

Other voices —

The Land Shall Strike

I shall not live to see when this land of ours shall strike,
From the core of the earth to the air we breathe.
What gifts of land of ours, man will make it turn against
us.

The clean-looking drop that comes from heaven
Will soon man not drink, and yet thirst for.
The shores you sun-bathe on will soon germ your cared
body;
You shall not choose to rock on the rhythm of the ocean.

I shall not live to see when this land of ours shall strike,
The silent poison of the land shall arise
To inherit its rightful punishment upon man;
Man shall look yonder still for utopia,
But through utopia, this land of ours
Shall, instead, choose freely to live on man.
The stars shall shine the way they always been, and
The sun shall give life to a flower in disguise
In hunt of a man to touch her poison.

I shall not live to see when this land of ours shall strike.
This land of ours shall not be fenced by weights and
measures of man,
For man does not know the punishing powers of land.
The heart of land has been hurt now more than ever before
by man.

From shores to shores, from mountain top to mountain
top,

From depth of the ocean to the depth of the lake,
You see some ended hurt — the death of some earth veins
In command of its natural forces that are.

Bid by bid the land shall begin to ignore the man's want
and greed;

Bid by bid the land shall take away man's food;
Bid by bid, the land shall take away the man's so-called
knowledge,

And bid by bid, the deadly clean sounding
Streams of the land shall creep into the man's veins.
The land shall call upon its forces to disappear
From the man's very own eyes . . .

— John Angaiak