

Out of Synch

Waking, against our will,
to cycles out of synch,
winter losing its bite, or
biting in the wrong places.

Mistimed migrations.

The North Pole swimming
in blue soup.

August afternoons

clouds of Monarchs would lift and land,
sipping nectar from sunflowers and lavender spears.

Not this year.

On moonless nights I fear

we are cratering this overheated world.

Like gods we stride the Earth with clamped hearts,
angling

for immortality before our prime.