

Too late / Future

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A frightened squirrel catches my eye
sitting on a concrete bench of a building
as I look into my phone, which is made of
iron, copper, aluminium, nickel and zinc
and whose production causes 47kg of greenhouse gas emissions.

Thinking briefly about nature, my phone rings and I press the green button.

Spiteful harming gases escape
neon-bright bonnets waiting at the traffic light.

They bawled so loudly
I had to turn my earphones louder.

As I turned them back down,
all nature had vanished

all the animals black
and I was ashamed-

The concrete buildings
had swallowed habitats from other living beings

What would other animals write about us?
What blogs would they write
if they stole our essential environment?