

Gone Fission

As I stood there on the grassy shore,
Getting less and wanting more.
Wanting more from sandy waters,
Gleaned of life by an error of man.

An error, not of nature, but of man,
And of his development-because he can.
An atom divided, a town collided,
With many a debate and fight upon feud.

Alas! A bite! Or a fickle snag,
In the aqueous jaws of an abandoned rag.
There are no fish, what's the point anymore?
The pipe just keeps spilling its mortal chore.

For I stand alone on the grassy shore,
Getting less and wanting more.

James Johnston

