

Long Low Light

*Long low light
Song of the last leaves
It's the old slow fight between the green and the white
And you pray there might be green shoots
Still furling under the tundra
There might be one more spring
We might be going under*

Up high in this hemisphere
The ice-age dread runs in the family
Centuries of observation
Don't shift genetic memory
My hand may write on the calendar
"Wake up and smell the chlorophyll - 5th of April"
Still my bones fear the ice may take me

The seas will grow
We have terra-deformed
Faster than our genes will ever know

*Fine bright ice
Song of the last floes
It's the old slow fight between the stone and the tide
And you say "It's just a bad year"
And stare back into the fire
And out below the storm
The water inches higher*

Come Down and See

You went to live on a cold moon
And I missed you more than I missed anything in my life before
I built a house with a warm wide wood kitchen
Which was empty except for me (though I latched the door)
We still murmur to each other across the static
You know better than just to let me be
I say I'll pull the mattress out of the attic
If you want to come down and see
But you always say

'This is where we all are now'
You'll send a shuttle down to fetch me

Fetching me to your cold moon
All your silicate vistas in blue and white
I almost agree to it
On the quietest nights
But this year I have grown potatoes
I've been healing this spoiled soil that was abandoned to me
You should see them, all rounded and oven-brown
You could taste them, if only you'd come down
Come down and see.

I used to live on the cold moon
I used to sleep in a white box with a hard blue floor
With you on a screen and the options and menus
To select our activities if we wanted more
And they let me go freely back to land
But they were terribly disappointed in me
They say you'll miss my preferences and patterns
As if that was all we could be
But now in the dust there are a few more of us
More of us starting to see

When did you stop searching?
When did you exchange the pull of the surf
For waiting for the trickles off the sugar mountain
Pushed back in a cold cage beyond the earth?
But this year there are new connections
A diaspora of knowledge carried among us quite free
You could learn it, all open and unbound
You could read it, if only you'd come down
Come down and see.