

Poetry Porch: Poetry

The Tiny People

By William Doreski

Under the hard new snow crust,
tiny people murmur and plot.
You noticed them last summer
when pushing your push mower.

Luckily you saw them in time,
and moved them to a mossy stump
where they conducted loud revels
until autumn concealed them in leaves.

We should've adapted bird houses
to stash them safe from the cold,
but you said they'd winter over
in our basement, amid the spiders

and crickets and mice. But no,
they're creeping around the garden
in their miniature parkas and boots.
They've lived outdoors so long

they're accustomed to the elements.
The violet sky pours over us.
On the rear deck we sip our coffee
and listen to the tinny voices

that for years we thought existed
only in our heads. No birds now,
the clarity of the atmosphere
inviolable except for gases

exhausting from our culture
of doom and gloom. Carbon
footprints look like dinosaur tracks
crushing the entire planet.

With their modest cultural impact,
the tiny people will outlive us
and chuckle over our demise.
They've already adjusted

to climate change, their bodies
tough as cockroaches, their song
the highest possible trilling
the evolving ear can detect.