

Just Look

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Is it us?
Is it we?
We, as in you and me.
We, the civilization
A civilization that profits on destruction
Destruction of emotion, people, the world
A world where rape culture persists
When the food we eat comes at a cost.
When animals are no more than a steak on a plate
A plate that reeks with death, toxins, carcinogens, and money
As trees fall like men fall at war
But ever faster until
No one stands.
As if the story of the Lorax was a premonition
The vestige of civilization, the machine, the Leviathan
The end of humans if we don't make a choice
The right choice that is so very obvious but,
The monotony
Contains us inside the belly of this never-ending
Industrialized production
Of individual brainless humans
Just look at how we mass murder livestock
To keep the gears and wheels of the clock
We call our lives . . .
In motion, as the malnourished Earth
Suffocates, wheezes us to our end and dies.
Unless we make a choice.