

Plastic Peril

Plastic surging

In plastic waves,

Hurling forth

In plastic rage.

Debris pinned

In plastic wind.

Killing mackerel

Innocent of plastic sin.

While politicians have plastic minds,

We have no hope

Of leaving the plastic age behind.

Plastic People

With plastic minds,

Poured into moulds

And preserved in Time

A thousand years later

When we are all gone

When everyone realises

Having plastic is wrong.

There're only plastic flowers

On a plastic Earth,

And nothing is left

Of any real worth.

Christine Fowler