Stinkbugs

By John T. Wurzer

I hear the green-freaks whine that it’s closing time

They say we’re out of time to save the earth.

Pay your climate debt and don’t forget

You paid less my friend, than it was worth.

And as I write that check, a tickle on my neck,

Makes me suspect, I’m not alone

It jumps off to my rug; another brown stinkbug

My shoulders shrug, I start to groan.

They are the cockroaches of the new millennium

And there are plenty of them to sing my song

And if we trash this place; destroy the human race

They will take our place. Life will go on.

In spite of what we’ve done

Blow off your mountain tops. Grow your mutant crops.

And if it never stops don’t be concerned

Frack for your oil and gas; drill offshore wells in mass.

The poison air will pass; once it all burns

I just saw one more behind my closet door

And I’m not really sure, how he got in

I give my wife a hug; I pull my bathtub plug,

And there’s one more stink-bug, I start to grin.

When man is gone from here and there’s no more ice cold beer

Well, never fear; things will evolve

A higher consciousness, anointed, chosen, blessed

Will fix this awful mess that we couldn’t solve

They are more persistent than, the above average man

And I believe they really can, reverse the flow

A cockroach died today. A stink-bug made him pay

I guess that’s just the way it’s gonna go