

## Ode to Climate-Change

It was one-hundred-ten degrees  
When primates swung throughout the trees –  
The place was known as Germany,  
The year was 50 mil B.C.

The one called Eda got a scare...  
She aimed her tail at...well, just air  
And fell upon her left-claw wrist –  
That caused for her an awful twist.

But not to worry, not to fret,  
The limbs below just formed a net...  
She slowly landed in some slime  
And waited for a better time.

The experts said, with straight of face  
That Germany was one hot place,  
That birds ate horses for dessert,  
Exhaled vile carbon air-borne dirt.

They said the tropics reached the poles  
And Germany was full of holes  
Where year-round temps were...well, Congo's,  
And primates died in lava-flows.

But when the icy ages came,  
Saint Al the Gore of Nobel fame  
Just missed that part of Nature's way  
Of taking care of life, decay.

And so he prates of climate-change  
As wrought by man...EGAD!...how strange,  
Since no one knows where ice came from...  
In the Atlantic...frozen numb.

And no one knows how Germany  
Got hot without humanity  
To change the climate's yin and yang –  
*An inconvenient truth* – Big Bang?

And so the green-gang soldiers on,  
Determined that the earth is gone  
If man insists on driving cars  
Or staying warm beneath the stars.

The thing that saves is cap-and-trade,  
The plan the legislators made  
To tax the world...not all, of course...  
The Chinese laugh at such recourse.

Ah no...the tax is U.S. bound,  
Where all the suspects can be found;  
The tax will fill the nations till...  
It is the politicians' swill.

But...climate-change is nature's way  
Of balancing earth's night and day,  
And only fools think otherwise...  
Their pride is bigger than God's skies.