

Recycling- A Warning

When our bones are starved of youth, bodies' weak-
Will our grandchildren beg us for tales of the Old Earth, of which we rarely speak?
We would slip into dreams of fields of flowers
Rain, not contaminated with acid but pure showers
But our minds would be numbed, brimming with guilt
Impaled by our laziness, with the destruction we built
Our recycling bins gathered dust, forgetting that organic waste goes in green,
Saying Global warming is propaganda, encouraged by hippies with dreadlocks eating mung beans
"After all", we laughed, "why should we save the population?"
Eyes fixed to computer screens, unseeing deforestation
As plastics and rubbish intertwine, our minds disregarding the need for their separation
The yellow bin was misplaced, and began the downfall of the nation
Our rubbish lay dumped outside, over which all manner of creatures crawled,
And so Red was forgotten, the most crucial bin of all
So global warming struck, and when disaster comes humanity is skilled at spreading panic
Grasping at bricks, rioting... Simply because we "forgot" to put the correct thing in organics

By Ash, Emily, Tegan and Janelle.