

# 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.

