Politics of Nature

Collection of Poems–Mary Guckian

ELECTION POSTERS

Election posters hang at awkward angles
as the breeze tears the firm cardboard
forcing the shredded mess on to the street
where puddles drown faces under
our feet.

❄

We are complacent, not even voting when
election day arrives, forgetting that women
went to prison when lobbying to get us votes
and men fought and died to get us
our freedom.

❄

Having a job gives us security within
our circle
we tend to stay away from
asylum seekers, fail
to find out what it is like to be a stranger
with no friends or income in our country.

❄

Fill our bins with all sorts of dangerous
chemicals, expect Asian workers to
empty them.
Too busy talking on mobile phones
we have no time
to recycle our waste,the food chain
gets damaged
we end up in hospital wards with
brain tumours
our bodies polluted, alzheimer's
numbing us.

Famine Sculpture, Boston

STONY PATHS

Walking on the stony path,
light shines from a cloudless
sky where coloured shards-
from broken glass crushed
between stones-dazzle my
eyes in the shimmering sun.

❋

Moving towards the big
house, windowless and empty–
I trample on memories–where
once wine flowed into glasses,
arranged on long tables, after
men returned laden down with
wildlife from forest shoots.

❋

Strips of light bursts out
of green flounces shaking and
dancing above my throbbing head
while perfumed clean air gives
back energy to my tired feet
as I plod along the stony path.

STRONG WALLS

✧

In the grounds
around the castle
I see each century
in the shape of the
worn stone building.
Built for lords
and ladies, when
labour was cheap,
in more recent times
prayers were said–
and psalms were sung–
during the years nuns
lived and worked
for the community.

✧

Used as a hotel
to-day it continues
to shelter people,
who pay to relax
and hone their lives
amid stained glass
windows and sturdy
strong walls.

HUMAN SPIRIT

❋

Each calamity a nation suffers
brings tragedy and despair
as bombs fall, planes crash,
cataclysmic, moments are written
into our history books: broken
bodies are buried, and innocent
families left-behind are fragile
and left to suffer, yet through
the voices of children new lives
are forged and we begin again.

❋

The weight of confusion
on every generation causes tension
then panic,
yet without moments
like these, we become stagnant:
fail to face our differences,
our pinched prejudices: all
disasters overcome with comraderie
we move forward in
togetherness
and the human spirit never dies.

DRIPPING DRAINPIPES

In the garden on this hot day
the house appears silent
while occupants work
or take a well earned holiday.

❋

A dripping drainpipe
gives a cool feel
to summer sun shining
through tall trees.
Under the leafy shade I sit on roots
that have kept the garden
dry for over a century.

❋

Traffic shunts outside
but peace reigns
over this patch of space
between avenue and square,
cutting me off from days
of monotony at cluttered
desks and typing pools.