

RETURN OF THE REAPERS

The travelers disembarked and checked their chart.
Where were the trees and crops they left to grow?
They stared at rot, a silo torn apart,
Debris of death abandoned long ago.
The strangers spread out, searched the fossil land
For fertile fields and streams described in books.
Still hoping, they dug deep in fetid sand
For roots and corms, for signs of inglenooks.
One found an odd rock underneath his sole
Then saw scratched words the nodule held in wait:
"Within this case beneath corruption's toll
A primal spore survives to germinate.
We failed, we cultivated our worst weed.
To live, we cannot propagate our greed."