

Every Man For Himself, Waiora

Drilling, Sawing, Bulldozing.
Build and tear down.
Carved and sold just like a side
of beef.
My placenta is buried in soil,
smothered by slabs of concrete
and asphalt,
All in the name of progress.

A bigger mega-mall blue print.
Another time-saving bypass
City limits push outwards.

City limits pushing out, silencing
the sounds of birds and
outshining the night stars.
Drilling, Sawing, Bulldozing.
Build and tear down, carved and
sold like a side of beef.

Our marshes will soon be
marinas while the countryside
will sit in the shadows of pylons
and pixelated images on a
screen, the only remnants of
green in a land now choked.

My environment, my home.
Choking.

Good health must take into
account nature and the peoples
interactions between people and
the environment.