

Political Theology

“Go break the sod,” said our God,
“The world is here for you to own.
Go forth and spread your fruitful sons;
Subdue the beasts and dam the streams,
Cut the trees and pave the streets,
Burn the dead from eons past
To feed the flames and turn the wheels.
Make war for gold and kill for me.
Obey your leaders and your priests
Whom I have favored with my grace.
Always more, and always faster;
Mine the ore and crush the stone.
Do this well, and I will teach you all a mighty lesson.”

What our God said we longed to hear.
We slew our Mother and sucked the marrow from her
bones.
The growing mob may come to dine,
Tonight there is enough to eat.

Forget tomorrow, we live but once;
We drill but once, we burn but once, we mine but once.
The fishing's good, until there's none.
Tonight there is enough to eat.