



Pause For Poetry:
Michael Hawkes /42

Description

The Big Melt

A poem by **Michael Hawkes**

March 31, 2022

I sat soaking up the sun in our back yard throughout the day.
Like a god in Greenland, I watched the melting snow;
Which didn't trickle into rivulets and sparkling run away,
But sank as though defeated into the ground below,
Leaving forlorn patches of dilapidated grey
Where the older, deeper drifts seemed hesitant to go.

I wondered at the hungry Earth that could absorb it so
And marvelled at the forms it takes from steaming breath to snow,
But most of all I worried for its cataclysmic flow
Into the surging oceans not so distant there below.

There beneath our feet the flows collect into a stream
That runs between the roots of trees to nourish, fill and flood the seas
That threaten man's existence lest we as one can stay
As resolute as king Canute to hold the tide at bay.

While dreadfully exposed, the warm brown earth,
Littered with the debris of dead things and decay,
Seems to beckon and promise an imminent rebirth,
Inviting birds and squirrels to enjoin the great foray.

22/03/22 – Hawkes



Feature image: Irina Iriser

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Michael Hawkes is a survivor of all the world's wars. He learned (and loved to rhyme) by torturing the hymns he had to sing at school. A retired West Coast fisherman living in Montreal since 2013, he is an unschooled Grandpa Moses writing an average of five poems every week.



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