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I'm Not Afraid of Global Warming

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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.