

Smoke and delusion

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Here in this warm, southwest corner of Canada
the wind carries in a cemetery
from Washington, Oregon,
even California.

The choking, smoky remains
of thousands of acres of trees...
burning.

Like they've never burned before.

Fossil fuels have a lot to answer for.

And those who have used them so extravagantly
and those who continue to defend them,
so yet more money can be made.

So much planetary healing power – gone.

So much beauty – gone.

So much life – gone.

A memorial token:

I lay a flower at our feet...

A plastic rose, for our undying love
of delusion.