

Planting an Apple Tree

Our green earth is turning brown
like a skinless apple
when wrapped in clear plastic.
We cough and spit our technology
into its atmosphere,
pumping it full of our pumpings,
heating it with our heatings.

We fail to hear earth wheeze
as we motor to the flea market
for our next bargain
or to the supermarket for 2% milk.
We dump our chemists' ideas
into the only air there is
and pump carbon
into our children's lungs.
Already we smell our urban halitosis
blowing back into our faces
and we make little jokes about it.

Will earthlife fade away
along with our generation?
Or will we let it breathe
the saving breath of trees?
It is too smoky to tell from here,
but I plant this apple tree
in case earth heals one day
and some new Newton needs
a lump on the head.