

PROPHECIES

Music: Michael Stimpson

Words: Simon Rae

I

It must have been apparent from the air:
the anorexic shorelines,
icebergs and ice-caps frayed –
the signs of change.

II

Crawl into the ransacked garden
the ruin of a perfect Eden.

The Tree of Knowledge barely stands
holding five foul apples in its hands.

One is rotten to the core
tormented by the wasps of war.

The next is stripped by acid rain;
another shrivelled by the vengeful sun.

A billion mouths have sucked the fourth one hollow.
The last has nothing left to swallow
lying rancid in the blackening grass.

III

And so the prophecies have come to pass

IV

Silence

Stillness

Darkness

Emptiness

Silence