

The Lorax & L-P

Spring 1995

Way back in the days when the grass was still green
and the pond was still wet
and the clouds were still clean,
and the song of the Osprey rang out in space...
one morning, Merlo's L-P came to this glorious place.
And there were the trees!
The Redwood Trees!
The bright-colored tufts of the Redwood Trees!
Mile after mile in the fresh morning breeze.
And, under the trees there were big cats and deer
frisking about in their cat & deer suits
as they played in the shade and ate Redwood fruits.
From the rippulous river & pond
came the comfort, the comfortable sound
of the Salmon a-spawning
while splashing around.

Ol' Harry Merlo the Baron of L-P
Didn't see any of that tranquility
All he saw were the Redwood Trees.
But those trees! Those trees
Those Redwood Trees
All his life he'd been itching
O how he'd been scheming
O how he wanted
to cut down those Redwood Trees!
In no time at all, he set down a great L-P Mill - Plop!
He cut down a million Redwood with one chainsaw chop!
And with great belchy stinks and with great toxic spills
he took that sweet wood; chewed it up in his mill.
The instant he'd finished he heard a ga-Zump!
He looked.
He saw something pop out of the stump
of the tree he'd chopped down:
She was old; she was young;
she lived in the woods; she lived in town;
she had lots of kids; she lived all alone;
she had a clenched fist and her brilliant eyes shone.
"Mister!" she said with a sawdusty sneeze,
"I am the Lorax. I speak for the trees.
I speak for the trees, for the trees have no tongues.
And I'm telling you, sir, at the top of my lungs -

Sir! You are crazy with greed.
These words you must heed:
Stop cutting these trees!
STOP CUTTING THESE TREES!

I repeat," cried the Lorax,
"I speak for the trees!"

"I'm busy," Merlo told her.
"Shut up, if you please."
And then...

Oh! Baby! Oh!
How Merlo's L-P did grow!
Now, chopping one tree
at a time was too slow.
So he quickly brought in his great Feller-Buncher
which whacked off four Redwood Trees with one cruncher.
He was making board-chips
four times as fast as before!

But the next week
the Lorax knocked on
Merlo's L-P Office Door.
She snapped, "I'm the Lorax who speaks for the trees
which you seem to be chopping as fast as you please.
But I'm also in charge of big cats & the deer.
They can't drink the water
and they can't breathe the air!
Now if they can't,
I can't either!" she said,
"And you can't think
when sawdust fills up your head!
You're glopping the river where salmon once hummed!
No more can they hum, for their gills are all gummed.
So they're dying off. O their future is dreary.
They'll walk on their fins and get woefully weary
in search of some water that isn't so smeary."

And then Merlo got mad.
He got terribly mad.

He yelled at the Lorax, "Now listen here, witch!
All you do is yap-yap, and bitch-bitch-bitch-bitch!
Well, I have a duty to stockholders (I want it all)
& I'm telling you:

I intend to go on doing just what I do!
And for your information, you Lorax, I'm figgering
on biggering

and BIGGERING

and BIGGERING

and **BIGGERING**

turning more Redwood Trees into chips 'n boards
which everyone, everyone, EVERYONE hoards!"

At that very moment, they heard a loud whack!
From outside in the fields came a sickening smack
of an axe on a tree.

Then they heard the tree fall.

The very next-to-last Redwood Tree of them all!

Almost no more trees. No more boards.

No more work to be done.

So, in no time Merlo, his Bobby,
his Company men every one
will wave good-bye. They'll jump
into Company Cars & drive away
under the smoke-smuggered stars.

And the Workers, the loggers
will be left 'neath the bad-smelling sky
outside the big empty Mill
selling hamburgers to tourists
cleaning motel rooms & front yards
after Unemployment runs dry.

But NOW, Folks of the Forest
now that YOU're here
the words of the Lorax are perfectly clear.

Unless all the Folk
care a whole awful lot
nothing is going to get better.

It's not.

THE WORDS OF THE LORAX ARE PERFECTLY CLEAR!

I AM THE LORAX

I SPEAK FOR THE TREES!

TAKE DIRECT ACTION

AGAINST CORPORATE GREED!

The Ted K Archive

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