

# Jeffrey Field

The soil is quiet.  
The air is quiet.  
The water is quiet.  
In its place,  
the incessant drone of machines.  
"I tell you, we are here on Earth to fart around," said Kurt Vonnegut.  
But I tell you,  
enough with the farting around already!  
We lie stretched  
over an open grave.  
Really,  
I'm a rather dumb person,  
one who gets  
immense joy from  
buying a new dish rack.  
Still,  
I'm smart enough to know  
we're in the midst of  
the age of extinction.

Sound is one way of  
measuring the health of things,  
animate or inanimate.  
Your car's engine,  
your beating heart,  
your child's cry in the night.  
Nature,  
too,  
has an acoustic footprint and,  
according to environmentalists,  
it's getting  
harder  
and  
harder  
to hear nature's song.  
What's left are acoustic fossils,  
reminders of Earth's past.  
Meanwhile,  
the incessant drone grows ever louder.

What is the function of a hammer?

Think.

Is it's function to just to sit there and be a hammer?

A hammer's function is to deliver an impact to a small area of an object by swinging a weighted head at the end of a handle.

Fair enough.

What is my function?

What is your function?

What is our function?

I believe we,

as the single

most dominant

species on Earth,

are responsible for

protecting

and safeguarding

all living things.

I believe that is man's primary directive.

That is man's function.

Everything else is just a new dish rack.