

Poem from Michael Skinner's wife Bobbie Skinner

When I was a young boy
My father said to me,
"Son, look around you at the beauty of
the earth. Blue skies, green fields, fish
swimming in the shimmering streams.
I leave them to you."

As a young man
I said to my son,
"Son, look around you at the progress
of the earth. Sky scrapers, 4-lane highways,
mile long bridges.
I leave them to you."

Now as an old man
I hear my grandson tell his boy,
"Son, look around you at the destruction
of the earth. Smog filled skies, factory
waste, polluted streams.
I must leave them to you."

The boy, however replied,
"I shall not take them."

Written by Bobbie McMaster-Skinner
1972 (age 16)