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## Global Warming

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# Global Warming

Yes, child . . . I remember.  
I remember when we called this change  
“seasons. I remember their beginnings:  
Marked by the end of my impatience,  
and a day or two of passionate play  
As with a new Christmas toy.

*April Showers,  
Bring May Flowers . . .*

And the wait began again,  
for another Christmas,  
another Solstice.

*Turn, Turn, Turn.*

I remember their ends,  
with oaths of “at last!” melting into the earth,  
giving way to Spring:  
The time when a young heart turns to thoughts of

Summer.

I remember, child.  
I remember when we had to wait  
longer than a nap, a sit com, a Big Mac,  
for our favorite season.

I sigh; thinking how easily your own children will accept  
the nursery rhyme that you have just taught me:

*Monday is sunny.  
Tuesday's dry.  
Wednesday is runny  
when God cries.  
Thursday snows,  
and Friday blows,  
and Saturday and Sunday—  
God only knows!*

I remember, child.  
I remember when we would pack our wool  
lover-tight in aromatic cedar.  
But now the Mothball Moguls  
have turned to laundromats for their fortunes,  
and we can see It's A Wonderful Life  
365 days a year.

*Eric Franzon*