

INDUSTRIALIZED  
OMENS



BY N.K. HOPE

My dearest family and friends, I'm so grateful for you all. Your love has been the greatest catalyst in my life and will continue to be a catalyst for the changes we want to see in the world.

If any of you read this book and feel a pull towards wanting to create sustainable change in society, do some research. Find your way of pitching in.

We all have our spheres. Let us do our best right where we are.



## MACHINE, THE WORLD

Noisy machine, the world

Has forgotten why it began making things in the first place

Mass production taught us that we are replaceable parts

Not people of ideas and searching, feeling hearts

It would have us as numbers of productivity either fulfilled or failed

Skilled or paled, lifeless

Bits and pieces of junkie self-esteem, one after the other

Piled on top of us until we can't breathe if we don't keep

Buying, fighting, competing

Faster and faster, our purpose comes

Manufactured on worn down conveyer belts

The overused products of convenience and ease

Have caused us to believe that plastic is companionship

And that elastic can be used to measure entire people

More and more noise, faster the machine hums

In this framework of mazing wires, you are trying

To add more to you so that you can be more than someone else's entire sum

This noisy machine, the world

Will keep you moving until you forget

That the thing you wanted most

Was to know the feeling of rest



## SOOCIETY AS A CHEAP PRODUCT

We would give others the things we fear and harm the things that would hurt us

But if we always trade bullets and words

And do violence to those who caused violence

Are we not perpetuating a science of causing things we never wanted to happen

When will vulnerability shout and innocence be heard and when will the people

Stand against synthesized fights and find a cure for the blight which turns

Difference into hatred, uniqueness into competition

We believe in having greater metal, deeper oil

Individualism, but buying normal

Settling into the bleak, money-lined trenches

Of party politics

We are constantly exposed to traumatic civil unrest and doom-scrolling apprehension

We need healing, but are handed status symbols and class systems to use as bandages

We're given automated factories and manufactured thought

Instead of candidness about how distraught

We've become when we go to the store and see

A jar of almond butter that costs 11 dollars and 50 cents

There is an absence of concern from higher-ups, a disconnect between what is and what we want

We are tired of inaction when families are afraid that their children will be shot at school

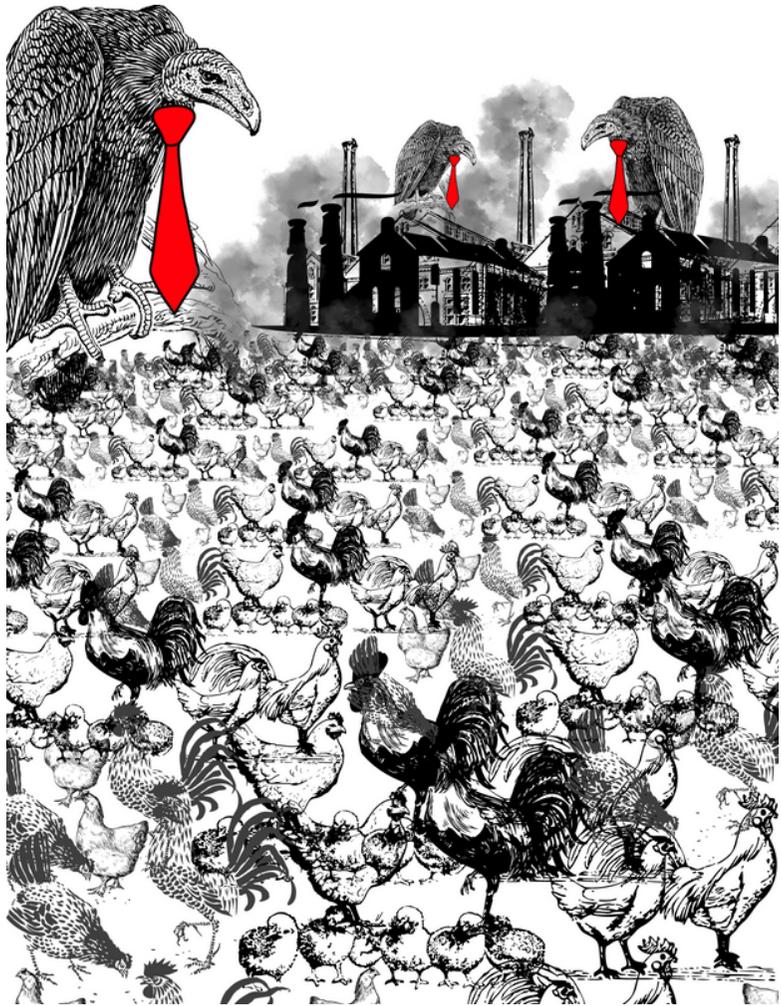
Violence shouldn't be routine

Yet policy is produced on the conveyer belts of a society made with debilitating and reckless speed

Big corporations make decisions like cheap products

We've created an unsustainable process

Meanwhile society is the one suffering the losses



LOOP, LOOP, LOOP

We fear emptiness

But that same fear makes us buy more things

That make us feel empty



## GAS PUMPS AND ACADEMIA

The archeologists of a future world will dig up

The temple of the gas pump

Where wars and blood put a dollar on the alter

And the finest scholars

Will look at broken necks and backs

Thrashed by their years of toiling between rocks and under fields

And they will call and know those souls as externalities

The ones who gave their very bodies as currency

And were pushed out of history

Because there was no room for them and progress

Systems, those infernal systems

Made of words and policies that spoke of nobility, but lacked humility

And so then became proud of their own dysfunctional parts

The professors and classrooms of tomorrow

Will smell the soaked and fouled of our past

And ask

Why the good suffered for something that is hurt so many



## FORGOTTEN, RECOGNIZING

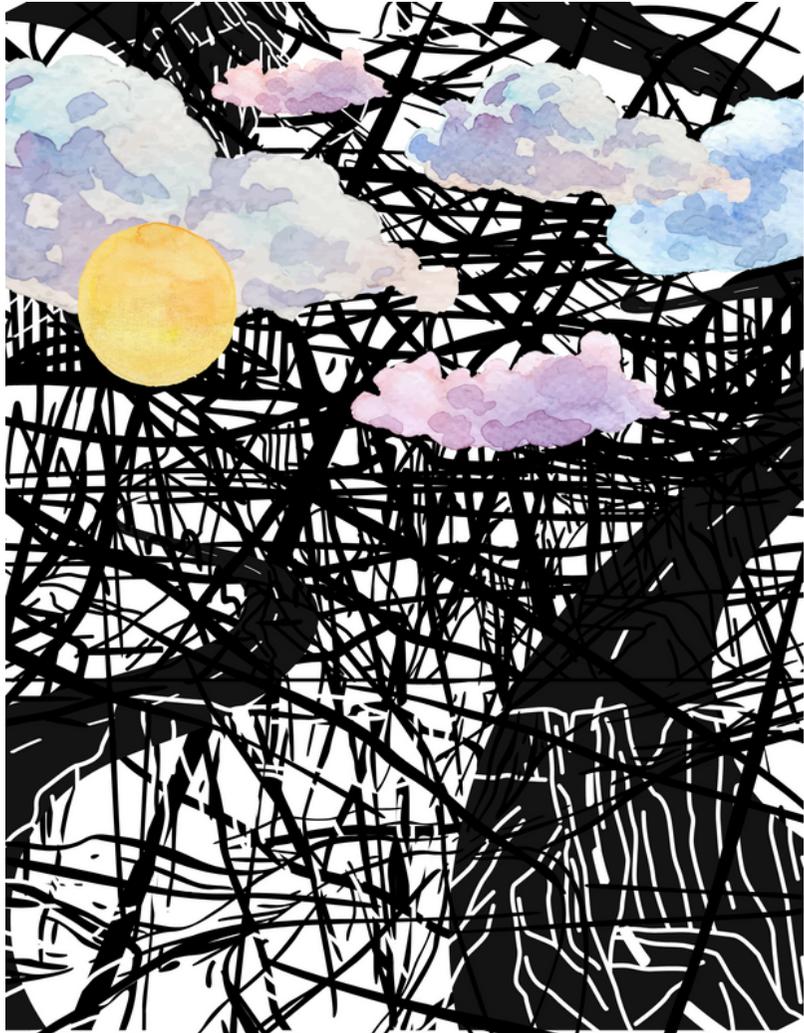
We are grown children who have forgotten our Mother

We ask for more, not already recognizing  
Her generosity



## MYTHICAL CREATURES FROM A SAD FAIRYTALE

Dragon. Unicorn. Elephant.



## A POSSIBLE ECONOMY

What if we prioritized people

The same way we saved dollars

So instead of raising our salaries

We raised ourselves and others up



SUMMER OF 2020

Terrible summer  
Where the spiraling green back  
Was torn asunder  
By the fire of undergrowth  
Overgrown, tall and monstrous  
It consumed the sun  
With a blistering smoke  
Lungs choked by red skies  
That crawled outwards, clawing  
And stealing beauty and offering  
Charcoaled bits of clouds in return  
Homes were made into kindling, burned to rubble  
The cries of the forlorn  
Swallowed up in the throat of a valley  
That barely survived



## THIS TIME AROUND

I wonder if we'll find the answer in the quiet

Behind the riot, amongst the broken souls

In displaced homes, having to find the sun again after so many bleak yesterdays

I think we'll find the answer sitting between hope and honesty, in a row of everything we've known, but could make with more love the this time around

Progress is only made when two sides become one

When we can see the toll looming faster

And choose to pay a price worth paying

Instead of one forced on us by disaster

When asked about the problems that surround us, we must remember that our answer has be one made of many stories and many people

So that isolation cannot confound us

And our ability to reach together

For though we must face the load'some past, it's wrath of consequences does not have to keep us from a gentler future

Where a suture can be made as quickly

As a kind voice can speak



LOVE AND ANXIETY, THE MOUNTAIN  
IS DISAPPEARING

There's arsenic at the bottom of a lake

And the winds are yellowing

This age old place

Would sing

But we have mined its voice

Taken its hills

And turned them into meals

For hardened cities topped with smokestacks

The bleeding pipes

Creeping under breaths

Confess of grief and disease

Pressed against the walls of bureaucracy

And risks left to chance

Lance of the sun, riding forward in a charge

Of indifference towards luxury

The years will take the hands of our actions

Will they walk towards

Something we can recognize

Mountainsides of unblemished snow

A crown to sew in a longing spring

That sits above the valley, writhing on clouds

Of winter which watch the splinter

Of a home cast with cement and iron

The land's face of love

We have dug out its marrow

And say that it will smile on us tomorrow

But surely it will be sad to meet us

The poison brewing deep

It will not want to speak the pain

Of something that has sat for so long

Without help



## SOCIETY PREPARED TO MAKE AN ANSWER

Tell me the words of movement that will push against the idling towers and walls

And offer me those willing bodies of improvement that will clean out the old,  
clanging cabinets we've grown tired in

Offer me lands of sprawling trees and I will show you a people with souls to  
match its length

Who have sank deeply on their darkest days, only to sing to midnight stars

And rise again that they may drift far

Into the morning mist and find their most precious, hidden selves with a new  
breath

May we always return to nature, to compassion, to flowers in unexpected spaces

May we share our loving hiding places; our islands of thought reaching and  
becoming bridges of perspective

Show me growth that is beyond generalizations and stereotypes and I will give  
you a nation unafraid to hold challenges on the strong backs of thousands

Goodness should be crowded; it should be full of people, vying to help in all of  
their own ways

We must embrace the budding of our souls in the stare of dissociation and keep  
our spirit in the fray of indifference

For if you give me a people who listen

To the challenges that speak their questions

I will give you a society prepared to make an answer



## SUSTAINABLE CARE

Where is our heart

In all this growth, do we know where we're going

Each of our parts

We build, we move

But how we choose

Makes choices for others

Have we researched, have we thought

Does something always have to die

For us to stay alive

Do we care about others as much as our own comfort

Wouldn't we hope that someone would think of us

If we were in trouble

All poems and artwork featured in this book are the property of N.K Hope (2023). Artwork titles in order of appearance:

1. If You Can Hold and See It
2. Processing All That Is Unwell
3. Vultures and Chickens
4. Gas Can Head
5. World Lost Beneath Another
6. Elephants and Society
7. Mitigation Paths
8. Look Harshly, Look Gently
9. Very Strong Opinions Over Bones
10. Sad on a Plastic TV
11. A Future I Could Do Without
13. Somewhere in the Omen