

Back to the Garden

Jason Webley

Old Jack he had a sack of them magic beans,
This garden's been sown for a long, long time.
Now everywhere you look, you see a pillar of green,
And the reaper's just waiting 'til we're ripe on the vine.

A bright red apple led us into sin,
The Devil's been cooking for a long, long time.
So it could be an eggplant to lead us back again,
That sounds just fine.

We're going back to the garden, and out of the night,
I saw a fiery head of broccoli in a dream.
There'll be artichokes and rutabagas,
Collard greens and sweet potatoes,
Reaching from the earth to push us into the light.

Gonna carve a jack-o-lantern, hang the garlic high,
This crop's been coming for a long, long time.
Flaming red peppers will rain down from the sky,
And your tap water'll turn into okra slime.

There'll come a day you step out of the house,
And see a thousand armed soldiers with potatoes in their mouth.

Everyone's damned, and everyone's saved,
With a parsley garnish on every grave.

My friends, we are standing at the dawn of a new era. The United League of Vegetation, has just unanimously approved the new legislation, which places complete restriction on all forms of human migration.

Anyone caught moving faster than a turnip will be shot.
Now, I know what you're all thinking: What am I going to do with myself? I've got to go pick up the kids. There's a turkey in the oven. Relax. Don't panic. This isn't so bad. You've just got to calm down.

Now, close your eyes and imagine a bright, red, pulsing orb just in front of your forehead. Can you see it? Good. Can you feel it? I said, can you feel it?
Can you feel the beet?

Oh, forget about your taxes and your student loans,
This garden's pesticide free, organically grown.
Listen to your roots, they'll tell you what's real.
This world is an onion, all center, all peel.

From the heavens comes a hale,
Of cabbage cauliflower and kale.

They're reaching from the earth to push us into the light.