**Ukraineing Up for WW3 by Paul Hawkes**  
Ukraine UK-r(a/e)i(g)n(e) U crane-ing/ your long lovely neck my love into a cuckoo-addled nest/ of Nuclear Biological Chemical Russian bear-viper inorganic eggs/ “weapons” so-called of mass extinction/ war Crime(s)a against the Extinction Rebellion/ a specious species driving all other species/ to the brink in a climate devastatingly changing of a lost last (o)pinion/ where birds shed their dinosaur wing-feathers/ and head with the rest towards oblivion/ when the second holocaust   
comes/ far far worse even than the first/ out of here Arma-geddon/ from the Chasm of Chaos where no light sound/ came Ancient Greek Earth Mother goddess GAIA/ (n)ow(!) betrayed traduced reduced to G-reed A-rrogance I-gnorance A-ggression/ not only bombing (maternity) hospitals schools theatres churches the buildings blocks apartments/ but also the bakeries a Russianing rationing rationalising half-baked basket case/ Ukraine a bread basket of the world/ crying out for dying for grain/ going down the drain brain drain against the grain/ children cranking out for Love/ will crane that way Forever/ Changes children old women struggling across broken/ river bridges carrying/ whatever precious possessions they rescuing/ corpses putrefying lying stinking in the street trenches/ of World Wars 1 and 2/ not a Harry Patch on what to come/ meanwhile in Manchester’s marvellous Marble(-ous) Arch/ selling Ukraine (Varvar though they not the Barbarian here) Strong Ale/ to help the desperate people there remain/-ing members of The Clash OK’d re-writing/ by Ukrainian “punk-hardcore” band Beton (“concrete“ rock?) of “London Calling”/ where the “nuclear error “ part meltdown US Three Mile Island/ beware those nuclear power stations/ of the cross of evil no way sustainable/ the struggling poor/ uranium miners dying/ of cancer tailings from mining flying/ around the world twice/ fall-out anywhere especially UK-raining/ nuke “plants” - disguised as vegetation? - tempting nuke targets/ another event Clash’s touring/ Ixtoc 1 toxic oil spill Gulf of Mexico/ radiation oil duo we the world can’t live with/ now it’s “Kyiv Calling” “battle   
come down” the whole world wide/ “the iron  age coming, the curtain’s coming down“/ meanwhile in Greece my Achilles Heel/ I’d realised beforehand I’d be closer to Ukraine/ and if nuclear terror closer to the hard rain/ Bob Dylan-(Thomas) said was gunna fall/ maundyThursday sitting by the open bar window writing/ poetry about the ancient  Greece Odyssey/ - before on the beach by the pool at sunset -/ late night explosions making me jump out of my seat/ repeatedly far worse chimes  
at midnight early Easter resurrection Sunday/ the war zone had come to previously peaceful Malia/ -“mal” French bad I’ll evil - / whose ancient archaeological site unearthed/ the gorgeous golden honey-bee pendant/ Ukraine Alone Again Or Love/ Forever Changes love and only love can save us love