



PROGRESS?

Now sparkling water that once ran clear
In places, wears a thick veneer

For plastic bags there is no disguise
As broken glass on streambed lies

And – all alone
A traffic cone

Kingfishers once seen day by day
Are seldom seen - most gone away

Where sticklebacks, in shoals once swam
A shopping trolley, a broken pram

Once, children played and laughed and giggled
Wetting their feet, their toes they wriggled

Netting minnows with a shout
With young men fishing, tickling trout

What caused the fish to disappear
Where waters once ran crystal clear?

Man caused the brook to deteriorate
And man must listen before it's too late!

Nature will strive

To stay alive

IF WE LET IT!

Anne Nash

