A Global Warning

An ethereal sunbeam exposed the wetness of his black and white suit. The sun was brighter every dawn. The floods were drowning every soul. If only he wasn’t afraid of watery spirits, he could eventually be able to fly away from melancholy lands. But he was. He spent countless nights wondering why those waves followed his footsteps; in the meantime, waves of anger were spreading over country barriers. At this point, rain drops and teardrops could barely be distinguished during the sirens’ elegy. At least their singing never came to an end. The sun kept stroking with its burning hands, carelessly melting neighbourhoods. It was the second shelter he was assigned to but he did not know there wasn’t refuge in an uninhabitable world. And what about all those children born in a dying planet? And what about all those children’s children?

Even if the world was at war, the poor little penguin had to keep dancing.

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