

Alternative Future

The plains are empty for a time
of hungry foes who sow their blood.
We settle in a fickle clime,
one year drought, the next year flood.

The prophets warned us not to waste
the riches of the sea and soil,
but none would hear who had a taste
for floating drunk on burning oil.

They died like leaves from plague and dearth,
or fought for sterile merchandise.
For those too weak to learn the earth
suicide parties closed their eyes.

The corporate men have turned warlords,
enslaved the cities' refugees
and beaten car hoods into swords.
It's either starve or bend your knees

or come to us who still live free.
Their power is fading. Ours will rise.
We work and share in peace, but he
who comes to rob our harvest dies.

Developers built Babel's pyre
in scorn of the unyielding sod.
We dig redemption from the mire
and earn with sweat the bread of God.

—Henry Robertson
