To Earth, From Mr. Brontosaurus
Creator: Mariah Manoylov

This one time I went digging through forgotten soil
And through the toil and boil and, albeit, barrels of oil
I found a rib, the body of which went on to something greater
Unless, of course, you count the whirring of my carburetor.

The message came from none other than Mr. Brontosaurus
Nothing but watery words left on bone no longer porous
Run my hands over the letters, they feel hot with mourning,
It said “To fossil fuel and planet earth, from a fossil, with warning.

“Hello,” he said, “whoever’s reading this, you’re lucky.
You get to hear the words I’ve swallowed, sticky and mucky.
Every chewed letter stuck in my teeth or scribbled on the inside of my chest.
Now I wish to never again hear silence when I rest.

“Ya see,
when I was five, I saw trees of green in front of me.
The sky above me nothing but constellations, and galaxies,
And there I was, short, but knowing that one day my neck would reach
The top of the tree, reach the sweetest leaves too tall for me.

“But who would have thought that putting body under pressure
Creates a black gold to unfold my memory sold in a dying fissure.
I never made it past five, the world took a dive.
I died, from an enlarged astronomical transgressor.

“Woke up in someone’s gas tank, the burning of me made my heart sank
But I zoomed past your cities, remembering the cramped feel of enclosed space
Freed as I float up from the tail end of car exhaust
Freedom, like dying, always comes at too high of a cost

“Yeah, I’ve grown taller, while polar ice caps grow smaller.
While there’s deforestation and species starvation and ecologic cessation
With no pausing.
Was all I ever known worth tossing?
If I had known that I would have stayed underground for a longer duration.
“But tell me sunlight’s not worth it
I’m glad I get to see the world
But is it worth it if every bird’s wing has to stay furled?
I hate that I’m hurting the very planet I love so much
“But it feels too good to see again the trees I could not touch.”

The message stopped there. I put the bone in the passenger seat of my car
The marrow stuck to my fingers, I’m caught red handed
With my hands on the wheel, and I feel, and unreal sense of dread
As I start the car, and the final message said:

**Chorus**
Planet Earth,
You’re the only one I’ve ever known
And I, don’t want to be left alone
But I, can’t help thinking
That the best view of you is from the ozone

Oh
I never thought I’d see you again
But you’re not looking too great, my friend
Every degree feels weighty
I’m so sorry
You can say that it’s because of me.

**Spoken**
At those last words, it became ten degrees cooler
I drive away, and sad to say
That I feel like the fool because

Erroneously dependency
On fossil fuel’s not clandestine
While dinosaur memory
exploding in front of me
Stays melancholy like the tallest tree

And there’s me,
And the price to pay for mobility,
Autonomy,
Economy,
It’s the price of burial at sea.

But every time I close my eyes
Childhood comes running back to me
Past dinosaurs and oil wars
Before the world was prey, and we were its carnivores

When I was five, there were no holes in the sky
I’d try to fly paper planes while summer winds whispered gentle sighs.
But now there are no stars anymore, night sky wears light like a disguise.
The only thing flying is pesticides and carbon monoxide.

But now with your child’s eyes, please, tell me what you see
When you picture a new world of sustainability
Where summer is summer and winter is winter and
climate change is an absentee.
And we’ve regret setting Mr. Brontosaurus free.

Look at this bone and say, “I’m so sorry, man.
You were never meant to be.”

Chorus
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La da ladadada da da...

I’m so sorry
You can say that it’s because of me.