

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE!

As a humanist, as a (sort of) christian, as a counsellor, as a man,
I fervently declaim, "It is never too late."
For redemption, for reparation, for repentance, for change, I hope that
"It is never too late."

But tell that to the thousands in Ruanda, or Darshur, killed by the apathy of
western nations.

Tell that to the thousands of species that have become extinct just in the last one
hundred years.

Tell that to the living people (if you can call it a life) irradiated by nuclear power
'accidents' or uranium-hardened shells.

Tell that to the children killed by landmines left in old war zones where it has
been judged 'uneconomic' to clear them up.

Tell that to the millions of homeless in Bangladesh, or Boscastle, as the spate
waters rise and their homes fill with silt.

I would like to believe, how I would sincerely like to believe, that
"It is never too late,"

But Global Warming is changing the pattern of our climate and, alone,
I cannot plant enough trees to stop this trend.

The lonely Blue Whale's haunting song is answered only by its echo, then silence:
no mate replies.

My marriage is full of broken dreams and battered cobwebs: full of promises and
a state of intimate distance.

I would like to believe that "It is never too late" as I try not to break, yet again, the
fragile threads of trust.

I try hard to change, to see with different eyes, to forgive others, to promote good
causes, to love more appropriately, each day again new.

At least there is no hatred. So I pray that, "Maybe it is not too late" and I will not
end up alone again.

I give money to "Trees For Life" – sometimes. I recycle everything I can and make
large compost heaps. I feed wild birds.

I march for CND – sometimes. I write lots of poetry. I subscribe to Friends of the
Earth – occasionally.

I do not listen to the politicians' lies, though I really try hard to listen to everyone
else.

"It is not too late," I cry, "We have to keep trying." But it might be our fate to be
one of those unsuccessful species.

And, in the dead of night, in my labyrinthine dreams, I fear,
how much I fear, that the tasks might be too great.

How do I convey that to my clients? How do I convince my partner?

How can I warn those who do not seem yet to care?

How will I tell that to my grandchildren?

So, I sigh, all alone, in the darkness, "Is it too late?"

And the faintest whisper of answer comes ...