Signature

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First Impressions

Jim Wiseman

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First Impressions

Dropping from heights through a cloud-cover grey Even New York City has grass and trees, Though down below these are swallowed up In a concrete, glass, Neon-light farce.

Bewildered, now You startle-eye stare; Blinded,

By the rebound glare Of superficial gloss.

The Gulf of Inexperience

Must surely result in personal loss.

New York will not wait for the man Caught in the hurried, cross-section crack

Of anguish.
For those who falter, looking lost,
Must learn to pay the City's cost;

A lamb in the lair of the Dollar-Wolf.
Yet a world watches dumb,
As She, in turn now, bows her head
To the Wall Street Stocks.
Liquidation looms, giant Guillotine.

A snowball-product of Her own machine.

lim Wiseman

Jim Wiseman is a pen friend of Jeanene Wethington, a UNI student, whom he has been writing to for five years. Jim lives in Essex, England—our "guest foreign artist" for this issue.