



Whither America 2017?

You're lost, little girl.

You're lost, little girl.

A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame

Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name

You're lost...

Tell me who

are you?

Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand

Glow world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command

...think

that you know

what to do!

"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she

With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,

Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,

Impo-

ssible? Yes,

but it's true!

I think

that you know

what to do,

The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.

Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,

I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

girl.

I'm sure

that you know

what to do.

* All text in Calibri font is from the song "You're lost, little Girl" by The Doors (1967). All text in Times New Roman font is from the poem *The New Colossus* by Emma Lazarus (1883). Photo is from the film "Planet of the Apes" (1968), Arthur P. Jacobs producer. Pastiche by /cual (2017).