

Albert Bender
3/4/89

Nightmare

I dreamed the soot we pumped into the air
returned to us and turned a day to Night,
and while the wind blew cool and crisp and fair,
its carbon breath choked out the fading light.

The sky, in seeming sadness, bowed its head
as baneful clouds cried drops of toxic rain,
a requiem for those already dead
and those about to feel the coming pain.

The thirsty earth drank from the poisoned sky;
the thirsty world drank from the poisoned earth,
and we fell victim to that very lie
that we perpetuated since our birth.

And so the reign of man fell on that day,
but future storms would wash the tears away.