On reading that the world has 3 years left to cap global warming at 1.5°C

i look out & the rapeseed flowers are disappearing

starburst yellow dwindling to grey i never noticed their ecstatic culmination

the final stretch into bloom

the inevitable pivot

towards banality

it's poetry season, you'd say

no such thing as banal i think the climate headlines are banal

when we were eleven they said we had ten years left

so nothing's changed & Time vibrates

& thrums off the walls these days

this spring has been a poetry emergency i told you

in a sleeveless dress & high heels the shock of stepping

out into the evening

trapping the music & pounding lights behind glass

when we were eleven i walked in a dream

through a tunnel with the sea tall & terrible on either side

thinking 10 years 10 years 10 years

trying to believe this a long time

3 years 3 years harder to render good news

nighttime stretched his glittering claws across the harbour

the shadow of a ferry disappearing into fog

eleven the year i gave up plastic for lent

wrapping up my fears as a gift to god & the earth greta

& her plait saying what we all felt

with the emotion we let loose only at night

may has left me

small specks of yellow on the field

a blur of noise & motion juxtaposed with night

a different kind of nostalgia mired in headlines back to back with the people we grew up with

still facing the inevitable pivot

towards a banality that still might not be poetry

still might not be anything perhaps but

grief & fear &

love & exultation