

Imposed

One man has money and power
But still the whole town he does scour.
He tears down every tree in his path
But this is just the start of his wrath.

Up spring the houses row upon row
But all is unnoticed; they just go with the flow.
For sale signs dart down on every single lawn
But before you know it they're all sold, gone!

All of the animals have fled from their homes
And people complain when they're seen on the roam.
He's torn life apart, yet still far from finished
By the end of the year the whole town's diminished.

The small town has turned into a bustling city
All life as we know it has become far too busy.
As I walk down the street cold eyes stare me down
I am but a stranger in my own town.

~ Andrew Sullivan