

# ENFIELD'S BIG GREEN CLIMATE FESTIVAL

IF NOT NOW  
THEN WHEN?

IF NOT US  
THEN WHO?



**Enfield Poets Poems Of The Day**

18th - 26th September 2021



# Enfield Poets Poem Of The Day

Saturday 11th September 2021 - Festival Launch

## Meltwater

My time is coming, smell it on the wind  
watch raindrops winnowing down glass

touch ice-cube to your lips and tongue  
feel the cool chemistry of meltwater

see me submerge fields and swallow crops  
spill out of wells to infiltrate your graves

raising the dead; firm ground will swamp  
to ooze and squelch and slip, mud-symphony

hear gurgles, trickles, runnels in your sleep  
reach for the drifting flotsam of your dreams

sweep river-sludge and sewage from the rug  
swell my boundaries with your salt tears;

heave seas, wide breaths to rear up hills  
waves come to claim their lost inheritance

listen to the future: rain-rocked, lake-like  
nothing divides the waters from the waters.

© *Maggie Butt*

## After the Meteor

Chaos recurs. The dense, killing dust cloud  
now softly, slowly settles to reveal  
a new Heaven and a new Earth. Too loud  
the cicadas sound, ghostly and unreal.

The tiger shivers in the sudden cold.  
The polar bear frets in his furry skin.

The sun no longer rises in the East -  
confusing the faithful. Where is the gold  
of Mecca? Where Jerusalem?  
What sin has been committed?

Behold the Beast of Revelations –  
relic of an Earth on a new orbit.

Strange constellations gleam on mountains  
of blue glass in black sea. Twining convolvulus  
and tulip wither in the tropical heat.  
Scarcely a flower remains to protest its worth.

© *Valerie Darville*

## Slippage

I They have found an answer,  
those people talking to their plants.

Tongues rising,  
breath following breath.

Through a carbon-dioxide veil  
plants take in exhalations.

II In new council-flat blocks  
the windows are uniformly small,  
rationing the view. It was never  
like this on the mountain.

Years of looking at guidebooks,  
wanting to camp in the hills.

III There was no deluge, only equators  
that saw the rivers spill over.

The sky might boil, we would  
cover our heads, remembering  
love, where we had delayed it -  
this fate of avoidance.

We wear our hearts on old sleeves,  
tamed by the usual risks.

There is still the wash of sun -  
another day, the drying summer.

### Waking At Dawn In The Forrest

Where the light moves across us  
in a great gold blaze, warming  
our faces and hands, so that we  
can think about enjoying breakfast  
together, sitting round a long table,  
talking, remembering who we are,  
knowing that after we have eaten,  
there will be work to do, the world,  
or at least our part of it, is healthy,  
and we treat the other creatures  
who share it with us as friends,  
even those who are shy by nature,  
or the others who know better than  
to approach too closely, a state  
of mutual respect is what we all  
hope for today, there is enough  
forest for everyone, as long as  
we humans behave with respect,  
and then this forest will live on,  
unharmmed, changing as it wants,  
untouched by our chainsaws,  
and maybe if Doctor Who touched  
down in San Bernardino in 1940,  
he might persuade the McDonald  
brothers to open a haberdashers  
store, and just be happy with that,  
or he could say to his companion,  
“I can’t interfere, you humans  
will find a way to manage things.”

*© Brian Docherty*

# Enfield Poets Poem Of The Day

Tuesday 21st September 2021 - Festival Day 4

## Grapple Y

*1958, 28th April, Christmas Island*

Dad taught me to measure, cut,  
saw, splice: a nuts and bolts man.

Christmas Island, sounded all right  
– we knew it was remote, but thought  
it might smell like home, mince pies  
tangerines and marzipan.

Building barracks – that was me  
– always keen to fix things.

Was it hot! We were glad of shorts  
and the clean-water plant. Sappers  
who'd witnessed the first blast said, 'Whatever  
you do, keep your eyes closed.'  
The bomb exploded: dirt shot up.  
I crushed fists over my face, jammed  
my knees against them. Intense heat:  
a factory furnace raged outside, inside.

Light dimmed. I saw a tracery of finger  
and knee bone. Orders boomed:  
'Face the mushroom cloud.'

Rain, drop by oily drop. A ration of rum  
shared out. I hate the stuff. Sky clattered,  
birds wheeling – eyes reduced to jelly –  
broken, half-dead. We finished  
'em off with pickaxes. Split, splat, slash  
through bone and slender necks.

Pitiful squeal of skua, storm petrel,  
shearwater, tern. I woke one night  
troubled by those birds, the ease  
of slicing their throats.  
A warm pool oozed beneath me.  
I stuck in a finger, tasted iron.

*© Jocelyn Simms*

## Flood

Infusion of much water  
tipped into the land's cup  
ignoring our collective 'when'

Barbarous brew, permitting  
the contents of the sewers  
to lick the reclining chairs,  
slaver in the salad drawer  
at the foot of the fridge,  
draft a tide line on the wall.

Households taken short  
by sudden motion sideways  
purling out of control.  
The entire land is a ship aground  
bailed out by saucepans,

We are laid waste.

Bible writers could find  
inspiration here and legends  
ripe for pressing into the ooze.

*© Terry Jones*

# Enfield Poets Poem Of The Day

Thursday 23rd September 2021 - Festival Day 6

## Mer De Glace

From the air it might be an alligator  
mythical lizard born  
of blizzard and ice, crocodile  
snout nosing mile upon mile  
of frozen mountain, back knobbed  
crested with vertebrae moraines  
tail flicking up the peaks  
tongue dripping ice-melt  
on homes in Chamonix below.

The rimy reptile was captured  
in a monochrome snapshot  
freeze-framed before snowfields  
ice-filled seracs drained  
before an emaciated glacier  
beat a final retreat  
before Google Earth confirmed  
we turned our last dinosaur  
into a pathetic dribbling worm.

*© Julian Bishop*

### Politics

is that tall, dark, shiny  
plate-glass window,  
said to be transparent,  
that reflects only what  
those who want to  
see, see.

One can tweak one's waistcoat  
there, straighten one's tie,  
insist that the government  
has a plan - that greenhouse  
gases will be reduced...  
'In time?' you ask,

as the last bee in your garden'  
lumbers, painfully laden  
to the last-but-one buttercup  
and the butterfly, with one  
fractured wing, limps across the air,  
and the warbler who can't,

falls silent.

*© Kate Foley*

# Enfield Poets Poem Of The Day

Saturday 25th September 2021 - Festival Day 8

## When There Were Gods.

When Enlil, was God of the great space between Earth and Heaven,  
like a wild bull, he thrust into the mountain of the East  
and she delivered herself of Summer and Winter like rich cream.

When Enki, ruled the deep sweet water between Earth and Below  
like a rampant bull he went between the two rivers  
seeded the Tigris and Euphrates with sparkling water.

They plunged into the rock, pulled up black oil that filled the air.  
They dug into the Earth, brought up black coal to darken Sky  
and the flames raged, storms roared and waters surged all over.

I pray for Enlil to once again rule between Earth and Heaven.  
I pray for Enki to once again rule between Earth and Below.  
I pray for the Wild Bulls to return, for Summer and Winter  
to be again delivered as sweet honey and rich cream.

© *Anthony Fisher*

# ENFIELD'S BIG GREEN CLIMATE FESTIVAL

Sunday 26th September 2021 - Festival Day 9

## Box

We are listening to the Old Voices,  
from the Meat Time, before the Water Tap  
was drilled and capped 'in the last days' they say,  
deep into the rocks. They talk of water as though  
it could be made to run freely without a click-stop.  
They say that Tap used to mean a long hose, metal  
like the ragged sharps the runners dodge around,  
that water could be made to pour out of, just pour  
and pour, like the sand in the sand bath; that long ago,  
for thousands of years, there was no thought  
of the Water Tap.

We are listening to the Recording  
of the last ones, the Artists. They tell us about  
'sheep in fields of green', 'luscious' they say it was,  
like the eyes feel drinking the shift of sand at sun up  
and that these sheep grew a coat over their skin. 'Wool'.  
They say it could be cut off and used to cover a man,  
to make him look and feel not as he is. These were animals,  
bred for clothes, even for food, and many more than sheep –  
hundreds of different kinds. That was the Meat Time,  
before scrubbing for roots and picking off the bugs  
from our skin.

They say they tried to save it all:  
water, metal, 'plastic', all that was more than roots,  
they tried to save it but the End Rain came too soon  
and all they could do, the Artists, was leave us The Words  
to tell us, for each lost thing, how it might be made again.  
They talk as though there was more than this one story, this  
one Box in the sand telling of rain and how it was water.  
They say there were animals that leapt and swung in the air,  
like the bugs hop, and they were called 'birds'. 'Beautiful,'  
they say, 'how they would always begin to sing again  
after the end of rain'.



## **ENFIELD CLIMATE ACTION FORUM (ENCAF)**

**We are a network of over 100 community organisations tackling the climate catastrophe together**

### **THE CLIMATE CATASTROPHE**

**Global communities are confronting devastating fires, floods, droughts and ecological collapse. Ahead of COP26 in November 2021, we must put pressure on global leaders to do the right thing before it's too late. Tackling the climate catastrophe is the only way to protect our childrens' future.**

**For more information go to our website [www.encaf.org](http://www.encaf.org)**

## **10 Calls For Action**

**With the Climate Coalition, we have 10 demands to get the UK on track to net zero carbon emissions and show UK leadership.**

- \* Announce a high ambition plan to limit temperature rise to below 1.5 degrees**
- \* Invest in greening our homes, making every home energy efficient**
- \* Invest in renewables & end fossil fuel extraction**
- \* Build a zero carbon transport system**
- \* Protect, restore, and increase nature in the UK**
- \* Plan for investment and establish a climate infrastructure bank**
- \* Set a net zero test for all investment**
- \* End fossil fuel finance & provide clean energy finance**
- \* Support the communities most impacted ny climate change**
- \* Protect and restore global ecosystems, including the oceans and biological diversity**

**[www.theclimatecoalition.org/greenrecovery](http://www.theclimatecoalition.org/greenrecovery)**