

Climate Change

You drew my boat
into deeper waters.
I had been quietly floating
with wind and tide
unfettered, except by acceptance
of my limitations –
staying close to shore,
only a small sail –
trusting the breeze
would not become
too strong to bear.

You changed the climate
of my existence,
the gentle wind increased in force,
became a gale driving me on
into oceans of emotion.

I slipped anchor, ran free
into storms of change,
not knowing how or where
I might reach land.
Too late now to turn back,
the anchor would not hold
in these deep waters.

My myth is journey
and where it takes me
cannot be fathomed in advance.
This wind has primal force
brings unforeseen consequences.
So let it be.

Jean Clark