The Last Page

29 and 30 November 2020

Using the rhyme words from Vikram Seth’s The Golden Gate, stanza 11.29 and 11.30

As 2020 nears completion, gurgling swiftly down time’s drain, and leaves behind its vast accretion of damaged lives, despair, rage, pain, let’s build our souls some insulation, not give way to desperation, put our faith in humankind and the power of the mind. May politicians’ treachery be no more wrapped in pious sighs (no way to hide their lyin’ eyes), buffoonery and lechery in office meet with decent scorn and find they are no longer borne.

Greenhouse gas accumulation challenges the world’s combined resourcefulness. The fermentation of bullshit would leave us resigned to dying off without compunction, but we can overcome disjunction. The clock is nearing 12 at night but tunnel’s end shows flicking light: I’ll join a crowd, not be a stranger, join hands, write letters, march, and then do it again, again, again. It’s hard to face how real the danger, feel climate grief, but then the lust for life kicks in. In science I trust.

Jonathan Shaw