

Polar Bear Dilemma

I'm hungry for seals.
But now with rising temperatures,
I'm in a dilemma, a terribly-white
polar bear dilemma.
I have to travel long journeys for breathing holes.
Sometimes I have to go as far as Russia or Norway
for the carcass of a dead whale.

I was born in the land of the midnight sun
under the metallic green and gold rays
of the Aurora Borealis.
I grew up hunting lemmings and caribou
in the glassy palaces of icebergs and fjords.
Now I go into towns at night
sniffing in bins,
lucky to find a leftover chicken
Or flakes in a soggy cereal box.

Some bears are shot.
But my worst nightmare is the metal cage.
I fear it more than the bullet.

My path is snowy.
But it's a life of hardship.
My paws plod on, deep in ice-shadow.
My eyebrows and nostrils, icicled

Glaciers are melting, drifting off.
I prowl at the edge
of extinction,
one of the last
white beasts of the barren tundra.