

Crumble

Phideaux

Do not speak of withered trees, of lichen strangled
coverings
And life just barely in the leaves, it will not be undone

Do not speak of what we've seen, of water choking algae
And dust where fountains used to be, it will not be
undone
A wilderness unraveling, we're only just begun

Do not speak of ice retreat, of islands eaten by the sea
And industrial economy, we've only just begun
It will not be undone

Do not speak, oh do not speak, your tongue is dry your
voice is weak
The time has passed for words to seek, it will not be
undone