

The End of the World as We Know It

It has rained all night. The gutters sing
their lonely orchestras of dripping dead leaves,
while out in the shadow-sky the owls
struggle to find comfort in the coming of dawn
when the trees have been stripped away.
Their lungs torn out, their skin pulped
for excuses, whole forests of evasion.

The coastline eaten by moths with their furry refusals
to admit that bashing themselves against the light
is only making the summers catch fire,
that this sizzling of wings is a serenade
to the ghosts of the earth. The ones with clocks
in their teeth, who haunt the drowned houses,
who remember a time before the coming of the ark,
who remember when we were not on the brink.

Aoife Mannix

OPPOSITE: Manuela Federl: A fisherman's wife waits for the catch at the port of Jamestown / Ghana. In recent years fishermen have been fishing more and more plastic and scraps of clothing and less and less fish from the sea. The catch is often poor, people have little to sell and suffer greatly from the environmental pollution.