

Ecological Geopoetry

The Grim Weeder

Survival of the fittest—NOT!
The fair promoted weak.
Chosen flowers loved and kept.
Pure beauty did I seek.

Unnatural selection
My hands were guilty of.
Roses saved above all else,
Unequal in my love.

So I imposed my will on life
And took control to say,
Which favored plants would pass my knife
To live another day.

Mother Nature should protest
Upon my choice imposed.
To mess with evolution
Does not her plan dispose.

But to evolve is being chosen
By natural processes sublime.
Could the hands of a mere weeder
Reap the fate of things divine?

Reflective now, I trim the border—
My humble conscience fully vexed.
Does this work express an order . . .
Or garner instability for generations next?

— *Douglas W. Zbikowski* © BY-ND - 24 March 2005

Stream Dreams

Slogging through the stream below,
Instruments and books in tow.
Recording all the life I find—
Dreary work, but never mind.

In pure water and pure air,
Little creatures always there.
But when homes become polluted,
The web of life soon gets uprooted.

The ripple spreads as on a pond,
A chemistry of death around.
Fortunes linked as brothers all,
Oh, can't we hear this nature call?

To this attack none are immune,
Our unconcern found fatal soon.
So, farther up the tree of life,
Find our branch and pass the knife!

— *Douglas W. Zbikowski* © BY-ND - 04 June 2004