

Harper Roy "Duty"

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If the six billion
On the planet
To a woman
Decided
That it was worth saving
That puppy foxes
In the spring air
Scratching parasites
And springing hope eternal
Still brought a smile
Still told of an eden
Lost by some
Enriched by most
Then a duty might be heard
Calling in the distance
If the chemistry
On the planet
Collided
To expectation

Much would be saved
The parasites would flourish
In the long winter
The scorching greenhouse
Thirty, as we know it
Would perhaps be old age
Or not at all
Depending on the brew
In the collision
Who cares? Right?
Duty as a chemical event
Duty as an inevitable event
Right?
Ha...
So sayeth the lord

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