

. A modern-day murder mystery:

I want you all to think back to a time when you were sick
with a fever so raging that you weren't sure
whether a tempest was freezing your bones
so much, that your skin took on a frosted glaze
and resembled a British bank holiday
or whether you had walked through the gates of hell
so hot that your joints started to dislocate
and your cells began to separate
leaving your body pleading for help
there may be some of you who struggle to remember
a time where you witnessed such fragility
a time where you saw something that needed saving
but I'm here to tell you
that you watch this experience first hand every day.

I admit that the world could be beautiful
fireflies wear iridescent jackets
but they wiz through polluted air
the grass glows with a morning dew
and then it becomes frazzled
under the heat of the sky
the world could be beautiful,
and this could be a love poem
where I would gush over beautiful rivers
and enchanted forests
with whispering leaves
and secret hideaways
but there is a murderer on the loose
a silent killer
a serial killer
our world is not beautiful
it is dying.

we switch our lights on to try and preserve daylight
but the electricity kills the sun
we run water to mimic the motion of the ocean
but the ocean is overwhelmed
and is ready to give in
we chop down trees to achieve that mahogany glow
within our own homes
but we are thieves.
we steal what is not ours
and we have screwed up,
we have made a mess
glaciers stand weakly with mouths wide open
and water floods out, like tears

the ocean rises each day
she grows and grows
until she cannot grow any more
and we have all drowned.

Our world is sick.
its fever is so strong that it coughs up ultraviolet
and covers us all in a blanket of heat.
we profit off of our glowing skin for a while
but the novelty wears off as each droplet of sweat
falls to our feet.
British bank holidays are cold and wet, even in August.
Fog is the evil frosted glaze
that separates us
I can no longer see you,
and you can no longer see me.
Arctic ice separates itself into fragments,
and we watch each other float away
There is no iridescence
There is no glow
There is no life
It is time to admit that
We're killing the planet,
the planet is not killing us