OPEC Arabian Nights

We need a remake of *The Bird of Paradise.*
A virgin sacrifice to slow down melting ice.

Some comely Inuit engirt about with weights
To toss into the cracks between tectonic plates.

Green Mansions, meanwhile, is the ultimate excuse
To raze rain forests for a neat suburban use.

To dramatize particulates that dim the air
We seem to have no fables. Marguerite might share

Her coughs with victims of white lead, but that's from paint.
Or is it methane? Cattle? Might Brecht update *Saint*

Joan of the Stockyards? For the coming years of drought
The Pentateuch, drought being what it's all about.

We are those Christians waiting the Millennium
And gathered on the hills. And when it does not come

We'll find that we were fools to give up cakes and ale.
Scheherazade herself had always one more tale.