



Cassandra in a Time of Climate Change

By Kate Lewis

bearer of bad news
no one believes, she walks
surrounded by invisible
ruin, slivered ghosts
of what will be.

she has the power to change
nothing, gifted by the gods
a cursed twist– to know
but not alter, to say
but not be seen.

all around, futures
of famine and flame, floodwaters
she predicted but could not prevent–
glaciers gone, their icy
collapse foretold long ago.

they ought to have known
this would happen. they'd never needed
her, ought to have seen looming
disaster for themselves, made their own
prophecies and heeded them

but it's left to her
to be the bad guy, warnings waved
and laughed away, her only task
to tell them
no/stop/please