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# *Christophorus*

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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

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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

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

Nova Zembla or even 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 Reprobus,  
The giant from Canaan, is  
Crossing the river Jordan with

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

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