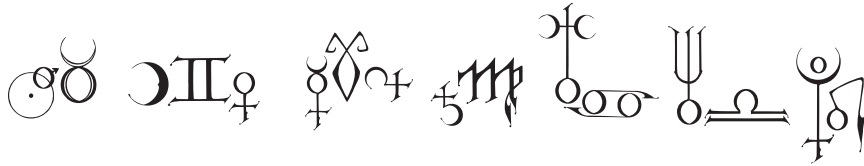


CHRIS



The pink sky said the Sun had risen,
Set fields chattering, birds on mission –
Earth singing Gloria to a World in wake,
Morning wondering what it will take.

Cardamon dreams, paradise flowers,
Easiest thing to lose track of hours –
But the alarm the alarm you could hear,
No other Planet, all agreed, more dear.

Moonlight writer, feet on the ground,
Aware the issues, the narrative going down –
Catastrophic impact another day nearer,
Steel confidence, insistent mirror.

You're one to take a stand,
Say what needs saying if anyone can –
Any chance we could we call a time out,
Decide what we humans are going to be about.