

# Climate Change

Tripod

I'm not sure that I will be very well-suited  
To the new post-climate change society  
It bothers me  
I'm not sure that I have the tools to deal  
With the complete collapse of the modern world  
I'd be rooted  
I burn easily  
And my feet get sore when I walk barefoot  
It's pathetic  
I'd last two seconds

I'm not sure that I'd have a chance in a half-drowned, post-  
technological world

I'm not sure that I know enough about bush tucker  
Or how to get water from cactuses  
Aren't they prickly or something  
I've got no Indigenous friends  
And I'm sure they'd get sussed  
If I tried to buddy up to them at this late stage  
They'd be onto me  
I get bored quickly  
If I couldn't stare at a screen all day  
I'd have no purpose  
I'd be a vegetable

I'm not sure that I'd have a chance in a DIY, make-your-own-  
fun world

Even allowing for the possibility  
That it might not be exactly like Mad Max  
You can be sure that there'd still be a healthy amount  
Of fighting marauders off  
And I'm not much good  
At fighting marauders off  
I learnt this at my year twelve formal

I'm not sure that I have the upper body strength  
To cope with all the rowing in an ocean-based world  
I'd be completely at sea  
And my word-smithery would fall on deaf ears  
With the people with hats made of sheep skulls  
Then they'd kill me

I'm not sure that there'd be a place for a fey, bookish technop  
hile  
In a physically challenging, nomadic, foraging, siphoning, dot-  
painting, oral tradition world