

The Lancashire Protest Against Fracking

A chain of police stand guard
against a wire fence to the wasteland.

On the road Activists dance a strange joy to R & B,
and mark their bodies as messengers for the earth.

Several men in orange jackets approach,
Heads bent they slide through the gate into the fracking field.

A truck finds its way through into the gas field too,
as the police shove hundreds of activists to the side.

While in the distance a drill prepares to carve a deep wound into the Soil,
and fracture the very marrow of the earth's core,

causing a flammable gas to leak into the local water,
permanently contaminating everyone's food supply.

She screams. She retracts.
We scream. We retract.

You ask the policeman what he thinks,
"I'm doing my job", he says...

Meanwhile,
On the dual carriageway,

The Yorkshire Nannies in blue firmly stand against the entrance,
and roar chants of 'We Said No'.

Another lady runs a vegetable stand,
with a banner saying, "No to Shale, Yes to Kale."

A poet called Pete the Temp plays a music set,
Gathering a mass to move to an up beat tempo,

preaching to the protesters,
"The lawmakers are the misbehaviours."

At lunch, a team erect fold up tables on the road,
And offer hot curry to the hundreds huddled in raincoats.

All day, an old man in a fluorescent jacket
holds a sign to the cars;

"FRACKING WILL POISON
OUR LAND, AIR AND WATER."

His face remains still,
His eyes unmoving.

All day, a group of Dharma Activists grasp banners from the buddha, saying;
"What we do to the earth, We do to ourselves."

"CLIMATE CHANGE IS ABOUT HUMAN RIGHTS,
HUMAN CHANGE NOT CLIMATE CHANGE."

A line of us sit cross legged
under umbrellas and hold hands.

We dance to 90s disco
on the dual carriageway.

Several silent men in orange jackets
exit the wasteland, some heads down, some laughing.

They do now know the harm they are
causing to the people and planet, I think.

It's hard to forgive such
Shameful action.

A mile from the fracking site,
A makeshift campsite welcomes our tired eyes.

In the evening a play is performed about the history of protest,
and another night a film airs about contemporary activism.

Over the weekend,
We participate in workshops.

I feel like I'm walking in a community
of shared values,

where people care
for one another in a weird kind of heaven.

Pairs learn to root arms to the ground
in cemented tubes.

One group pretend to be security,
while a group of us try to lock to the earth,

Everyone moves fast like a photograph,
Like warriors rushing the trenches into no man's land.

On the Sunday some of us leave the protest
the day before another action.

On the motorway home
I see the social fractures in my community.

Hundreds of cars connected
only by the billboards above,

Where the material Gods advertise
happiness to be found in the Big Mac.

Our shared values,
The pursuit of material wealth...

The next day I receive
a text message from the protest,

"We just left camp after a great Monday with soap bubbles,
weird glasses and, and...even making trucks turn around."

Maybe one day we'll
see the fractures in our society,

Create billboards that heal
and remind us of our humanity,

Knowing that we are here
to serve, and not destroy, a beautiful earth.