

BIRDSNESTING

(The hunt for golden eggs)

I'm not saying you shouldn't go to football matches

Or cut down the few trees left in Flanders

To satisfy some industrialist's perverted whim

And get more money more efficiently into the checkouts

Of an even bigger and better megalomarket

Catering to the insatiable wants of the millions you hope
to enslave –

All I'm saying is, where will the birds' nests go when
the bulldozers have done their work

And will the fowls of the air you pollute

With superfluous motorways manage to survive

Like seagulls on the rubbish heaps of places like
Botswana and Brasil?

I don't ask you to read my poetry, nor do I push it
through your door

So don't expect this simple-minded soul to understand

The economics of suburban destruction,

The beautifully balanced logistics of death and devious
practice.

You possess the machinery (read: the machine guns of
filthy lucre) to pulverize the planet

Taking us all with you, in the grey suits of Dachau,

To your Valhalla adorned with the music of exhaust
pipes, chain-saws and jingling cash tills

Paper was once precious and I have wasted enough of it

For one summer afternoon at the memorials of Mark
and Melanie.

Will some young angel climb back into the arms of that
majestic copper beech where thrushes sing,

Will somebody with brains be kind enough to translate
this protest into the language of local politics.

MARCUS CUMBERLEGE, Lappersfort Poets Society

