

The Cotton Spark That Killed All Hope

The life that always was has vanished,
replaced with advancement anew
prolonging the hazard that is human life
and sustaining all things of a red-brick hue

The greatest race that ever dared to live
one that translates the voice of the heavens
now takes the same atoms of love and light
and creates pollution from fields of heather.

Each cotton-laced breath in the mill
comes from vessels of ideas and memories
this place not only houses workers,
but hopes, dreams, friends, and enemies.

Ash and smoke erupt from square bricks
infecting the earth like marks on skin
staining God's throne black and bringing darkness into light,
amidst the Industrialism and advancement, all of it.

by Tamzin Brown

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