We Plough the Fields

(to the hymn <u>We Plough the Fields, and Scatter</u>)

We plough the fields and splatter The corpses on the land With pesticides and chicken poo Who cares what laws have banned The algae blooms in summer When the fields are washed with rain The killing with our toxins Is for financial gain

The natural world around us Five kingdoms of species It's all we have, this complex life In the air and land and seas

Humans are the makers Of ploughs and planes and cars Will future generations be, as fortunate as ours? The wind and waves may rise up The sun may scorch our land There's no more green and pleasance In a desert made of sand

The natural world around us Five kingdoms of species It's all we have, this complex life In the air and land and seas It's time I think to change things Before it's far too late Let robots grow our vegetables Put varieties on our plate Let microbes brew our proteins Plant perennials for our grain This regenesis must start with us In an Earth we can sustain

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Andy "Dijon" French. September 2023. Inspired by <u>Regenesis</u> by George Monbiot.