

Ganggajang, To The North

To the north are the canefields, seas of waving green
And then the fires come, and burn the water
It's a sight to be seen

The men in slouch hats reap the harvest
Brown sticks they place in cages

And then the trains hiss, they carry bounty
From the furnace to the mill

Stick men silhouettes bend against the flame,
Shout above the crackle crunch.

Watch as the ground spits at the sky
A yellow-orange spit from a mouth that will never die