In 1950, the pliable polymer emerged. A solution to preserve ivory, intended for the market, essential from the start.

Soon, production unfolded before our eyes but waste folded within sea waves. With haste, we praised the popular polymer to savor the taste of progress of impact no economic setback. The taste of a plastic planet.

As garbage trucks paraded the streets, We dreamt soundly in our sleep, knowing that tomorrow, the waste we heaped would disappear, disintegrate, evaporate. Whatever it was, wherever it went, our responsibilities with it were sent.

But a world away, waste will not simply go away. On streets, by homes, through rivers, to the beach, plastic suffocates each. Green bottles glitter beneath beating sunlight, iridescent in our eyes our currency, our prize. But by Kenya's sight, they rise like the tide invade like ivy disperse like dengue unwelcome, unequal. Every family, the children, the elderly greet a destiny determined by piles of plastic the breeding grounds of mess and disease Each meet a fate diminished as they ate more plastic than they pleased.

Year by year, the injustice becomes clear. Where waste flows, civilization is caught in the throes of a climate challenge larger than their poverty. While our economy booms exponentially, there, plastic pollution looms incessantly.
But this twisted reality formed from the divide of Global North from Global South of Earth into a dichotomy.
Surely there is something we can do, you and me for recovery for unity.

For the sake of humanity.

Take a look, where you are
The small city of Stanford becomes large in the lab, every illuminated idea
an attempt at finding a panacea.
Take another look, in your hand, at the plan.
Find syringe, needle, pipette born from plastic, wrap after wrap.
Find your actions ill-aligned with what you stand for, for in our society, how easy it is to become blind when we cannot handle the truth with candor.

Perhaps this sculpture can break our trance.
Given a chance to change our ways, it is time we take a second glance.

*In our economy, we are consumers.*

*On our Earth, let us be stewards.*

As human beings, to our loved ones we show gratitude, we expect greetings. How different from our loved ones is our Earth, providing sustenance and beauty, keeping us breathing? We have a responsibility outside of ourselves, yet intertwined in our lives to keep Earth’s loving heart beating.