

Dammed, and Damned

A giant structure of rock and steel
constricts the power water yields

To generate energy for all mankind
unknown to the damage left behind

A land submerged and forgotten by time
Artifacts of civilization left to brine

While above pollution stirs
from machines of progress and fossils burned

A crystal lake made of blood, sweat and tears
Downstream a wasteland waits in fear

Those who struggle to feed those they care
Unknown what their years will bear

Crops turn to dust as dawn turns to dusk
Those who suffer work to bust

Instruments of progress become our damnation
Due to society's uncontrollable temptations

We may not know what the future holds
But our past choices turn to warnings that we scold

Although the future may look bleak
We must never shelter those who are meek

—*Joe Saccomano*