



Climate Change

Ascending Allwardt Creek, on slippery stones
Our senses sharpened, suddenly we froze:
Before us lay a Fisher's whitened bones
All perfectly aligned, from tail to nose.

It curled so naturally, as if asleep-
Like little Kurdi, on the Turkish beach;
Or Inca princess, bared by glacial creep-
This relic too had something it would teach.

O Andes! Cloak your kings again in snow!
Indifferent yachts, raise Aylan from the seas!
O urgent bones, precise as a Tarot
Adjure your supplicants: speak for the Trees!

Light-years away, their vital forces spent
A million planets whisper their assent.