

p.3

What's happening with the world's rainforests is someone is chopping down the trees.

Chopping

Chop

Chop

Chopping

Sssssaaaaaawwwwwing
dozing

paving

farming

clear cutting

harvesting

Taking the money and running.

I love her.
She loves me.

As a result, there is less rain.

Less rain, less river,
less river, less life,
less life, less forest,
less forest, less rain,
less rain, less river.

Last summer was dry and hot.

Record breaking.

But, unlike rainforests,
she can change her mind,
come back.

Mbuti, Mbuti, Mbuti pygmy.
Mbuti, Mbuti, Mbuti pygmy.
Little people runnin' round.
Little people runnin' round.
Lookin' for the honey tree.
Lookin' for the honey tree.
Eatin' on the elephant.
Eatin' on the elephant.
All week long.
All week long.

Play the molimo.
Play the molimo.
Play the molimo.
Oh so low.

In the Ituri.
In the Ituri.

In the Ituri where it always rains.



you lean into
the wainscot from shins
to fingers

spanning six octaves
the rhythm you keep
ancient
alive

you do not say anything
you feel everything
you hear everything

the lapping
of waves

at
the
bottom

of your earth

poem pollen
that one
may root

Sayonara

You could be killing,
you could be killing folks.
You could be killing,
you could be killing folks

in Manila
in Nicaragua
in Ethiopia
in Indochina
in Syria
in Estonia
in Okinawa
in Seattle.

You could be killing black people.
You could be killing reds.
You could be killing old people,

or people wearing neckties,
or people of the opposite sex,
or people who don't like sex,
or people who voted for Nixon,
sleeping with their socks on,
drinking nothing but American beer.

You could be killing folks with rich traditions,
with hot dogs and paper cups,
with good sportsmanship,
with two of the greatest...

with upstart dreams,
keys to the future,
for which it stands...

Quickly,
painlessly,
efficiently.
slowly,

softly with his song...
with her looks,
with their raging flames of passion.



You could be killing,
you could be killing folks.
You could be killing,
you could be killing folks for freedom,

the pursuit of happiness,
liberty,
life,

in order to establish a free and
democratic election monitored by
a United Nations peace keeping force.

You could be killing for money

or the Emperor.

For money

or the King.

For money

or the President.

For money

or the Queen.

For the Generals. The generals. The
generals,
generals,
generals...

You could be killing in green clothes.
You could be killing wearing red.
A shiny black silk Miyake
or a white sheet over your head.

You could be killing like the Lion
solo or with a pride.

You could be killing without even knowing,
as simple as saying goodbye.

You could be killing like a bomb
changes the life
of the sky.

You could be killing without even knowing,
as simple
as saying

goodbye.

You could be killing regularly
like a game,

a stock market,
clock work, tides, seasons,
a tree from blossom to fruit.