

ABOUT JOURDAN KEITH

Urban Wilderness Project founder and director Jourdan Keith is a professional poet, storyteller, naturalist and educator. She is the winner of the Poet Populist of Seattle 2006 Award. In addition, Keith is a 2006 Jack Straw Writer and a 2004 award recipient from the Seattle Mayor's Office of Arts and Cultural Affairs. Keith is a NOLS (National Outdoor Leadership



School) graduate. She is certified as a Wilderness First Responder by WMA. She has led seven backcountry wilderness trips for high school students and numerous day hikes for middle school and adult participants. A former Recreation Supervisor in Yellowstone National Park, she is comfortable creating safe, enjoyable outdoor experiences for all ages.

"It is an honor to be Seattle's Poet Populist because it connects me to the traditional role that Griots held in civic life. Through the Urban Wilderness Project, I offer a program called Griot Works™ that trains poets and storytellers, because I believe it is critical to learn to keep our cultural and political history through the oral tradition. I see poetry as a tool to enlighten and engage community and when necessary to defend and heal our spirits; this is what I learned by coming through the word womb of my mothers: Sonia Sanchez, Audre Lorde and others," says Jourdan Imani Keith.

Keith is a dedicated storyteller and naturalist who believes that access to the wilderness, in urban surroundings, as well as the backcountry, is a critical matter of economic, racial, social, and gender justice. ■

ENOUGH OF US by Jourdan Keith

Maybe we will be too tired for war.
Maybe enough of us will remember out loud,
Vietnam
and the other stories our fathers did not tell.

Maybe enough of us
will remember, make our own war memorials,
erect fathers absent from childhood
sculpt faces absent from the table of their lives.

Maybe enough of us
will remember stumbling through elementary school hallways,
stepping over the land mine images
of Coca-Cola jingles that taught the world to sing
or our mothers huddled by telephones breaking the silent
cadence of body counts and bullets, body counts and bullets with
humbled whispers, thank God the war is over.

Maybe enough of us
will remember the taste of shrapnel,
the lips of cauliflower men
who returned vegetable kisses,
whose dinner time voices turned from the friendly fire of the evening news
to the fragging of their families,
who returned from My Lai men who could not stop the war.

Maybe enough of us will remember
and fill the streets with peace instead of blood for oil.