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 Sakaensis*
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

My body, ocean
One third shellfish
One quarter fish gut
Fecal plankton peppery stew
What flesh did you lodge in first?

Degraded under the sun
Carried in current
Flushed by stream
Bag and box swept by wind
What tempest carried you into the gyre?

Picked by salt
Picked by bird
Picked by fish
Tiny morsel picked by algae
For what do I owe the pleasure of you in my body?