

Happiness

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We still believe that money can buy happiness
And that nature is a boundless supply depot.
It's all practically free!
Like madmen, we tear entire regions apart,
Some areas so vast they can be seen from outer space
But ... we don't see!

Our generous Mother gives Herself in entirety
And we repay her
By pulling out her hair
Carving holes in her flesh...
Selling her teeth and her eyeballs.

Where
will we get another
Mother,
When we are finished with her,
When even the plumpest bank accounts cannot buy
clean air and fresh water...
And when there is no more happiness left?