

Snow in the Tropics

by jake and joan *Monday, Apr 24 2017, 10:13am*

international / poetry / post

I

summer approaches
in the northern hemisphere
yet souls freeze
white hot heads
are responsible for the cold

i am seized by a sudden urge to return
to Capricornia to soak in the sun
one last time

II

i have a sheep dog called 'pres'
he barks and manoeuvres,
the sheep huddle, uncertain
then go where the dog herds them --
a faithful servant,
i have trained him well

III

i have heard it said,
'when will they ever learn?'
how many wars must be fought
before we wake up dead?