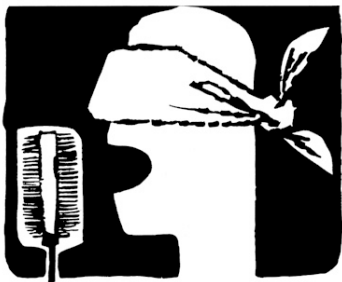


When Amsterdam Becomes New Atlantis



scott alexander jones

I'll be guilty of boasting things like:
I have been there. And now you will never go there.
I carved: I ♥ Red Emma
fall '99 on a park bench, now driftwood.
Sure, there/s footage of the WTO riots
in Seattle that very year & season
& I/m running from a tank called *The Peacemaker*.
A French journaliste interviewed me at Pike Place
& her Roman nose was running—
I gave her my bandana, revealing my face
& she asked if *regrets* or *teargas*
were worse on the eyes.
But who/s gonna recognize me.
I got a common face.
Been told I look like lots of people.
Once during Mardi Gras in Pioneer Square
the year a kid got knocked into a coma
never to sit up & say: *How long was I asleep?*
a girl named Emma kissed me
& kept calling me Lane
& I never corrected her
& my friends played along
& I went home with her
& I wasn't even wearing a mask.



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