Light Pollution

Caroline Shepard
CUNY City College of New York

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Light Pollution
by
Caroline Shepard

Mentor: Cynthia Zarin

December 5, 2013

Submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Fine Arts of the City College of the City University of New York
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My great uncle died with no
finger tips
right arm
or knee caps.
All his life he worked in the mines.
On the television last night
a man spoke about his father
permanently covered in soot.
The man on television has come so far.
He climbs up to the stage.
Generations

People are beautiful when they are born of two separate generations. One leg from the Old World, the pocket knives for Christmas, canned dinner, and Alaska. The other leg from Brooklyn, tandem bicycles, and broken steps under the foot. When someone is born from just the 70's, what do they really have to offer? The memory of acyclic? When the 19th century could be in the blood, why not have it all? The whole world, all the injustice?
Gatsby’s House

just crumbled and
disappeared.

I’ve watched buildings
fall all my life.
A Long Island childhood
is lived by

the yellow of Daisy’s dress,
which is actually just the fringe
from a cigarette pull
in the beach parking lot.

No one drank champagne.

How American to tear down,
rebuild and renovate the symbol
of capitalism chased.

Nothing is sacred. Not even
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