

SHISHMAREF

A creeping terror underlies the calm.
You brew the coffee, get the paper in
but something in the air provokes alarm.
The headlines scream, another day begins.

You brew the coffee, get the paper in.
December and the lavatera blooms,
the headlines scream, another day begins.
In Shishmaref the ice melts way too soon.

December and the lavatera blooms,
the sun is shining on the dewy moors.
In Shishmaref the ice melts way too soon
and thermokarsts are opening like doors.

The sun is shining on the dewy moors.
You climb up, finding diamonds everywhere.
The thermokarsts are opening like doors –
this afternoon, you're tempted not to care,

you tell yourself it's just another day
but something in the air provokes alarm,
another lukewarm winter underway.
A creeping terror underlies the calm.