

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Thinking of Gaia

by Sue Hitchcock

When the big machines are gone
The trees will grow,
When the big machines are gone
The birds will sing,
When the big machines are gone
I shall breathe the sweet air.

When I drink the rain
I shall be refreshed,
When our shit goes to soil
The worms will thrive,
The sea will live
Fresh water leading salmon home.

Two Degrees Warmer

Two degrees warmer? Sounds good to me –
Might save me on my gas bill!

Two degrees warmer, ice caps melt,
Sea level rises, don't live by the beach!
Polar cold water stops sinking to the seabed,
Warm gulf stream water no longer drawn to our coast.
Our latitude matches that of Labrador,
So strangely England gets colder and smaller
Is that what you want

The Elephant

If we were few would it matter
If our shit went in rivers or the sea?
Would the burning of branches shed by trees
Produce too much smoke?
Would the distance between villages
Stop the spread of sickness?
Wouldn't we care for each member of our tribe?
Wouldn't each one contribute what they could?
Would we have any reason to fear or kill a stranger?
We are too many – we'll never know.

The Devil is Within

The devil is within you know it well!
It's cosy, friendly, generous, clean,
Greedy, wants more, always more.
The seed was there in hunter/gatherers.
Do you pick all the blackberries, nuts and apples?
Don't other creatures need a share?
Maggoty apples, what a feast for birds!
Seeds should be dumped in fertile shit
But we send it to the salty sea,
Lost to the future.

The Late Boris

Late, not dead
Always late, too late to lead the way,
Moving only when bullied, cajoled
or jeered at.
Why not prepare, think ahead?
Not dead,
Dead weight
Why wait?
He could be late,
If I could find an assassin.