

If Niwot said it first

If we let them come here
Let them climb our mountains
 (mine for treasures through
 soils and beds centuries down
 deep within the rocky vein)
Let them hunt our animals
 (set new meat to graze the land
 ‘cause the buffalo and the prairie
 dogs really can’t complain)
Let them taste our clear waters
 (they just might drain them
 dig a ditch across the divide
 for the farms they must sustain)
Let them build their homes
 (neighborhoods without end
 urban and suburban sprawl
 across our fruited plain)
They will never leave
 (breed and grow and live
 and die and use and take
 till nothing will remain)
And nothing left remains
the same.