

## ***Uncommon Crooks***

By Mary Nosbush

*Gary, SD*

They steal the land.  
I know it's true.  
They steal the land  
From me and you.

The prairie is my temporal place.  
I love the sun, the wind upon my face.

We work the land by day.  
We give each task our all.  
But when the sun goes down,  
We rest in answer to God's call.

Side by side we work,  
To tend and guard our farm.  
For when the marauding enemy comes,  
We will protect our land from harm.

"Who is the enemy?" you ask.  
"What has changed?"  
Our own tax funded government  
Is the one to blame.

The Green New Deal is what it's called;  
A lie from the very pits of Hell.  
They say the globe is warming;  
An environmentalist wave is forming.

They decree  
there will be  
no more fuel  
left for farming.

Instead they want to take the land  
to fulfill their wicked plan!

Wind turbines, solar panels,  
Underground pipe for miles,  
To destroy our productivity  
And end our living on the soil.

To cover our farms with turbines,  
Panels and pipes,  
Is their unrelenting scheme.  
These don't make reliable energy.  
They are living in a dream.

"God, please help us!"

This scheme is not about energy or worth,  
But power and control over all the folks on earth.

Their city slicker lawyers,  
Have got some things to learn.  
For we will not give up.  
We intend to force a turn.

Our land, our children, our heritage!  
Our will to fight is sure.  
We will not give up.  
There is no other cure.