

By the Time the Oceans Rise

by Gary Hardaway

By the time the oceans rise
to swallow Alexandria
I'll be dead. I can drink
the black gold Exxon serves
without a consequence I'll ever feel.
By the time the oceans rise
enough to force cartographers
to radically adjust the shores
across the planet splayed like fish
flesh drying I'll be dead and dust.
By the time the oceans rise
enough for Kansans to care about,
they will bemoan the lack of ports
and their lack of planning foresight.
And I will still be dead and careless.

