

MERMAIDS' TEARS

Body plump and cherry-red cheeks buffed raw under stings of shower.
Beneath pink feet, water jettisons body-scrub suds away,
As fashion-fiend rubs on,
Luxuriating in exfoliating with body beauty butter and
warmed vanilla brown sugar scrubs.

But body-scrubs never die.
They just wash away.
Drain pipes gorge on tiny plastic balls,
Manufactured
For skin-cleansing tingles.

Body holds not a whit of thought to scrubs' fate.
Sewers suck up disgorged particles by the million.
Indestructibles,
Bouncing through to treatment plants.

Chemicals distress them not.
UV light disturbs them not.
And
Pop!
Out into open oceans,
To waiting gobbling mouths
Vying for outfalls of prime fish-egg soup.
Plump and rich in fishy-food goodness, instinct tells them,
And how they feast and fatten.
Replete, fish feel the need to feed no more.

Bellies extend
till their guts bloat
and fish float
belly up
and burst.