

Climate Change

by Bill Yarrow

Every year I have a birthday, and every year another
of my friends succumbs to cancer or virus or suicide.
That's a shitty gift. That is devoutly not to be wished.

We are all buried by this and that, drowning
in the undone, poisoned by longing and loss,
bulldozed by a future implacable and black.

But there's a way back from sickness, from
error, from shame. We are built to recover,
to regenerate, to re-image, to re-form.

A part of me is melting, yes. I no longer
understand what I know or even remember what
I think. Every day I am, more or less, less.

Meanwhile, every straw vote, every independent poll,
shows that the incandescent kingdom will be reinstalled.

