

Poetry Corner: #plastic

To celebrate the 2021 United Nations Climate Change Conference my latest poem immortalises the event.

Now I am off out litter picking in the countryside.

This is the real story of the saviour and its glory,
a material that simply is fantastic.

You can melt it. You can bend it. You can freeze it. You can blend it.

You can break it. You can mend it. #plastic

When used in business or in leisure it can work to any measure,

to be strong, yet flexible, and so elastic.

Replacing stone and wood and glass throughout the days and nights that pass,

to now be in another class. #plastic

It isn't hard to understand it must be made to meet demand,
although the scientific testing may prove drastic.

But to confront the hot and cold, along the way from young to old,

until success – it fits the mould. #plastic

It's still so popular today across the world in every way,
and people left and right remain enthusiastic.

So the material will grow yet it will surely come and go.

It's here for now – let it be so. #plastic

It's constant march around the globe; smartphones, cosmetics
and wardrobe,

including to our private lives has been bombastic.

A colonic irrigation may cause a heart palpitation,

but that's too much information. #plastic

By confusing through suggestion means we never stop to
question,

industries out of control are so gymnastic.

While corrupting to sustain will bring short term financial
gain,

long term it yields the fruits of pain. #plastic

From its conception to creation without any deviation,

we know now that we were too encomiastic.

For the oil that we are drilling we're aware will keep on
killing,

off a future once fulfilling. #plastic

You see, the fossil fuel must go for it will surely stop the
show,

although we worship it like the ecclesiastic.

As David Attenborough warns and Greta Thunberg points and scorns,

we must take the bull by the horns. #plastic

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