

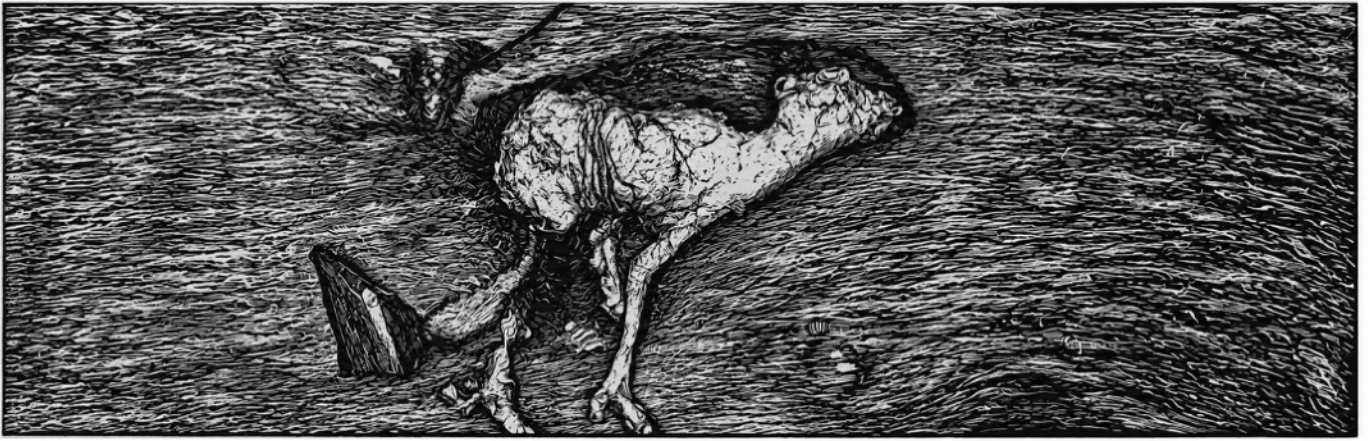


Image- from a photo of a premature lamb left in an estuary

El Nino.

The. Christ Child.
Sounding so benign -
And yet already Africa
Begins to feel your malevolent force
As you make your way across the ocean.

The extra chill you bring to the start
Of a cold season already out of sync because
Of climate change challenges the poorest
As they huddle in fourth-hand anoraks
Filched from market stalls.

And still we add to the hardships of the Southern Hemisphere.
Still we work oil fields & burn fossil fuels
Still we say that 2050 will do.
Still we postpone the wind farm because it will destroy the view
From the homes we retired to from smoggy cities.

While Mwale struggles to grow maize
And considers moving from the corner of Zambia that is home;
To join the unwelcome millions migrants seeking security.

Marian Pallister
Written in Zambia, 2026

