

The Great Pacific Garbage Patch Poem

Richard Sebastian-Coleman

For what do I owe the pleasure of you in my body?

Tiny morsel picked by algae

Picked by fish

Picked by bird

Picked by salt

What tempest carried you into the gyre?

Bag and box swept by wind

Flushed by stream

Carried in current

Degraded under the sun

What flesh did you lodge in first?

Fecal plankton peppery stew

One quarter fish gut

One third shellfish

My body, ocean

Now defecated on land

PET, DDT, PCB

In the soil

In cave salt

In sea salt

See something eat you

Some little bug

Ideonella Sakaiensis

You may meet your end

With some small hope

To the sea you are sent

To the earth you return

To become

Blood of my blood

Flesh of my flesh

Why are you here?

We shot the albatross at Midway

We let you in

I let you in...

...I let you in...

...I let you in...
I let you in...
We let you in
We shot the albatross at Midway
Why are you here?

Flesh of my flesh
Blood of my blood
To become
To the earth you return
To the sea you are sent

With some small hope
You may meet your end
Ideonella Sakaiensis
Some little bug
See something eat you

In sea salt
In cave salt
In the soil
PET, DDT, PCB
Now defecated on land

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Degraded under the sun
Carried in current
Flushed by stream
Bag and box swept by wind
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Picked by bird
Picked by fish
Tiny morsel picked by algae
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