

## **Last Rites**

When giraffes lie in empty skin

Desiccated turning into dust

When vultures are too hungry to fly

Feathers moulting under a hostile sky

When polar bears are dressed in skin and bones

Staggering lost on barren ground

When cyclones fill the darkening sky

And bitter rain drowns the land

When Earth's distress fills the air

Will we listen? Will we care?

The when, is now

Last Rites

Are being said

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