

It moves like a crocodile

MOVEMENT

*It moves on the surface
Of water, like a crocodile.
So quietly, relentlessly,
It stalks its prey.*

*Whether it be the choking
Of air passages of fowl,
Or the clogging of mammals'
fur,
Sinking them down to depths
Weighted by its crude,
It paints black scenes of tar
Clinging to white cliffs of ice,
And changing its purity to
dreary soot.*

*A bullet shot by man can stop
a crocodile,
But nothing, save God, can
stop this
Created sludge.
Man, in his search for it,
Justifies its quest
In economic and energy terms.
Movement to acquire its source
Overrides another — Man's
cultural needs.*

*So as it moves, more than
fowl and mammals
Are its prey.
Man and his quiet subsistence
become mired
In its muck.*

Fred Bigjim