

OMG, GMO!

– a visionary lament –

Where waves the amber grain, O Lord?
Too darkly dust-bowl winds obscure
Mirages of our days gone by. . . .
Such barrenness! Is it Your sword,
This endless famine we endure?
Creator, hear our mournful cry!

No judgement poured on hybrid skills!
You blessed those hopeful trials and toil.
But science wizards crafted seeds
Immune when poisoned potion kills
The life within surrounding soil.
We bought their harvests without weeds.

“Who owns the seeds shall rule the world,
Controlling Earth’s economy!”
Subjecting all beneath their spell
Of latent dearth, their labs unfurled
An oversight of wizardry,
A devil’s plot devised in hell!

One subtle, sterilizing gene,
Implanted to insure their sales,
Became a virus! How it spread!
Now nothing planted springs up green!
Their GMO seed even fails!
God, grant us grains that are not dead!

When Monarchs dwindled, disappeared—
Bereft of staple-milkweed need—
When we watched bees become extinct,
Our fate was sealed! Too late we feared
Monsanto’s monstrous growth and greed,
To which our starving world is linked.

The children wail! Their parents weep!
No house is safe from hungry thief!
The wizards hide who left the path
That nature nurtured us to keep.
Restore green life, Lord! Send relief
From our presumptive error’s wrath!

— *David L. Hatton, 3/16/2016*