

This We Celebrate

Gaza

To prepare the ground, to plant the seeds.
So many of us will never know the labor and the grit.
And I'm not afraid of our efficiency
And I understand we have invented ourselves out of a job.
And I imagine like anything else our cycle has come around.
An old womb. Our soil is used.
The noble thing would be to plow it under.
So we can look forward to socio-economical mass graves.
This we celebrate and holiday.
We can attest, native bones make the best fertilizer.