

Justice Calling
by Jourdan Keith

When I came here strangers told that me that jesus christ made seattle under protest
that these are the patterns for our mean streets
that that's how I should understand the city corridors
blocking off business men, homeless women, and latte stands.

Is it that easy to get lost here--
to start wandering off the path?
A double tall mocha for communion?
Breaking bread with scones?

I try to imagine jesus christ protesting when I am lost
James! Jefferson! & Madison!
He shouts in cadence, missing the C for Cherry

It's a political protest

something about the founding fathers
I know it is
because I see that cartoon jesus
who would have been easily found hiding in Africa, not the real Saviour but
the one with the sign and black hair and a too tightly tied robe, pre-historic texas.
Is that what I am supposed to see?

I've passed it on you know

The protest

To other strangers, way farers wandering

When I moved here
no one knew where anything was, they just knew that rhyme-
I chanted it
wondering, what was the protest about?
Was it about the history of hills being pushed into the Sound to recreate downtown.
Was jesus just outright disappointed after working so hard?

What about all the other streets
quick
where is Cloverdale?
Is it the place where the tire tracks cut across the median in the snow?
What about Maynard, the Tea House that houses the remnants of the interned,
Japanese farmers who stocked the stalls at Pike Place before being put in camps?

Quick can you find
Martin Luther King? What does Denny divide?

I don't think there was a protest here that Jesus made,
except the WTO
righteousness dusting off ancient scrolls
that just keep murmuring something about peace and justice.

How about leaving Jesus Christ out of the whole thing

How about
Justice Calls Making Seattle Uplift Poetry.

It'll take a while to get used to,
Justice Calling,
but it will give us better direction when we're lost.