

Footprints

We were foragers once,
then gardeners, then citizens.
We have been consumers.
What will our children be?

Iron followed bronze, followed stone
the age of kings, empires, industry.
What follows the age of the consumer?
One defined by its devouring?

Our ancestors walked as humans.
We have walked like giants.
Must our children walk like ghosts on the earth,
and leave no footprints?

Psalm of rage

Woe to you, glass towers of Canary Wharf,
looking down on inequality, poverty, homelessness.
Chasing your profits, hoarding your offshore billions.
Take those bonuses. Give them to the office cleaner,
to nurses and carers and single mums.
Take those stock options, and give them to the asylum seekers.

Woe to you, Shell, Exxon, BP
who profit from destruction, who bleed the earth dry,
robbing the poorest, the unborn,
and lying to keep your power.
May your empire fall
and the earth take back your boardrooms and forecourts.
You thought only of taking and taking,
but you will be overtaken.
You too will be fossilised.

Woe to you, Tesco, Asda, Primark,
your aisles stacked high with empty promises,
myths of abundance, built on human misery.
You tighten the screws on your suppliers,
and hire more sweatshop labour.
For goods that don't satisfy
and rot forever in landfill.
You will be called to account,
for the terrible cost of your low prices.

Woe to you, Mister President,
in your gold penthouse,
tweeting while the world burns.
Godspeed the day your phallic tower is bulldozed,

your customers gone, your hotels derelict.
let the wild take back your golf courses,
and badgers dig up the greens.
your name remembered no more,
gone like a trump in the wind.

And God, where are you in all this?
How long will you tolerate this bullshit?
Why can't you be more Old Testament,
and do some God damn smiting for a change?

... I know... I know...

Let justice roll on like a river,
your peace like a never ending stream
Strengthen the resolve of these your rebels,
Amplify the voices of these your prophets,
And God, have mercy on your creation.

love

The forests are burning
the ice is melting
the animals are dying.

The sea is rising
The storm is building
the future is fading.

So much is already lost
and there is so much more to grieve.

Is it already too late?
What is there left to cling to?

These three remain: faith, hope, and love.

Faith that no small action is wasted,
hope that there might still be time,
and love that will not take no for an answer.

Love for each other, love for our children
Love of the earth and all its creatures.
love of life itself. Love that cannot be denied,
love that will not fail.

These three remain: faith, hope, love.
and the greatest of these is love.