

All Day I Hear the Noise of Waters

by **James Joyce** (public domain as of 2012)

All day I hear the noise of waters making moan,
Sad as the sea-bird is when, going forth alone,
He hears the winds cry to the water's monotone.

The grey winds, the cold winds are blowing where I go.
I hear the noise of many waters far below.
All day, all night, I hear them flowing to and fro.

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Waterfall at Lu-shan

by **Li Po** (public domain for over 1200 years)

Sunlight streams on the river stones.
From high above, the river steadily plunges--
three thousand feet of sparkling water--
the Milky Way pouring down from heaven.

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GPGP (Are We Proud?)

by **David Avshalomov 2020**

(ihhhhhh . . .)

Let us now trumpet the **Great Pacific Garbage Patch**.

GPGP!
GPGP!

Twice the size of Texas
six hundred thousand square miles

GPGP! GPGP!

A hundred thousand tons of plastic debris

between Hawai'i and California
caught in the North Pacific Gyre
(a circulating current pattern)

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It's mostly microparticles,
not an island of big objects
The floating plastic breaks down
under sun, wind, and salt water,
but it takes *thousands of years*
to break down completely

GPGP

The haze of plastic extends down
about three meters from the ocean surface
There are also lotsa toxic chemicals in there as a bonus
There's one-hundred eighty times more plastic than marine food in this zone
Plastic debris also kills over a million seabirds
and a hundred thousand marine mammals *every year*
by ingestion and entanglement
Whales swallow a million microparticles with every mouthful of seawater
The microplastics are even entering the human food chain from the sea—
even floating in the **air we breathe**.

Think it's a problem?

You betcha!

Think it's a problem?

You betcha!

Think it's a problem?

You betcha!

G, P, G, P! GPGP!

Who did this?

Who did this?

WHO DID THIS?

WE DID!

Every country dumps their plastics
into waters that run out to sea.
Stuff we make from petroleum products,
and when we're done with it we just discard it.
Throwaway culture. The Modern Human Way.

GPGP, GPGP, GPGP, GPGP

The Patch keeps getting bigger.
It help accelerate climate change—
already past the point of no return.

Sure, scientists study it
and measure it
and analyze it
and recommend ways to clean it up.
But nobody is—*yet*.

GPGPGPGPGPGPGP

Who cares if we choke the ocean surface?
Who cares if we starve its living creatures?
Who cares if the creatures all eat plastic?
Who cares if we suffocate the corals?
Who cares, who cares, who cares ___ if the oceans *die-eee*?

After all, we are Masters of the Planet
our Scriptures say so, *right*?
Masters, Masters of the Pla—net.
So we can do what we want with it, RIGHT?

PLASTIC PEOPLE, OH BABY NOW, YOU'RE SUCH A DRAG!

Let us highlight this awesome achievement:
Unchecked, the Garbage Patch will surely extend
to cover all contiguous oceans,
until we can say that we have
killed
all
the
Giant
WATERS!

Who is more powerful than Man, the Destroyer?
Who is more powerful than Woman, the Destroyer?
Who is more powerful than We, the Destroyers?

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GPGP

Are we *Proud*?

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GPGP

Are we *Proud Proud Proud* ?

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GPGP

Are we *Proud*?

Are we *Proud*?

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GPGP

Are we *Proud*?

Are we *Proud*?

Are we *Proud*?

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Are we *Proud Proud Proud Proud PROUD*?

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ARE __ WE __ PROUD?

(ihhhh)