

Appetites

You cannot stop smoking
 although you know it is killing your lungs.
You cannot stop eating
 although you know it is killing your heart.
You cannot stop producing and purchasing useless junk
 although you know it is killing your planet.

Something profoundly human in this,
 I guess. Still,
it does seem like a shame.

Allow me, then, a small proposal:
Forget all of the international conferences
to negotiate treaties that probably won't work
and that no one will observe anyway, even
if a treaty is signed which it probably won't be.

Let us call one, final and definitive
international conference
to rename the earth "Easter Planet"—
after that Pacific isle,
once an abundant paradise,
over-indulged to the point
 of starvation.

Visit there today.
 Take a voyage into your future.

The massive monuments
we have constructed
will remain standing too,
 for a time.

And aliens who come down
to visit a few centuries from now
will, perhaps, after a quick
assessment, place a small plaque
 before they depart:

*"Something profoundly human
in this,"* the words will read. *"Still,
it does seem like a shame."*

Steve Bloom
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