years, he worked in logging and construction, and eventually became supervisor of a ten-member crew that handled the floor-waxing at the main post office on Georgia Street. He retired from that job six years ago at the age of 65.

Andy is a life-long bachelor, but it could have



turned out differently. "I was about to get married, but I got cold feet," he says. "I won't tell you how I got out of it, but I got out of it. That's all I'll say about that."

By BOB SARTI

Dear Fellow Members, Co-workers, and staff:

There is no easy way to say this, but to get to the many of you that I have encountered over the past year here at the Carnegie Community Centre, this is the easiest way to say good bye. March 31, 2000 will be my last active day of being part of a great team that we have here.

I came here a year ago, became a member and also became a part of the greatest team that I have ever seen. It has been amazing to see how well a team of volunteers, members, and staff can work together to run a fully efficient community Centre. I can honestly walk away, although sad to leave, but with my head up high hoping that I have helped to make a difference in some way or another. I have enjoyed the many tasks that I have taken on in the past year and will definitely use my newly acquired skills in my future endeavours.

I am sad to say goodbye but happy to inform you that I am moving ahead into the future. I am leaving here to get married and to take a job in my chosen field of building service work.

Over the next couple of weeks I will be saying my personal goodbyes to all of those that I can. If by chance I miss you, accept my apologies.

I will miss you all and wish each and everyone of you happiness and good luck in the future.

Anthony Dunne



Albuquerque New Mexico POW WOW

The WAND Cultural Development Society is organizing an elders trip to the Albuquerque, New Mexico Pow Wow, April 27, 28, 29 for elders from our group.

For the majority of aboriginal people with disabilities and living in the Downtown Eastside, especially those on fixed incomes, this is a unique opportunity to participate in traditional practices. The goal of this trip is to send a small delegation of elders, with youths as attendants, to be Northwest Coast representatives at the largest gathering of First Nations peoples in North

America; to share their experiences as disabled 7. aboriginal people, and to network with other groups dealing with the same issues. Issues of drug and alcohol related concerns.

The goals of the trip are of prime importance, as the area around Main and Hastings is the largest reservation in British Columbia. It has no chief, no council, and few elders to speak on issues relevant to First Nations people living with disabilities. The WAND Society encourages our elders with disabilities to feel proud, and to be recognized as valued members of our community. This is a chance to share experiences and knowledge with aboriginal elders and youth who may be facing the same challenge.

People who have lost connection to their cultural traditions have lost much of what keeps them healthy and whole.

W.A.N.D. Society elders involved: Norman Mark, Bazil Deneau, Brenda Wesley, Oliver Munro.

Co-ordinators: Fred Arrance, Brad Ankeriyod, Charles Luscomb

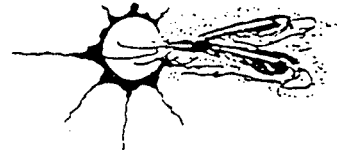
Cooks: Brenda Arrance, Kathleen Collison, Ninzu Prince.



Yearning to Dance

The Indian Spirits live in us
For some they can
dance to the drums
at Pow-Wows;
It's a treat, it's a tradition..
For some it's a yearning to
dance.

The sounds of drums
Make the heart beat faster
The adrenaline is rushing
The Indian is in us.
We can imagine or pretend
being a Jungle Dancer
a Traditional Dancer
a Grass Dancer
a beautiful, fancy Shawl
Dancer.



The sudden movement of
rhythm,
Of yearning to be a part,
but know it's just a dream..
We are not perfect dancers
Our bodies are weakened
with disadvantages
We are envious, but with
great admiration,
We stand strong, yearning
to dance.
The Spirit's Dancer is
within us
- of being our own role model.
Dancers.

Sandra Pronteau

What is love?

I haven't a clue, can you tell me
please, some-day some-time
love will be standing right in front of me and
I wouldn't even know it
I thought I knew the meaning of LOVE but
I guess it was just a lie
but life goes on with only a memory of the past,
with the future ahead I put a cast around my heart
for now
Some-day I'll be at the right place at the right time
until than
my heart beats without a cry.

B. McKay

Did you hear me crying?
The pain just couldn't stop
the hits with flail force
the anger with no remorse and
after that ending with just
a sorry it won't happen again

I cry and say okay..
I remember my beauty
my laughter.. And
my voice
all taken away because
I'd only get hit in the face
today I'm free
only to tell you
it was my choice....

B. McKay

My parents always told me never to hate
but how are you to forgive the person who has hurt you?

Everyday is a new day of life,
you can forgive but to forget is another story.
sitting here in jail thanking God for each breath I take
knowing I'll wake in the morning

There are a lot of women out there
who don't have the choice of seeing another day,
taking another look at the past sends
a shiver up my spine, feeling cold and scared,
they say counseling would do me good,
how are they to say what would help me forget?
The pain deep down in my heart is set and left for good
but knowing I'm not the only young lady out there
who has been hurt

by the hands of another person,
remembering the pain,
the cries
the lies and
the disfiguring to the face

I send this to the women out there to be alert...

Just remember all men aren't the same,
some-day, some-time
you'll be at the right place at the right time
but until then just take your time.....

All my relations
B. McKay

Life goes On:

Life goes on without the heart-ache and the pain,
flying high looking down at the past with only
a sigh,
soar like an eagle knowing you have a future
to look forward to.

Just for now you just take it easy..
Not knowing what love is is what makes it
easier on the soul,
children are the future of happiness and joy
love for my children is a different kind of love,
watching them grow and
learn their tradition.

Take life slowly and you will gradually live
the life you want.

B. McKay



Humanities 101

A talk given by Earl Shorris, the man who invented the concept of Humanities 101, inspired me to read his book "New American Blues." It explains the development of his idea that "the best education for the best is the best education for all"

Earl believes that an education in the Humanities – art history, philosophy, poetry, logic, history – gives people the frame of mind and references necessary for the "faculty of reflection and the skills for politics" which "leads to choice for the poor. They may use politics to get along in a gentler way and nothing more... [I]f the poor enter the circle of legitimate power, they will pose a real danger to the established order." (p.190)

This book was not written for the poor. The poor already know about the panic and frantic pace of life, the lack of control and understanding of the forces pushing and shoving them in life. This is all old hat, but it is interesting to hear/read a scholar explain it to the middle & upper classes.

The first groups of poor people to take Humanities 101 met twice a week for 90-minute sessions over six months. Shorris talks of the people, instructors, the requirements and results, and gives a variety of reasons for presenting an education, rather than training, to the poor.

He believes that the humanities are a form of mutual history and communication.. that the poor will develop a desire to become political, vote, take part in public life, and the more this happens

Before birth you gave your parents tears of laughter, you.

At birth, you gave your parents the gift of beauty – life, you.

At one, you gave your parents the hope that things will mend together, you.

At two, you gave your parents the challenge to be patient, you.

At three, you gave your parents the challenge to have faith in oneself, you.

At four, you gave your parents the unconditional love from each other, you.

On this day and onward with your journey, you will give your parents the gift of education, you.

la'gus'siy (I love you) Vligen Dinee

Priscilla May



the more chance that some changes will happen.

"Tens of thousands or even millions of poor entering the public world may not endanger the established order at all. But the possibility that it could must perforce change the view of the poor held... the rest of the citizens would have to pay heed. The rest of the poor might then be spared some of the forces that make a misery of their lives, enabling them to move out of the private life and into the public world, where all peoples may think of themselves as having effect."

Earl Shorris's bottom line is to end poverty. He says, "If the poor who learn politics do not become dangerous, if they choose to survive moderately in peace and comfort, that is surely good enough. The goal is to end poverty and to make citizens of the poor. The happiness of others is a goal worth pursuing." (p.390)

"New America Blues" is a good read.

* I'm curious about the Humanities 101 course given at UBC, and would like to get evaluations from people who were involved. D. Blair

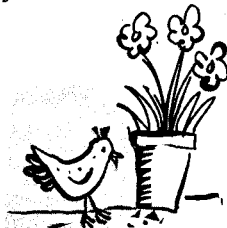
CONTINUING EDUCATION

I first read Marshall McLuhan
In 1966, when I was 16 years old

That was before lawyers started doing steroids
Or divinity students ingested magic mushrooms

Tom Jones was considered a hunk
And Twiggy was all the rage

In those times sex was excessive and business was
suspect. Today the reverse is true



Did you ever notice those smart city worms?
They creep from under the edges of the sidewalks
on moist nights, extending themselves many
inches while keeping a grip in their tunnels. What
are they doing/ Why not stretch out on the grass
side away from errant steps? They're wise enough
not to venture completely onto the concrete; if it
rains they can stay dry under the sidewalk mostly.

The city does have to pave things and it does get
too wet in places. Sometimes the worms are too
young or inexperienced and get lost on the
pavement... searching and probing for some way
to get back into the soil. Why aren't there holes in
the concrete? Obviously better design of sidewalk
is needed to make the worm's life easier.

Life exists on the city's sidewalks. Crows, robins
and starlings clean up the worms, lost and
writhing on the way. Clever ants have learned to
reduce death in their ranks on busy walkways by
going in the grooves from one side to the other,
thereby avoiding giant step from above.

Pounding the walks with a shopping cart sends
the message that someone is moving goods; so
often it is a low-income person using a cart to
transport weight or bulky items, and the life below
the sidewalk is sympathetic. Something should be
done to reciprocate.

By M. Bohnert

I'm allergic to cats, still refuse to eat tapioca
And I'm presently unemployed

Purple is my favorite color and I like all forms of music
Except for polkas
(unless accompanied by a Ukrainian wedding)

I recently read Plato for the very first time
And McLuhan was right:

It's all his fault

KWAM



Hey Paul, did you watch the CBC Magazine about
Sierra Leone in Africa? It's a hellish documentary
of civil war where children are dosed with cocaine
and forced at gunpoint to cut off people's hands.
They said it was about diamonds, apparently the
country's chief export. The comment was made
that diamonds are a symbol of love the world over
yet here they have brought misery, bloodshed and
death. I was shocked by people being abused and
machine-gunned right there in the street. We are
so insulated from war. My point is that we don't
know what these children and people endure. It's
too easy to discount the horror of war when it is
labeled "religious", but the conflicts are always
about power, the wealth it brings, and power.

By Mike Bohnert

Silent Scream

The moment's come & gone
But I still wonder to myself
Is this the way things should be
The way I truly felt.

The emptiness inside me
This burning in my veins
Visions of what could have been
Are all that remain.

This world that's so full of hate
Has finally taken its toll
The sickness of this thing called life
Has robbed me of my soul.

No longer can I stay here
This place of empty dreams
In a world of no compassion
To hear this silent scream.

Carla Carmichael

Summer House

Close your eyes
And remember me
Think of my choices
Fantasize my dreams
Feel my happiness
Laugh at my jokes
See me fade
Hear my silence
Wonder my difference
Dread my change
Say good-bye
Miss my presence
Gossip my new life
Act betrayed
Know the truth
Remember me?

Niki Smith

PEAK HOUSE POETRY

Mirror of Pain

My hate is boiling inside
it has no place to run & hide
My heart is breaking clean in two
There's nothing anyone can do.
My soul becomes a lake of fire
To hurt someone is my desire
I want someone to feel my pain
It's almost driving me insane
I then look up so silently
Into the eyes of my enemy
And in the ugly mocking glare
I see my pain reflected there.

Carla Carmichael

Fearless Hope

You've been through so much pain
You surprise yourself you're still sane
Always looking for that missing part
Looking everywhere but your heart

Caring and trust were not longer there
Through alcohol and drugs, made you think no one would dare

Running and hiding were no longer child's play;
It was only to survive for the next day

Through all the actions, filth and scum
Never thought a clean day would ever come

Forgive and forget are no longer an option
All you can think about is when the pain will be stopping

Seduced by the power of depression and hate
Unknown how much more you can take

At the bottom, not feeling much hope
Reaching out to the last known way to cope

1 day, 2 days or even more, you see this isn't the life you seek
You work like hell to keep the days, not turning them into a
meaningless heap

You ask yourself why even bother
It feels like your self-respect has been slaughtered

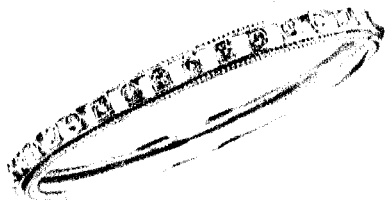
Life is what you can find,
Because through all that shit, I found mine

By Breanne McGibbon

I cry in solitude, no one can see
Could all this be wrong or is it just me?
I daydream of what I'd like to be
Everyone thinks what they see is really me.

They see my shell of smiles and laughter
If only they saw what I really sought after
If they did would it really matter?
Cold & alone in all despair.

Hurt seems to find me as if by instinct
I keep wondering what's the link
I don't even know anymore what I really think



Changing

I feel sick to my stomach, my heart feels flat,
Just because you felt like walking on me like a door mat,

I feel exposed and all alone
I feel like running and turning to stone

I thought that I could trust what you said to me
I know I can't trust you, now I can see

I've been working like hell and thought I was great
But after what you said I fell into a horrid state

I feel so lost and not knowing where to go
I never thought words would ever make me feel so low

I know that I can get through this,
I won't be treated like shit and I won't be dissed

Won't get caught up in your silly fucking head games
I'll let my emotions have their true names

Was this the reaction that you were looking for?
Did you think I would go running out the door?

Silly of you to think that my dear,
Because now I have got no fucking fear.

Breanne McGibbon

As I shut down, pretend to move, I grow weak.

I scream inside while laughing outside
All the time knowing how much I've lied
- to myself & everyone else -

If they knew the truth.. I wonder if they'd mind

I no longer know what's up with me
Just can't see or hear what they're tryin' to tell me
Things move so quickly - can't they see
The yearning of love I so desperately need?

Breanna McGibbon



My heart is beating, this can't be real
Too many problems, too much to feel.
Pushed away, forgotten, I'm striving to survive

It's fake.. I'm in a nightmare..

What's keeping me alive?

As I'm slowly caving I notice my loss of grip
What happened to my handle on life?

I thought I was at the tip. Remembered,
but not resolved, I want to come back.

I want to be healthy; I need to be set free.

First, I have to break through these self-created
walls and destroy each piece so they will fall.

I need to get better for myself.. prove to them all
I need to understand the real me

because that's step #1 in being free
And when I've accomplished all my goals
I'll scream it so loud, everyone will see
How unbelievable I am when I'm me!

Niki Smith

fed ex

simin
the renegade health canada employee
gives me a ride way out there to burnaby
the federal express office on dawson street
it takes us quite awhile to find it
and i speculate
that if i'd come out here on the bus
i'd be forever wandering around
and never seen or heard from again
but i have a parcel waiting
from the lindesmith foundation in new york
a document from
the parliament of new south wales
in australia
by the
joint select committee into injecting rooms
called
REPORT ON THE ESTABLISHMENT
OR TRIAL OF SAFE INJECTING ROOMS.
and when i sign for the envelope
the woman working behind the counter
looks at my signature and says
"how do you get 'bud' out of 'walton'?"
"it's a long story" i tell her
and we leave it. at that

but the name i was given at birth is
walton homer osborn
and that was also my father's name
but you gotta be careful
when you name a kid after some real person
because a kid automatically believes
there's a very deep
and lasting and powerful connection
between who that person is
and who you are

and my father
would catch a fly in his bare hands
and release it outdoors
but he also flew in a bomber
and dropped bombs on peasant farmers

and my father
got rid of all our furniture
except for the beds
because he said furniture was too bourgeois

and my father
would hole up in one of the beds
with a book and a bottle of whiskey
and sometimes he'd knock my mother around
and give me a shot
just for the hell of it



and my father
got hold of a gun
and was gonna kill this guy
my mother ran off with

but my father was taken to jail
during an alcohol and drug binge
and he hanged himself in his jail cell

and i used to make
a horrifying freudian slip
i'd say
"when my father killed myself"
but that's exactly
what most of my life has been

when walton homer osborn did himself in
walton homer osborn junior got killed too

and after my father's death
my mother and i moved around the city
like crazy refugees of chaos

from a domestic civil war
and we moved into a
white trash and blue collar
east toledo neighbourhood
and the alley next door
was where the local kids played kick the can
and kicked the shit out of each other

and i didn't want to tell anyone
my real name
because my name scared the hell out of me
and i felt ashamed of it
so when the leader of the alley pack
asked me my name
i said it was ron or don or john or something
but this
hard-ass snot-nosed urchin of the alley said
"no it isn't! its bud!"
and from that moment on
I insisted my mother and everybody else
call me "bud"

and throughout the many years since then
i've wondered what has happened
to that kid who named me?
other friends of mine from that neighbourhood
became drug addicts
alcoholics thieves and prisoners
and died of overdoses or in drunken car crashes

but this poem is for you
young woman behind the counter at fed ex
in darkest farthest burnaby
this is the answer to your question

and oh yeah my father left me
an additional legacy
a library of books
poetry philosophy novels and plays
for me to read and search through
looking for other evidence

Bud Osborn



CCAP Presents Comprehensive Solutions to Drugs, Crime, Addiction in the Inner-City

March 27th
Noon – 1:30 PM

Carnegie Theatre
Special Guest : Anne Claire Poirer
(Quebec film maker – "Let Me Go")
also, invited panelists (TBA)
Everyone is welcome, but space is
limited, so come on time

CCAP – Carnegie's Community Action Project
is supported by the Vancouver Foundation

Voices from the South Nicaraguan Youth Speak Out

Thursday March 30

Discussion with a street youth worker from Managua

2 - 4 PM 3rd floor Gallery

Voices from the South

4 - 5 PM Theatre



Six Nicaraguan youth from the Israel Lewites Cultural Project in Managua, Nicaragua will do a presentation featuring folkloric dances, theatre, clowning and video. The presentation will explore issues that face thousands of Nicaraguan children who must work in the streets and markets, and will provide a rare opportunity for Canadians of all ages to appreciate the vibrant and colourful culture of Nicaragua. It will be in English and Spanish with translation. a discussion period will follow

MON DAY

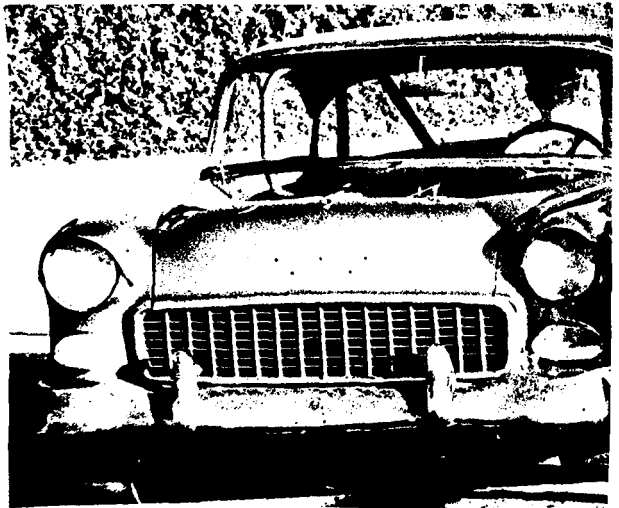
Well here I am it's Monday. This Monday is as impermanent as the last and I suppose as impermanent as the future. What's the difference really if I'm here to see it. I guess it's real. They say I was born on a Monday morning in Lillooet BC. We didn't stay long and from what I hear we hit the road when I was 2

I have to go to welfare today. They got this way of making you prove you're poor. They got this way of making you scared too. I guess they must like it? They got this way of getting you to think you're different than almost anyone who doesn't work for them. I say almost because there are some people they'd like to be like. The minister of something or the president of something else. Augusto Pinochet was a president once and he made a lot of people go away and die after they were tortured. But the welfare people don't want you to die that way. After all, they wanna keep their jobs. To them torture is keeping ya poor all the time.

Anyway, after I go there and prove I'm poor I'll go back to my room in the Beacon Hotel. Rent's OK I guess. We got a nice new kinda front part to the building and most of the toilets work most of the time. They say beggars can't be choosers so I live here, but I'm not really a beggar. I got the hell outta the Empress after D.E.R.A gave it the cockroach of the month award.

So I get to choose a little bit. They say choice is something you need to do to keep sane. I've made lots of choices and they still say I'm insane. Go figure?

One day that Mickey Cartel guy was in the alley behind the Washington doing some sort of show or something for the news. He was saying that in every alley you could see a treasure of stuff depending on your glasses or something. Me I'm still waiting for welfare to help me out on that one. Anyway, he goes on to say something about things that are living in the puddles. He says that even the lowliest puddle means something to someone. Yeah I think, like people who need water on a Sunday when the needle exchange is



closed. He starts looking for silver fish, and says that if you look close enough you can find them... and even see the rubber boot marks of children. I pops me head out of the bin just when he's telling the camera you can't put your foot down in the same place twice. The camera guy sees me and goes ballistic and rushes towards me. Before I can get my stuff outta the bin and get away Mickey turns around and sees too. He comes running towards me with his microphone yelling "Tony will love this."

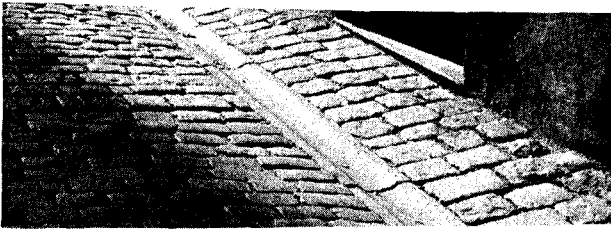
"Excuse me friend," he says, "do you mind telling us what you found in there?"

There's no bloody way I'm telling him anything. Get a job I think. He's never been no friend of mine. I reach down into the bin and grabs a bunch of those poutine chips somebody threw away. I start eating them poutine, ketchup and all. "Hey Mickey," I slobbers, "bet you can't eat just one. I could see the guy getting kinda sick; his skin was getting all white-like. "Hey Mickey." I spits out while shoving another handful of the cold delight into my mouth. I laugh and watch him and his camera guy running back to their truck almost puking the whole time. After they drive away I haul out the old clock I found and head down to check the bin back of the Sunrise. The hotel's all changed now but it's sorta the same. Less cops hanging around anymore.

I heard they hired forty more cops to help out the

movie guys. I can remember when new police guys wanted to ride bikes so they could go to the beaches and chase the broads. Now everybody wants to get their own cop show and they figure hobnobbing with those American movie types will help them. Well it's another Monday and I gotta go. I ain't gonna get no chances to be in a movie and I sure as hell don't want to be in a police video. I gotta get over to see my friend before she goes out. See yal Remember don't let them kick sand in your face when your ribs are showing.

Eldie



Mainly Hastings Mainly

A woman with great balance danced on the wires of the marquee at the Balmoral Hotel. Passersby stopped and gathered. Some hurled abuse in New York style.

Crews of Policewomen working in pairs were quick to go into the crowd and arrest those who were counseling suicide. Free riders in the wagon.

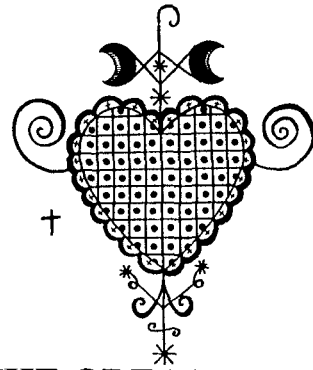
One agitator shouted out his blasphemy, then slipped away to be replaced by another onlooker. Suddenly the police arrested the wrong man. A man nearby swore 3 times that the defendant was the guilty party. The man pleaded his innocence to no avail.

I felt compelled to question the police verification of this vilifier. Upon my insistence of his innocence, he was released.

Another member of the crowd questioned my witnessing, warning me to watch who I finger. Two Carnegie patrons assured me I was correct.

Mattresses had been brought out by the dozen. I went home and prayed she'd return to her room. She did.

Geraldine Smit

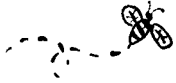


THE GREAT EVENT

Trying to find a new direction in life
 Getting off the drugs and alcohol
 When all the doors open to look into
 With those opportunities in the future
 All the best friends a man could ask for
 A better home to live in than a hotel
 And successful living with talents
 It seems like one big HALLUCINATION
 When the GREAT EVENT happens
 I just stand there all PARALYZED
 And when all of the other people
 Got on the bus and it is leaving
 It is the kiss of death that I receive
 And all anyone has to take home
 Is to wonder, "How could LOVE
 Go so wrong in this year of 2000?"

When we feel defeated by walking
 Up and down the streets of the city
 We are drawn to the water where
 All life came from in the beginning
 And we all stare across False Creek
 From opposite ends of its shores
 We look for some hope in the air
 For relief from despair and loneliness
 Look to see Jesus walking on the water
 As the sun is setting in brilliant colours
 I let go of that gripping fear, for once
 By this great event where I am called
 To shed all the clothes keeping me hidden
 To bathe in the beauty of this moment
 To claim freedom into the blackest night
 So it is many are called; but few follow.

Daniel Rajala



Saw A Bluejay Today

Downtown Eastside full of crime.
Saw a bluejay today

Saskatoon police blamed for two natives freezing to death.
Saw a bluejay today

Flooding in Mozambique kills thousands leaves millions homeless.
Saw a bluejay today

People can't smoke in pubs or restaurants; Crack is still being sold.
Saw a bluejay today

Waiter charged after fight in Regent. Man in coma
Saw a bluejay today

Man dead after gun attack on west broadway.
Saw a bluejay today

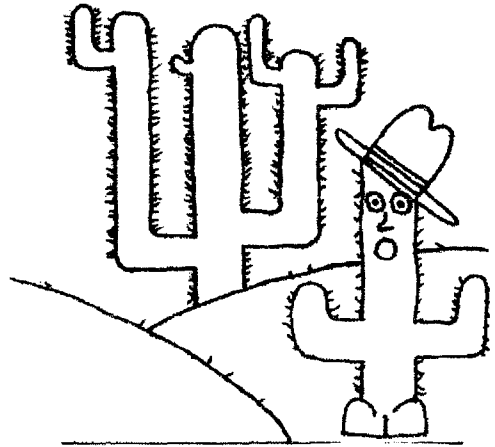
Six year old boy shoots six year old girl in usa.
Saw a bluejay today

Protesters' withdrawal deflates apec probe.
Saw a bluejay today

By 0007 - card carrying member of the CCCA!

Here From The Offices Of Dick Wad Is The Top 10 Things You Can Do With This List *Dick_Wad@Canada.Com*

- 10/ Put it by the toilet to read.
- 9/ Emergency toilet paper
- 8/ Shred it for confetti.
- 7/ Recycle
- 6/ Fly swatter
- 5/ Make a pirate hat with it.
- 4/ Cover broken window.
- 3/ Good reading escape for unwanted guests.
- 2/ Give it to a child for show and tell.
- 1/ Sell it to some rag that needs a lift.



IN THE DUMPSTER

binner@vcn.bc.ca

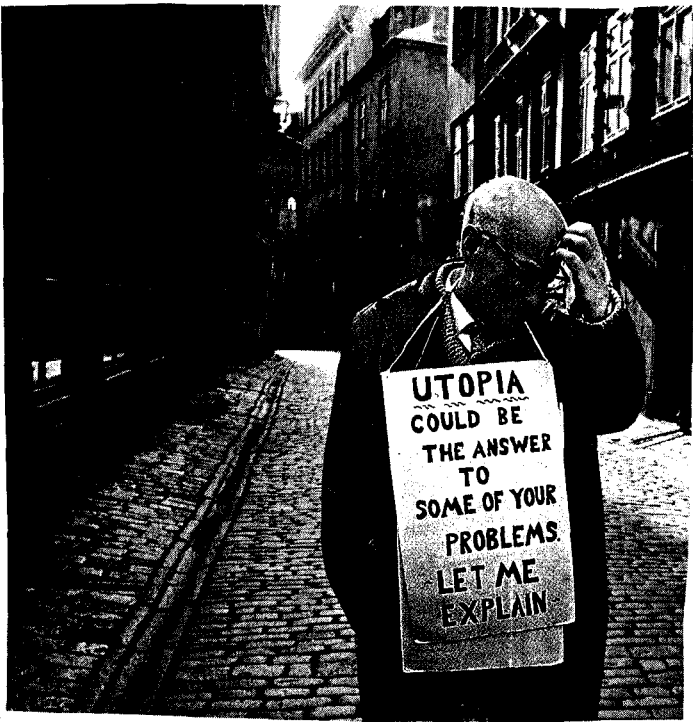
Greetings fellow binner and binnerettes:
Yaletown or *jail town*? That is the question. Whether it's nobler to house Parolees on Seymour St. or to house street people and open a drug detox and recovery hose to people *before* they end up in prison and get paroled.

Parolees need a halfway house also, but let's deal with one issue at a time. Our Downtown Eastside shows evidence of our young people in need of help. Let's get that help before it is too late. I sincerely wish the parole program success. Why not put their halfway house in Shaughnessy or Kitsilino; why not in the British properties?

Smokeless in Vancouver! That's the way i see it. I wonder how the Workers' Compensation Board has so much power that a law like this could be passed so fast and still the drug problem is out of control. Maybe our new premier has some answers. Only in Canada; pity. Wait 'til Trash-hopper gets back from Amsterdam. He left Washington DC as soon as the presidential elections started saying, *quote* "homey don't play that." *Unquote*.

Have a good month and *hey!* Let's be careful out there. May the bins be with you.

By MR. McBINNER



The Tears

I have seen capable people
shed tears of despair, and
in reprisal, torment
other human beings for the tears
of their own weakness.
That is not the way to seek relief.
Turning tears of despair into bursts
of redirected anger
won't help a grown-up resolve
their own misfortune.
Thus, being upset is like
opening the gates of an emotional
prison and walking into it,
in shackles of dissatisfaction.
The tears of despair are like walls
that keep the resolve out, on the way in.
Even the happiest of people cry
from an overload of sadness caused
by the delay in having their needs fulfilled.
True happiness does not stop the tears
from falling. That is perhaps why
happiness is so hard to define beyond doubt;

although, the ways
leading to such an ultimate destination turn
away from the cries of despair.

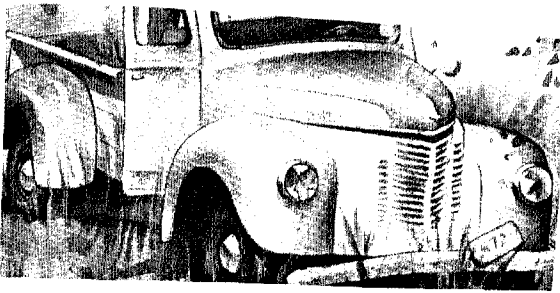
There are the tears for
the mistakes made in our one-time assessment
of what our basic needs might be.
It is because we must assume
such needs long before
we get to find out what they are
and aren't they blunt
in contrast to
what we've been made to believe?

There are the tears of loneliness
that flood the streets of our city
as if brought on by a curse
out of some Coast-Indian legend.
They make me think of all
the gentle hearts that can't be fixed,
like your own gentle heart,
frequently mistaken
for a sign of weakness.
The tears make me think of
my own heart yielding,
and for such appeasement,
so eagerly mistreated.

Passing moments of happiness
made to extend upon one another,
cease to be momentary,
and that is the kind of pattern
that helps everyone cherish
even the smallest of achievements,
hoping for more of the sort
to form a happier lifetime.

Happiness—by far—is the most honest of
feelings, and as such, it can't
be chemically triggered or measured
against somebody else's standards.
I'd say, it is worth
the presence of tears
if tears are what it takes
to notice every moment of it.

Richard Tynlian
EMAIL tylman@vcn.bc.ca



NEIGHBOURHOOD NEWS

The World Trade Organization held a summit in Seattle in November. You may have heard reports on the news – the “Battle in (or for) Seattle” – and saw pictures of crowds, cops and teargas.

The WTO has since faded from the news but no one should be fooled. **Maude Barlow**, voluntary chairperson of the Council of Canadians, made this as an opening statement when she finished a tour of BC towns and cities in Vancouver on March 3rd.

“Health and education are most definitely ‘on the table’ at WTO meetings. Every trade dispute brought before this body has resulted in the law or country challenged having to make changes to accommodate transnational corporations and their unceasing demands to run for-profit businesses in all areas of life. The bottom line of all this is the things that we, as Canadians, want to have tax dollars and energy put into to improve and expand – health care: public, universal, accessible to all... - education: public, universal, accessible to all...

Maude is one of the most articulate, convincing speakers on the shadowy world of corporate greed and international trade rules. She highlighted the tactics that private, for-profit healthcare giants are using to grind themselves into the Canadian system – and how the machinations of Ralph Klein in Alberta may be the death knell of Medicare. The system in the States is preferred over our socialized medicine, whereby those with money get the best health care and everyone else gets treatment in charity hospitals. We can’t let down our guard for a moment or be seduced by nice-sounding words of politicians paid to convince us that getting rid of socialized health care is best.

Maude gave equal voice to the running battle with education. Government transfer payments to the provinces were cut by billions of dollars, resulting in the surplus, yet social programs and services are cut proportionately. Education is being gutted, tuition is skyrocketing, and schools are left to fundraising or having corporations demanding control of curriculum, subjects taught and research (if any) done according to a very narrow set of stated needs. If Dow Chemical funds a university, that university has to provide Dow with staff and employees. Many universities in the States have had to cut back or even cancel courses in “useless” subjects like history, art, philosophy, literature, etc. in favour of pure sciences and engineering. Much more insidious is the current tactic of Coca-Cola and other junk food manufacturers demanding monopolies on all campuses for their brands. If you want juice or even bottled water, go somewhere else.

The World Trade Organization will set in place systems that let textbooks, examinations and class materials be up for the lowest bid. Kids here would have their course materials and exams prepared by a company operating in Mexico, with as much concern for local input as the distance implies. The federal government has stated categorically that everything is ‘on the table’ and the timeframe is on the edge – once a federal government signs on to this trade agreement, the corporations will have free rein and no local or even federal government will be able to say “we don’t agree with this or we didn’t want that included.” All are locked in for at least 20 years.

There was so much covered and just touched on to give the scope of this struggle. International trade deals affect us in every area of our lives and track records of corporate decision-makers are a litany of profit over anything, including *but not limited to* human rights and decent lives.

An opening ceremony for **Bridge Housing** at the corner of Cordova and Columbia was held on Monday, March 13. The struggle for women is never easy, and it’s no accident that this great project – a new Women’s Centre with housing above for battered women – has been such an

uphill battle. The gasbags, specifically Michael McCoy of Heritage and Leonore Sali and Sue Bennett got their undies in a twist several years ago over the prospect of actually providing housing in the neighbourhood for women who live in the neighbourhood. At a public hearing they were (again) the only blanks who spoke against it, got laughed at and hissed at, and the thing was approved. Then, out of the blue, some architect sues someone saying that he has the exclusive right to build whatever goes on this particular piece of land! It's tied up in court for years until a judge finally said "You're nuts." Media picks up on this as if it was all dreamed up yesterday and the ground breaking is today...

Governor-General Adrienne Clarkson came to Carnegie last week. Seems that Roch Carrier, (s) the National Librarian, told her of his visit here and convinced her to check us out.

It took some back-and-forth, but no RCMP in uniform, no media, no pipe-band at the entrance and as few in her entourage as feasible. All no problem!

There was Native drumming at the front door as John Ferguson, head of security, greeted the Governor-General with "Hi Adrienne." Muggs escorted her on a tour of the building, saying later that a really touching moment happened in the Seniors Lounge when a number of Chinese seniors and members of a local choir all rose and bowed and clapped for Ms. Clarkson. The tour went on to the library, the 2nd floor kitchen and then to the gathering in the art gallery.

Margaret Prevost, President of the Carnegie Association, greeted the packed hall, and each person sitting at the table introduced her or himself. Ms. Clarkson spoke briefly and hoped to have an exchange or conversation. Catnip!

In point form: housing, volunteers, literacy, Hep C and AIDS, drugs, sex trade, child prostitution, 1% solution, anti-conversion bylaws, treatment & detox, deinstitutionalisation, community, human rights, street programs, a brief and welcomed bit of local history and even a call for local brothels that would ensure the safety of working women.

Ms. Clarkson listened. Her response was that in

all her travels, she heard the need for decent housing as the prime point. She wasn't glib or speaking like a politician, and that was indeed refreshing. An older woman rendered a chilling description of some senior's housing and living conditions. "Atrocious" was almost polite as she detailed what she saw daily. Carney, a young man writing a report for his class, spoke with Adrienne and echoed the feeling of all in the room: "This just isn't right that people have to live in these places in Canada."

Governor-General Clarkson, while not holding elected office, has the ear of those at the highest levels of government. She has the power to make their lives very uncomfortable if such imperative social issues are ignored.



While leaving, the Street Program was holding a jam session and various users were wailing under the tent at the front door. Adrienne stopped and someone said "This is the Governor-General" --- and a few said "okay" and kept on playing. This made her feel very welcome and she thanked those who were interested in being thanked. "Sure!"

The Circle of Hope Coalition is holding what's headlined as The Vigil of Honour. It's a 2-day affair on May 6 & 7 at Britannia Community Centre. Through speakers, entertainment, multi-cultural presentations, words of mothers and families and activists and professionals, it is hoped that the social and health implications of addiction can be eased and progress made.

One of the basics is to promote Treatment on Demand as a right in BC for addicts and those

affected by drugs.

It's just under 2 months away, so for more information or to volunteer, call 215-2287.

On a flyer, Daniel Currie's words:

"We have tried moral exhortation. We have tried neglect. We have tried punishment. We have even more grudgingly tried treatment. We have tried everything but improving lives."

An apology: To the volunteer who wrote an article, published in the last issue, on her life as a Carnegie volunteer, please accept my apology for laying it out incorrectly. Cut & paste is still the method of operation and your article was the last to be done. Haste jumbled the story. The proper version has been printed on goldenrod paper and is posted on bulletin boards throughout Carnegie.

PAULR TAYLOR

Editor:

After all of yesterday's magnificent International Women's Day celebrations, today was just another day in my neighbourhood. Rainy and cold it might have been, it seemed life was back to routine. The usual few enterprising teenage girls standing out for early morning johns, the drug peddlers hovering around the corner, no signs that the police have been busy. In the heart of a flourishing drug trade and hot spot for child prostitution, intrepid agents have moved in on the bone fide Mom & Pop store on the corner and busted the family. They have been set-up, accused and convicted of selling cigarettes to a minor and their cigarette license has been suspended for three months.

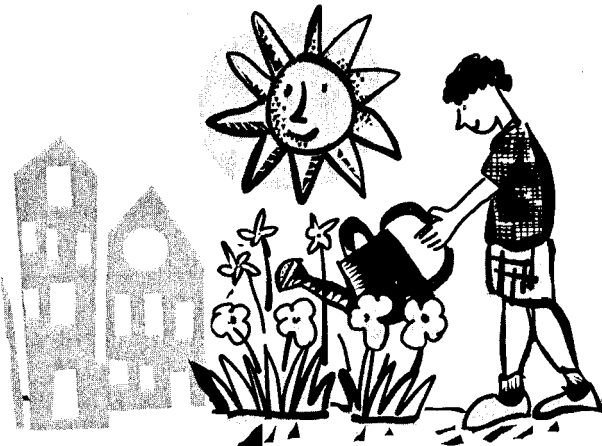
The particular family running that busy store are honest, hard-working, no nonsense kind of people. They peddle nothing under the counter and allow credit to trusted customers, a valuable service in this welfare zone. It would be a travesty of justice indeed if these people are forced to shut shop because of this.

When I spoke with Robert, the genial son most often behind the counter, he couldn't remember the exact details of the two incidents over the last three years that led to the suspension. "We fought the first notice, but they dismissed us. We didn't realize it would come to this."

The cigarette police are brutal. I have seen them in action. It may be that they are following the letter of the law, but as far as I know, cigarettes are not yet illegal. The fact that much money is spent harassing very small businesses over this does not seem right, considering the larger picture. The New World Grocery on the corner of Powell and Dunlevy has served the neighbourhood well. Targetting them is yet another example of misplaced zeal that hurts more than it protects.

Delayne

cc: Editors of *Sun & Province*; Mayor Owen,
Police Liaison Committee, Jenny Kwan



Carnegie News

Crab Society has put forth the name of Wendy Poole for the un-named mini park at Main and Alexander Streets.

Wendy Poole was a Native aboriginal woman from Ingenika, a small village in northwest BC. She was murdered about one block from the mini park site.

Wendy Poole may not be rich a well-known or influential person in our city, but as one of dozens of unsolved murders of aboriginal women in the Downtown Eastside, she deserves to be remembered.

Don M. Larson

This letter was sent to the City of Vancouver and Terri Clark, Manager of Public Affairs, responded sincerely. All interested persons are here asked to submit suggestions for naming this mini park. Give a name and the reason why you think it should be considered to Michael Clague, Director of Carnegie, and he'll send all suggestions to Terri Clark. There's a public process and a name is chosen. Give your idea by the end of April.



the dregs of dignity

we lived in this
white trash trailer park
where a kid stabbed me in the eye
with a wooden sword
and i had to wear a patch
to the wash house down the road
where other children
and mothers
splashed naked and almost happy
but not
with this guy my mother married
a drunken longshoreman
a mean dirty nasty guy
who stole all our furniture
to pay for a drunk
but was at least
gone
from our lives
until a letter arrived
years later
the longshoreman
now a reformed drunk
and reborn christian
a millionaire
owner of a construction company
whose conscience
was troubling him
about the way he treated us
so promised to send
several thousand dollars
in compensation
but when a check
for 2 hundred bucks showed up
my mother tore it into pieces
and flushed them
just like he'd done
to us

Bud Osborn

“It’s better to be hated for what one is than loved for what one isn’t.”

WHAT DOES THE CARNEGIE CENTRE MEAN TO YOU?

A mission statement describes the purpose and values of an organization. It is what we believe in. A group of members and staff have been planning a process that will lead to a Carnegie Mission Statement. We need your input

Carnegie members, board, volunteers, staff, and members of the community are invited to tell us what you think is the purpose of the Centre. From all the suggestions one or more draft mission statements will be presented at a meeting of the Carnegie Association. The end result will be a Mission Statement that we are proud to display at the entrance to Carnegie.

Pick up the question form at the front desk and at other locations at Carnegie. It will ask you:

1. I think the purpose of the Carnegie Centre is...
2. I want to make the following suggestions and comments about the Carnegie Centre...

There will be drop-off boxes for the completed questionnaires around the Centre.

The Mission Statement committee's next meeting is Friday, March 17th at 3:30 in Classroom II. This process includes you. Your input is valuable.

Contact any member of the Committee: Margaret Prevost, Alicia Mercurio, Leigh Donohue, Liam Molloy, Chris Laird, Stacey Yeats, Kai Erichson, Carol Romanow, Irene Schmidt, Luka, Gram, Jerry Sentino, Don Brousseau, Michael Clague.



SISTERS OF MERCY

Nurses on duty at Hastings and Main hold fast a safety zone for the sick, confused, unloved and lost...

Guardians of health and welfare... cheerleaders for the abandoned, bewildered the poor in spirit.

Sam Roddan

Eternity

For life must go on
So I persist to march with the unfamiliar band
I follow my leader, for this is his land
I follow your orders, I play by your rules,
But the treatment I receive from you is cruel.
I put up with punishment because you have power
I'd love to escape but there's no safe hour
One day I'm gonna tell someone
 about all you've ever done,
and all the horrible things you swear you'll do..
You just wait, 'cause someday soon, I'll show you

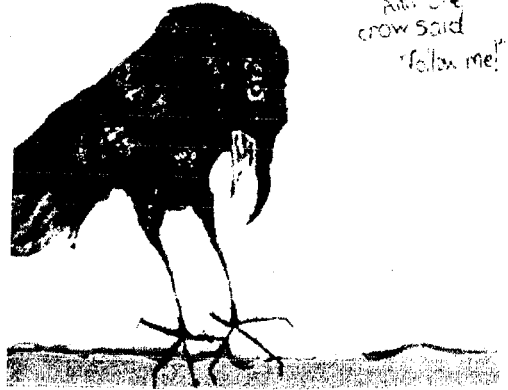
Lil' Niki (at age 12)



The Downtown Eastside is an
 urban reservation where
the genocide is the up and down of life
on the corner of Main and Hastings.
At 5 a.m I watch my girl
 she works 'til seven
 every night, her corner, her life
My bones are cracking
 against the rocks
you learn lessons in front of the library.

learn to forget there is nothing
but crack crashing against the rocks
I can see by your eyes
 you're already dead they just
haven't collected the body yet
 Take your time, business is good.
When I look I see skeletons moving
 on the rush of the last toke
the bones travel from one toke to the next
Bloody red eyes shining from hollow sockets
tell me there is only the next rush
and death.

R. Loewen



When I Was A Crow

Cold winter dawns; we went mad with delight
& flew for miles without stopping
While starlings & pigeons huddled like beggars
'round black chimney flues & ruffled their feathers
Crying out with a joy we could not explain
Above their heads in bright chaos we cawed.

Blacker than night, we were children of morning
Tearing across God's blue eye
Our souls unredeemed, uncaring for churches
Abandoned to motion in any direction
& the cold air biting our wings in envy
With no protection at all we ran free.

When I was a crow
I knew what it was to be human
I suffered & died & rose up again
Crying nearer my life to thee
Crying nearer my life to thee.

& when some of us died or just disappeared
We were not afraid to keep flying
Cold with fatigue, our eyes on the sidewalks,
Our hunger unslaked
For one final flight that could not sustain us;
Like black empty shells raised from on high.

When I was a crow
I knew what it was to be human
I suffered & died & rose up again
Crying nearer my life to thee
Crying nearer my life to thee.

Earle Peach