

A MOUTHFUL OF PLASTIC

Waste-Fed Earth

They float in the air; they swim the sea,
Small to see, now inside me.
Everywhere, and in every bite,
The sea creatures will surely die.

Ten decades and they're still not gone,
Micro killers, yet we make some more.
It breaks; it sinks into the sand,
Invades the plants, animals, and Man.

We breathe it in. It's in our veins,
In unborn lungs, and growing brains.
We swallowed it in; we drank it deep,
The danger that we happily keep.

In labs and dreams, the future spins,
From Man to Land, the change begins.
We clean the world, and also thoughts,
Restoring the planet our actions crushed.

A cradle float, where plastics bind,
Drawn by charge or magnet guide.
Drifting with tide, it traps the waste,
Restoring the blue with mindful haste.

The coral reefs now beg for air,



Still we dispose without a care.
Would you not rage, would you not scream,
If waste was tossed, where you must dream.

They birth no more beneath the tide,
No hatchlings stir, their young have died.
We poison what we do not see,
The ocean holds our apathy.
If we act now, we can reclaim,
Restore the earth; waste can't stay.

