

Futurama

I crawl out onto the rooftop
above the world's junkshop,

lean against the warm chimney
and eyeball the city.

The vibe is...let's say ethereal,
rows of TV aerials

spelling out HEAVEN,
spelling out ARMAGEDDON.

It's T minus zero
of the Petroleum Era -

all my neighbours
are burning tomorrow's newspapers

in their back-gardens,
getting their alibis sharpened.

As the hours evaporate
I say to my spirit

I can't really pilot
this smouldering twilight

over the scars and crevasses,
but I'll put on my best sunglasses

and steer the cockpit of morning
into the oncoming.

Simon Armitage

A response to Cop26