

Things about living near a factory
Pollution creates beautiful sunsets
Dusk clouds colored neon orange and pink
But chokes out the daytime sun with grey smog
Semi-trucks with 80,000 pound loads
Smooth down the corners of every curb as they –
Roll over them, making not-so-wide turns
Ten wheels leaving the roads scarred with pot holes

When the economy crashes, the weight
Of the monoculture can no longer
Be sustained, the factory collapses
A star in a solar system – implodes
A black hole forms and destroys everything
The neighborhood plummets into decay



The Industry Next Door