

"Our Worries" by Ava Jo

We worry about irrational things
A sinister creature hiding in the darkness
The leering grin of a circus clown
A wispy brown spider, scuttling over a table
But what about the dwindling rivers?
What about the drizzle that was meant to be a storm?
A wildfire roaring up from shriveled leaves
The parasites hiding in the murky water
That some are desperate enough to drink
What about the cracking remnants of the mighty glaciers?
A mother polar bear journeying deep into the blue
Never to return to her tiny, whimpering cubs
Who, stomachs rumbling, call out to her in the darkness
We turn away, laughing,
Dismissing these facts as lies
Instead, we worry about irrational things