

As We Progress

by Jowell Tan

We traded in Nature for pre-fabricated houses
Floorplans replicated and built in strips on empty lots
Distinguishable only by the numbers on the doors

There used to be a giant field
With a giant tree and a tire swing
There many childhood memories were built
But all that's gone now

And all we're left with
Are copies sold as originals
And I guess that's fine with us
Because in the end,
We all need a place to stay.

