

## Preface

**Dedicated to my Dad. A trusted proof-reader, environmentalist, and whose poems I can still recite to this day.**

'A Word from Amphitrite' by Daisy Hardwick Shaw

I - Past

Profits of idle kings,  
Now at the oceans floor,  
With sirens who hap sing,  
Whilst Ulysses grows bored,

He longs for adventure,  
Wants to touch Happy Isles,  
Make that final gesture,  
As all his women smile.

How dare you sail our world,  
In flimsy ships across  
our waters, anchors hurled,  
You've scared all my daughters.

Nymphs, sirens, those from tales,  
All lived peacefully here,  
Confident in our scales,

Until you raised your spears.

Rallied all of your men,  
Fought cities far from home,  
For a bored mistress then.  
King? Ha! more like a gnome.

Soldiers died for your cause,  
How many is it now?  
Achilles fought your wars,  
We have his corpse now, drowned.

What? Thought we wouldn't fight?  
Wouldn't send gulfs in spite?  
That's your danger, your plight,  
You should have chosen flight.

Ah, yes! Poor Icarus.  
We captured him as well,  
Potential difference...  
We did nothing, he fell.

Your idols, damned to fall,  
Just ask Zeus' brother,  
Before I take them all,

And leave you no other.

## II - Present

Now, many years have passed,  
You have no more heroes,  
Lots of debt has amassed,  
And politicians grow.

Spreading lies for their greed,  
Ignoring the scientists,  
As your viruses breed,  
Now you have no fly lists.

You'll believe we are gone,  
Forgotten and all drowned,  
Alas, we are still here,  
And in plastics are bound.

We cannot breathe where  
oil has us choking,  
And you have no air,  
Your trees are still smoking.

The O-Zone is breaking,

We know about that too,  
Your actions aren't changing,  
Your skies aren't so blue.

Please, listen. I've been harsh.  
Gods had faith in you once,  
Before they turned to ash,  
And left you no response.

"God is dead!" you would shout.

Yes, that is very true,  
And science? I had doubts,  
But I've been left with you

and you've been left with me.

So behave little men,  
Make a promise or three,  
No? I'll destroy your world

and then? Daughters of mine.

Well, they can swim at ease,  
Your pollution won't shine,  
Within my seven seas.

Here's something you'll keep hush,  
Just between you and me,  
It's your death I won't rush,  
So look after my seas

and the trees, the mountains,  
Coral reefs and meadows,  
Waterfalls and fountains,  
See that Earth has no woes.

Find love and surround her,  
Everything beautiful,  
Children you encounter,  
Make your change provable.

That is what I'm after,  
A habitable world,  
One with joy and laughter,  
One that's healthy and pearled.

Don't you leave us all doomed,  
Will you heed my advice,  
Our world needs chance to bloom,  
You can't die more than twice.

Your fate is not yet sealed,  
I know you too will strive,  
To seek, find and not yield.  
Regards, Amphitrite.