

RUBBER BAND LAND by Kay Stanton

We stand in a land
that's like a rubber band
We all hold hands
Just to stay alive.

We may not see
the life of a bee

As more than
Honey

The work of man
takes a heavy hand
We change the land;
snap the rubber band.

The weather has changed, things aren't the same.
The seasons have changed; climate rearranged
by a heavy human hand

We stand in a land
that's like a rubber band
We all hold hands
Just to stay alive.

There's no rest
in the green forest
until the seeds are
sown.

Each ant drops a seed
and fulfills our every need
before marching down
to get out of the rain.

And if seasons changed
ants would be disarranged
Can't tell spring from fall
or get out of the rain.

The weather has changed, things aren't the same.
With no ants around, plants die in the ground.

And nature's drummer drops a beat.

We stand in a land
that's like a rubber band
We all hold hands
Just to stay alive.

Confused ants
they won't plant the plants
The forests' animals
surely will starve.

Each snap
of our rubber band land
harms us all;
the plants, ants, and man.

The weather has changed, things aren't the same.
The plants need the ants to scatter their seeds.
The seeds then fulfill the rest of our needs.

The weather has changed, things aren't the same.
our delicate, delicate rubber band land.