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Mr. Virgin

Drawing 2, Period 2

January 3rd, 2019

Now is the eternal summer of our discontent
Made wet by the waning polar frosts
Hot by gusts of solar wind, entrapped in a sphere of carbon glass
Humid by rising tides
Whose toxic vapor flutters through the air
Like Monarchs in a Pine wood, still
Thus, the lungs of our isles
Inhale the waters of the boiling seas
Our spires of melted stone, and our carts of a metallic groan
Shall aqua soon to fill
Some had tried to stop, to think, and to resist
But they got little done, with the proclaiming of their list;
Threats, oh, threats, they told
“We shall be swamped” They cried
“We shall be flooded” They said
In the end, those old oil Barons, had put our fears to bed
Sugary were their words
And saccharine was their rhetoric
But sweetest was their cash and power
Like of his Prince-ship, Metternich
So, they exclaimed to the world, with their lungs filled with soot and filthy air
All the while dressed in suits, pomposity and debonair:
“Trifle, trifle, come ye and ye shall hear”

“There is not so much as an atom, about which ye ought to fear”

“Yes, yes, it may be true, some mere dust takes flight from our deeds”

“But, think ye about that which our work provides; power for your greatest needs”

“Ye are in a position betwixt a hard place and a rock”

“Without the mechanism of the fossilized contractions, you’ll be doomed”

“Thus, it is quite true that you cannot afford to mock”

“Our methods, black blood-spilling, oil drilling, in smoke have always bloomed”

“But in their efforts, yours all lives are rather well subsumed.”

So, on they went, seeking, seething that their firmament conserved, be imposed

Upon the populace, who had not forwardly supposed

That the death-will of the Jurassic tyrants would remain so unopposed

Yet, by the time the Voice of the World had throbbled its clarion call

The matter had been closed

And many of us never thought of thinking for ourselves at all

Thus, Ergo, Hence

In our grievous ignorance,

In our staid malaise,

In our state of confusion whilst within the quixotic haze

Did none untie the Gordian knot

To unsheathe the dagger storing the dour, blackened plot

And find in its reflection the great epiphany

That the shiv is forged from our greed, so dreadfully

Our eyes were too wide shut to see

That the people who had blinded us were you, and them, and me

And there came the gaseous hammer:

Whose blows were tsunamis,

Whose echoes were hurricanes,

Whose anvil was the Earth,

Whose iron was Miami; besieged by the sugarcane
Some had been reduced to naught else but eyeless tears
As our cemented wall slopes downtrodden and rears
Mother Nature had judged us: we came up short
Before long, many had begun to aimlessly retort:
“Too late, too late it is, as the ichor of Neptune swells”
“Death has now come, and time is to ring our bells!”
“Gather, gather now, for it is not so true”
“We can survive this as well, for we have had a clue!”
“As to how to stop the water from closing in on me and you”
“To build walls and shields is to tacitly admit”
“That we have not adapted to the world in which we sit”
“Come now, and let us plant these Mangroves anew”
“So as to keep ourselves amidst the green and blue!”
In some years, bells did indeed began to ring
Not for our demise, but in a cheerful way to sing
From our great isles; although admittedly reduced
Flew the sound of life, not much at all traduced
Churches and Synagogues and Mosques and schools and all
Upon the Mangrove-foundation, stood untattered and tall
And yes, our lives changed, in many ways indeed
Yet shifting sands are in vitality a seed
One must accept and confront and face
The hardest things in the world
If one does not wish to erase
Oneself from an ever-shifting game of chess
One puts on a stern face, and pushes through the mess
So, remember, remember

Descendants young and old

The tale which we have learned

And to you now told

When your background changes, add colors to the chameleon

When a door is too warped, change shapes with Proteus for advantages

And so on, and so on

Life, indeed, problems shall spew

But you mustn't fail, for human are you

Every problem a human can solve

Continue to solve this one and plant a towering Mangrove!