

Water Covers Rock

By David C. Schwartz

Quick, cold and clean run the mountain streams,
servants of Earth's emerging dreams.
Carving, by erosion, a river bed,
as if the waters to the rocks were wed.

Which raises a question: when push comes to shove,
is this eternal conflict or endless love?
One answer comes down to the low-land farmer,
as the rocks get smaller, the river gets calmer.

Later, when the rocks become sand,
the waters, now ocean, roll over the land.
Beaches wash out, the waters seem to be winning.
But that is not the final inning.

The universe is into land-building, no surprise.
New islands are forming, new mountains will rise.
Then the lands will be rained on until there are streams,
servants of the Earth's continuing dreams.

A Prayer from the Planet Earth

By David C. Schwartz

I was in a riverfront restaurant looking for a tasty dish.
The waiter smiled, and said: "I'll bring you anything you wish;
but if you can't drink the water, why would you eat the fish?"
I looked at the river, I knew he was right, I couldn't get down a single bite.

I awoke famished, breakfast on my mind,
my waiter friend was oh so kind.
"Our cows and steers graze on poisoned grasses, 'our meat is uninspected';
our grains are often mite-infected; God knows what was undetected
by our Health Department. I know you're looking for a treat,
but I wouldn't order bread or butter, milk or meat".

I went for a walk, lots of people were sneezing,
the air smelled funny, there was coughing and wheezing.
A stranger told me "it's a bad air day,
But chemical stocks are doing okay.
Oil spills have closed lots of beaches in the past two years
So what if a million sea creatures die. Who cares?"

I went on the web, looked at cancer maps,
The data was clear, with few important gaps.
Downwind, downstream from known pollution sources,
in addition to some scrabbly golf courses,
Were concentrations of death. The numbers were even more upward bound,
wherever poisons were found under the ground.

I looked to the heavens, saw the smoke and the smog,
and hoped that my prayer would get through all that fog.
I spoke my true feelings, I prayed for the earth;
"Oh Lord, please grant us an environmental rebirth".

Writing Raw

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David C. Schwartz bio: David Schwartz is 76 years young;a Ph.D.[MIT'65]; author of 14 fiction works & 50 nonfiction pieces published in Canada and the USA.