## **Abuse**

## **Anne Clark**

We shall come
With all our wealth
And our vulgarity
Into your land

Carving deep wounds
In our wake
Planting the sharped-edged dreen seed
Of money

Deep into your hands And as you grasp Gasping You will thank us

As it takes root Growing and entangling itself Around your simple naive lives It will placate you

We shall come Hard and fast Into your under-developed Un-exploited little world

Tearing away the soil
Beneath your feet where you stand
Scattering the broken gifts it offers up
All around us

Digging the foundations of our own image Into the raw core belly of the earth Send spiralling monuments To our glorious achievements

Into the heavy leaden sky
You will watch from the horizon
Imprisoned by your own pleasures
Bound by the material chains

We will supply
And when we have turned
One side of the world's face
From the sun into the blackness

The other will then burn Under the slap of our greed.