
Christophorus



Carrying a little Child
On your back through a wild river,
Getting heavier step by step

Or maybe there is no water left,
Only cracks on the river bed,
Flat lungfishes lying on their back

If you are lucky there is no flood
Washing away houses, bridges, goats,
Chicken, women, children and poets

Maybe an idea to start collecting
One male and female from every specimen left
And put them in the belly of an Ark

This is not a biblical story from the past
But Noah's vision ages ahead,
Still leading to the mountain of Ararat

To cross a coloured sea that has
Risen many meters would have
Drowned even the chosen people

God created the earth in seven days,
The Dutch polderized their own country.
Although, as we start to realize,

Just only for a couple of centuries.
In the beginning there was The Word
And God will have the last One too

There will be many climate refugees,
The people of Holland can join
Them moving into Northern Siberia,

Nova Zembla or maybe Antarctica,
Habitable by that time, a simple matter
Of transition through adaptation

The little Child will look around
In astonishment of what his followers
Have done to His beloved planet

Christophorus, born Reprobis,
The giant from Canaan, is
Crossing the river Jordan with

This Consciousness on his back,
Weighing heavier with every step
Without the other side anywhere in sight

Seems quite hard to make it
Even though there will be loads of
Displaced helping to carry The Weight