

Three Seconds

How wondrous and majestic this handiwork of the creator
The skies, the seas, the plants; blooming in nature
Beating harmoniously, in tune, in rhythm
Continuous through time, united through schism
The winds and waters, through ebb and flow,
See creatures emerge and change and grow.
But soft! What beast rises through evolution?
The ape, this Earth's deft-thumbed son
Man, it calls itself, with cranium large and hair little
With tools strong and sturdy but heart so brittle
Its progress is impressive, it accelerates swiftly
Wait what is happening? Its-
-it's changing. Fast. Unbelievably fast
I blinked for naught but a cosmic second and-
Where has the rhythm and rhyme gone?
Oh foolish man! You were meant to catalyse
nature, To use your wits to aid,
nurture and grow it. Instead
You have laid barren the
Creator's gift. Oh how
Sad would it be if,
before its time,
Nature's song
were to
abrup-