# Too late

The stage is set.

*'Spotlights on!'* and so begins

The First (and final) Scene…

*Music plays:* loud, jaunty, jolly

*Enter*: Unwanted Guest

Who:

…Prowls the garden,

…Presses nose to window pane,

…Tries the lock, again,

and finally

…Enters room.

They party on,

Unseeing

Glasses raised, luck toasted,

Fingers firmly jammed

Into ears that refuse to hear

Its deep-throat growl.

And so, at Centre Stage, it stands

The Panto Villain

Who wrings its bony hands

And delivers

(No prompt required)

Weary, well-worn lines

Its message

Lost amid the babble of a billion crossed lines

And the echoes of as many broken promises.

Its 'dead' lines slowly becoming clearer

'I am Gaia! Your time is nigh!'

'Behind you! Behind you!' the audience cry

Cop 27, then Cop 28

Warning heeded

Just years too late.