

by Milton Kapelus

*In future times, if our world has survived,
New generations will ask how we contrived
To poison our lands and pollute our seas
And raze our forests and cut down our trees.*

*They'll wonder why we gouged holes in the earth,
And credited our bounty with so little worth,
That we dumped our waste in rivers and lakes
And never learned from our hopeless mistakes.*

*They'll blame us for extinction of fish, animals and birds
And stealing the habitats of flocks, prides and herds...
For defiling our world that had served all our needs
And for turning a blind eye to our mindless misdeeds.*

*They'll know we had everything nature provides,
Like sun, waves and rivers, and strong winds and tides,
To power our homes and drive turbines so great,
That our needs could be met without fear, wars and hate.*

*They'll ponder a planet so dependent on oil
That our need for it led us to plunder and spoil.
They'll hold us responsible for our world over-heating,
For our glaciers melting and our coast-lines retreating,
For our carbon emissions and for climate change,
And for frail ecosystems and things sinister and strange.*

***Students of nature in those future years
Will try to explain this time to their peers.
"All in the name of energy" they'll say,
And heads will be shaken for a world gone astray.***