

## **Clark Anne**

### **"Abuse"**

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We shall come  
with all our wealth  
and our vulgarity  
into your land  
carving deep wounds  
in our wake  
planting the sharpened-edged green seed  
of money  
deep into your hands  
and as you grasp  
gasping  
you will thank us  
as it takes root  
growing and entangling itself  
around your simple naive lives  
it will placate you  
We shall come  
hard and fast  
into your under-developed  
un-exploited little world  
tearing away the soil

beneath your feet where you stand  
scattering the broken gifts it offers up  
all around us  
digging the foundations of our own image  
into the raw core belly of the earth  
send spiralling monuments  
to our glorious achievements  
into the heavy leaden sky

you will watch from the horizon  
imprisoned by your own pleasures  
bound by the material chains  
we will supply  
and when we have turned  
one side of the world's face  
from the sun into the blackness  
the other will then burn  
under the slap of our greed.

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