



CLEAN COAL HONEY

In the year 2019 ...

Let's get on with it!
We don't need pollinators anymore,
especially if they promise not to sting.

We know they will! So, buzz off!
Less bees, less trees, more tailings sierras.
For CCH, the latest mass production triumph,
goosey tar black or with candied fungicide.

Dusty treacle on sunburnt toast
for hungry grandkids
and mutated garden orphans.

More clean coal honey please!

A sheepish man with an oxymoron-in-hand
and a too clever by half fella who goes by the title
Endangered Minister for What's Left of the Environment,
use it very privately, like slip-slop-slap, nod-nod wink-wink –

*We most assuredly can assure everyone,
ha-ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha!*

*We've done the polls, I mean the séance, I mean the science,
and science now is spooky, ooH OOo ooH OOo ooH OOo,
and hair-raising ... The End of the World is Nigh!*

ha-ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha!

– rub-a-dub-dub all over while singing
praise to Him on High – *Big Boss pays No Taxes!* –
and vomiting like there is no tomorrow
into the deep trough of peachy commissions
and expedient guidelines while sailing
through the slick Straits of Shameless Blather.

Let's get on with it!
We don't need pollinators anymore, do we?

