

Motorway To Damascus

The Rentals

Daybreak on the motorway to Damascus
A heavenly angel flagged me down and
Asked for a ride into town
For God's sake, on the motorway to
Damascus
This heavenly angel, wise and pure,
Proceeded with a guided tour:
"Behold! A shining city of silver grey and white,
Of solar-panelled rooftops glinting in the light
And wind-power generators turning
Soundlessly through the night"
Mid-day on the motorway to Damascus
The heavenly angel flapped it's wings and
Told me more exciting things
Like how one day this motorway to Damascus
Would disappear without trace, the
Unsustainable replaced
"Behold! The new New Forest in four
Hundred shades of green
Stretching out before us where it always
Should have been
A botanical thesaurus for as far the eye can see"
Nightfall on the motorway to Damascus
The heavenly angel looked at me and said
"Well, what's it gonna be?
The long haul, or the shorter way to Damascus?
Choose with care and you will find that one
Day there will come a time
When the silhouetted ruin of the
Crumbling cooling towers
Are but ivy-clad reminders of a
Long-forgotten power"
Must the monkeys leave Gibraltar's rock
And ravens flee the Tower
Before we look and see ourselves for what
We really are?