

## Why are the glaciers melting?

*Why are the glaciers melting, Mum?  
And tell me why you care,  
And what it's got to do with us,  
And what we put into the air?*

It's purely physics, darling child. Please try to understand.  
We're making a nice thick blanket with the Carbon that we burn  
That stops the heat that we're adding too  
From escaping from our Earth.  
It may not sound like very much but it's turned into a curse.

So, glaciers very far away are melting to the sea.  
And so, you ask aloud: *So what has that to do with me?*

Well, those glaciers they are adding to a creeping rising sea.  
And when, as soon they say it might, the sea will rise too fast,  
Or more big storms come rolling in,  
Those beaches where we love to swim, and Nan's house down the coast,  
Will sadly be a far-off distant memory of the past.

It's not just the glaciers melting, dear, I am wanting to explain.  
Temperatures are rising 'round the world  
At an alarming rate.  
And this is causing lots of things;  
Not all of them are great.

*But they say that the temperature has only  
Gone up by one degree.  
What is all the fuss about?  
It doesn't sound like much to me.*

But that's a global average, love, and what it really means:  
Some days and places much too hot,  
And others a deep freeze.  
And how it's turning out is that  
There are many more and dangerous weather event extremes.

And our summers are getting longer,  
And we wait longer for rain.  
You think that's great; I hear you say.  
But think for just a while.

It got much too hot this summer past and fires long burnt the too-dry land.  
I know it's complicated, but please try and understand.  
And the rivers here won't flow as much,  
We'll have to change our crops,  
And drink recycled water more,  
And count the economic costs.

*Where is our rain we used to have?*  
Well, elsewhere it will flood.  
The rivers they will burst their banks,  
And carry tonnes of mud.

And water quite unstoppable will carry cows, and homes and crops.  
Some people will be homeless,  
And so sad for what they've lost.

I know you like the thunder, dear, and to hear a howling gale.  
But more cyclones are another thing they say that we will get.  
Destroying homes and trees and animals.  
You would not like that, my pet.

*I don't like this story, Mum.  
I'm sorry that I asked.  
Can we do anything about it now?  
Or has our chance quite passed?*

Well, some people are trying really hard  
To make less the heat that we produce.  
And stop the blanket getting worse,  
And our Carbon to reduce.

I hope that we can do enough.  
I ask the Government to try harder than they are trying now.  
And not to tell us lies.

It's really serious, I say to them.  
Why don't they understand?  
I hope they think it through.  
If *you* can understand, my dear,  
I hope that they will too.

We will thank them when they do something,  
And please do it very soon.  
I *really* hope they do something.  
I don't want your world in ruin.