

### **Eating pringles on the beach, alone**

Salt rests on my tongue, my eyes, my ears, the nostril where I got the piercing just so everyone could hate it. The other people on the beach mine the sand for treasures like a parent should for nits in hair. Their bodies combs, their smiles jagged. I sit still. The waves lick me with their rough tongues – like a kitten, I want to be nursed. A seagull is my only visitor; we stare each other down knowing one of us will lose. I throw it a crisp because you never know, once you have planted a seed, where it might grow.

*Originally published on The Poetry Society website as a commended poem in a Young Poets' Network challenge.*

## **Wildfires burn across Australia as Edward Cullen takes his top off for the twentieth time**

A thousand miles  
away a country burns  
as we decide it is time  
for a Twilight  
marathon  
silvery moon  
cold skin  
in my heart  
as Bella moves from Phoenix,  
Arizona  
making me see climate refugees  
even in my YA  
we cannot see the flames  
like bees we are  
asleep  
smoked out  
impervious  
to our home  
dissolving  
Jacob says  
to Edward  
“I’m hotter than you”  
which is true  
but not all things that are true  
are heard  
new moon  
breaking dawn  
light still crawling  
but as the sun cracks its yolk on  
our popcorn husks  
the dead  
weight  
in my stomach  
is undying  
I am cored  
an apple  
wishing  
its pips will still be  
seeded  
find ground in which  
to live  
that the venomous bite  
of rubbish  
of sewage

of the crushed snail  
of the dead wasp on the pavement  
is not eternal  
that the sharp pains in my chest will be  
eclipsed  
by action  
(my own included)  
and that it was okay  
– forgive me –  
to watch Bella and Edward  
get their happy ending  
whilst a country burned.

*Originally published on The Poetry Society website as a commended poem in the Young Poets' Network 'Climate Crisis and You' challenge.*