

An Icy message

This melting ice
Retracting back across my oceans
Long hidden from your sight
It is not an open invite
For your human insight
Not a round table
For your politically unstable
Decisions and appraisal
On whom should be able
To claim some more
To churn and consume
The ocean floor
You say 'explore'
Until you score
The perfect oil store
Break into its very core
To fuel your new cold war.

Ellie Ward