

“Imposters of Progress”

A Poem by *Mary Margaret Park*

on this occasion
the scent of loam carries a silent scream
splayed hands whisper on blue no more
the earth and sky have collided
in a dirge of yellow steel

splintered brown bodies litter the hillside
suffocating in the midday sun
shattered legs in a vulnerable display
of futility

raped
and
replaced by imposters
posing as progress

a tortured wasteland goes begging
its misfortune barely noticed
monuments
to the ghosts
we will become

a collective wave
of wildflowers
along with nature's blush
has been extinguished

a tortured wasteland goes begging
its misfortune barely noticed
...an afterthought

it carries with it the misfortune of our sons and daughters
a lackluster legacy

scorning humanity

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