

# In the Museum of Past Centuries

We have no more rain,  
Crops wilting  
In dry dusty fields,  
Clotted rivers, stagnant lakes,  
Dead fish, dying seas.

In the Museum of Past Centuries  
We have a rusty chainsaw  
And the rainforest's very last tree.

In the Museum of Past Centuries  
We have flack jackets,  
Poison gas, barbed wire,  
Tin hats, fixed bayonets,  
A lead-lined container marked DEADLY.

In the Museum of Past Centuries  
We have the whistle of bombs falling  
And roads clogged with refugees.

In the Museum of Past Centuries  
We have Aztec gold,  
Bloodstained swords,  
Pyramids of ivory.

In the Museum of Past Centuries  
We have unfinished maps, stolen land,  
The voyages of discovery.

In the Museum of Past Centuries  
We have a single glass case,  
Inside an apple, bitten twice:

Old, tempting and juicy.

Kevin McCann