

Oyster Growing

By Ameer Hardnett

The Chesapeake Bay being slayed
By pollution weighed to stray of confusion displayed
With delay of solution (2x)

The Bay's toxic muddy bloody
In our faucet in order to filter water
We need shells dwelling where we lost it.
The spat stat got the holy water under hostage.
I hope speech reach and I don't mean to play fascist
But the sun's lashes
Can barely braze the bay's grasses
The runoff destroying the bordering
Distorting the mortal in our natural emporium
The gist of the story I'm retorting is
If we keep littering and disrupting the order
We'll go a lot more than one night
Without sunlight