

**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.