



# High Coops



*Light*

Icy rain, perdition's dark tears from a conquered past, weeps into my trailer. The wind shrieks through in sobbing blasts, with taloned vengeance past my own dark reveries. It seeks retribution from industry's descendant heirs, those well versed in their forebear's rampage against life. The tarp is shorn from my roof, and I am cold. Colder yet is my resolve, for I also am in grief.

High Coops fly like javelins flung forth by Neolithic Gods, defiant wraiths who ride the raw wind upon screaming stallions through ghosts of forest lands raped of culture and of pride.

Rivers once run silver, teeming with salmon, now flow red, polluted with death, as corporate-politicians' hydrophobic jaws greedily ravish the land. Defiling all that they cannot engorge, they shear children, women and men from a once-sacred pact with Nature.

Sealing humanity's fate, a zombied nation accepts golden bonds, bloodied with the smells of cordite, crude oil, poppies and nuclear waste.

