



## Part Five: China and On to Japan

The day cooled as the sun sank in a speckled sky.  
Hong Kong's youth were told not to approach the harbor,  
but a few men, Townsend H. in red sash, stood by  
to protect the young from robed men, one a barber.

The authorities in brown with some yellow dots  
were not happy about the men under girders,  
and two Hainan black-crested gibbons on the spot  
moved swiftly to the ship and past the surfers.





Silver Surfer stood by, up above the skyline.  
 A top-hatted man knelt and stared at the Surfer.  
 A David came, but a drawbridge rose from the brine.  
 With winged shoulders, elders sat before a burner.

Far-seeing Greta six times rehearsed her brave speech.  
 Japan must lead the reversal of the decline.  
 The world over, youth will withdraw, no longer reach,  
 no longer prepare for a future not benign.





Above her straw home, a mother fixes dumplings  
 that her sore, troubled children will never consume.  
 The white sun sets, but the western hills hear rumblings.  
 Phoenix and elephant stand in silver costume.

Blue clouds float in a yellow sky above the ship.  
 Surrounded in broken black, a great ear listens.  
 Far-seeing Greta says, give the harbor the slip.  
 As darkness settles, she engages all systems.





You may stick out your pink tongue, old person, and send  
a hospital ship to the green islands. We go  
to Taiwan. Our last stop before Japan to end  
global warming, youth's crisis, sacred lives in tow.

Two faced: man and orangutan, microphone nose.  
Silently, the sturdy craft plows the wine-dark sea.  
Tomorrow all hands will send the signal to close  
the voyage and call youth to meet the enemy.





Far-seeing Greta asked rare birds to fly the word.  
 A moustached antpitta to South America flew.  
 North America got the yellow-shouldered blackbird.  
 Red-dotted children all read the words of the crew.

To Europe went a pretty slender-billed curlew.  
 To Asia went a rare white-bellied blue robin.  
 To Antarctica an Amsterdam albatross flew.  
 To Africa, swam fast a sleek banded penguin.





Winged serpent-dude steals a youth, riding a sneaker  
 of many bright laces as a neck-dotted man  
 looks up from a face with eyes of a spot seeker.  
 A billiard banana salutes: To reach Japan!

The messenger birds flew and called to their scarce friends.  
 We must tell all the world's youth of their future's end.  
 Organize, unify! On this the earth depends.  
 We all will have one simple, true message to send.





Adults know they will end before the old earth does.  
 Death haunts them with red eyes and bulloid gastropod  
 shells as a headdress, braved with a central Taurus.  
 Vacant-eyed and purple-robed, they wait upon death's rod.

They wave their red and blue flags and march in thin lines  
 below pink skies and plastic trees that wind stirs not.  
 Red fruit falls to the ground below and other signs  
 that those who can't taste the future, surely must rot.





The Japanese ship of state founders in a storm.  
 As checked mountains rise above the yellow-green clouds.  
 Perhaps in Elton's head a worthy song will form,  
 as Greta's swift craft neared Taipai and youthful crowds.

Clouded leopards and Taiwan serows came on board.  
 Asian black bears and Taiwan pangolins came too.  
 Fairy pittas and yellow tits were not ignored.  
 Swinhoe's pheasants arrived, still damp with morning dew.





A stiff green- and pink-faced delegation arrived  
to awkwardly test Far-seeing Greta's resolve.  
From their hot coal-fired plans they would not be deprived.  
They thought young Greta's backbone would quickly dissolve.

My crew has sailed through storms on wind and bright solar.  
Your nuclear and carbon puts youth's future hope  
at risk, killing species and melting caps polar.  
The world's young children have reached the end of our rope.





The delegation murmured but gave not a smile.  
Red sky in mourning, dotted sailors take warning.  
The gibbons rowed them to shore in single file.  
The elders were clueless. No new thoughts were forming.

On the island, passive youth worried their mothers.  
Orange, white, and pink bananas lined shelves uneaten.  
Soft secrets were shared among sisters and brothers.  
Far-seeing Greta told them never be beaten.





The elders gathered in black formal attire,  
 as ladies rose to great heights on the furniture.  
 Let us call a beast to scare the little liar.  
 Wings, teeth and flame-red tongue, a small expenditure.

And the beast rose from the sea and turned the sky green.  
 Curtains and chandeliers in checkered flames did curl.  
 The beast said, In my own home pollution, unclean!  
 Foolish blackened elders. I'm with this very brave girl.





Then Far-seeing Greta said, let us wear armor.  
 Let them get glassy-one-eyed, drinking their Brit gin.  
 With their pink-stacked chem plants, this poor world gets warmer.  
 Absolute passivity is key to our win.

Then she climbed on a Markhor as it reared high up.  
 And the broadcast crew of spotted owls caught the scene  
 and sent the signal world-wide by rare-bird hook-up  
 and every young person saw her on a small screen.





From Schöenberg and Ochsenhof children sent word.  
Violent blue meteors will crash and explode.  
Simple truth is in the call of the Millerbird.  
The debt must be paid from the future they borrowed.

Paper lanterns were readied to light the dark way.  
Tiny, red insects came out of the black to watch.  
Red flags were painted white, ready for the right day,  
Brown stones were dropped. This is not a time for hopscotch.

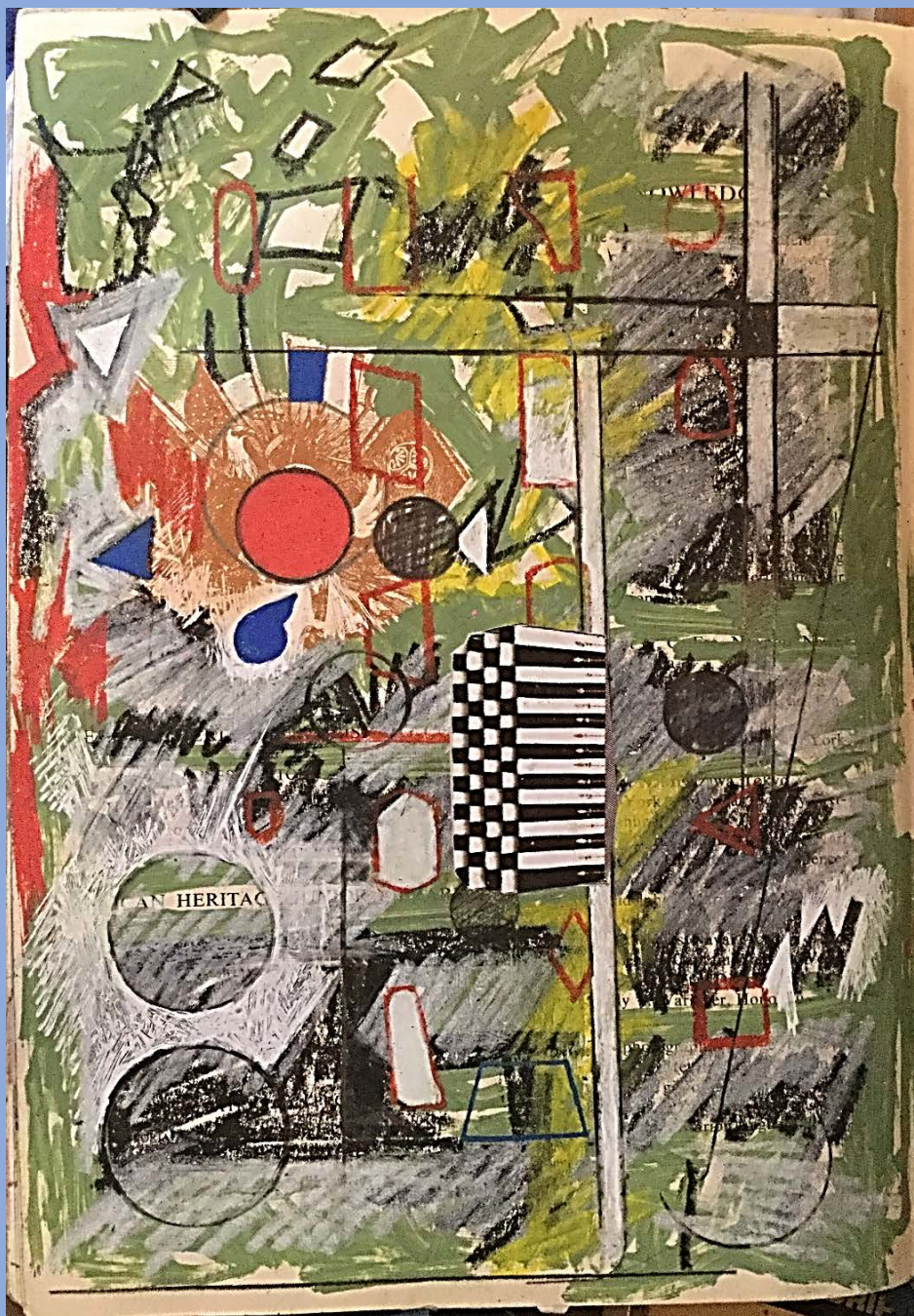




Beneath red-white flags the officials sat and laughed.  
 Bubbles rose as blue whales drowned in rising seas.  
 Turning to Japan, the sturdy craft was well staffed.  
 A red moon glistened in a black and white striptease.

A red-crowned crane brought news of work in Tokyo.  
 From Hokkaido came a fast short-tailed albatross.  
 All was near ready, but the youth must now lie low.  
 Wait for the good ship and avoid a double cross.

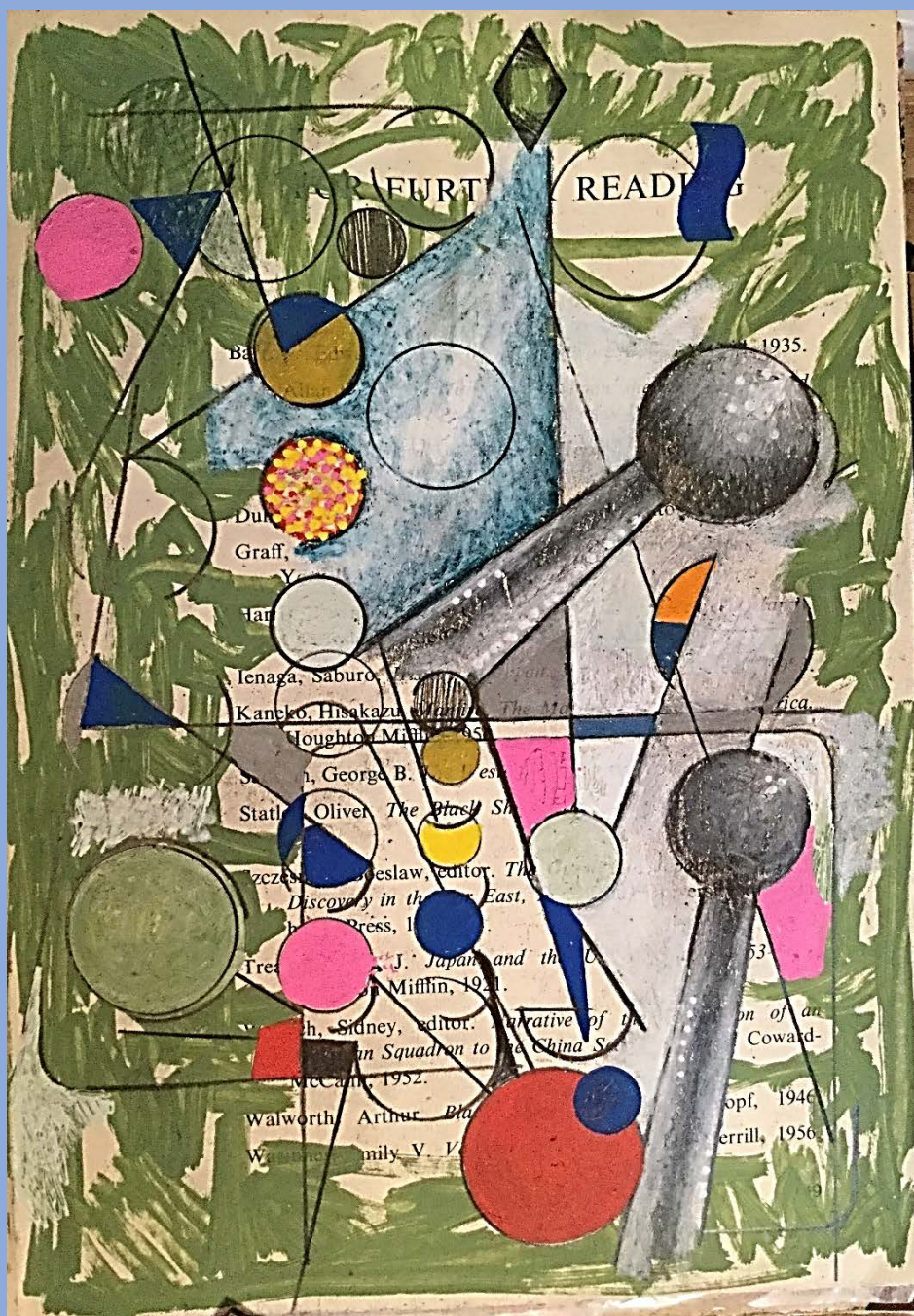




A red sun rose, then from a steamer's smoke turned black.  
 A bald eagle was chagrined by the waving flags.  
 Unseen, a junior library was not in the stack.  
 So many dire warnings, ignored, put in black bags.

Children busy making black marks on white paper,  
 and wooden cross bars, black and white, to hold the signs.  
 Then all this work disappears like water vapor,  
 not vulnerable, like bristle-spined porcupines.

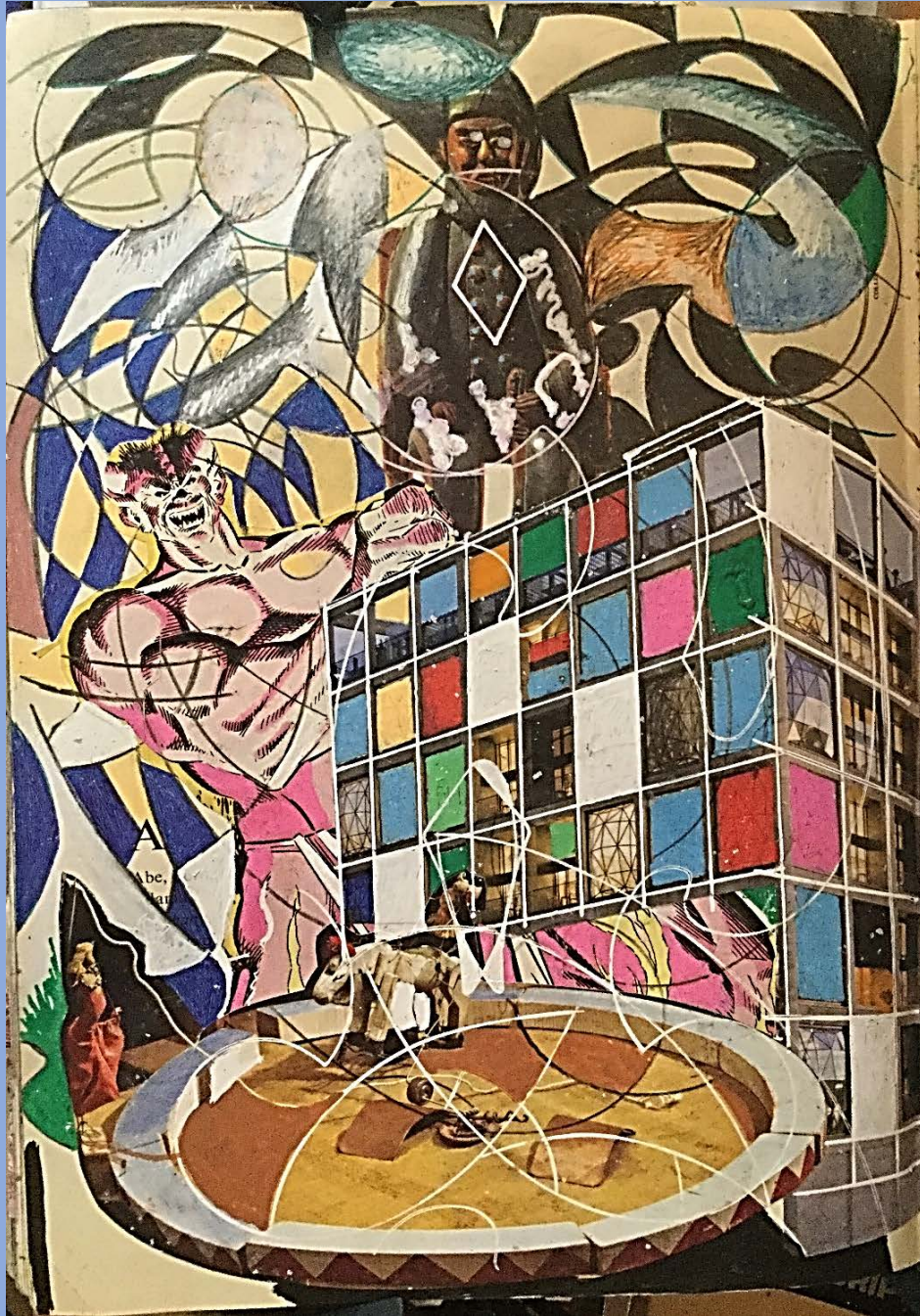




Every hour the sun turned a bright new color,  
 as gray searchlights combed the green land for new trouble,  
 Kaneko said youth must read, not worth half dollar,  
 and Arthur Sidney George said, yes, that goes double.

No Japanese wolves or sea lions came on board.  
 These animals have been extinct for fifty years.  
 Kuroiwa's ground geckos guided the boat toward  
 the Port of Yokohama and the waiting piers.

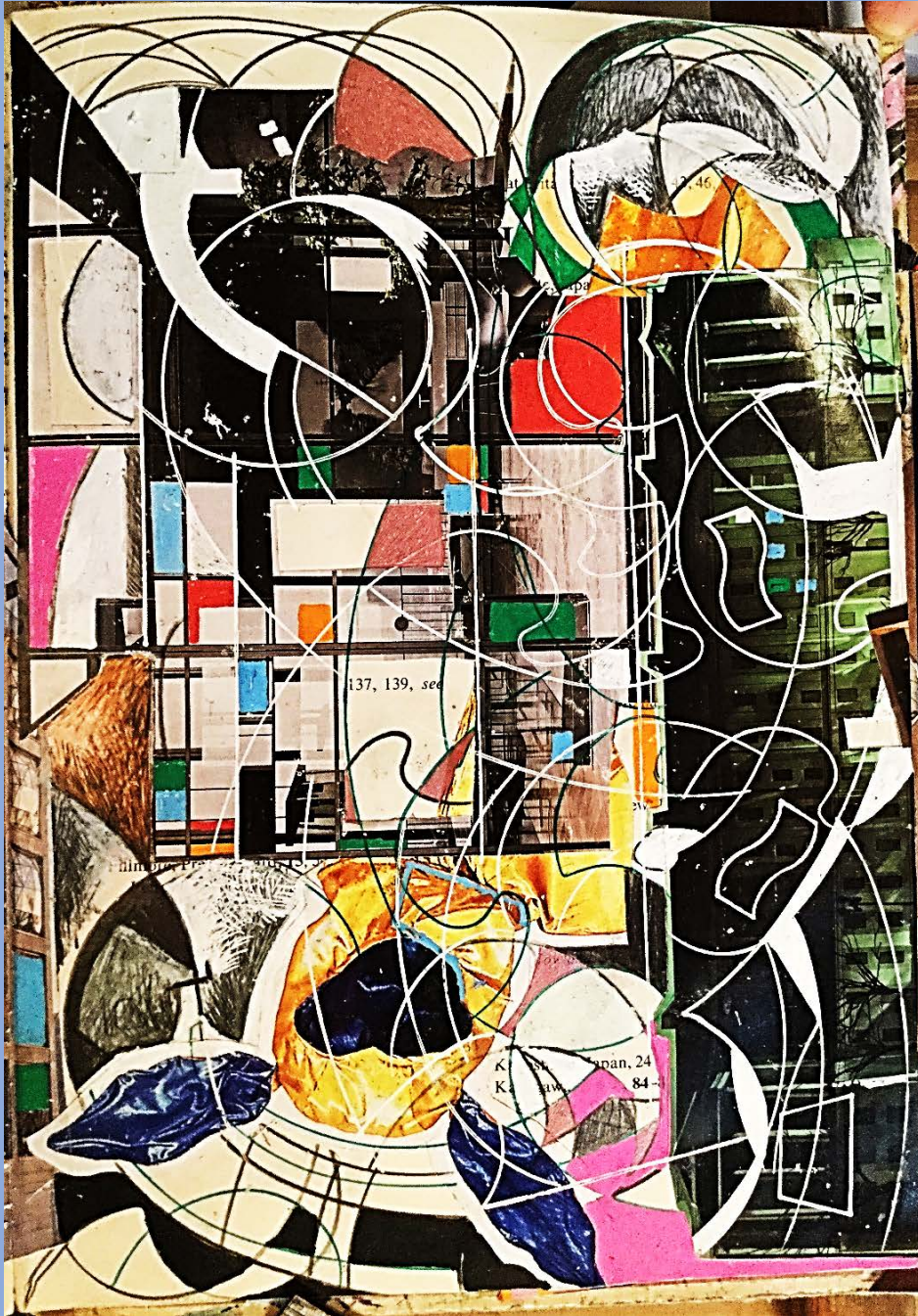




From the sea Far-seeing Greta called a monster.  
The great, fanged beast shook pastel-hued buildings so hard  
that double-buttoned men feared the old imposter.  
For the demon was just the nightmare come unjarred.

The monster's fevered brains pushed out from its cut skull.  
But she said, fear not the demon. Fear youth's attack.  
Her bold message was unnerving and far from dull.  
Thus, a little wood pony madly rounds its track.

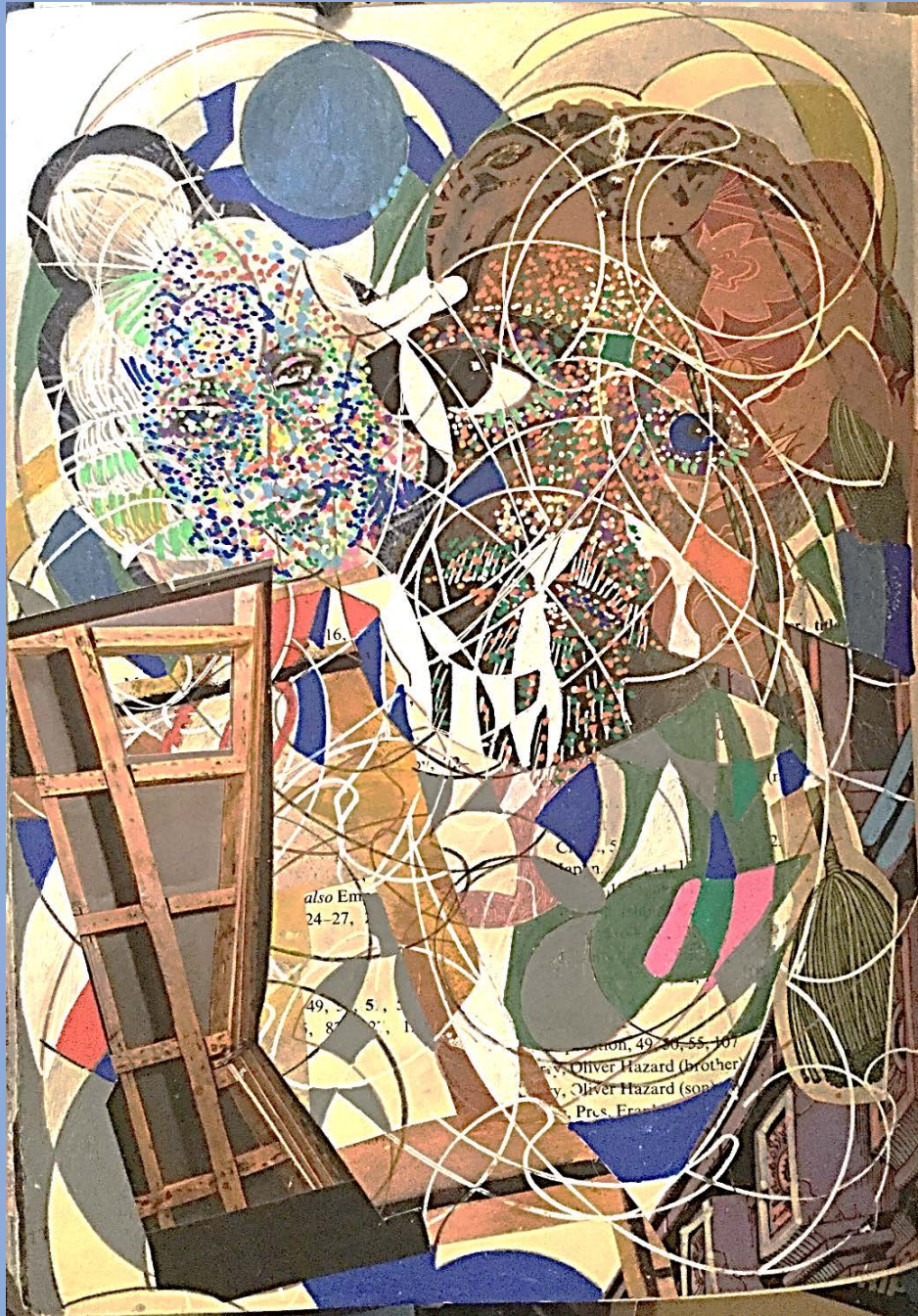




Far-seeing Greta ordered each day go half-way.  
 One three seven one three nine two four eight four will see  
 that we still move closer and closer every day.  
 It's not the end or goal we seek but the journey.

Great blue-mouthed, blue finned fishes echoed her calm words,  
 and all was serene in the stacked buildings of green.  
 Night passed with a fluttering of endangered birds  
 carrying word to children, to adults, unseen.





Black eye, blue eye spotted people grimly waited  
 behind irregular, wood-braced, one-window doors  
 to sweep out the invaders, fool's fears inflated.  
 What hazards could a young girl bring? Not dinosaurs.

Candled paper lanterns rose past ranks of tall piers,  
 a signal to the youth that their day had now come.  
 Blue shards of the sky fell as cities spit their fears.  
 Young people knew that now they must perform as one.









The bearded elders in their checkered pastel rooms  
 offered to discuss until the situation cools,  
 but the silver chairs were badly bugged, like tombs.  
 Youth were so tired of being treated like fools.

Cranes and Izu thrushes made blue streaks in the sky.  
 Candy cane horns lay uneaten on the table.  
 From one billion children, the aged could not fly.  
 What had seemed so steady was no longer stable.





The pink cogs of the great machines ground to a halt.  
 Propeller rotors were stuck fast. Flights were grounded.  
 Quiet, robed youth in the streets, sitting without fault,  
 as rare birds flew, and the elders were astounded.

Crested serpent eagles raced high in the gold sky.  
 White signs appeared in each nation's own language.  
 The children waited for a signal they might spy  
 from Far-seeing Greta when she chose to engage.





Like Buddha she walked quietly from the brave ship.  
As one, STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE, they chanted.  
And the rare animals joined with a roar, a yip,  
STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE, on and on, enchanted.

Even those with yellow eyes and baby bottles  
cried, STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE without end.  
The nightmare of no future as good earth wobbles  
halts in STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE, one message to send.



The End