

## NO MORE LOANS

The banks are on fire  
The basement has been flooded  
Barbed wire holds me back  
The interiors everywhere  
have vanished into  
envelopes pushing angst

The moneylenders loathe  
their positions as paranoid priests  
of the society fastly falling  
The stifling silence slips  
into public discourse on celebrities  
Some get suckered  
that there's a way to get off easy

Now the witches are watching  
The banks are burning  
along with the billboards  
Big Banker watchdog  
no longer  
pacing panting pathetically  
sitting staring at six screens  
of numbing numbers that  
hide children's teeth and eyeglasses  
the strewn artifacts of the afterwar debris

The avalanche is inevitable  
(no more sympathy for tyrannical speed)  
which paradigm will proliferate  
the forgotten place  
of no plastics and compulsory posing

Watch the banks burning

*by Marjorie Sturm*

## ICON BANKING

You even speak in iconography like coins  
brass is heavy —  
paper weighs less and is worth more.  
Nothing weighs nothing, but  
the currency of your breath, the perpetual motion  
of the exchange, is worth how much?  
Money changes hands, when it changes hands.  
Anyone who really spent money like water would be  
prudent and wise  
because water's movements are dictated by its needs  
you can't sell the ocean what it doesn't want.  
Let me suggest that you are all nameless, and that  
faces and birds and rocks and places  
are diminished  
where names are denominations.

*by Raven*

## SIEGE OF ANGELS

The Angels flew over downtown this week  
under truce of the San Francisco noon.

"Can't miss this," cooed my hair-stylist  
drawn outside his shopfront on Columbus

into a civilian congregation  
of clients, clerks, panhandlers, lawyers

spellbound by the sounding in the sky.  
A dull roar from the north, then a rumbling

in the wind, dying in dry, hissing blasts.  
The lunchtime economy leaned sunward

eyes shielded against the silicic  
architecture of the market, splendor

blinding as blown glass, when a formation  
reflected took shape on the Bay,

machinery flying straighter than nature,  
past the Crocker Branch, past Monkey Block

become Transamerica Pyramid,  
a militant hallucination

liberating hatreds of the spirit.  
(Reverend Barclay, keeper of the tongue,

said: "I have visions fiery to burn  
the world down to purpose," prophesying

on the rock at Point Sur, just as here,  
from the roof of BofA, a coder

shouts to all, "Here they come!") Inspiration  
is no less destructive than aggression,

and aggression no less inspiring  
than a poem. Below the siege of Angels

the Pacific yields to the surging Bay,  
meeting the Sierra aqueducts

emptying melt from the Mokelumne  
to irrigate the spirit of the land.

*by Jim Fisher*