

WE Are Kudzu

Comforted by anthropogenic science
held blindly at arms length
we castigate the uninvited
here on Turtle Island.
Ushered in unknowingly by ourselves
dogbane, gypsy moth, cheatgrass
lay waste to their respective biomes
following disturbance of our destruction.
Monographs issue forth from land grant universities
outlining expensive methodologies
for taming these apocalyptic interlopers –
restoring the natives
while grass carp, cowbird, loosestrife
quietly expand their range.
Myopically we set ourselves apart
from those who displace native sons and daughters –
Turtle Island's indigenous flora, fauna,
indeed – social systems too have fallen
in the wake of starling, sparrow, zebra mussel.
In my mind's own eye though, we anglos
travel in the company of lamprey, russian thistle, nutria.
Where is the plan to control *our* numbers?
When will we point the finger in guilt
back on ourselves, who, generations ago
displaced "the people" of Turtle Island –
we, who blindly overlook the fact that *we* too, are kudzu?

– Gregg L. Bruff