

I see Detroit rising in the walls of a mushroom autograph. no winds yet, no sound.
people must be in the dark folds of the stem, churning as they rise into the caramel-
pink colors above. look how slowly it turns as if adoring itself in a mirror none of us
can see... off Belle Isle, a pockmarked oreman flicks a cigarette off deck only to himself
soar over bleached water,



I See Detroit Rising by John Elkerr
22" x 30"
Colored ink on paper
Text by Stephen Eric Berry