

That leaf messaged me
as it fell from the grand plane tree
In an eye-catching flow
to Whitehall below
it proclaimed it did know
the People who Cared
lying down on the road
in the cold and the wet
awaiting arrest
were there just for she
for she and all trees
and all creatures and lives
that might not survive
the coming of heat
of wind and of flood
of cold and of drought
by humans
brought about.

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Inspired by 'The Funeral of the Future', London, 2018