

# A Villanelle for the End of the World

The young man looks up at the sky and cries,  
“Are we not blest? What a glorious day!”  
The old man pulls up his blanket and sighs.

Nearby, down at the beach, marine life dies,  
Disgusting foam ends beach-side swim and play.  
The young man looks up at the sky and cries.

The masses at the COP pollute the skies  
And boast how much their carbon credits pay.  
The old man pulls up his blanket and sighs.

The flora wither 'neath the smoggy skies,  
And fauna die in seasons' disarray.  
The young man looks up at the sky and cries.

Three despots sit on thrones of death and lies,  
Awaiting Götterdämmerung's affray.  
The old man pulls up his blanket and sighs.

As ice sheets melt and seas begin to rise,  
The ordered fabric of life starts to fray,  
The young man looks up at the sky and cries,  
The old man pulls up his blanket and sighs.

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