

A Greenhouse Made of 20's

I started out like anyone else, with the exception of a few characteristics; I started out far more powerful, far more ancient, far more thunderous, far more... reptilian, far more bird-like. I started out in the matter of a tyrannosaurus rex, the tyrant lizard, in its fierce eyes and razor teeth and primal instinct to survive and hunt viciously, neither warm nor cold blooded. Or perhaps I existed in the cells of the brontosaurus, in its roaring footsteps, its neck so long and high, aiding its herbivorous manner. I started out like anyone else, until in a fiery, red sea we slowly found ourselves disintegrated, or starving and disease ridden had we survived. In a process of 65.5 million years of evolving and growing, passing and aging, birth, death and rebirth, togetherness and separation, I found myself crushed under seabeds and layers of earth, a pressure and heat so strong my entire chemical makeup reacted and changed into crude, oily, slick blackness. I am found in the sandy hills of the the Middle East. The sun's heat leaves the feet of passersby warm and grainy with silicon. I am found in the diverse terrain of China, between farmland where rice is always looking to be harvested, and in the busy city filled with marching waves of people, the strings of the guzheng pulled subliminally. I am found in the rocky terrain of Alberta, Canada, where the auroras gleam, dancing in the darkness of the sky, where I am melted from the sands using steam and gravity. As I am extracted and distilled and refined from what once was ebony rawness, I am separated into hydrocarbon chains. Ethylene and propylene are linked together on a molecular level so seemingly nonexistent, yet I still rule the textures and structure of the green and blue and red and gold, precious monarch faced plastics in your wallets, pockets, cards and minds. My body, 65.5 million years later, is no longer able to disintegrate as it once did in your ancient sands. I am thermoset, as you fear for my condition. No counterfeit body can be formed, no scratches or rips or tears. No water or dirt can break me. And me? I certainly come closer to immortal than any wish or hope or science can bring you to. Your constant search for more will lead to an inevitable extinction, not just of the songs heard from the chirp of the birds, or the comfortable familiarity in the soft eyes of the specimens roaming the streets and forests and waters. It will lead to the inevitable extinction of the very resources used to make me. Me; what sits on the very throne of all your empires. Carbon is released into the atmosphere, congested like the cities whose lights are always illuminated. The greenhouse surrounding you is not structured with copper and nickel, it's not shelled with 20 dollar bills. Once this oil beneath your feet is gone, it's gone until you are the one who has been crushed and pressurized for millions of years. It's you who will be searched after manically if your future has not yet killed itself out. And still, it has to be you who will find a way to stop what seems inevitable.

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