

We need another Ghost of Christmas Future

Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;

-- Yeats

The voices at the rally rise to drumbeat:

hey hey, ho ho sweeps the crowds

hydrofracking's got to go

and my mind hitches to

a red-suited promise-maker

asking *have you been good?*

Of course we'll say anything

if desperate for wish-come-true.

Hey hey, ho ho,

clearly, something other than toy

must come out of Santa's sack

to allow satisfaction. *Can't get no...*

satisfaction... can't

get no satisfaction, but I'll

try,

and I'll try,

and I'll

try...

a ghost –

beg him to rattle his chains, fly the ones who don't believe

across the country. He'll point with a silent, skeletal hand to

the unnatural emerald of waste ponds.

This is America, land where greed's creed

sullies green. This land is not

your land or mine. We're chasing Gaia

from New York islands with Christmas tree frackers.

(Natural gas is clean...

and why not reduce

the surface population

to get it? *Drill baby drill.*)

Can kindness be distilled from the air of the graveyard?

Can a ghost of Christmas future wake our spirits—

muffled in black hooded robes, nodding

silence is consent.

Kitty Jospé 1/9/2013, slightly revised 1/16/13