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The Consumer's Lament

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The apple’s flesh separates
Sting of pesticide on my tongue
The strawberries leer
Fruit is out to get me

It wasn’t the farmers’ idea
To pollute the apple
And the bodies that eat of it
But business is business

So this is how commodity tastes
The cornflakes of corporate design
Force fed to cows and babies alike
“We the people, the walking corn chips”

What doesn’t make war can make food
Black out the label
Turn over the barrel
It’s no longer lethal—it’s fertilizer

He who loved the land and planted the seed
Who nursed the oats and beans and gardens
Is the new endangered species—
He dumps rivers of corn by the road now

Savory taste, beautiful skin
Sacrificed for yield and profit
Ten thousand years up in smoke
The green revolution is upon us

What legacy of chemistry and crime
Will tomorrow offer to the dinner plate
Hide the produce from the babies—
They like to put things in their mouths