



## Climate Change Special Issue: Poems For a Planet in Danger – Will She Forgive Us?

### Description



# Climate Change Special Issue: Poems For a Planet in Danger – Will She Forgive Us?

## Author's Memo

Here is a humble attempt for the 2022 special issue that comes in simple words to show how climate change begins at home, how the destruction is faster, and how we have lesser time to minimize damage and to keep the planet in health.

I grew up with honeybees alongside the jackfruit tree. Most of the everyday needs for the kitchen were grown around the home. It was a time when most families were comfortable exchanging everyday needs as an extension of care. City life dawned on me as a contrast, where days vanished fast and the dusk faster. Once, my mum asked me to get neem leaves as I was used to picking the leaves by climbing the neem tree. I remember buying them when I moved to a new city. Something churned inside. The proximity from plants, trees, and birdsong began to fade away, and slowly the noise of vehicles, the chatter on phones, the endless texting, and the sticky atmosphere began to barge into my life. It terrified me.

I once again was blessed with the opportunity to step outdoor with my camera and began to observe the little joy that a sunbird gave me. The picking of wild berries and walking past the deer family, began to birth hope again.

It became evident. The rains, sunshine, and snow seem to be confused. The flowering of fruit plants got delayed. Summer months felt warmer with a pinch of cold. The lemons, melons, and the berries from the backyard seem to be of yesteryear. In most parts of the urban world, what was available from nature now came in a package.

I hop between cities, towns, mountains, and forests. The catastrophe is visible.

The future of humanity needs to enjoy watching the reindeer and polar bears play in the snow. Here is an attempt to portray my observations in words of how the culture of backyard bananas is slowly disappearing. Of how the earth is invaded by plastic and how we probably can pause to inhale oxygen – that which was once abundant on planet earth.





## Change – in a time lapse

picking the fallen mangoes  
round and the spherical  
was a summer hobby  
of the millennial gen

to pop the rusty fenugreek

into a cracked mud pot  
watering from tumbler  
put them to shine  
an assignment ritual  
from the black board

about a few decades ago  
from east to west of Southern India  
sailed winds, cramping the sky  
burst into clouds, poured as rains  
kids sailed boats  
strictly tearing the math's papers  
waving a bye  
to the kites in the air

walking under darkness  
counting the stars  
sweating it free  
was never a miss

now  
browsing the sticker oranges  
scanning the branded coconuts  
watching the stars disappear  
sitting next to a Siberian husky  
we both smile  
at each other for a misplaced planet

The AutoEthnographer

The AutoEthnographer

## if she may forgive us

in some parts of the globe  
the planet woke up to  
purple skies  
for here men, women and children  
were engrossed in soil  
singing, sowing and ploughing  
feeding the chicks, walking the cows  
packing grains to towns  
for people here  
dawn to bird songs

in some parts of globe  
the planet woke up to  
grey skies  
missing the morning lights  
engrossed in the race  
chasing the dogs, butchering meat  
packing plastic  
for here  
soil, air, land and water  
were cashed and billed

it may dawn here  
if she may forgive us  
if she may forgive us

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