

Not with a bang

I am glad I learnt poetry at school
Though some, I think, thought me a fool
When my mind, not on other lessons,
Was soaring with Hopkins' Windhover,
Or with a kingfisher, darting out of its crannied nest.
And did they not know that when my mind was in a trance
I was wandering like a cloud,
Captured by Wordsworth daffodils' dance?

It seems that Dorothea MacKeller did not do us a favour,
Though in the past, her words of my country I did savour.
Sadly, by some, her words have been estranged,
And used as yet another poor excuse
For blocking action on climate change.

TS Eliot's "not with a bang but a whimper"
I used to think described the post-viral end of my career.
But now may be a prediction of far, far greater gravity
Bought on by our own depravity:
Adoption of a must-have-growth economy;
Excessive clearing, fossils fuels, greed;
And lies.

So, TS Eliot's whimper may very well be
The last sound of humanity,
Unless, against all current trends,
We soon find climate sanity.

*"This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang but a whimper."* ¹

¹T. S. Elliot, The Hollow Men

