



HEART OF CHAOS
an artisan collective

Youth on Fire

Do not look for us in your buildings
we are not there.

We are the long shadows and the feet running through the alleys.
We are the murmur in the streets, the whispered warning of sirens,
and the loud and soft voices of youth crying out, unheard.

Do not look for us in your stores
we are not there.

We are the presence at every street corner and on every sidewalk,
the witness to the homeless and the forlorn
and the silenced voice in every court.

Do not look for us in your clubs
we are not there.

We are the music and the bodies moving in rhythm.
We are the pulse of the urban underground, underneath your radar screen
and harmonious in our discord. We are male and female,
and we are every color, every race and every nationality.

Do not look for us in your programs
we are not there.

We live and die in the boundary places, the cracks and crevasses
that your technology can never plug. We are the gang members caught in a
cycle of vengeance and rage, and we are the drug users and dealers
consumed by a fire within that cannot express itself in any other way.
We are the dark face of a culture that has turned its back on us.

Do not look for us
we are everywhere revealed.

We are the skateboarders that streak by, marking rail and step as we go.
We are the angry tagging and the street art that tantalizes the eye.
We are the strange chaotic attractor that lives in the heart of chaos
and the hidden wholeness at the center of your city.
We at the core of every creative act.
We are youth on fire.