



# Guerilla Photography in Unseen America: *What We Miss*



*Images by Jonathon Scott Feit*  
*Words by Rudyard Kipling*





*If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,*

*If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too;*













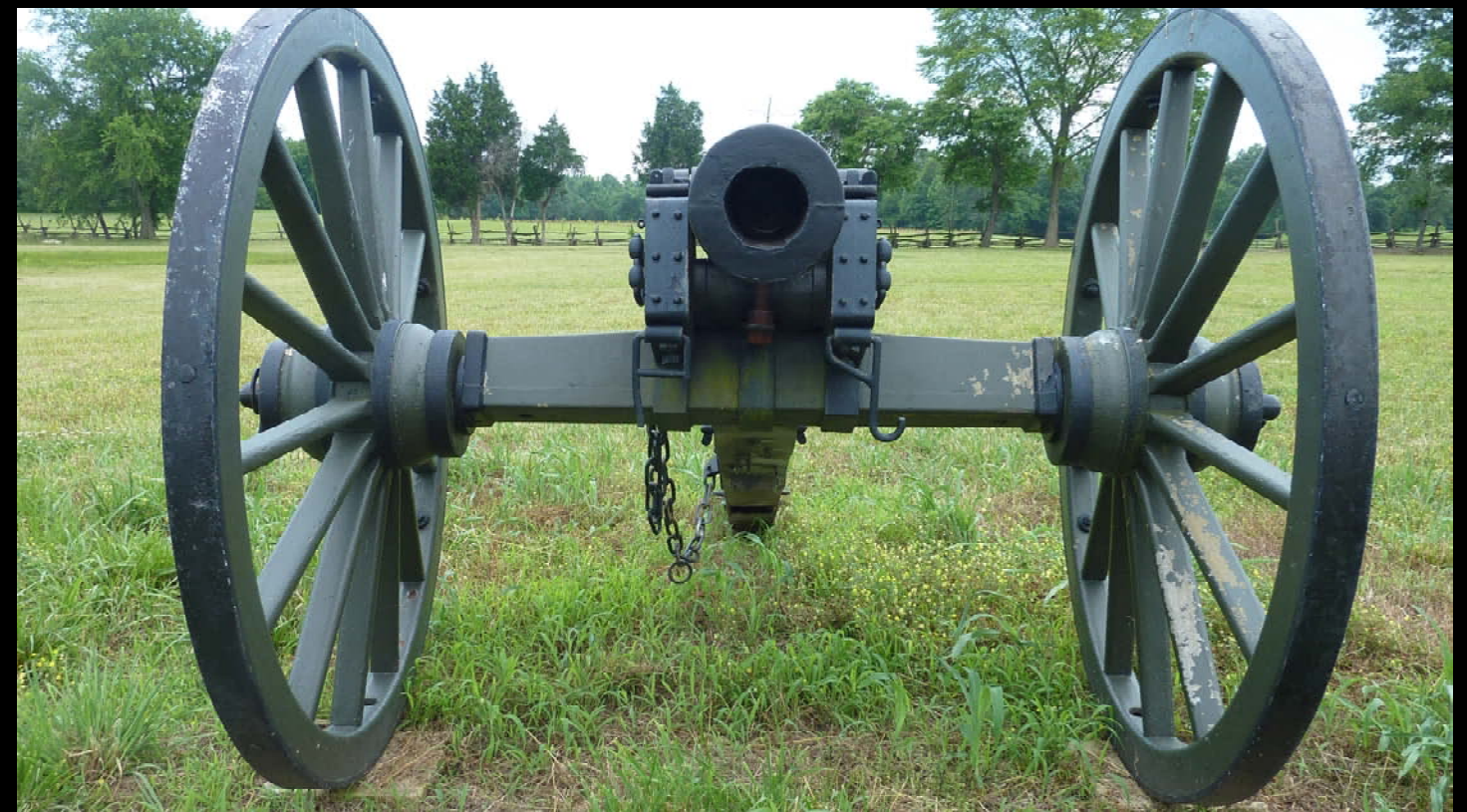




*If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,*

*Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:*









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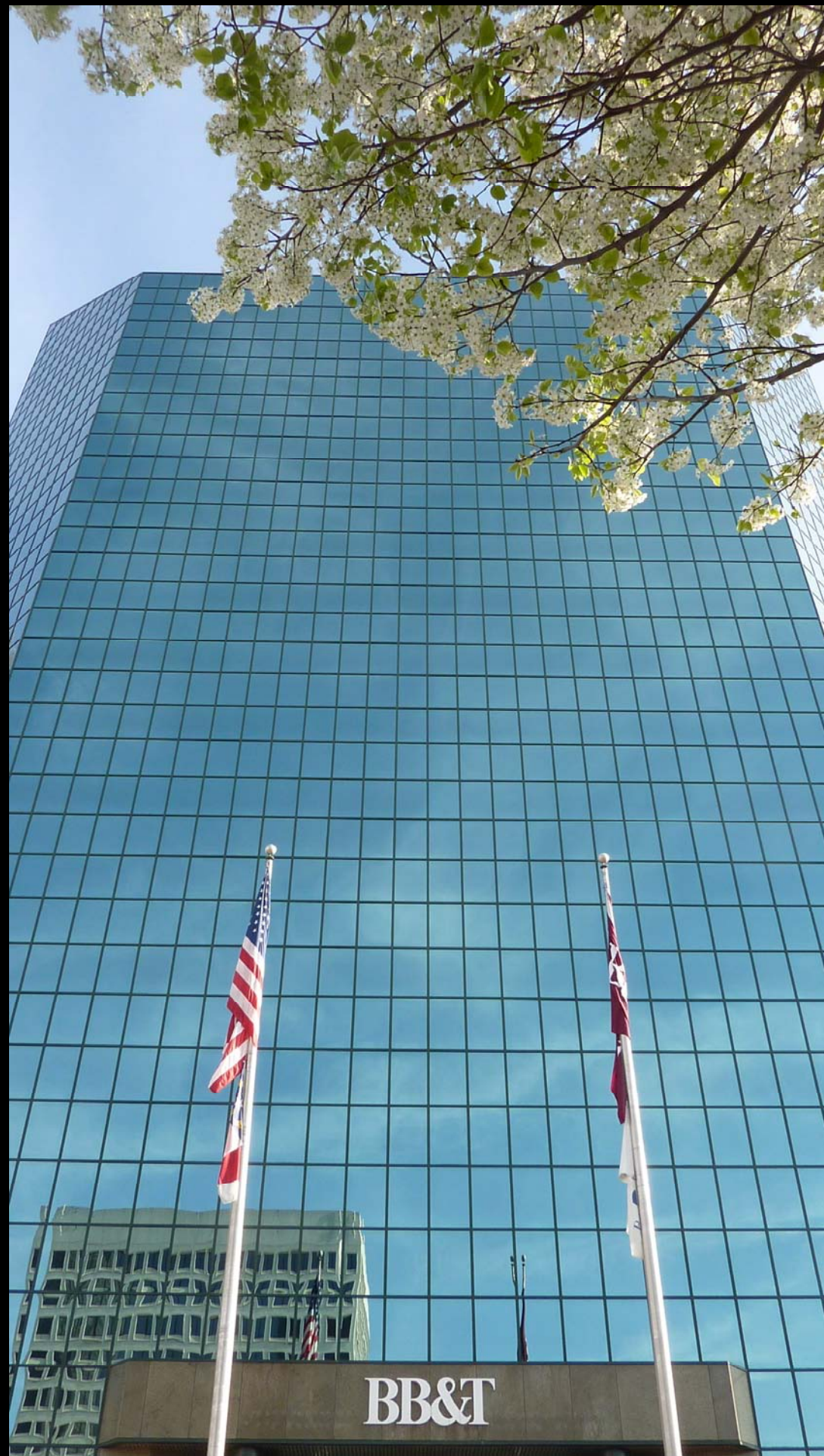
*If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;  
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;*

*If you can meet with triumph and disaster  
And treat those two imposters just the same;*

















*If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,*

*Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,  
\_And stoop and build 'em up with wornout tools:*









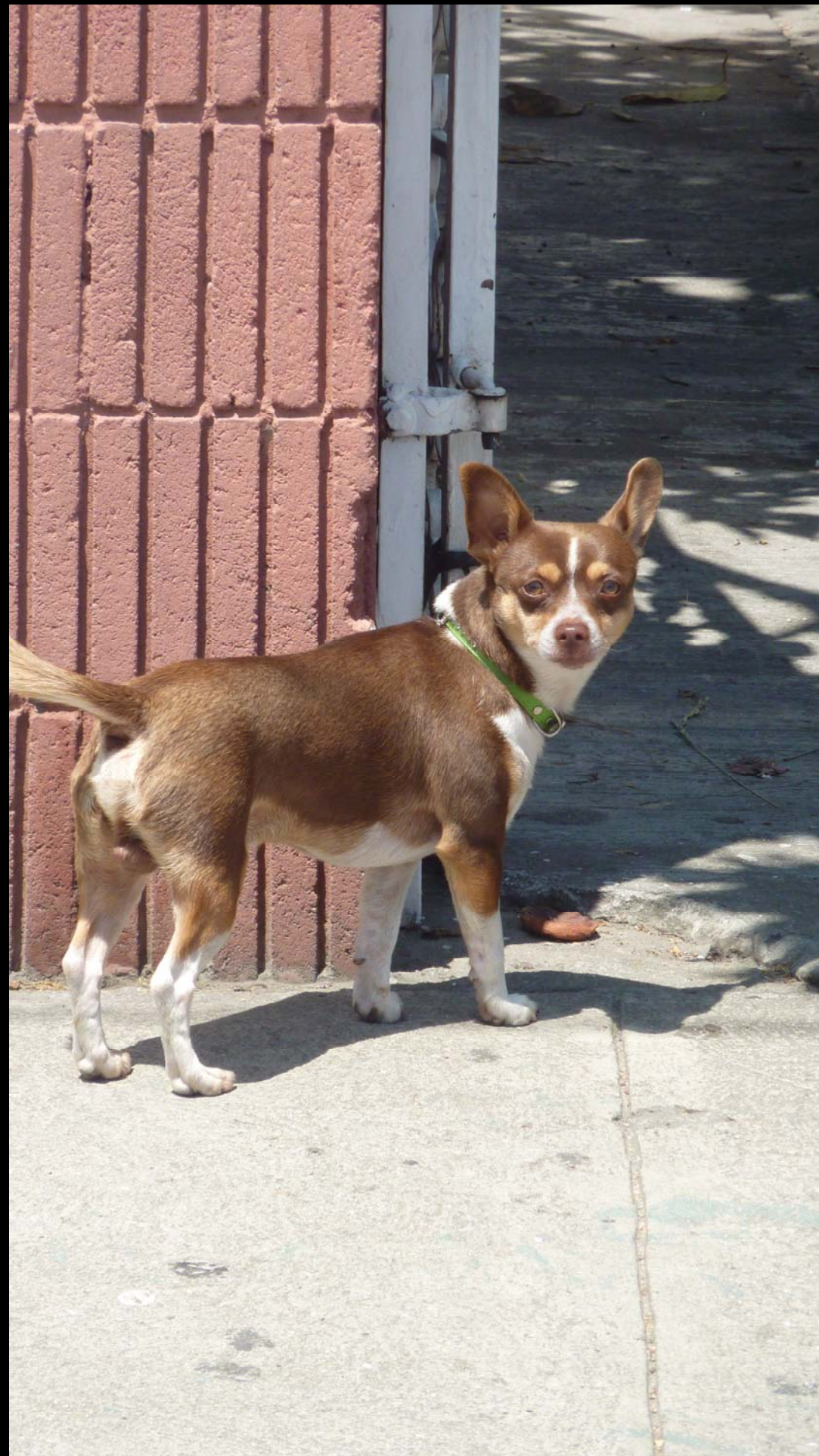




*If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,*

*And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
And never breath a word about your loss;*





*If you can force your heart  
and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,*













*And so hold on when  
there is nothing in you  
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"*





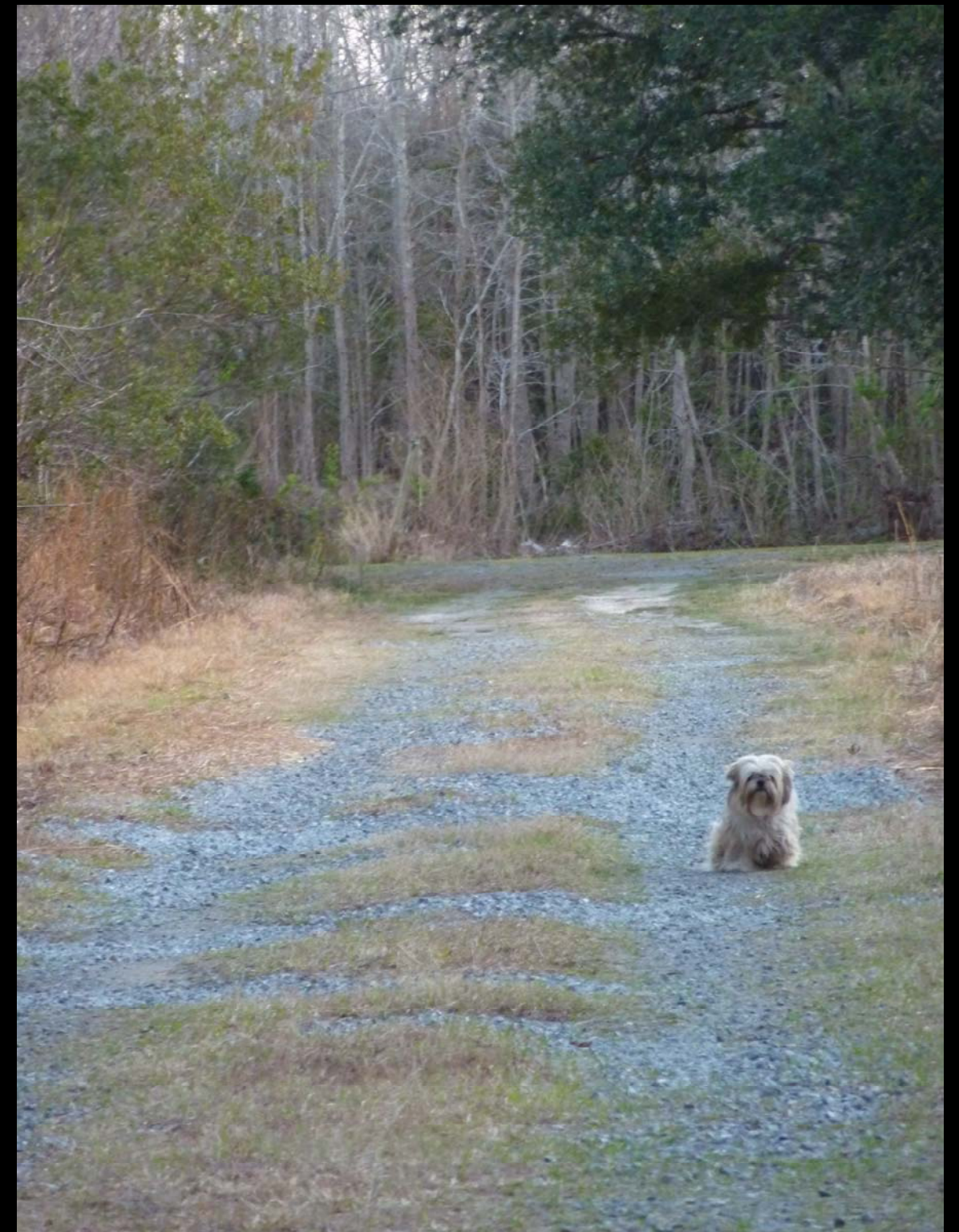
*If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch,*

*If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
If all men count with you, but none too much;*

*If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run*







*Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And—which is more—you'll be a Man my son!*

*From the poem "If" (1895)*







