

When The Tables Turn

by
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Ice floes aplenty
upon oceans of yore.
Glaciers, there's a'many;
some are at your door.

Temp'ture's a'droppin';
freezin' winds a'blowin'.
Destruction! There's no stoppin'
what nature is bestowin'.

"An ice age," they say,
"is sweepin' 'cross the land.
Can't we find a way
to belay these frozen strands?"

"Where's those greenhouse gases?"
is the public shrill.
"Purloined by the asses
atop ole Cap'tol Hill."

Good advice forsaken
in times for which I yearn
led to actions taken
and bade the tables turn.