

Am I the only one bored to death
by the warnings of a dire future,
then no action taken?

What about the present, the now?
I was born in 1948 and grew up with
awfulness, family memories of human horror
now being repeated in many locations.

My few surviving forebears knew that
what is destroying the earth (possibly further)
is Shakespeare's paragon of animals,
the "piece of work" of God,
cynically and accurately mocked by Hamlet.

Humans/paragons et cetera ARE actually part of nature,
not interlopers.
Look at our affinity with
earth
air
water
fire.

These elements = us!
Let's compare a tadpole
and an early human fetus.
They are almost the same to the human eye:
no digits; folded boneless limbs,
empty skulls . . .
all suspended in "water"
BUT the human head is bigger.

Why?

Is this magic, dogma, science, logic, bias?

In 2023, few of us seem to think at all:
We posture, mime and write detritus.
We protest in prominent locations world-wide
at expensive conferences (with cameras watching).

And then?

The dreaded silence of nothing.

This is black comedy, really: look at the Bard's jesters:

They are so sad that they are amusing
IF we do not think . . .



so nothing changes.
We need to stop play acting
unless we are in a play.

Nostra culpa

Let's consider a few small people who have huge power.

Trumpty Dumpty, the Ridiculous;
Putin the Pink, Plump and Small;
Xi, of the Dead Eyes;
Jong un, the Short and Square, obsessed with huge missiles;
Further back, Thatcher, the bossy,
the Nemesis of workers BUT a worker herself.

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There are also the ingenuous marchers:
Boris, our "buddy" of the ill-groomed hair;
Truss of the 45 days;
Pence *et al.*, with quick steps as they follow behind;
Desantis, the "saviour" seeing himself as the Dragon Slayer . . .

Human history is crowded with this ilk,
set on destroying the six capitals
one by one OR all at once
at the altar of ego.

Our blighted earth and species
are proof of the end game.

Onward, self-serving soldiers
marching on to "war"
with flags reflecting your own faces
marching on before.

Just horrible . . .
locus mortis,
culpa nostra [1].

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Notes

1. "Locus mortis, culpa nostra" is Latin meaning "the place of death, our fault".