

Non-Renewable

by Rene Foran

the dark ancient chrism
of man's modern life
uncontrolled
shows the living water
what it's made of.

we stand amidst the ruin
crying
"what have *they* done?"
as we wipe the blood of our progress
from our hands.

Heavenly eyes and satellites
gaze down upon us
I can see your house from here!
love what you've done with the place...
Assholes.

Rene

