

Waste

You are the country and I am the city
I am the future and you cling to the past.
I am built to grow, and you are grown to last.

You say you hate me,
My smog and steam suffocates you
And you are deafened by the clenching
Of the oily metal gears that keep me cranking.

I am ugly and you are beautiful,
But people love us both.
People crave me and I crave them,
We ride our industrial wave of symbiosis.

Your people love you, countryside.
But mine are coming for you soon,
To spread my man-made flesh upon you
Like a concrete plague.

You are beautiful, and I am ugly,
But soon the only parts left of you
Will be in spaces within me.
You will only exist as my accessory.

You will be my gardens,
Filled with fake soil and shit,
Littered with man-made flowers
Of colors you've never seen.

You are beautiful, but not extraordinary.
There is nothing that you can make
That will surprise me
My people have searched you and found

Every leaf and bug
Every peak and crevice
That you offer
And even your wildest mysteries
Are now domesticated.

Nature is all powerful
And you will reclaim me in the end.
But for now, let me destroy you.
Let me make you mine.
Hurricanes and landslides
Are your defense,
And I welcome them with open arms
Because what you tear down
I can rebuild,
Stronger and better than before.

I am ugly,
Filthy and grotesque,
Covered with the spit and sweat of the people within me.
This ugliness inside me is a place,
And it rents for five grand a month.
I take comfort in its walls
Because I know you have none.

The more I build,
The more I destroy you.