

# As We Progress

*by* Jowell Tan

We traded in Nature for pre-fabricated houses  
Floorplans replicated and built in strips on empty lots  
Distinguishable only by the numbers on the doors

There used to be a giant field  
With a giant tree and a tire swing  
There many childhood memories were built  
But all that's gone now

And all we're left with  
Are copies sold as originals  
And I guess that's fine with us  
Because in the end,  
We all need a place to stay.

