

## The Plant That Ate the South

Sweeping upwards, your stalks drape silken silence  
spread like snow across a parched land  
fiery and cool

in the night, your pale knotwork curls beneath the moon to the  
rustled rhythm of stalk and flower  
eternally you beg for your homeland,  
land of the rising sun and  
laughing gods  
ever you reach for them  
but you cannot reach far enough

Flames and blades tear and burn  
leaving your sprawled leaves to rot from  
the effigy of motion and mechanics

oh, fatal plant of dusk and dawn  
your crazed expansion has met a match  
in the jaws of vast herds and glistening swarms

you, so averse to shadow and night  
banished to the dark continent of

sharp boned cattle gnashing  
through veins, roots  
fed for another year

those of the sand  
and sultry plains  
flickering in the distance  
could be saved with your unwanted waste

your grasp extends over rocky fields  
and the sharp hum of electrical wires  
surely a starving land  
of desert and dust  
will not dampen your spirit

grow now not for the conquest  
but for the good

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