

## Against all odds

When I hear that climate change will result in  
ecosystem failure and wipe out half all insects  
unless drastic action is taken by 2030,

I think of the male peacock spider in Australia,  
vibrating his behind for some stunner  
then dinking towards her in a series of natty steps

to wave his third legs like ground-crew batons  
and hoist those back-flaps into a billboard  
of Pop Art pinks and blues –

unsure whether this will capture her heart  
or make the Shiva spike his head and suck out  
its yellow gloop as if drinking from a straw.

And when I consider that the extra insulation  
in the loft and those flowering shrubs  
we planted are unlikely to count for much,

I think again of that little hero in the outback  
with his fuzzy face and mafia shades,  
keeping perfectly still, waiting for the dew –

then steeling himself to side-step the husks  
of suitors strewn across the baking sand,  
knowing only that he must give it his best shot.