

*Eveline Pye***Waste**

Huge flagons of blow-moulded plastic  
hollow handles gripped with a fighting fist  
ousted by little bottles tucked on my doorstep  
—the scrape and clink as I take them in.

The tinfoil top teases out an old memory.  
I'm about ten, listening to the dawn whine  
of an electric float, the shoogle of crates.  
I see a blue tit, with the black eye-stripe

of a miniature bandit, using its sharp beak  
like a jackhammer to puncture the cap.  
My mother chases the bird away  
finally decides to move with the times.

A lifetime later, trash is killing seabirds.  
I reassess the miracle of plastic,  
the thoughtless ease of a throwaway culture,  
return to washing out the empties.

**Small Tortoiseshell**

I have lived with the knowledge  
of endangered species, felt regret  
at the loss of saolas, vaquitas,  
pangolins, Columbian spotted frogs,  
American picas, Lebanese vipers.

But when I read the tortoiseshell  
is in decline, I suffered for the fragility  
of its orange and black wings, felt them  
sweep inside my childhood hands  
remembered that moment of release.

My granddaughter and I are searching  
for siskins and squirrels when she says,  
*This is boring, Granny. Let's look for  
fairies and unicorns* and I wonder whether  
her child will look for bees and butterflies.

**Technical Solution**

In response to colony collapse  
they're seeking a technical solution  
trying to build a better bee  
in the Smart Industry Field-Lab.

Fleets of tiny robotic drones  
could sweep across the country  
pollinating our food. Imagine  
the litter of spiky dead bee-bots.

Nature spent 100 million years  
perfecting bee design.  
It's self-replicating, biodegradable,  
carbon neutral — unbeatable.

**Thresholds**

We're like black bears in an apple tree  
venturing further, growing in self-confidence  
until the weakened branch cracks and breaks.

We fly abroad to revel in the sun, laugh  
while sea ice melts in the Arctic Ocean,  
Greenland's glaciers creak and groan.

Meanwhile, frozen soils thaw, release  
methane, start chain reactions, transgress  
invisible boundaries to a point of no return.

**Eveline Pye** is a mathematician and lectured at Glasgow Caledonian University for over twenty years. She was an invited poet at Bridges Conferences on mathematical poetry in Sweden, Finland, Netherlands, Austria, and Canada. Her first collection, *Smoke That Thunders*, Mariscat Press (2015), explored her experiences as an Operational Research Analyst in the Zambian Mining Industry. It included the poem Mosi-Oa-Tunya which was chosen for the 20 Best Scottish Poems of that Year. Her second pamphlet, *STEAM*, a collection of STEM poems, was published by Red Squirrel (2022).