

The metal touched the soil and the soil forgot its name,
the roots went blind in the machinery of hunger,
spring broke open too early, daffodils cracked under frost,
a man touched a body he didn't love and said nothing changed,
a child tasted sugar before sunlight,
the mother scrolled through her grief like it was a feed,
the fish banged against the dam wall in prayer,
no one listened.

to the oil that slicked the feathers of a heron just learning flight,
money changed hands faster than language,
truth was something you customized,
neighbors became theories,
the sky, once naked, now leased to satellites,
the forest made an offer and we declined,
the bees burned in their golden homes,
and it was called industry,
the boy raised by silence mistook it for safety,
a library turned to ash behind tinted glass,
a man lost his house to a clause,
children stared at screens that taught them war and weightlessness,
the body became a problem to solve,
feeling became a symptom,
justice was delayed into abstraction,
the moon was partitioned,

rain was branded,
the old woman fell through the social net like water through wire,
grief became a thing to monetize,
suffering became aesthetic,
doubt was called weakness,
weakness was disallowed,
and the men in ties wept only when no one could see,
and we cheered,
and we said this is forward,
and we said this is normal,
and we walked faster,
and we forgot the names of trees,
and we made laws to punish rest,
and the poor grew quieter,
and the light grew harder,
and the rules became scripture,
and the scripture was printed in vinyl,
in sans serif,
above the porcelain sink,
in the flickering light,
under the broken fan,
next to the rusting faucet.
The world is tainted.
But still.

Employees must wash hands.