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To: [Sunnica Energy Farm](#)
Subject: Sunnica objection
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This moving poem says it all for me:
Solar Field (Jean Sprackland)

The field is mirrors now
the sky can look at itself all day
the people are done with ploughing
with wood cutting, done with open air preaching
witness unlawful assembly
no workers come here from warehouse or distribution centres
no rebels gather at the stand of beech in common cause against
encroaching tyrants which would ground our flesh
upon the whetstone of poverty
the people are done with the harrow
and done with the stook and done with coupling in the lee of the hedge
the field is mirrors now
and if the hawk still ripples overhead
she sees first the muscular shock of the wings
and then the scale of her empty precincts and palaces