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Love in the Anthropocene

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Love in the Anthropocene

The weather today will be wet, and tomorrow's no better.
The weatherman fails to smile our frustration away.
Is it an art or a fiction, predicting the weather?

We run for the bus when it comes, because waiting is wetter.
I'm careful not to slip and you try not to say,
What terrible weather today! since tomorrow's no better.

Getting naked isn't worth it—if we're going to bed together,
you'll have to bring me woollen socks and a substantial negligée.
It's better in books than in life, defying the weather.

Picnics dissolve. Like paradise, it's not worth the endeavour:
sexy eating in the park just brings us sniffly hell to pay.
It really is miserably wet and tomorrow's no better,

so I lean off the sheerness of cliff with the wind for a tether
to mould a new horizon in the spittle and the grey.
We grin at the ring glowing gold as the sun in cold weather.

Take care, said the weatherman yesterday, *now and forever.*
Try your hand at a project saved for a rainy day.
The weather today will be wet. If tomorrow's no better,
who cares? The dullest sky is perfect weather.

CATHERINE OLVER: Being British, I've always been concerned with the weather. As an ecocritic who researches human/nature relationships in young adult fantasy novels for a PhD at the University of Cambridge, I've become even more concerned at how weird the weather is getting, all over the world. Older generations ask a lot of 'young people'; I don't think the emphasis should be on sacrifice. Perhaps poetry can help us live a sustainable kind of ephemerality, inspired by the changing skies.