

POEM OF THE WEEK

• DIRTY WORDS

Profit is not a dirty word, I hear you say
in a belligerent tone. Can't recall saying it was.
As a gainful result of an endeavour well done,
that benefits all: I have no issue.

Dirty Words? I Can Think Of many
Mud. Dirt. Slime. Miles of unwanted plastic
Killing sea life, floating in the ocean
Littering beaches to which no people go

Protect the bottom line, you say; I will nod in agreement.
Pollute the world around you, benefit at someone else's expense,
then we are odds; justify your greed with mentions of Darwin?
Then we are on different planets (I wish that were true),

pollute your own, leave ours alone. Don't need your pathetic self justification,
don't want your lies, your smug self complacency: dress it you might.
Money is not the root of human evil, the greed for it is.
Greed is alien to our character. Why is it so strong, addictive?

Save your baleful glare,
not interested.
We survive (or not)
together.

Leslie Bush
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