

## **Earth Rise and Corporate Corruption**

Back before we, the human race,

    Saw a sunset on Mars;

Back before we, the human race, built a ship

    With the name of Peace and World;

Back before we, the human race, through Neil Armstrong,

    Put our foot on the moon.

As they glided around the moon, guided by gravity's kind hand,

    The crew of Apollo 8 saw

    A wonder of wonders:

Their world nobly rising over the moon;

    A warm, blue world, white with clouds

    And sighing with life.

Thus a movement was born.

The world was seen with new eyes;

    As something breathing, living and whole.

Alas, Gaia is sick with 'flu and fever.

    We know the cause, we know the effect;

    But, if one knows the cause,

    Do I need to tell you in the middle of this narrative?

I know people who are part of the cause:

    Giants that soar above the world of Man,

    Giants who are powerful and rich in their castles

    Of yellow and black gold.

Not only is oil your wealth, it is your industry,

    Oil is your air, your blood, your life.

    It runs in your veins, it oils the arm that feeds and starves.

It is the poison that you crave,

It is the poison that clogs the mind and covers the eye,  
That you do not care for the beauty of the world,  
Or for your brothers who live midst that beauty;  
The poison that you would sell your mother for with a kiss,  
The poison that you wrest from the shrieking earth,  
The poison which blackens the land,  
And binds and chokes our brothers in a deathly embrace.

The common people see your monomania,  
And feel pity for your brothers of Earth,  
And plant trees of brightest green,

To protest against your monomania.

The giants, too, help the trees to grow tall, mighty and strong,  
But they wither and sicken even as they are sated with your donation,  
For they course with your gunky sin.

The giants are powerful, but my brothers, let us take up arms,  
And smite them down from on high.

Now my brothers and sisters, let us look ahead  
To the dark future.

The thrice-forked road is at our feet;  
One leads to destruction and despair,  
One leads to salvation and hope,  
One wavers between the two.

The thrice-forked road vanishes  
Into the coming storm.

And my brothers and sisters, let us not forget  
Our mother in this world,  
This world, this globe, this marble, this pale blue dot.