

Synthetic Society

They worship plastic.
Live, eat, bathe in synthetics.
They produce plastic-packaged products
And pay with flimsy plastic credit cards.
They dress in prosaic plastic clothes
And their young play with shiny plastic toys.
And little do they know

That a plastic way of life doesn't decompose.
That the corporations rule from a plastic throne.
That a plastic drug will only lead to overdose.

A disposable world where convenience is king.
And profit is the number one priority
Maybe they forgot part of their humanity.
Blinded by the Gods of artificiality.
And it is a shame

My wood housed them.
My water quenched them.
My soil sustained them.
And I am met with indifference.

And my winds whispered,
Gaia, for don't you know,
Their hearts pump polyester.