

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Not wanting to forget

by Olivia Sprinkel

Not wanting to forget
the time when milk was innocent.
When the worst thing about milk
was that it came in small glass bottles
with metal tops, to be punctured
with a straw
(now an environmental culprit as well)
and had to be sipped, warm,
at break time.
I was glad when I was diagnosed
as allergic. I was early to soy
milk, for a time anyway.
But milk is no longer
innocent, as we know its carbon footprint,
and water footprint, and cruelty footprint.
So we now turn to the milk of oats,
and almonds and coconuts, and then worry
about the fate of bees and look to
further graphs of footprints.
But yet, not wanting to forget

that this is not a time to be nostalgic
about, when the milk float cruised the streets
on electric wheels, collecting bottles
to be filled again, trailing hungry-beaked
blue tits. When dairy farmers could make a living
without making ice-cream or skyr or cheese
or renting fields for glamping.
When milk was just milk
and the biggest debate was did the tea
or the milk go in first in the china cup.