

# WHEN HUMANS SWARMED

by Marcus Ten Low



When humans swarmed the Earth,  
Breathing down each other's necks,  
Titillated, shaped as zooming crowds:

Our natures were bitter, some sweet,  
Some replete with more and more children,  
Churned-out like blobs from factories.

Setup with desks and chairs,  
And a million brilliant material items,  
Sat-up with a babyfied bewilderment of stares,

As we watched the greenwashed oceans,  
Eyed by their blackish deadzones,  
With poisoned fishes darting furtively.

Babies' needs and wants, "chimey" songs  
Flowed us into happy illusions,  
Celebrated further in creamy advertising.

Despite such smiles, and baby sighs  
With sealife thrashing in nets, pulled from  
The wasting oceans, the oceans slowly rise.

Widespread obesity resizing, we relearned it  
As beautiful, just as frankenchickens  
Assumed their own neat sacrifice.

It was our grace, to say something nice.  
Dr. Dolittle came over—we had a ball  
Trusting that plenty more animals,

Nonhuman, were left in tracts of forest or ice.  
The glaciers, dripping in sunlight, had shear  
And shred, leaving so many gazes dead.

We really should do something now, we  
know—  
But eight billion living on the globe cannot  
Be unlearnt. The Earth has not long to go.