

# What's the point?

What's the point of recycling?...

What's the point of elongating his life support  
So he can live another day?  
Of helping him recover  
So he can stay?  
Of giving him one more chance  
Just to grow?

Just find another man.  
You're smart, I know you can.

But I can't; I'm in love with him, my world  
My earth.  
And you erode him with these hurtful thoughts.

That I should leave my home  
Because you want to live as lavishly as you can  
And watch us all burn  
As the ozone fades away.

Savor the love in what you have;  
Savor the feeling of having it available;  
And stretch its life—and ours,  
Yours.

Savor the warmth of the soil  
The dampness of grass  
The damper sun  
The air he gives  
And provides.

He the land  
That we protect  
By our actions  
To not neglect

Our duties as destroyers of the planet.

So I plead guilty, my friends  
And  
I plead to my guilty friends

To please try

To not use AI or  
Plastic bottles as much either

I promise you'll be fine  
Not knowing how you'll look as  
A parrot who's also a dealer

Please try

To wear that dress again  
Preserve that shawl, those jeans;

It's only been one month in  
And now they're going to the bin

Don't indulge in fast fashion  
Or overconsumption

Don't sell into things  
That'll kill us all.

Please,

Not for the polar bears, birds, or the bees,  
For the grass, the land, turtles and trees,  
For you, mon ami.

Ma cherie.

Live for me,  
And..  
Let it be.

Grow a tree.  
Get off that phone, and take a walk.

It's a lovely day today.  
That's what's the point.