

A poem for three voices

Ocean

I am the ocean

Greet me as the remnant of
pre-historia

I am powerful

For eons, I have satisfied the
Earth's thirst

I am complex

My vastness is unrivaled

I am a creator

I have spawned life

I am afraid

For what I have become

I have been used

Stripped of my purity and
innocence

I have tried to be generous

Offered my young for you to
feed on

Human

I am the human

Hail me as the god of our
world

I am powerful

For epochs, I have ruled the
Earth with stout force

I am complex

My intellect is unparalleled

I am a creator

I have designed empires

I am afraid

For what I have done

Plastic

I am the plastic

Know me as the catalyst of
progress

I am powerful

For decades, I have led the
Earth towards the future

I am complex

My versatility is undefeated

I am a creator

I have conceived advancement

I am afraid

For what I have been

Given a home to what you
have deemed undesirable

My vigilance has gone to waste

You have become my master,
my shepherd, my captain

And now I confess to you, oh
captain

I am dying

I have hurt

My ways have become a
parasite

I sleep in the seas, the
benevolent destroyer

An artificial mistake in a forest
of blue

This was never my purpose, my
plan, my destiny

But here I lay, the substance of
the future, forgotten

I am rotting

I have killed

Under my feet, sits the height
of civilization

The sacrifices I have given are
going unpaid

The people I have hurt have
not been healed

The things that I have done are
not undone

Now I must reap the mistakes,
I must be the healer, the priest

To my son the plastic, and
father the ocean

We know

I am sorry

We know

Bibliography

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Reflection

There has been one thing that has been more than clear to me about poetry: it needs aesthetic. Old Shakespearean verse had aesthetic four and half centuries ago; not today. This three voice template, I thought, was creative, moving, and had a body/shape that could really catch someone's eye.

I also used that type of poem to represent a different thing: character (and plenty of it). I wanted to show what each individual piece of this "triad" was experiencing. They were no longer groups or things, they were characters. Humans have truly created a tremendous empire, but in some ways, it is built of ash and sand. We need to clean their past and preserve the future. The Ocean, has given so much to us, and we need to stop abusing it. Plastic is one of our great innovations, and we have used to do great things. The way we dispose of it is the problem. I believe if we are to tackle this problem, it doesn't need to start with the reduction of manufacturing plastic products, it begins with individuals taking the first step forward and disposing of these products effectively.

Why did I choose poetry over the other mediums? Simplicity. Nothing touches humans like a very simple and modern piece of short wordplay, in my opinion. This category also offered a certain level of creativity that I thought the others lacked. I could pave my own road when creating this piece.