

Ferns curl into delicate green ribbons in the unpolluted air
Porcelain feet shift behind the spray-painted yellow line on grass,
Which replaced the cement littered with trash and soda cans
The little girl leans over; the train's light is coming closer
It arrives, quiet as a lullaby,
Caressing the air, elevated over magnetic tracks
Not a minute early, nor a minute behind

Cars with spinning wind turbines on top
Fields of buttercups, like bold yellow gummy drops
Energy stored in solar panels, conducting photosynthesis
Exhaust pipes puffing out ashes no longer exist
Red-double decker buses in London gliding, their
Metal cardinal-red wings flapping, stirring cotton-candy clouds at sunset
Saving the world with gravity magic tricks

The Man in the Moon squeals, steel cables tickling his craters
A titanium halo connects every planet, forming rings,
Like an elementary school child's science project
Golden trains attached to outer-space bridges dance with constellations
And glide from Mercury to Neptune in seconds,
Like meteors with a blonde afro of flames around them
Mother Earth smiles from down below.