

# A Concrete Plan for Creation

Round about here, gorse  
grew. High on hilly land  
thorny with thistles, jaggy  
nettles and dock leaves.  
In between the silvery down  
of dandelions. A profusion of flowers  
wildly bloomed: larkspur blue,  
dog rose pink, cowslip yellow.  
Such was this place of natural beauty.  
You stopped. You noticed. And wondered:  
by whose hand?

That explosion of colours  
flourishing in nooks and crannies  
of rocky protrusions. Blasted  
away. Now. Concrete grey poured in  
its place flooding carparks congesting  
roads a roundabout here flowing  
in different directions.  
An earth-shattering shift.  
An unnatural order. A sad situation  
we accepted and sometimes wondered:  
who had a hand in it?

A sorry state compounded: cement structures,  
by design, blocking blue sky  
thinking. We could have it all and more  
ordered existences. Silver tongued insinuations  
this was what we longed for.  
But when the cracks appear  
in these concrete plans, what will we care  
for then? Nature - as it fights just to be  
rooted out? Or root for its re-emergence,  
its struggle for survival and promise  
of a new beginning? And in awe, wonder again:  
by whose hand?



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