I'm Not Afraid of Global Warming

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JOEL COGGINS

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Today in the office I stood over the water tank like a Father over his daughter’s conscience. The numbers hammered into the bottom of the jug dialed me down into the cycles of 3:28:200-3. The Culligan Man dollied the barrel here last week, with twins. I can see the warehouse of water monuments erected to the sky as far as the human mind can see, polar water from the farthest reaches of this gravity-cursed orb, this blue water balloon in the hand of a ten-year-old boy waiting for his neighbor to turn the corner on a riding lawnmower. A balloon warming in his hand as the sun burns a whole of atoms that condensate on the faultless edges to complete the delicate cycle it takes to raze the cities inside to the bottom like melting, to raise the tiny human lives to the tops. Bubbles rise in the tank as my cup fills with retroactive aqua. I realize I am not afraid of global warming. I’m afraid of all the plastic jugs.