



# CLIMATE CHANGE ON FOR YOUNG & OLD

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## Unwintering

Laura Chan

It is a cleft in an ice cube  
it is a blue sting  
it is a deepening pool;  
a crevice, a tear,  
and a blue string of white air

each shaft of translucent  
hair in a subversive glacier  
is a taste, is a wasted,  
smooth-shattering face.

When cockerels crow, the white morning  
hears only frost etching,  
fallen snow upon fallen snow  
crackling in the looming sun.

With the thickness of a yellow braid,  
a sheet, a pure cascade of frozen  
fragments, hangs harsh  
from an immobilised dawn,  
ruby, diamond, ruby.

Lady of the Cavern, your fingers  
drip drip drip  
upon warping statues  
congealed in eroding  
ice-rock;

Blue blood courses through your jugular, slices  
clean acid through still water.

Under the advancing sun,  
clouds draw nervous heat against you,  
thawing lines into your hewn  
faultless face. The obtruding iceberg edge  
quivers like collecting rain over  
the wide liquid gulf.

Freshwater to salt,  
polluted tears sink

And when the sky contracts  
and when the vans and the men come in  
talking like pamphlets  
where will be the hunger and the ice floes,  
and the long bears floating  
like legends in the thoughtless Arctic summer.



**Laura Chan** wrote this in 2008 when she was in Year 12 at North Sydney Girls High School in New South Wales.