

J. Allyn Rosser

an excerpt of

Children's Children Speech

. . . We craved what made us feel above the land
Whose laws were fixed to leave us in the dirt.
What could be seen by plane or satellite
Was fast depleting: ice floe, forest, meadow—

Whose dirty laws were fixed, made by that god
Who'd also made our minds that made whatever
Fast depleted ice floe, forest, meadow.
Any speech we have a mind to write

Our mind's made up to stand behind, whatever
We may do to bees, or seas, or air
Empowering speech. We have a mind to write
Our luckless heirs, but what's the use? They'll call us

They. "They did this. We weren't even there."