

“And the climate refugees came today.” 8/11/09

**Dear John, I wonder why there are no birds singing
in the fields within our bounds.
There are no foxes running to escape our energetic hounds.
Sometimes I get to see a group of bees
flying by.
Little of Nature stops here and when our
children laugh, I cannot help but sigh.**

**Dear John, I hope you are well and
now it is Summer you are warmer.
In our fields the corn is ripening and
the crops are growing taller.
Sometimes we hear the news and we
guess that things are tough.
But you'll be home soon, I'm sure,
we all miss you, my love.**

**Dear John, we've heard that things were
rough, and now I have your picture.
Sergeant says you were brave, but I know that wasn't enough.
They'll be coming now to take the things we loved.**

**Well John, it's all gone now,
they even took our daughter.
No crops in the ground, no food in the stores,
no rain so there is no water.
Our little house, once smothered in roses,
stands empty,
and while in my mind I can hear memories with happy noises,
I miss you, my dear,
and feel the fear of all our losses.
Now all we loved is shrouded in grey,
the Climate Refugees took it all today.**

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