

Giant Squid "Sutterville"

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Finally, the horrible river has crawled back to bed
Leaving our bog like streets now damned with the
dried up dead
Did you think it wise to build on the swollen banks of
this delta?
When news surfaces of the latest death toll, will you
rethink your new capitol?
Will our streets ever be dry again?
Festering pools left behind will be the death of this city
Breeding things with wings will only be the beginning
When your governor rowed down J street to the
inauguration could he smell the cholera?
My offer to stands to build my land uphill
You need only name it after me, Sutterville
We will raise our streets fourteen feet above the river's
reach

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