

I am Pig. I must task you.
At this annual gathering, I ask you...
Why do Humans take the name
Of Party Animal in vain?
They steal our bodily wealth in disrespect.
They rape the land, as you well circumspect,
And leave the earth a hardened scar
Why did we let them get this far?
Today I'll guide you through their haven
To rescue brethren trapped by the craven.
Some will see the folly of their militant obsessions,
Others will see the gardens of their transgressions.
They have used our likenesses for profits
Or invaded our habitats by their habits.
Artificial lakes and gardens, segregated nature,
Decorated their burials with strange nomenclature,
Used our names in music of their likings
Eaten of our flesh and stole nutrients from our bodies
Made fictional study of our personal pursuits
And made light of our usefulness, the rakish brutes.
Then they exaggerate the danger of us to them
While protecting the few darlings of their whim.
But what gives me the greatest fury
And for this they should be tried by our jury
Is when they claim that they are the greatest party animal
As if they were the only or the most seminal
Today you will gather the rest
And we will put 'Party' to test
For I know today, and from now ever shall it be written
The earth, it will smite them, and with us shall be smitten
In the end we will gather again
You and the rest of your kin
In a place I have chosen as Eden
Far from the trappings of Men.

