

Worry and Wonder or Pillage and Plunder?

by Nancy Martz

Who worries and wonders our survival odds?
We pillage and plunder with thanks to the gods.
We're given dominion as masters of Earth,
Atop of the food chain, secure in our worth.

The Earth and its creatures are here for our use.
Their fate is our choice; we need no excuse
To trap them for slaughter or cage them for fun ;
Because we're born human, our will shall be done.

You don't like our habits? Oh, Earth, get a grip!
We're looking for salvage, not stewardship.

So, give us your oil; we want it right now.
And give us your gas; we don't much care how.
As we frack and drill – our needs to fulfill,
Your water we foul and disembowel
Your soil and leach and wash it away.
We want what we want and without delay.

Forget global warming, it's only a guess;
The facts aren't all in as some scientists stress
Who sit on the boards for commercial affairs,
And Congress can promise that industry cares.

Besides Armageddon is surely ahead
So if Earth should die, we won't really be dead.
Let's pillage and plunder, leave worry behind.
Is it any wonder that faith is called blind?