

Ode to Jonathan the seagull

To the Editor,

This is murder! Plain and simple. Slowly Jonathan is killed. His namesakes in mourning. What used to be a happy kind of perception one had of gullcic overtures when entering what we use to call 'the dump.'

Now, a fancy moniker like 'facility this, or 'recycling that' are killing fields for Jonathan, his Vietnam. The dump was full of goodies, including the Styrofoam and wrap which is near 80 per cent of what supermarkets carry as packaging.

Jonathan knows when meats taste meaty, when fish, fishy, the Styrofoam, nice and bloody. Pick a fishy morsel and it will travel into his gut and make him sick, and eventually the science has it, kill our, sorry, I mean my friend.

He will feed the residue to the sardines when to the Atlantic he flies, and eventually dies; and Einstein's ghost, all that science, that surrounds the event brings it back to my breakfast table. A tin of sardines all cooked and spicy 'delicious!'

And Einstein assures me the plastic is still there. I haven't lost a thing, except a friend. And the vegan gets his dose of the plastic in the lettuce, fertilized with so natural product as fishbone. All loaded with nano particles, and a future Schliemann.

A million years up or down the road, we will discover the joy of our age, time, era; no error here - the 'dump.' And the Trojan horse, no joke, our municipality so efficient with its council, its committees, sun-committees, lots of lawyers, and the for profit economies - all plastic.

Perhaps as Dumpty Trumpy would suggest: 'Arne, take a sip of Lysol. It will dissolve the Styrofoam in your foaming!'

Arne Roosman, Coe Hill (Not far from Jonathan Seagull's dump. Where once upon a time the waste did little harm.)