

A person wearing a blue long-sleeved shirt, a straw hat, and a pink and white striped sash stands with their back to the camera in a vast, cracked, and dry landscape. The ground is composed of numerous irregular, raised blocks of dry earth, creating a grid-like pattern of deep fissures. In the background, there are sparse, dry trees and a hazy horizon under a pale sky. The overall scene conveys a sense of extreme drought and environmental hardship.

CLIMATE CHANGE

do or die

Poets for Humanity

Climate Change

..... do or die

Poets for Humanity

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Credits

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Climate Change

. . . do or die

Poets for Humanity

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Dedication

To our world . . .

A world we all inhabit,

A world for which we have been given charge,

A world our children will inherit.

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Foreword

No one is immune to climate change. We can close our eyes and not see it. We can write poetry and not do anything about it. We can talk as if it isn't real, but no one is immune to the effects of air pollution.

We all need clean air and food to sustain our body and our dreams. This volume of poetry is meant to inspire action and encourage all to open our eyes, to see the destruction and the solutions.

No one is immune to climate change, but it doesn't affect everyone the same. There are fewer trees in areas of the United States where redlining or segregation took place. One low-income area of Richmond, Virginia has the highest rates of heat-related ambulance calls in the city and the lowest number of trees. Shade and the oxygen trees give off has an impact on quality of life.

Planting a tree is a radical action many of us can take. Nelson Henderson said, "The true meaning of life is to plant trees, under whose shade you do not expect to sit."

Plastic pollution has known human health impacts, including cancer, neurological, reproductive, and developmental toxicity, and impairment of the immune system. Plastics offer benefits but they start out as fossil fuels and their production increases greenhouse gases. Look around. What can one person do to decrease the use of plastic?

Soil without organic matter is sand. Fresh nutritious fruits and vegetables cannot grow in sand. What can grow in sand needs more water than the same

plants grown in soil rich in organic material. “In the last 50 to 100 years, the organic content in the soil has depleted. To replenish the soil, we either need leaves or vegetative matter, or animal waste. We thought we could do everything with the machines - they can plow, and they can do the work that animals and human beings used to do. However, organic content cannot come from the machine. If you take away organic content from soil, it becomes sand. So, right now desertification is one of the major problems,” according to Sadhguru on his solo 100-day long motorcycle ride journey to spread awareness about the “Save Soil” movement.

Each of us can compost and add organic material to the soil around us. If a hundred people take up this cause and try to reverse climate change, much can be accomplished. If seven billion of us do just a few small things, everything will change for the better.

These poems are clues to how climate change affects people around the globe: the pain and hardship it causes, the beauty that is being lost, and the reasons we should care and act.

Kimberly Burnham, Ph.D.

(Integrative Medicine),

Author of *The Red Sunflower Diaries*, *Why Everyone Should Garden and Share Seeds*.

Climate Change

The Poetry

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

~Ibrahim Honjo, Canada



Ibrahim Honjo is a Canadian author of 32 published books in Serbo-Croatian and English language. His work is represented in more than 40 anthologies and published in many magazines and newspapers. His poems are translated into: Italian, Korean, Spanish, Mongolian, Portuguese, Russian, Turkman, Slovenian, Polish, German, and Bahasa (Malesia) language.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

Do Not Write This Down

1.

The eternal paraffin lamp is burning sootily above a city
a kilometer further to the north
a model with shackles named River
advertises the latest trend in heavy industry

between pure soul and filthy body
I vote for pure soul

I draw bow with arrow
I declare war against filthy body
I shout – long live progress
and my battle cry is – down with pollution

forgive me history
do not write this down
leave it to the authorities
this is innovation
in which the first fault is – call to arms
and the second fault – clean environment

2.

To your erosion Earth
only one step is left

to your destruction man
even less

a hungry pack of vultures
is playing the music for their last feast
and waiting for the button to be pushed

who will be their last mouthful
eaten with pleasure

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

3.

A prophecy speaks about self destruction
about the Three Mountains of Salvation
about the eternal life in abundance

I know the mystery of the Three Mountains
they are paying me with gold
I thank them

I am locking the invisible door
of no return

4.

Then the Era of Demolition will begin
my son and I will not appear
at that promotion

there will not be a father and a son
only the saints and cursed
as a warning to the race
created by
Epicurus
Leucippus
and Democritus

After the Era of Demolition
only Adam and Eve

after Adam and Eve
only bows and arrows

in the middle of the universe
I am waiting for the Baptism of Arrows

Man
the time has come
prepare bows and arrows
set up barricades
set up barriers

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

man
the time has come
draw bows to shoot arrows
at my signal
let us start the Baptism of Arrows

man
shoot the arrows

I am right here
among the ones who will survive
and the ones who will not
I am watching the Baptism of Arrows
of innocent boys

The last war is roaring
as I am singing verses about peace
accompanied by the violin
I am jumping over exhausted forests

I keep jumping over exhausted rivers
loose bows
and poisonous arrows

the Earth is again an infernal planet
Eureka
let her wait

5.

Earth
have not your massive cross-shaped rocks
turned black of old shame for centuries

why don't you recover yourself Earth
have not human bodies
fertilized you well

the last war is roaring
bundles of arrows are whistling

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

gods of love and peace
destroy distributors of arrows

let your era begin
is it not distressing to you
that a human being is a target
that a human being is a target
the target of another human being

That year a Goddess of Love
will reunite the children at the Square of Equality

all will shout one slogan
all will carry the same sign
down with bows and arrows

all will shout in harmony
long live love and clean air

all quiet in the Western front that year
in my native country
rocks will grow again
the earth will be planet continent

amour vincit omnia

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

~Eliza Segiet, Poland



Eliza Segiet graduated with a Master's Degree in Philosophy at Jagiellonian University. Her awards include: Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019 and 2021 Laureate Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2020, International Award Paragon of Hope (2020), World Award 2020 Cesar Vallejo for Literary Excellence. Laureate of the Special Jury Sahitto International Award 2021, World Award Premiul Fănuș Neagu 2021. Finalist Golden Aster Book World Literary Prize 2020.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

Chaos

We wound places,
which we should tend to.
It's not enough for us to destroy air, water,
we managed to anchor to the heaven's vault,
from space debris
to create a horseless chariot.
Circling the orbit
– not for delighting
– but to threaten.

Don't we all experience
effects of human's thoughtlessness?

It's time to take reign over chaos
on Earth and in Heaven.
Some persons are privy to
the ozone hole also being a human's creation,
there are few who know,
that it's time to say
– STOP!

~Translated by Ula de B.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

~Solomon C Jatta, Gambia



Solomon C Jatta is a Gambian lawyer and a poet whose literary work focuses on issues affecting his society and humanity. Most of his works decry the misrule of the African continent and the suffering of black race and the need for social justice. He aims to use poetry as a tool of change as he writes on contemporary issues as they arise, bringing to the fore in his writings the need to solve such problems.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

Climate Change

We live by strangling earth.
Pollution, the noose that hangs it.
It is bleeding, vomiting all the ills we fed it,
But we like the spectators of ancient Rome,
With no rush to go home
Watch on with glee devoid of action.

We build by deforestation,
Factories working by poisoning environment,
We blinded by the fog with no clean air for a moment.
Now we are dying,
Wild fires burning,

The waves rising up in tsunamis to swallow us
With mercilessly rush.
Hell is brought too near,
No longer is rain so dear,
Yet when it comes we flood.

When shall we learn to stop
Before we drop?

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

~**Frank Verkley, Canada**



Words have always had a special meaning to them for me. As a youth I was a terrible speller, but always knew the meanings of them. I continue to find meanings in words and allow myself to be surprised. London, Ontario, Canada.

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/frank-verkley.php>

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

Climate Change (how dark can it become?)

Somethings up!

A rustle in the leaves that lay around me.

I've been feeling dry and it crackles as I move my mind.

My inner world has collapsed.

The comfort has arrived.

Climate change

Hopeless news floods my interior.

Just in time to provide me with the sustenance to keep me in place.

The winds blow harder, the rain pelts me to my roots.

The big, Ahem!"

Comfortably I gesture.

Climate change is upon us.

No need to change when change is not welcome at my door.

I've been sitting here for quite some time now.

Operating at a full stop.

My new hero is Climate Change.

See, there is no hope.

I've been told I have a finite time to live.

It's my fault.

I ruined mother earth.

I keep being told, if only I embrace the carbon tax.

If only I cry more for the death found in destruction.

If only I follow the leaders.

I'm comfortable

I can stay this way and live my life in isolation

Climate Change affirms my right to stay just the way I am, hopelessness bathes me.

A new mantra has flooded my world

"I have destroyed the world."

"Destroyed it for everyone else."

I have accepted my judgement.

It's not like my other worlds bear me pause to see any other direction before me.

They lay hopeless and tired and miserable and dry.

Yet the wind blows harder, the rain pelts me to my roots.

No, I don't want to look at the damage cast upon my home.

The one I built on floodplain and along the shoreline.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

Location, location, location.
Don't make me look at my choices.
I find comfort in your words that the end is near.
I need not look at my actions anymore.

I'm being poked.
Contribute a bit, where's your support?
A coin, a letter to the editor, the politician perhaps?
There's a cure that will cure my lack of income.
Let me devise a way for you to suit my needs.
Haste, make haste, the end times are here.
Yet, the wind blows harder, the rain pelts me to my roots.
My leaves are now pilling up in a heap.
I'm a heap that looks dark and lost to value.
I've been told, "It's my fault I destroyed it for you."
I've seen the news, I've heard the loudspeaker say it.
Species are dying!
I've been dying inside as well.

The wind blew and the rain fell.
Then it blew harder and wet all around some more.
From this new arrangement things began to grow.
Seedlings, something emerged from deep inside me.
I could not hold on to my hopelessness, it blew away.
The rain-washed parts of me I allowed to be covered for too long.
Exposed, I could not hide no more.
Encouragement came through a new source.
Climate Change whispered, "wake up, it's your time!"
I'll always be here to support you.
Natural, you are the naturalist in your life.
From where you were, to where you are going, it is time for...
Climate Change.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

~ Sherife Allko, Tirana -Albania



Climate Change . . . *do or die*

Destructive Smog

I sat cross-legged on the ground,
with dry grass.
I was sad and I cried
as I saw him lifeless.
The birds approached me with a commotion,
sad, wasted,
thirsty for a drop of water.

Something terrible was bothering him.
The horror of the surrounding Apocalypse
and the amazon of burning air.
I looked up,
the trees were lifeless.

Each branch of leaves charged
with the veil of destructive smog,
towards the end everything about the underworld.
I just closed my tearful eyes for a moment,
to forget, in eternal oblivion.

I approach near the sea sadly,
my soul does not burst when I see it,
innocent underwater creatures,
in the lifeless sea.
Oil and plastic cream,
thrown like a veil over the sea of the planets.

Ah, you destructive pollution and smog! ...
You have not been generous at all ...
How can we survive
all this crap.
I see pale children,
my chest hurts so much that I do not burst.

Hey, ... you, politicians
scientists and astronauts,
look at the soot smoke blackening the clouds!
Please; do something about this planet.
This smog, slowly everything is killing!

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

Smogu Shkatërrimtar (Original in Albanian)

U ula këmbëkryq në tokë,
me barin e thatë .
U trishtova dhe lotova
teksa e pashë pa jetë .
M'u afruan zogjtë me rrëmujë,
të trishtuar , të tretur ,
të etur për një pikë ujë .

Diçka e tmerrshme i mundonte .
Tmerri i Apokalipsit përreth
dhe amazona e ajrit që digjej .
Ngrita sytë të shikoja ,
pemët ishin pa jetë .

Çdo degë e gjethe ngarkuar
me vellon e smogut shkatërrimtar ,
drejt fundit çdo gjë për botën e nëndheshme .
I mbylla vetëm një çast sytë e përçarë ,
të harroj , në harresën e përjetshme .

Afrohem afër detit me trishtim ,
shpirti sa s'më plas kur e shoh,
krijesat nënujore të pafajshme ,
në detin pa jetë .
Ajka e naftës dhe plastikës ,
hedhur si vello mbi det e planet .

Ah, ti ndotje e smog shkatërrimtar !...
Aspak nuk je treguar bujar ...
Si mund t'i mbijetojmë
gjithë kësaj katrahure.
Tek shoh fëmijët e zbehtë ,
më dhimbsen e kraharori sa s'më pëlçet .

Ej,...ju, o politikanë
shkencëtarë e astronautë ,
shikoni tymin blozën që nxijnë retë !
Ju lutem ; bëni diçka për këtë planet .
Ky smog , dalëngadalë gjithçka po vret !

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

~M A Shaheed, United States



Mutawaf A. Shaheed, AKA “C. E. Shy”, has been writing since the seventh grade. He continued writing throughout high school, until he became more involved in sports. After his graduation, he worked at the White Motors Company where he contributed to the company’s newspaper with his column, “The Poet’s Corner.” His regularly featured writings in that capacity constitute his first published work.

<https://www.facebook.com/mutawaf.shaheed>

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

Best Witness

Regaled as heroes, by the zero click,
viewed by others as disfigured figures
of an era gone bye, bye. Strutting around
in a crowd of hopeless ones, whose thoughts
have no place else to go. Faces fixed by
Revlon and Monsanto.

Minds fenced in by bloody Mary. Laws established
by the convict class. Projected ideas that turned
into wrath. Interfering with the natural order of
things, makes mistakes hard for him to swallow.
Watching them being dominated by a dominator,
with tethers wearing a leather suit. Confused over
who to abuse.

Terms squirm inside barren brains trying to find
some meaning. Tourniquets, don't work to stop the
spiritual bleeding. Stick like people see no evil in
anything they say or do, especially when done to me
and you. Suffering setbacks, trying to get back on a
track that continually runs in circles. Everything goes
in cycles.

Picture a manic on crack as the quarterback leading
the way astray. Saying the same stuff, he said yesterday.
Union halls drenched in alcohol where they say I can't
come in. People trapped, lines tapped, dreams broke by
the stroke of a pen. Can't stop listening to the jinn that's
doing them in.

Making choices of the voices they want to hear. Working
on the physics that will get them out of the atmosphere.

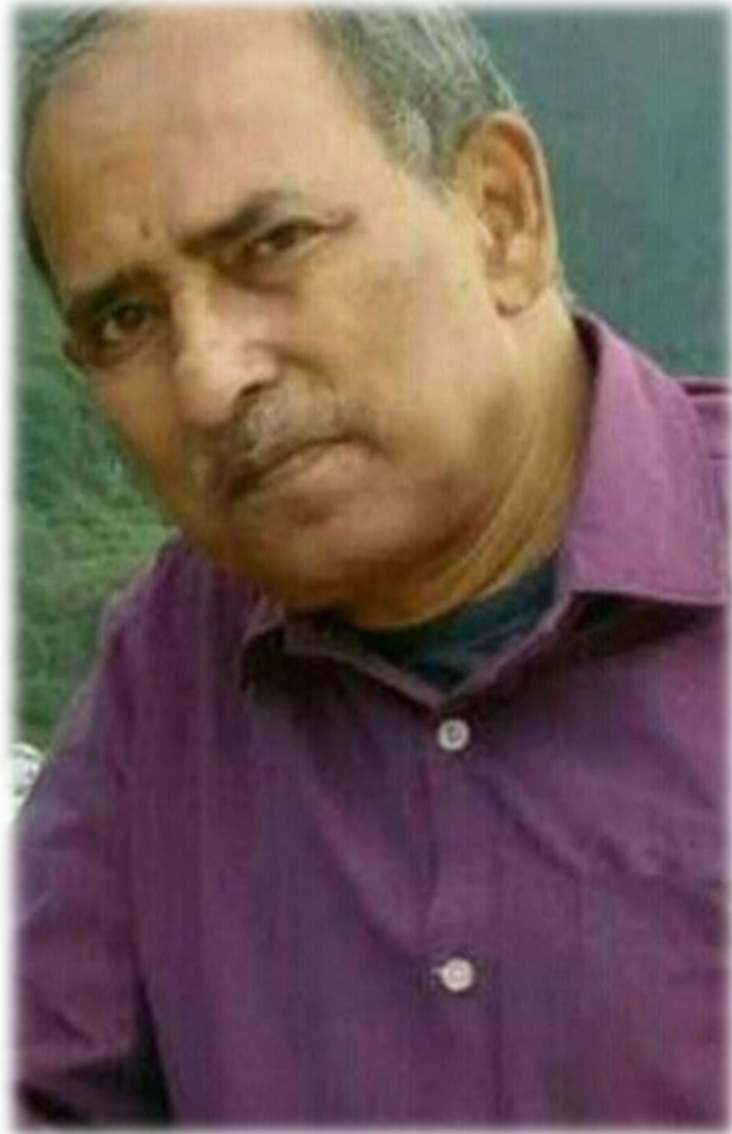
Climate Change . . . *do or die*

In the process inventing a weapon to blow themselves and everybody else to smithereens. After figuring where it all started they still won't be able to stop it all.

What was the mission he's been on that included, destroying the planet Earth? You guess, the Creator know better than we guess. Remember asbestos and DDT? Maybe it was the holy cow that did it? Fish and other sea food already wrapped in plastic bags. How convenient could it be? Lies come wrapped up in all kinds of disguises. Truth shows up buck naked. I write this, because I like it.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

~CSP Shrivastava, Bengaluru, India



Csp Shrivastava is a bilingual poet (Hindi and English). His poems have been published in several national and international anthologies. He loves and cares for the human values and views literature as a continuous effort to understand the intricacies of the human psyche and nature.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

Climate Change... It's How n Why

It's now not the survival of the fittest
It's the survival itself...
Survival of the human race, its grace

Much debated: Climate change
Sans seeds of concerted actions

Strange!!!

Not that, we don't know the measures of restraints
It's the absence of the directed
Zeal and a will

The wild fires across globe
Rising temperatures
The melting glaciers
The havocs of excessive rain
Or its honest absence
The overall turmoil...
Nature 's revenge are
Whispering indications
Loud enough to put all to alert
Seeking an all out urgent intervention...
Of our concrete and sincere actions

You are hardly left wz recourse
To act if not now n fast
A swift bang not a blast
Awaits you

Cz life, the cosmos cycle is recurrent
We are no exception
If we don't catch now the current.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

~Maxwanette A Poetess, Jamaica



Maxine A. Moncrieffe aka Maxwanette A Poetess, Brooklyn born, Jamaican-African bloodline, published poet - "Poetry, Language Of The Soul & The Poetic Storm," (Amazon.com), Co-Host on YouTube with The Real Stuff Podcast, Indie Writer, licensed business owner - Cyber Clerical Associates, LLC, and a Kissimmee, FL resident.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

Climate Changes

It's cold, it's hot,
it's both at the same time.
Wear a jacket, remove your jacket,
what do you do? Nothing is aligned.

Dead fish on the shores,
bees are near extinction.
Industrialization continues,
Frick-A-Fracking becoming forever-mores.

Tsunamis, earthquakes, sink-holes,
contaminated air, laced with chem-trailed silhouettes.
Respiratory illnesses, feeding COVID, worldwide deaths...

Burning trees, the Amazon cries,
as Mother Gia bleeds.
The waters churning in their beds,
while the change, produces marine-life with warped heads.

These climate changes?
Look at how it rearranges,
the beauty in which we once lived.
Does no one care, as they gamble the very air, in which we need to breathe?...

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

~ **Dr. Ratan Ghosh, India**



Ratan Ghosh (PhD), an Indian English Poet, Editor, freelancer, short story writer, and Novelist, is a teacher as well as a researcher. He is a passionate author and his poems have been featured in many international E- journals, Journals, and paper back anthologies across the globe.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

Black Hole

Perhaps...
The fossils...
Waiting to spill...
From the Galaxy of black hills

Millions and millions of years
Absorbing the earthly acidity, carcinoma, rusts and tears
Only to fuel the burning fires...
For the planet that is drowning in levity, lust and poisonous layers

The Northern glaciers, greenery and divine grace...
Slowly melting, melting and melting leaving only arid space
To welcome salinity, solidity, sands, and cactus nest
Yes, only to welcome Salinity, solidity, sands and cactus nest

The southern vapors, velocity and void...
Slowly engulfing the land of life without noise...
Since it is being overloaded with plastics, poisons, pesticides and deadly voice
From the land of hunger and over joys

The Eastern angry Sun...
Looking down with angry eyes all to burn...
Since it's aggrieved with the burden of Co2's horn...
Whistling and whistling from the dark night to the Morn...

Even the Western setting Sun...
Slowly spreading its angry tongue
Only to burn the darkness that kisses the air coolers and fans
In such land of hungry women and men!

In such land of hungry women and men!

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

~ Anthony Arnold, United States



Anthony Arnold, born in Tampa, and raised by his grandmother in a little town called Quincy in the Florida panhandle, wrote his first piece in the third grade and fell in love with writing ever since that moment; writing has become a comfort and a mainstay to keep him focused.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

Broken Earth

(Inspired by Michael Jackson's Earth song)

Where do we go now that we have no home?
The earth as we knew is gone
There is no life here anymore
We took it all away

She tried to tell us, but we didn't listen
Help me she cried, do something she said
But we didn't listen, she be all right
She always is. Not this time

Tornadoes, hurricanes, death and destruction
People dying, mountains falling
But yet we still didn't listen
While all around us she cried

Earthquakes, volcanoes disasters abound
Oil spills, toxins filling the air
But yet we didn't listen
While again she cried

As we look back what could we have done
Could we have saved her?
Could we have stopped the destruction?
Could we have saved our home?

So where do we go?
What do we do?
Do we boldly go where no one gone before
Will we continue as a race?

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

~**Dr. Debaprasanna Biswas, India**



Dr. Biswas is an Indian Bengali poet. He is also bilingual poet and honored with several literary awards at home and abroad. His poems are published and translated (Odissi, Marathi, Indonesian, Persian, Polish) at home and abroad. His creation is mainly on social life.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

Rain Drops

Drops of rain after a long summer days
The very uncommon earthen smell
The sweetly romantic touch of pearl drops
Touched the innocent teenagers
Those days have gone
Now rains are coming frequently
The untimely brazen rain
Raining as monotonous inhuman horror.
The sad experience of the uprooted persons in street corners.
The deadly rain sharpening the knife
The slaughter rain is going on and on
Everything is spoiled, life is hailed
Process of cultivation is hampered.
Now the teenagers are running
In different climate of their growth.
The traditional climate of academic environment has been changed.
Social climate has been stumbled.
Romantic climate disappeared into forceful enjoyment.
Ethical climate among politicians gradually being spoiled.
In a slow process we are to adopt positive motivation.
Traditional biasness need to be avoided.
Perhaps we are enjoying real earth
In pollution free state.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

~Orbindu Ganga, India



Orbindu Ganga is an Indian science post-graduate and owner of CynFynEnliven - publisher & consultant. He is also the co-founder & literary research editorial director of English literary journal INNSÆI, certified life coach, SOBS coach, spiritual mentor, author, poet, content writer, and researcher. He has published many poems, research papers, and articles.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

SOS

Seeds were sprinkled to light up
The soil, drops mingled to moisten
The speck to life, the creator added
The protectors to shield the flora,
The man accepted the duties gracefully
For ages, until the being became social
The WE became I, the greed to concur
The forest to create concrete jingles,
He disturbed the bio balance destroying
The flora, leaving the fauna to leave
Their homes, being attacked for invading,
Giving excuses for self-defense, poaching
For pleasure, strangulating for aesthetics,
Smiling with the bloodshed, intermittently
Crying for remorse, deep within finding,
The ecstasy to be omnipotent, the urge
To become supreme leaving the sanctity
Behind paid a huge price, the nature
Gave enough warnings to make the house
In order, never did the avarice allow
Man to listen to mother nature, she waited
For long to be heard, to understand and
Correct the mistakes, the ship was
Drowning, the sailors were looking
At the moon to wait for the tomorrow
To show the route, searching in darkness.

Patience took the lid off bursting
Thunderous wrath of nature -
 Drought-hit the greenery
 With the cracks sans a drop
Deluge took the houses away
 Ruining thousands of homes
A silent vent opened, the river of lava
 Flooded the farm to barren

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

Temperature roared every year
 Kissing the extremes knots
Poles melted the glaciers
 Encroaching the beaches
Island vanished without traces
 Inhabitants buried in the deep sea.

It is never too late until
We accept our mistakes
 Value her tears
 Value her sacrifice
 Remember her pain
 Remember the mother.

Join in synergy to save
Our future generations,
We lived in these beautiful houses
To make it our homes,
Let our children live in peace
Loving and caring the nature.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

~Queen aka Lana, United States



Queen Alena D. Jones Smith aka Lana`LJ” Joseph is a retired ELA and Theatre Arts teacher. She developed a deep passion for writing plays, short stories and poetry while teaching middle school. Queen is the Author of “God’s Radiance,” a collection of poems and prose. Other writings of hers are included in multiple anthologies and magazines.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

Climate Change

I am ready to travel
a reversal road
I want to live
children playing...
adults caring
I yearn for a hood
neighbors loving...
smiling... stares
A community like
what I grew up in...
with caring neighbors
and true friends
and nosy adults
Miss Walker and them
always minding others bizz
They made it their jobs

Being home... on time
before streetlights came on
That was our household norm
my siblings and I...
and childhood friends knew the rules
nosy neighbors...
were annoying
they were pain-in-butts
to us children
not just my neighbor next door...
But, our little community
That's just how things were

When I look back...
I smile within

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

the world I grew up in and
the communities I lived in
were actually the greatest

Things are ever so different now
There is a drastic climate change
Perhaps it's just me and my siblings
But, I remember volunteering time
Helping neighbors keep our community clean
Conserving water and PG& E was the norm
That household cardinal rule never changed
"If you're not using it, turn it off!"
Showers were 10 minute maximum
No exceptions...
Even though I preferred bubble baths.

As a child,
what I perceived as being nosy
Or going overboard with rules
was just concerned adults...
looking out for one another
My village loved and protected us
people truly cared about important things
like, reusing and recycling
Families actually came together to plant trees
I want this type of hood back
I want those nosy neighbors
Today, I humbly thank them all

As an adult,
I have a better understanding about global warming
and climate change...
I find myself doing the same as mom and dad,
reducing the amount of basically everything used
I continue to pray for our world

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

As mortals,
we have a responsibility to change the way we live
It is never too late to form good habits
I do not know if we can achieve near zero emissions
And... I have no scientific knowledge
to stop volcanic eruptions
Or... to stop the extinction of many species

I know that the earth's orbital change
and solar variations all play a huge role
In this modern day climate change
I do know that we can do better... globally
we must do more to stop destroying earth
For our children and grandchildren's sake,

I continue to hope for the best
and pray that our human behavior and activity
will change for the good...

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

~Tapas Dey, India



Tapas Dey, lives in the small town of Mathabhanga, India and working as an English teacher. He is an avid reader of poems and interested in writing poetry. Tapas' poems have been included in many international and national magazines and anthologies.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

Worse Than Tolerable

Outstretched land , looking unrest scribblings,
Turns away her face from her child.
Mother is now lying with hollow heart
With no sap in her breasts,
Yet mother's feeling continues unbroken.
Mother's horrendous look at the unmerciful sky
Horrendous look at the wounded land
Fill the infinite sky and land
With an infinite number of hungers.

Who is the impoverished of landholder,
Where is his eventful past career ?
The earth is getting polluted,
Pollution means a perilous fate by inches.

Duty is an predominant urge to all,
By concentrated work like a steady horse,
Or fate will be worse than tolerable.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

~Swayam Prashant, India



Swayam Prashant (penname of Dr. Prashanta Kumar Sahoo) was born in the undivided Cuttack district, Odisha. He was formerly an Associate Professor of English at Sarupathar College, Assam, India. He has written six books and two booklets including *Live Like A Man* (poetry) and *Joy of Love* (poetry).

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

The Green Voice

When you were not there

I was going round the sun

When you would not be there

I would still be going round the sun

I cannot help you my child

if you do not help yourself.

Cool your style of living

in order to secure your own life and of others.

If you want to live forever

give your mother a green cover.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

~ **Roula Pollard, Greece**



Greek poet of the Diaspora, writer, translator, literary promoter, has published four Poetry collections in Greek and English, short stories, literary criticism, and essays. She has been translated into ten languages, is included in more than 150 international Poetry anthologies, and won international poetry and humanitarian awards. Ambassador of Peace for the World Institute for Peace.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

A Tree, Always In My Memory

I am in the memory, in the rings of a tree,
as you are in my memory.
I am not yours, you are not mine
we are a oneness in love. I have no possessions.
A tree I am.
The tree is not yours, not mine
our life is a tree
as valuable as our shared planet, valuable as a oneness
a wholeness on this planet. Sea breezes
unite us, like a sea soul
even sadness is shared
in the body of our Universe.
Usually, I say “ I gave up sadness”
turned it into an endless song
long as the days of my life
united by a delicate cotton thread with you
or the strongest ropes, like those anchored boats
on the pier, or long islands of the soul
visited in summertime.
United in a oneness by a hyper-lexicon of love words
united by trees to create life’s oxygen
united by hope like a rising dawn
united by strong, powerful links
of world love
world peace

~Abdumominov Abdulloh, Uzbekistan



Abdumominov Abdulloh, was born on November 29, 2008 in Tashkent. At the age of five I began to study oriental and literature, read books. From a young age he was fond of literature. I started writing stories when I was ten, and my stories have been translated into many languages and published in many countries, I participated in international competitions and won prizes. The purpose of writing a story is to instill in children a sense of time and culture. His works have been published in newspapers, magazines, and websites of Uzbekistan. It has also been published in Russia, Pakistan, India, Kazakhstan, Dagestan, Indonesia, Israel, Africa, Belgium, Romania, America, Argentina, China. Also published in Russian, English, Kazakh, Indonesian, Irvitic, Romanian, Spanish, Chinese. Coordinator for Uzbekistan of the African newspaper Kenya Times, Indian magazine Namaste India Magazine.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

Peace

May there always be peace,
Let there be no war.
May our country be beautiful,
Rejoice, our people.
Wherever you go, always,
Do good to you.
They say that even the ancestors,
The near future is you.

Always in our country,
It's a wedding, it's a spectacle.
Tulips on the hill,
Come on guys.

We celebrate,
Now you guys.
In our independent hands
When we live happily

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

~ Kimberly Burnham, United States



Published in over 100 books, Kimberly Burnham, Ph.D. (Integrative Medicine) is a writer, poet, and complementary medicine practitioner. She authored *Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program* for people interested in improving their brain clarity, creativity, and muscle movements. She is an avid gardener and environmentalist, who bicycled 3000 miles across the U.S. with Hazon (US Jewish Environmental group) in 2013. She recently authored *The Red Sunflower Diaries, Why Everyone Should Garden and Share Seeds*.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

Ukraine Everything is Climate

A choice between ignorance and truth
uncover and go on never able to unlearn

Pay attention to climate change
nothing will ever look the same

Europe heavily dependent on Russian oil and gas
clean energy could help limit Putin

Security: wean off oil and gas
move toward renewable independence

Three billion people vulnerable
rising global temperatures

An atlas of human suffering
polluters guilty of arson of our only home

Humanity can't afford catastrophic warming
air pollution increase

Everything has changed
opportunity to reshape

Global energy system avoid
the whims of a single country

Or a single man
stop polluting

Build a climate-resilient future
listen

A found poem from the LA Times
Ukraine is a climate story
Because everything is a climate story

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

~**Rajashree Mohapatra,**
Bhubaneswar(Odisha) India



Rajashree Mohapatra: Born in Odisha in India has received her master's degree in ' History' and 'Journalism and Mass Communication' from Utkal University, Odisha .She is a teacher by profession. Being a postgraduate in ' Environmental Education and Industrial Waste Management ' from Sambalpur University Odisha , she has devoted herself as a Social Activist for the cause of social justice, Environmental issues and human rights in remote areas through Non-governmental organisations. Poetry, Painting and Journalism are her passions.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

Climate Change

We are the devotees of moonlight
but they whisper of burning flames
and melting ice.
We nourish the emotions
not only sorrows, sufferings,
joys and pleasure
but also of the bio-diversity as a whole.

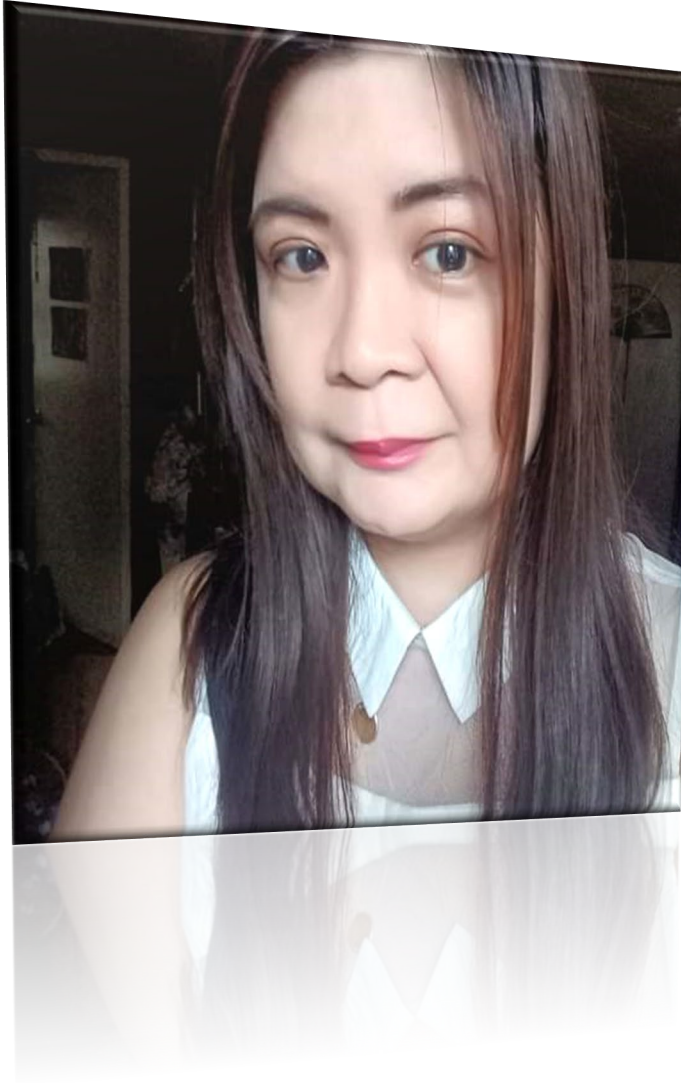
Climatologists forecast
Changes in precipitation patterns
Increase in frequency of storms
Rising sea levels, melting of glaciers
Heat waves and fluctuating weather
We have added trillion tonnes of carbon dioxide to our atmosphere .

Now spring arrives early
Imbalance among species
Bleaching of coral reefs
Droughts and forest fires
We are more vulnerable to
pest infestations and disease.
Dry springs and mild winters
Lives are lost to heat wave in summers.

This poet is scared with the idea of
destruction and devastation
Heavy snowfall or torrential downpours.
She fears,
Her little island may disappear
beneath the waves of sea water!
Who can save her dreams?
International efforts
or individual participation!!!

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

~Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo, The
Philippines



Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo is a multi-awarded international author/poet/visual artist from the Philippines. She is the author of “Seasons of Emotions” and “Inner Reflections of the Muse” and a co-author to more than 100 international anthologies.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

Reverse Genesis

What was once a wonderful place
Ruined, destroyed with years of neglect
Where have the green fields gone?
The mystical forest of Amazon.
La Nina and El Nino everywhere
Floods displacing people
Wildfires and drought
Who is to blame for all this catastrophe?
Mother Nature is calling one and all
Man must heed and listen
Protect the Earth and reverse the destruction
For all generations to come.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

~**Hassan Hegazy Hassan, Egypt**



Hassan Hegazy Hassan, an Egyptian poet and translator , born in Sharkia, 1960. Holds a Bachelor of Arts and Education, majoring in English language. Zagazig University 1982. Member of the Egyptian Writers Union, the Egyptian Translators and Linguists Association and the Arab Internet Writers Union. published several books on poetry and translation.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

A Message From The Earth

My children, be with me.
Have Mercy, have pity on me!
I'm tired, so tired,
or in the near future
you won't find me.

You changed my conditions,
for the worst.
I am badly afraid of the future,
the nearest,
from a long winter, or heavy summer,
may be the worst!

My water has dried up,
my rain has nearly departed.

Disasters and misfortunes are knocking
at your doors:
drought, thirst, starvation, and drowning.
Deadly struggle, or near death
outweighing Satan's scheming!

My sons!
Have many on your decent Partners:
the animals, plants, birds, and trees.
Companion from the rest of the creatures,
Companion to yourselves.

Stop belittling and underestimating,
with my capabilities.
Come back to my home, the simplest.
You will have my green paradise, the prettiest!
This is my last call before it's too late.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

You have partners,
living peacefully on my back,
looking for your sympathy and affection,
dear to me, like you, from animals, Plants,
Birds and Tree.

Have mercy on the rest of the creatures,
your Companions, your friends and partners.
Stop your tampering, come back to my home,
to my heart and to nature.

This is my last call before it's too late

...

Your affectionate mother,
the earth.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

~**Sweta Kumari, India**



Sweta Kumari (Gold Medalist, M.A. in English) is a bilingual award-winning poet, short story writer, avid-reader, an academician, editor and an anthology compiler. She is currently pursuing her research entitled "Dialectics of Feminism in Select Hindi Films and Film Adaptations of Indian English Novels (1960-2010)". Her areas of interest are Contemporary issues like Women Empowerment, Patriarchy, Post-Colonial Studies, Feminism and Film Studies. Besides, she has even presented several scholarly papers in national and international Conferences and participated actively in workshops.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

Restoring The Legacy of Humanity and Peace

Let our soul belong in the light of humanity,
And let it guide people's creeds
To restore the glory of the world's spirit.
Let us not flame our belief of solidarity,
Over the chaos and disharmony,
And to sing together an anthem of victory
Spreading all around rainbow of hues
Of unity and integrity.
Let the mercy be upon us of being enslaved,
Sometimes for owning a selfish soul
And conquering life
Away from love and the dream of humankind.
Let us pray in silence for the entire folks
To bestow upon us with the blessings to walk,
Holding together in the rhythm
For sustaining the legacy of peace.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

~Ashok Bhargava, Canada



Ashok Bhargava is a poet, author, and a community activist. He has published several collections of his poems. He is a founding-president of Writers International Network. He has been an honored guest to literary conferences in Turkey, Italy, India, and Philippines. He is recipient of many literary awards.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

A Prayer for Change

Of our own making
We are sucked
Into a whirlpool of
Pollution, floods, fires and
A black hole of apathy.

Why don't we understand
We are not imperishable.
We would be better off
With green kindness
That stems from the soil,
Not with greed, cynicism and denials.

We ought to be the bridge
Between us and sanity, and
Return to mother nature
With a pledge for renewal -
A road map to survival.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

~**Dhama Dove, Indonesia**



Dhama Dove, an Indonesian novelist was born in 1976. Her novels are: *Kisah Kinasih*, *Langkah Telanjang*, *Fatamorgana- Metamorfosa* and *Gita Donya*. Growing up facing life was not just black and white, she was interested to learn things as part of her spiritual journey. Learning yoga, qigong, traditional dancing, and meditation are ways to embrace life. A blissful mother of two wonderful children. A wife who enjoy an ordinary life.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

You Are My Home

Still, you are my home
no matter the wind crawling in the mist
awakening my cozy bone
let me cry with you in this barren land

Always, you are my home
regardless the thunder frightened my dreams
let me kneel down my knees feeling your blood

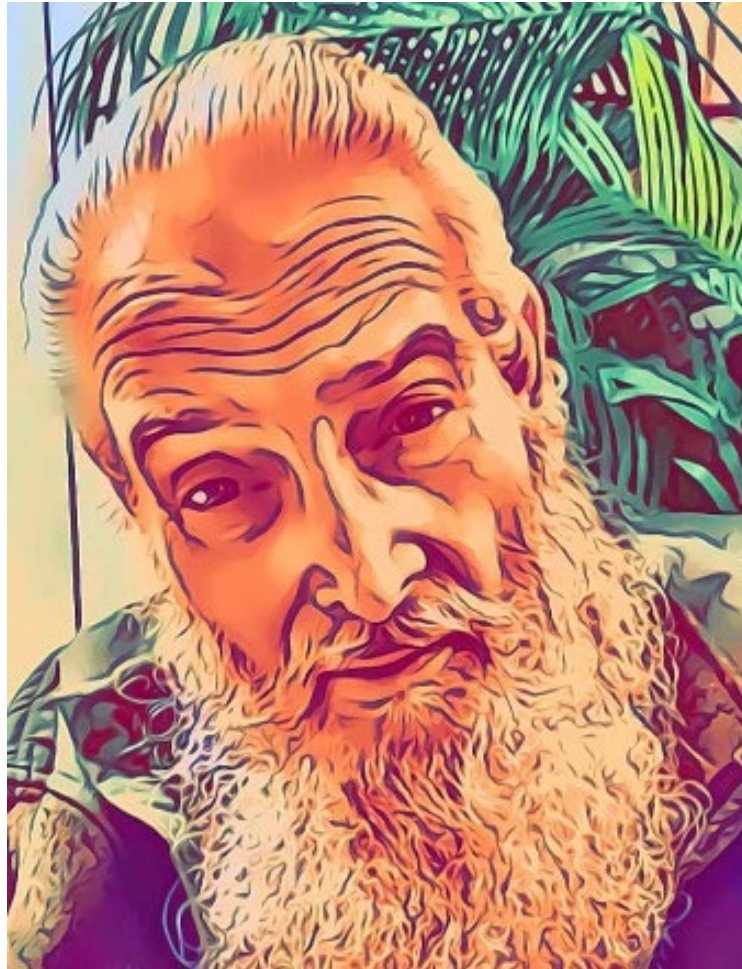
At last, embrace my being here
as your doors remain open
I am home
Nang...ning...nung...neng...gung

Pekanbaru, Indonesia

-nang, , ning, nung, neng, gung are Javanese advise; a journey to receive enlightenment.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

~Shareef Abdur-Rasheed/Zakir Flo,
United States



Shareef Abdur-Rasheed, AKA Zakir Flo, was born and raised in BKLYN, NY. He has received his education in BKLYN COLLEGE. A spoken word/poetry artist and a socio-political commentator, he has been composing poetry since the 60s. He plays Percussion, Congas, Timbales, Jazz & Salsa. He has authored *Poetic Snacks 4 The Conscious Munchies*, and contributed to numerous anthologies. [. . .]

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

Climate Change

You might have more ice in your glass
then what's left in polar ice cap
greenland ice cap melting
mankind has s#!+ where he sleeps
now t's time to reap what you sow
yo you mankind who supposed
to know better
but yet the bottom line
exposed dem blind to the fact
\$#!+in where you sleep
melts ice caps
what if you were born a polar bear
a seal, penguin would y'all give
a good dam then
to the tune of 66 tons of ice per
every human on earth worth
of give a dam
or when the dam gives way
and y'all having a bad day
swimming in what was once
ice caps up in the poles
you could really give a \$#!+
when you kept f^@Kin up
your home called earth
now your soul will roll to
a rebirth on the rocks
would you drink to that?

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

~C L Battick, United States



Cleve Battick is an environmental biologist and educator who writes poetry. Having worked with students and staff for over 20 years to participate in environmental action, such as recycling, tree planting, waste reduction, he is proud of local action as part of a global effort to address environmental pollution.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

Vision 20/20

Is your vision 20/20 working
Towards graduating, paying bills, servicing debts, fine
Print details of daily living
Does that clear the air
For the dawning of a new decade, year?
And now amongst us
Is a novel coronavirus
Look! Can you see through the haze Of yesterday's forest fire rage Battling men and
women, dislodged In flight, frenzied animals wasted, displaced
Misplaced single use plastic wraps Unsuspecting traps
Fish and whales, stuffed entrails
Indigestible micro-plastic, beads
Of sweat raining down, hot bodies
Effect of this global warming Melting ice caps, polar
Bears habitat loss; food gone
Southbound, barely moving on
Searching garbage; can food rot
Waste not
Plan Recycle Organics
Compost; nutrient release; healthy plant
Growth- food, shelter, habitat
This native land we share
Yet amongst us
Thrive a deadly coronavirus
Do you wait for the world to change
Offer prayers that you can manage
Building walls, a fortress from the others Or, network relationships; build community
Educate; empower modern learners
Do. See sparkle in young eyes Open, hands outstretched, rise We rise together, strong
Today "Act locally", the village teaches
Old men do dream; the young share visions
Eyeballing yesterday's experiences-
Teach wisdom
Environmental actions have been, worldwide, viral
Outbreak. Contamination. Isolation:
Immunization, like resistant combatants
Surviving

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

Ebola, H1N1, SARS have been
Contained; now it's covid-19
Control: Global action by everyone
Do not slight the urge
To flatten the curve
Keep you' distance
Wash hands clean like an escape,
Free of covid-19
Focused rearview mirrors
Hindsight, for you, images a clear view That's 20/20 Vision
My wish for you
Like a crusader masked
On the streets, serving the public
Notice: Stay you' distance
Wash, wash, wash hands
Clean like new, you
Me; environmental stewards - us
Containing local contamination
Chorus!

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

~Ariel Noelle, United States



Willow Rose (aka) Ariel Noelle was once a ninth-grade drop-out who went back to school, graduating summa cum laude with her Bachelor's Degree in English. She went on to teach in Project Even Start; G.E.D. classes and Adult Education, always using herself as an example of what could be accomplished. She believes in the power of well-chosen words and that redemption is always possible. Willow has been writing poetry all her life.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

Inuit Bride

In the deepest depths
of the Arctic night,
the Aurora Borealis limned the gem-strewn sky.
Across the frozen tundra stretched
the visiting tribes,
warmed by the fires in our dome shaped homes
made of rough- hewn blocks of opaque ice.
It had been my marriage to Chief Gloriwchee-chee
they had traveled for days,
some for weeks to see.
The fire blinked out another glowing eye
as he reached for me beneath
parkas piled high,
and a tongue of flame licked at our insides.

All our ancient stories were retold
and for the final feast our guests,
shielded by caribou hides nodded as I told
the strange story of the child who died
drowned playing near the rocks
that once were dry,
and how One-Eye-Sky came way too soon,
the hunters lost without guidance
of the stars and the moon.

The shaman shakes his head,
he now refuses to talk,
his clouded eyes hooded like those of the hawk;
the one he claims came from the south
and saved him from starving
with charred caribou meat it had carried
in its mouth.

The mighty glacier of ice
we call Ichnatho has begun to crack
and now the weather is wild.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

A polar bear trapped on an ice floe
sent the men racing for kayaks already put away;
though they came back without meat,
too troubled to say.

Now the chief whom I married has made
some new friends,
who warned that our old way of life may end.
We have loaded the kayaks with all that we own
and guided by the pale ones
set off for a new home...

Heavy with child and about to give birth,
I make offerings to Sedna that we find
a new earth,
The portents are good
though the new men look strange,
As they whisper of something
they call climate change.

willow rose
March 14,2022

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

~**Shahid Abbas, Pakistan**



Shahid Abbas is a poet and writer from Karapla Tandlianwala Faisalabad Pakistan.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

Protect the Earth

Oh dear humans
The earth is heaven
It's our home
We are to protect it
With the beauty of our hands .

Oh dear humans
Don't say no
Let's go
To clean the atmosphere
Because we belong here .

Oh dear Humans
We are great
Let's prove
To do so .

Oh dear humans
It's our responsibility
To heal the soil
Our actions will show
The ability
Don't talk
Let's make a goal
To clean the earth.

Climate change is upon us,
But we can reverse its effects
Think about future generations,
Cure the ailing earth.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

~**Alyssa Jan Dela Fuente**



World Citizen . . . Poet

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

...That I Want To Save

If there's one thing I want to save
I am so sure it will be Earth
It is our hope, our sacred place
Can we really keep the world?

World is one we can't replace
There are great things here, I have observed
All we wanted is to stay
Is there. good way to preserve?

As I wonder and look at happy faces,
Climate changes is what occurred
Wanting to save all existing races
A precious gem that I have learned

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

Monsif Beroual, Morocco



He was born in MIDELE, Morocco, on 1994. Monsif graduated from Sidi Mohammed Ben Abdallah University, section Public Law in Arabic at Taza City, Morocco. He holds his Master Degree in “Strategy of Decision –Making” (Political Science & IR Field). Mr. Beroual is a multi- awarded and International renowned poet. His poems have been translated into a dozen languages : Spanish , French , Chinese , Polish , Arabic , Romanian, Bulgarian, Bangla, Serbian, Croatian, Italian, and Taiwanese. He has also been published in more than 300 International magazines and anthologies.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

Save the Planet, Save the Generations

I came along to hear your pain
I was asleep
When you inspired me to talk
To explain your sadness
That I will write for the world
About your screams
Words came to me
In my dream
To share your pain to the world,
My ink pen
Is about a dream
Our dream , Our existence that in danger to fade today
Cause what our hands commit against the nature
We destroyed it With our hands Without cares
Even we know;
It's our future
It's our home , Our homeland that has no price
Priceless , without it , there's no existence
And without it safety Our existence will be gone ;
faded forever
Maybe Like dinosaurs
And more money , tech has no values without our existence.

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

~**The Oracle aka Denise Lyles-Cook,**
United States



Denise Lyles-Cook is known as The ORACLE. She is a Motivational Speaker, Published Author, Educator, and Artist, known as a Healer of the heart, mind, body and soul. Why "The ORACLE"? In her words, "I'm told I say what people need to hear". The ORACLE is a high school teacher for LAUSD, a two-time Spoken Word Billboard Award winner and the Owner/Operator of ORACLE Publishing, a boutique performance, editing, design, and copywriting company. Her true nature is summed up in her motto, "all-ways remember to love yourself"

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

An Option For Survival

They had no option for survival
No choice in time, location, or method
They had no option for survival
Buried deep in the throngs of utter destruction
With them their dreams, their hope, their inevitable despair
They had no option for survival
Life fleeting, dissipating into the collective spirit of the universe
A lifetime membership for members who had not yet chosen to join
They had no option for survival
Loved ones left behind, or taken along for the ride
All grieving one for the other
They had no option for survival
Suffocating oppressions, drowning in the sea of twisted earth, water, and debris
Not quite the coffin considered nor ceremony planned
They had no option for survival
The many a collective one
All the same in their shared loss of choice
Each the same in their ultimate prescribed fate
They had no option for survival
The only option that remains is to the living
An option for being prepared for a time or day when that option would be taken away
Are you ready?
Now that you have the option to ask yourself, “when the time comes, will I have an option for survival?”
Be ready, be prepared, and be right with G-D, with yourself, with the spirit of the universe, then having an “option” won’t matter.

Motivation: tsunami’, earthquake, flash flood, avalanche, tornado, hurricane, plague, lightning, landslide, volcanic eruption, children, spouse, family, friends = life. Are you ready? For life?

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

~hülya n. yılmaz, United States, Turkey



hülya n. yılmaz [sic], Professor Emerita (Liberal Arts, The Pennsylvania State University, USA), Co-Chair and Director of Editing Services of Inner Child Press International, is a tri-lingual writer and literary translator. She has authored four poetry books and co-authored another. Her creative writings were featured in numerous anthologies of global endeavors. <https://hulyanyilmaz.com/>

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

it has become . . .

a stigma
to merely mention the phenomenon
we call “global warming”

one does not need to be a scientist of the field
credible studies reveal the chilling facts,
aka factors contributing to climate change –
every one of which is due to our own doing:
waste
farming
oil and gas
consumerism
industrialization
transport and vehicles
deforestation
power plants
overfishing
oil drilling

at the sight of nature’s devastation,
i often imagine
creeks
streams
rivers
oceans
trees
plants
flowers
and all their inhabitants in a legible voice,
loud and clear – enough for the human species to hear

heart wrenching is their wailing,
yet naysayers turn a deaf ear to their pleas

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

what are the deniers seeking,
what are they contesting,
while Nature's man-made ills intensify?
why ignore her suffering,
abuse her, violate her repeatedly,
leave her vulnerable at the core
to face a dreadful prognosis?
her desperate struggles for survival
transpire right before our unseeing eyes

the 'legacy' of the human race
is day by day being etched
atop a badge of shame
each of us is responsible
for the demolition of the Earth
she does not stand a chance of a rebirth
to each of us belongs the blame

Climate Change . . . *do or die*

william s. peters, sr., United States



William S. Peters, Sr., aka 'Just Bill', is an award-winning global activist for humanity. His poetry and prowess have been acknowledged and translated across the world. He is the founder and chair of Inner Child Enterprises, Inner Child Press International and the World Healing, World Peace Foundation. He utilizes these vehicles along with his poetry and other writings to champion the cause of consciousness, peace, love, acceptance and compassion. His personal perspective is that 'life is a garden', and we must plant seeds of good intent, light and love that we all may harvest a sweet bountiful fruit. The 'by-line' Mr. Peters has coined for Inner Child Press International is 'building bridges of cultural understanding'. Achieving this vital connection is his inspiration.

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What to come

T'was a time of mourning,
The fallen have lost
Their ability to rise up...
They were hobbled at the knees.

.....

The sense of righteousness, morality
And esteem
Had long been exhausted
By the ever oppressive boot
And planned and implemented distractions
Of their 'sense of being'

Their hope had been decimated
As the powerful exploited their fears,
Turning everyday life
Into a continuous nightmare.

Whom to blame
Whom to hold accountable,
Point one finger,
And three point back.

It could all be sourced
At the vast indifference
That occupied the conscious void
That had once known of such things
As empathy and compassion,
But acceptance and tolerance prevailed,
Even though it was an embrace
Of their fears and pains
Their suffering.

In forward reflection,
I ask,
Is this our lot,
Is this the path we are on,
Leading to our own demise?

Those who had a voice,
Remained silent.

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Those who could march,
Sat.
The dreamers dreamt
Of transient things and folly,
And the sleepers slept.

The poets, orators and artisans
Were devoid of vision,
And spoke only
Of finite things,
And mimicked
A doomed history
Where the blue skies of inspiration
Were shrouded with rain, thunder,
And storm clouds.

....

The Sun too
Though it still shined
Was cloaked by the emissions
Of man's foolish waste
Which created the gloomy barrier
Polluting our once
Nurturing atmosphere.

The food-stuff
Had long been poisoned,
The waters undrinkably tainted,
But that did not abate
The deliberate rape,
Pillaging and plunder
Of the bowels
Of our Mother
All in the name of ...
MORE!

I ask again,
'Is this our lot,
Is this the path we are on,
Leading to our own demise?'

.....

Tell me. Tell me
'What to come'

Climate Change

The Gallery

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Climate Change and Ice Cap

Quote: The Greenland loss of 532 gigatons of ice is the equivalent to about 66 tons of ice for each person on Earth. Greenland's ice melt is of particular concern, as the ancient ice sheet holds enough water to raise sea levels by at least 20 feet (6 meters) if it were to melt away entirely.



Photo Credit:

<https://www.ttoscandinavia.com/greenlandice-cap-lost-record-last-year/>

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<https://negativespace.co/family-penguins-ice-polar/>

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Climate Change and Mountains

Quote: Keep close to Nature's heart... and break clear away, once in a while, and climb a mountain or spend a week in the woods. Wash your spirit clean.
– John Muir



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Climate Change and Space Debris

“Space debris increasingly threatens rockets, the international space station, and satellites. At the beginning of October, the CHEOPS space telescope had to make an evasive maneuver due to a piece of Chinese space debris.”

—Guido Schwarz

<https://nccr-planets.ch/blog/2020/11/05/cheops-had-to-avoid-space-debris/>

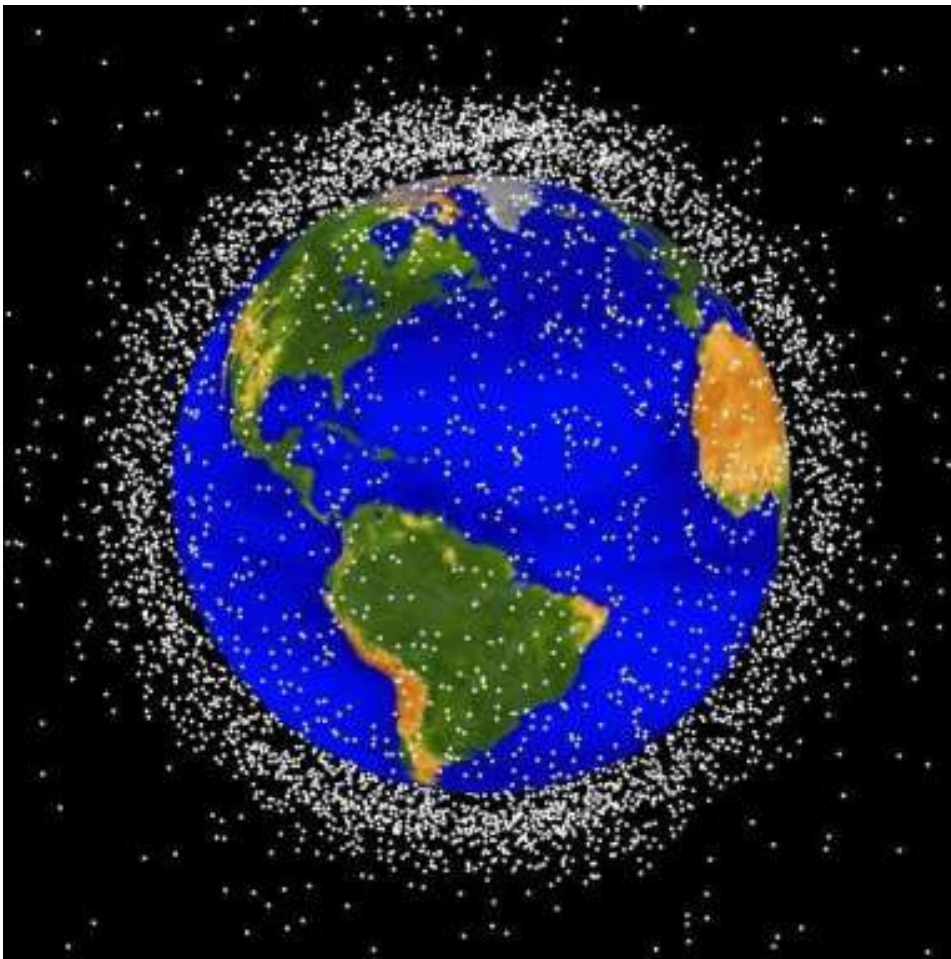


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https://www.nasa.gov/mission_pages/station/news/orbital_debris.html

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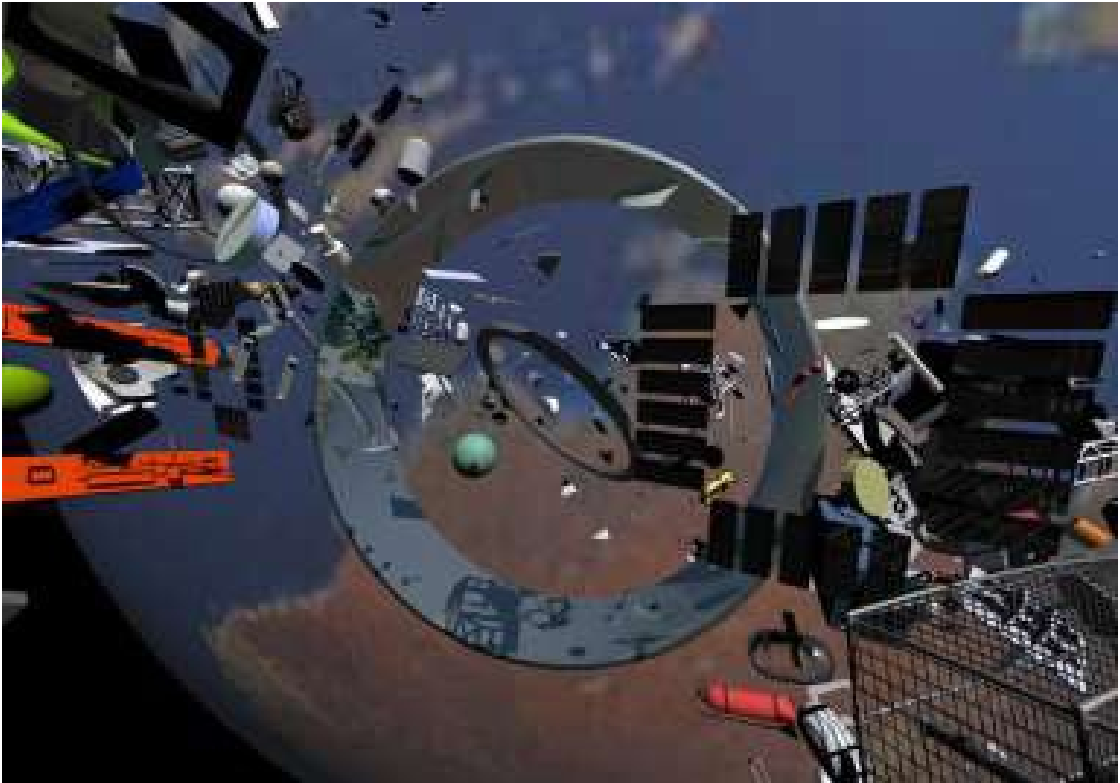


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Climate Change and Oceans

“By polluting the oceans, not mitigating CO2 emissions and destroying our biodiversity, we are killing our planet. Let us face it, there is no planet B.”
—Emmanuel Macron, President of France



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Photo Credit Pxfuel

<https://p1.pxfuel.com/preview/681/354/409/fish-sea-life-aquarium-colorful.jpg>

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Climate Change and Birds

“Believe in the power of your own voice. The more noise you make, the more accountability you demand from your leaders, the more our world will change for the better.” —Al Gore, Former US Vice President



Photo Credit: US Forest Service

<https://forest-atlas.fs.fed.us/lives-forest-birds.html>

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PhotoCredit: Pixnio

<https://pixnio.com/fauna-animals/birds/grebe-birds-pictures/western-grebe-birds-breeds-lakes-ponds>

Climate Change and Trees

“Good fortune if a jacaranda drops flowers on your head. A symbol of wisdom, rebirth, wealth and good luck, the jacaranda’s name means fragrant in the South American language Guarani.”



PhotoCredit: Wikimedia

https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Jacaranda_mimosifolia_trees_in_New_Farm_Park,_Queensland,_07.jpg

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PhotoCredit: Pixabay

<https://pixabay.com/illustrations/forest-fire-forest-climate-change-3836834/>

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Climate Change and Animals

“What you do makes a difference, and you have to decide what kind of difference you want to make.” —Dr Jane Goodall, Scientist & Activist



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<https://www.maxpixel.net/Mammal-Nature-Monkey-Animal-Monkeys-Cute-Baby-5424776>

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Climate Change and Agriculture

“I want you to act as if the house is on fire, because it is.”
—Greta Thunberg



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Photo Credit: Crop Wild Relatives

<https://stories.cwrdiversity.org/story/potatoes-changing-climate/>

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Climate Change : Wind and Weather Patterns

“If you really think that the environment is less important than the economy, try holding your breath while you count your money.” —Guy McPherson



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Climate Change and Oil and Power

“Clean air and water, and a livable climate are inalienable human rights. And solving this crisis is not a question of politics. It is our moral obligation.”

—Leonardo DiCaprio



Photo Credit: Piqsels

<https://p0.piqsels.com/preview/860/864/961/rain-drop.jpg>

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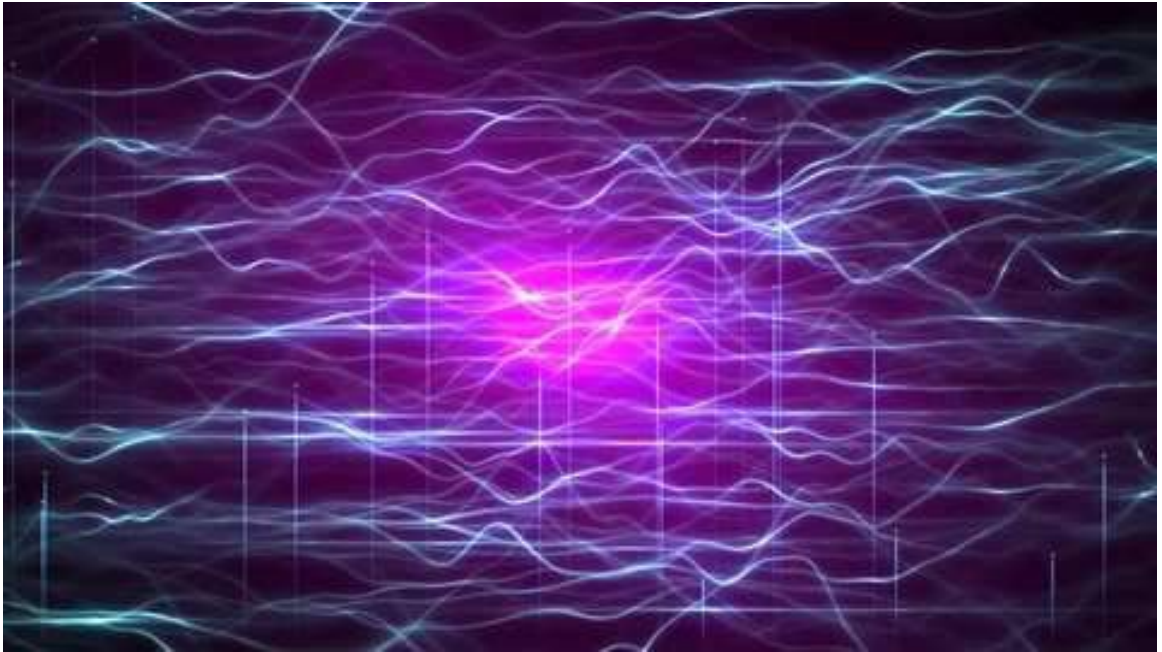


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<https://www.shutterstock.com/video/clip-26626234-side-view-electricity-flowing-through-clear-tube>

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Climate Change and Time to Act

“Even if you never have the chance to see or touch the ocean, the ocean touches you with every breath you take, every drop of water you drink, every bite you consume. Everyone, everywhere is inextricably connected to and utterly dependent upon the existence of the sea.” —Sylvia Earle.



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Climate Change and Bees and Butterflies and Insect Life

“I’m often asked whether I believe in global warming. I now just reply with the question: Do you believe in gravity?” —Neil deGrasse Tyson



Photo Credit: Pixabay

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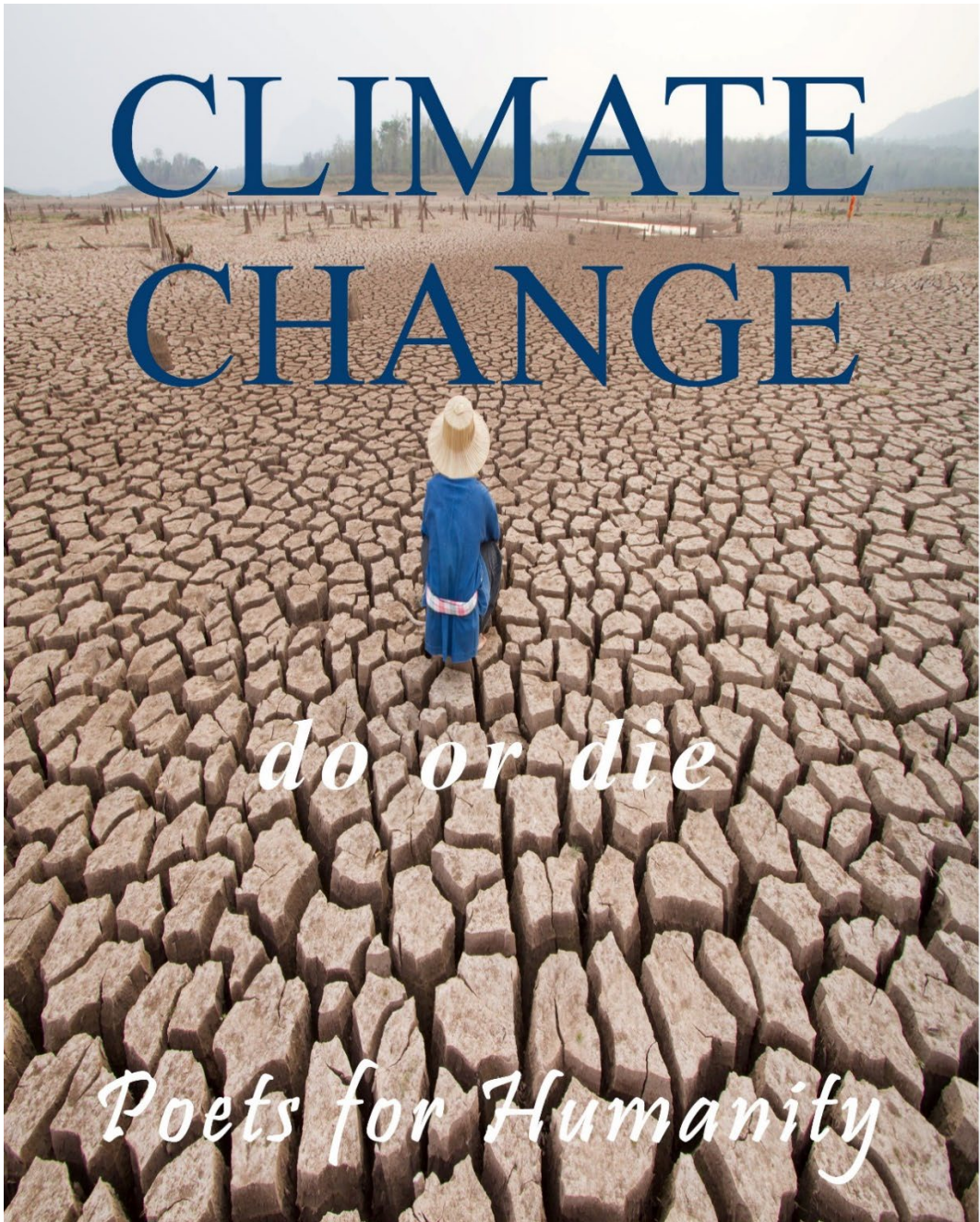
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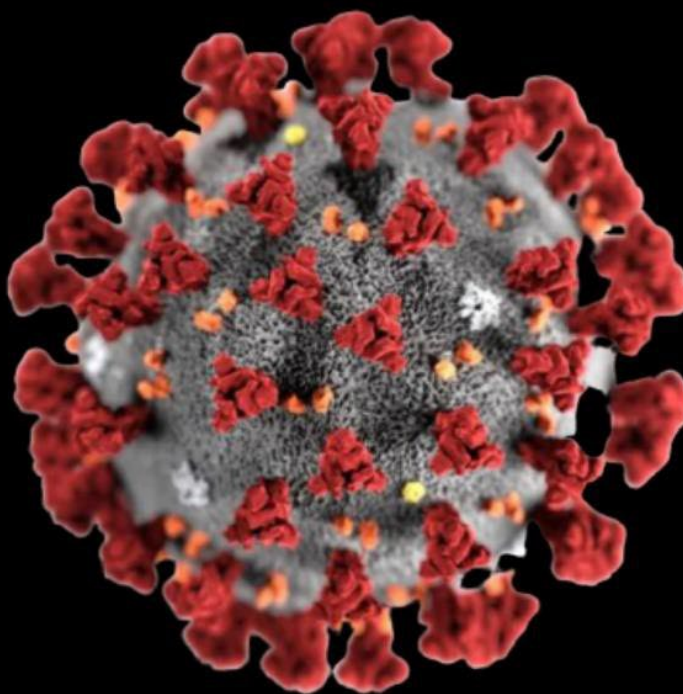
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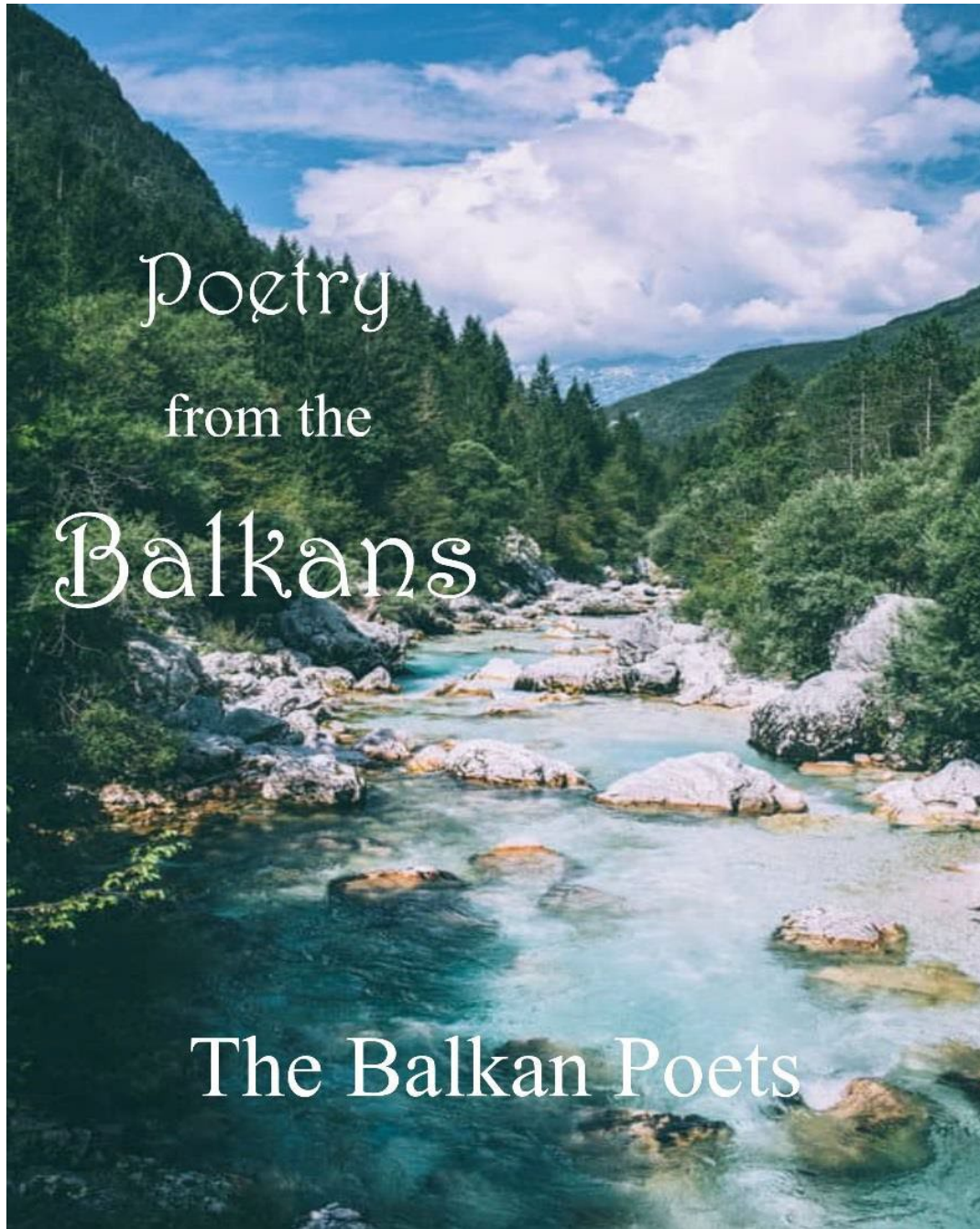


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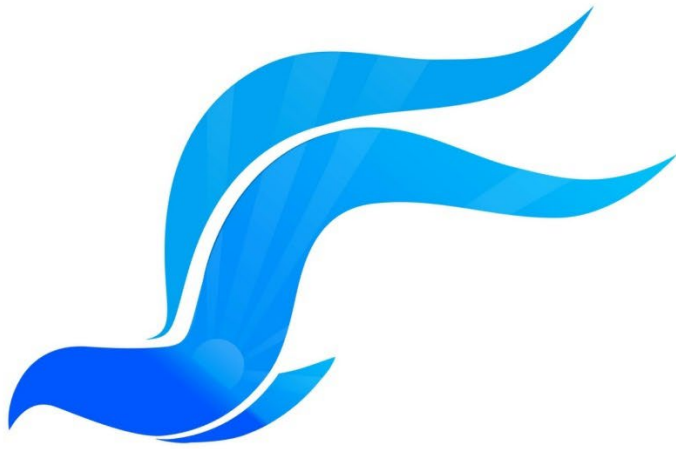


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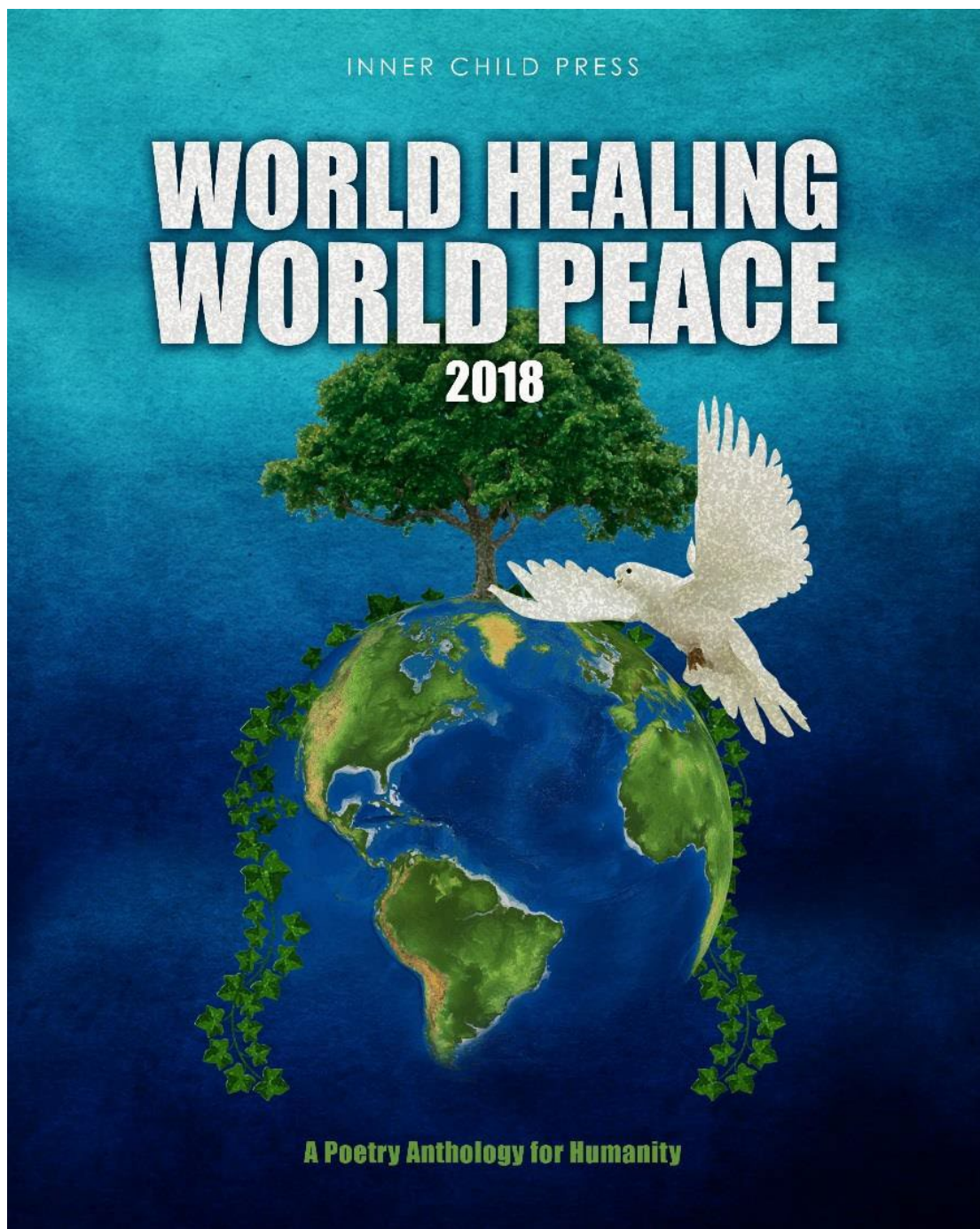
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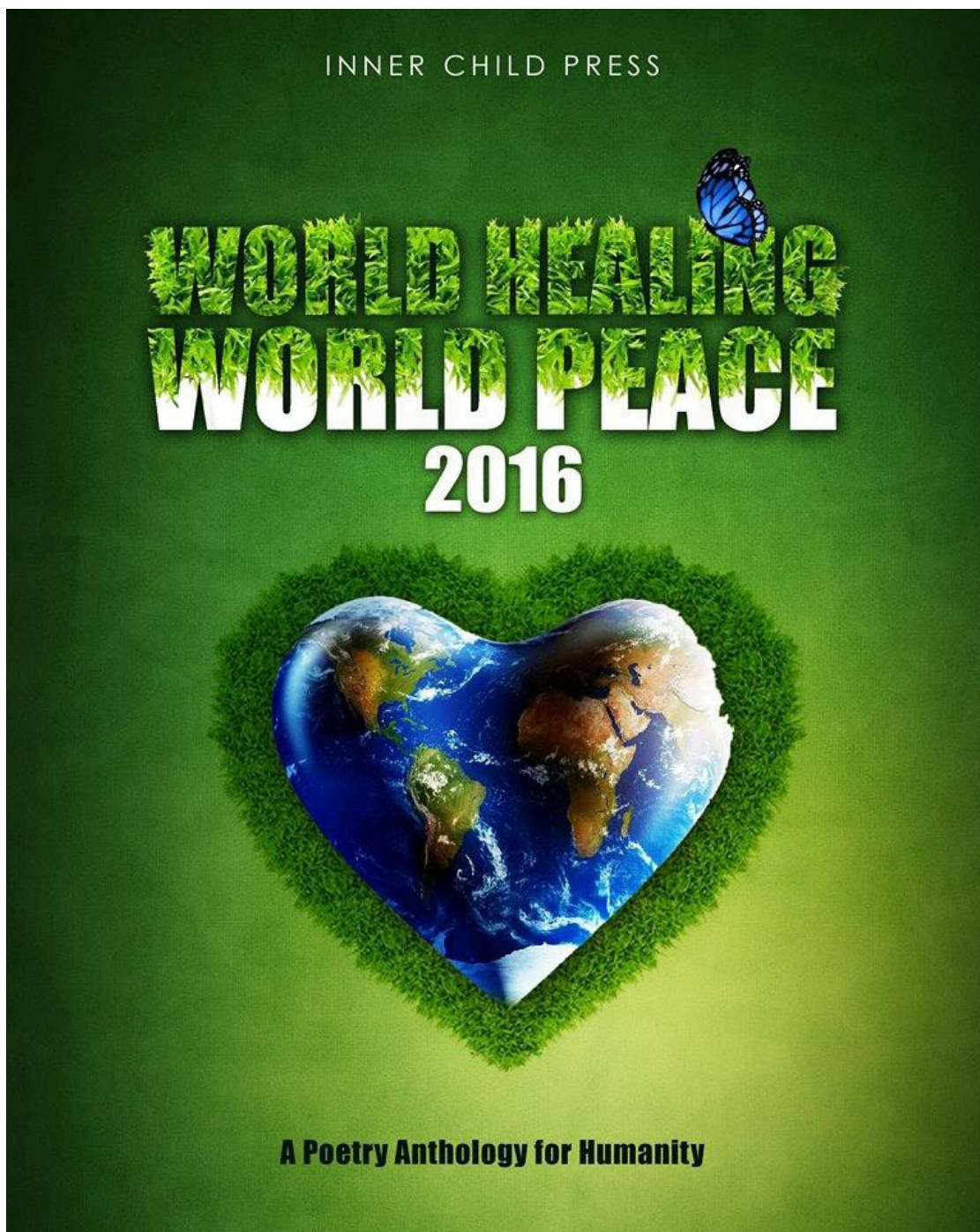
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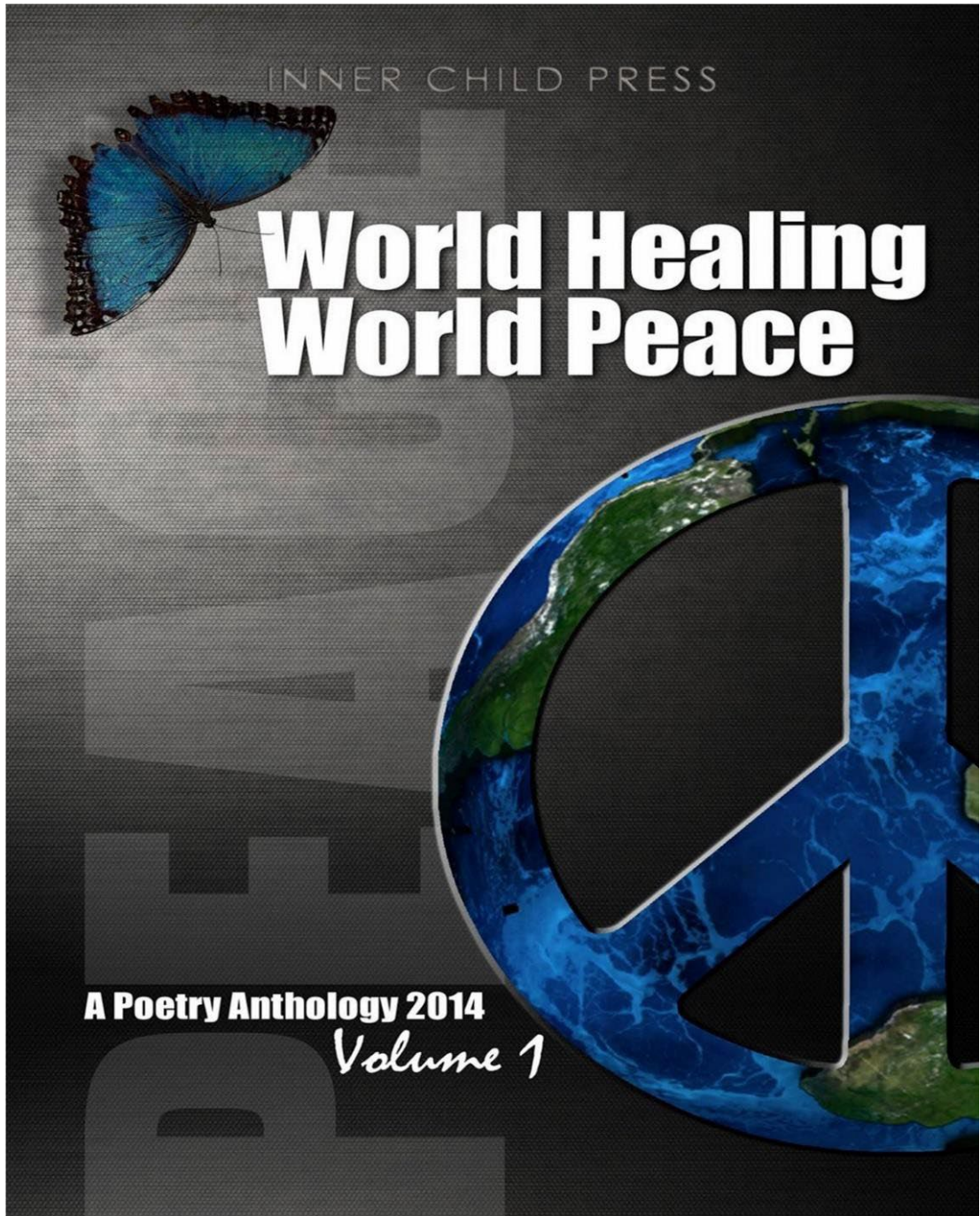
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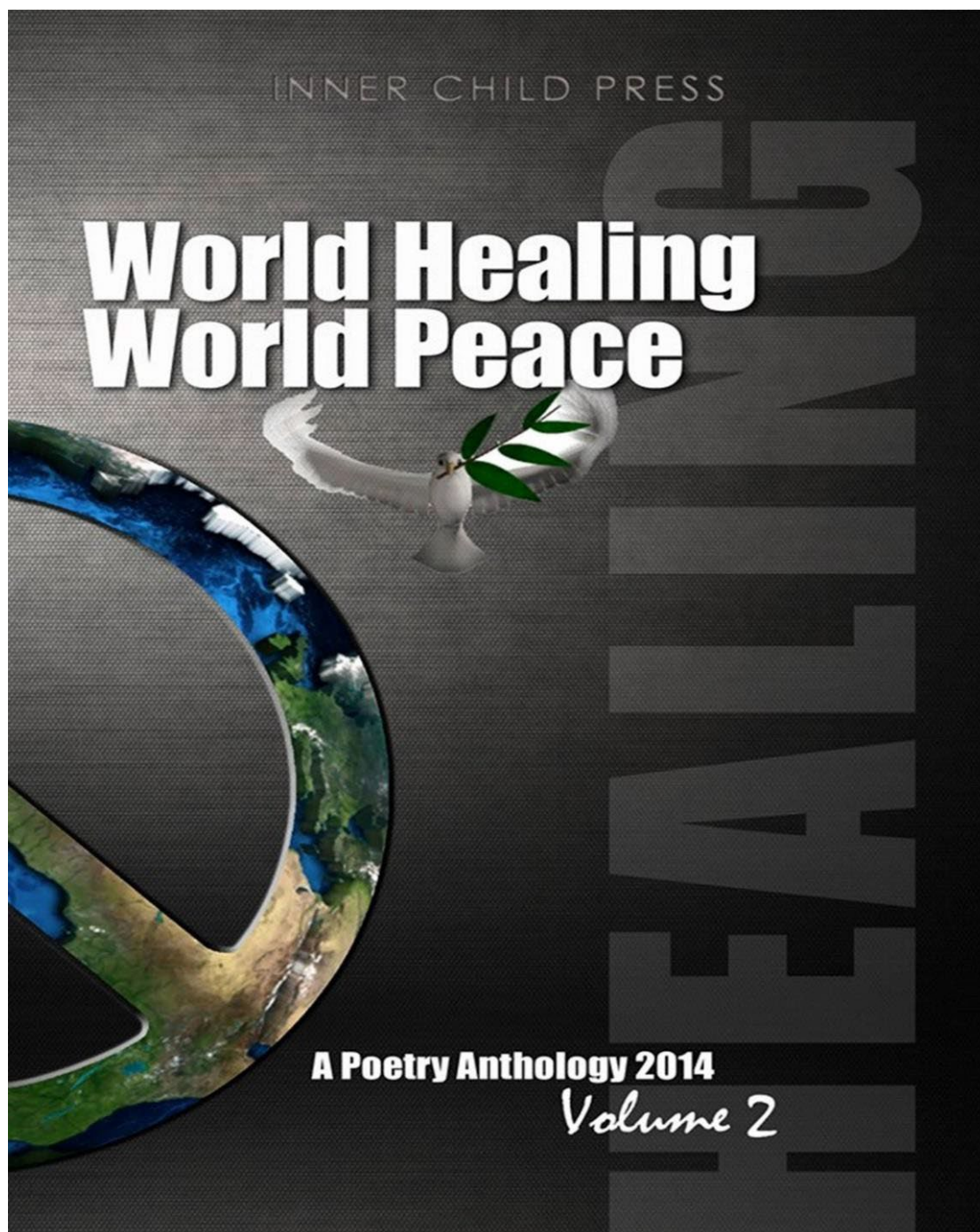
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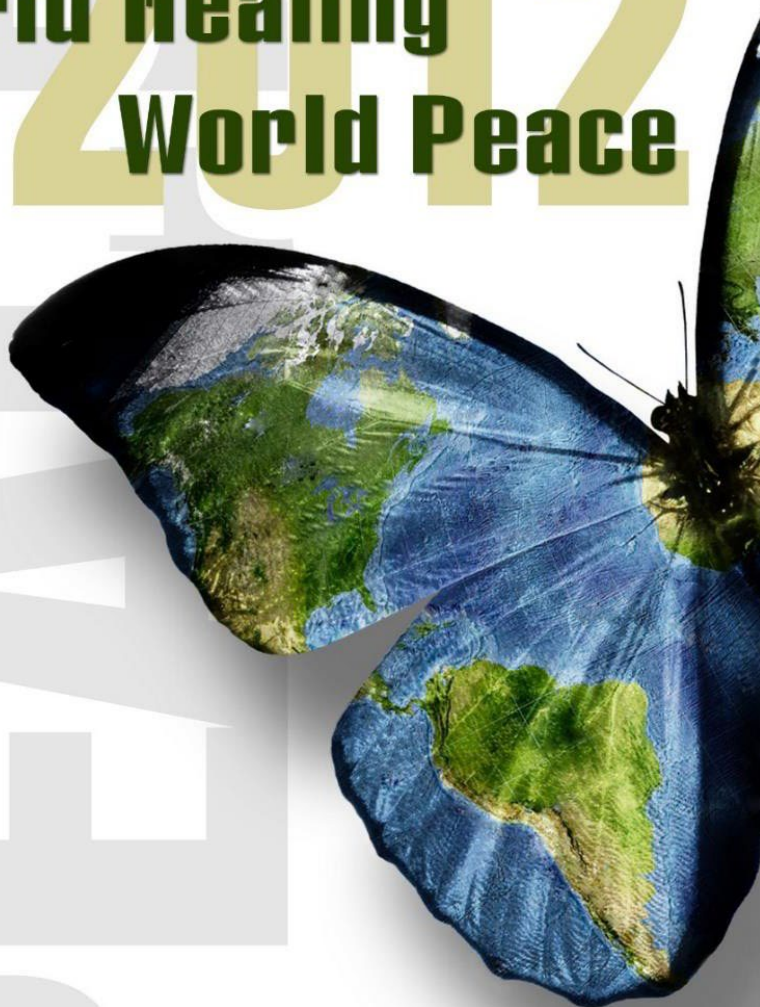
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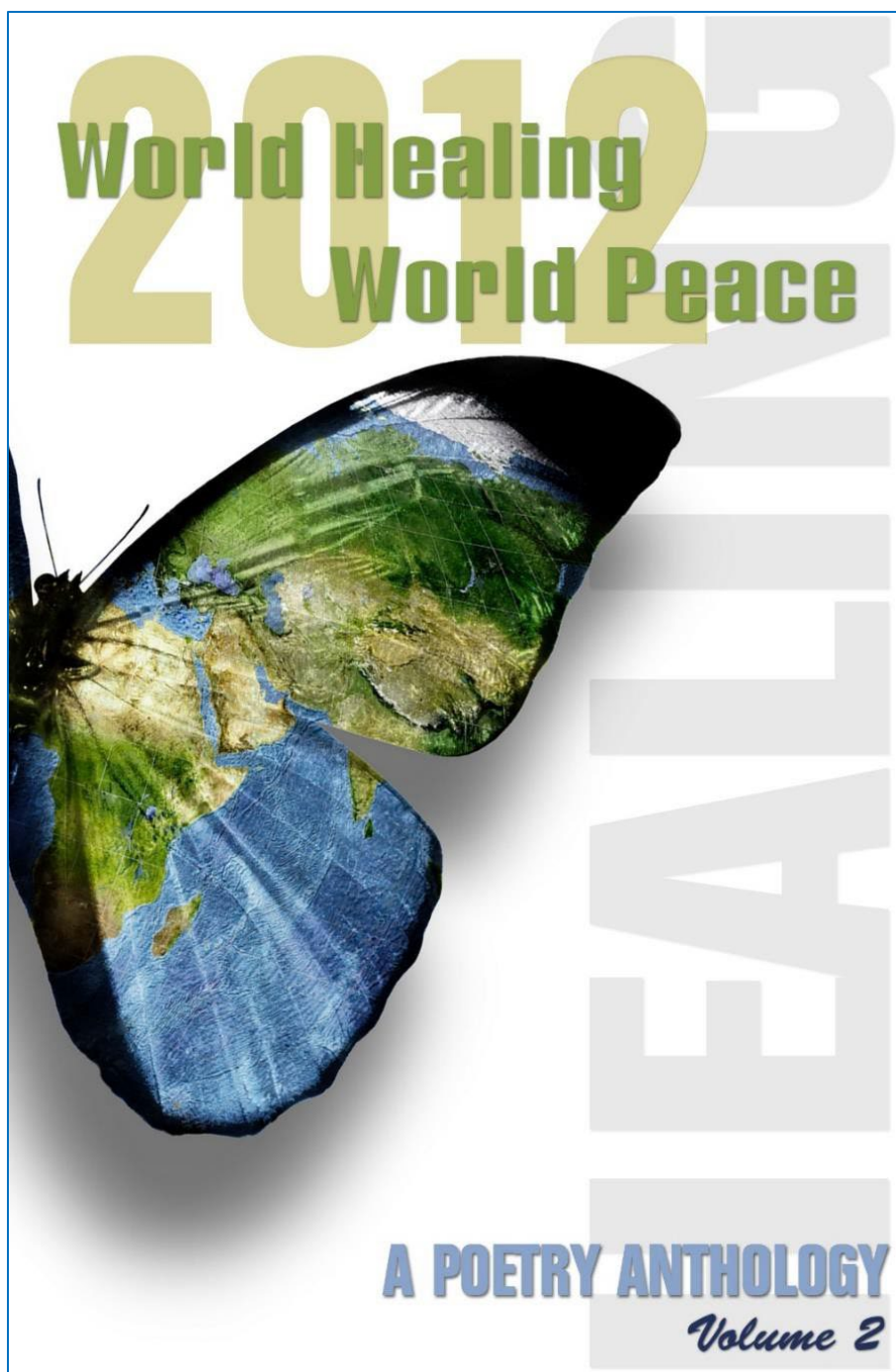
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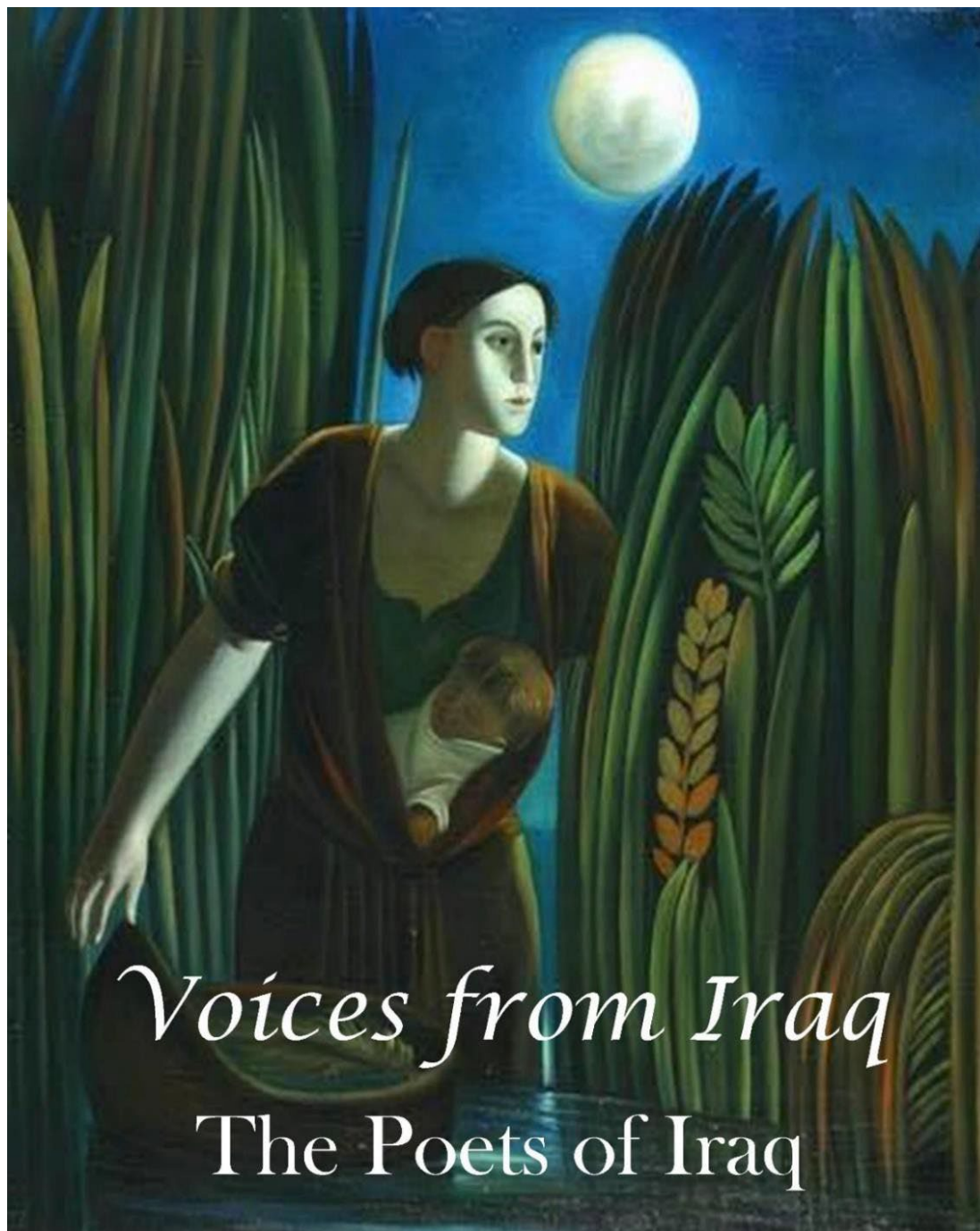


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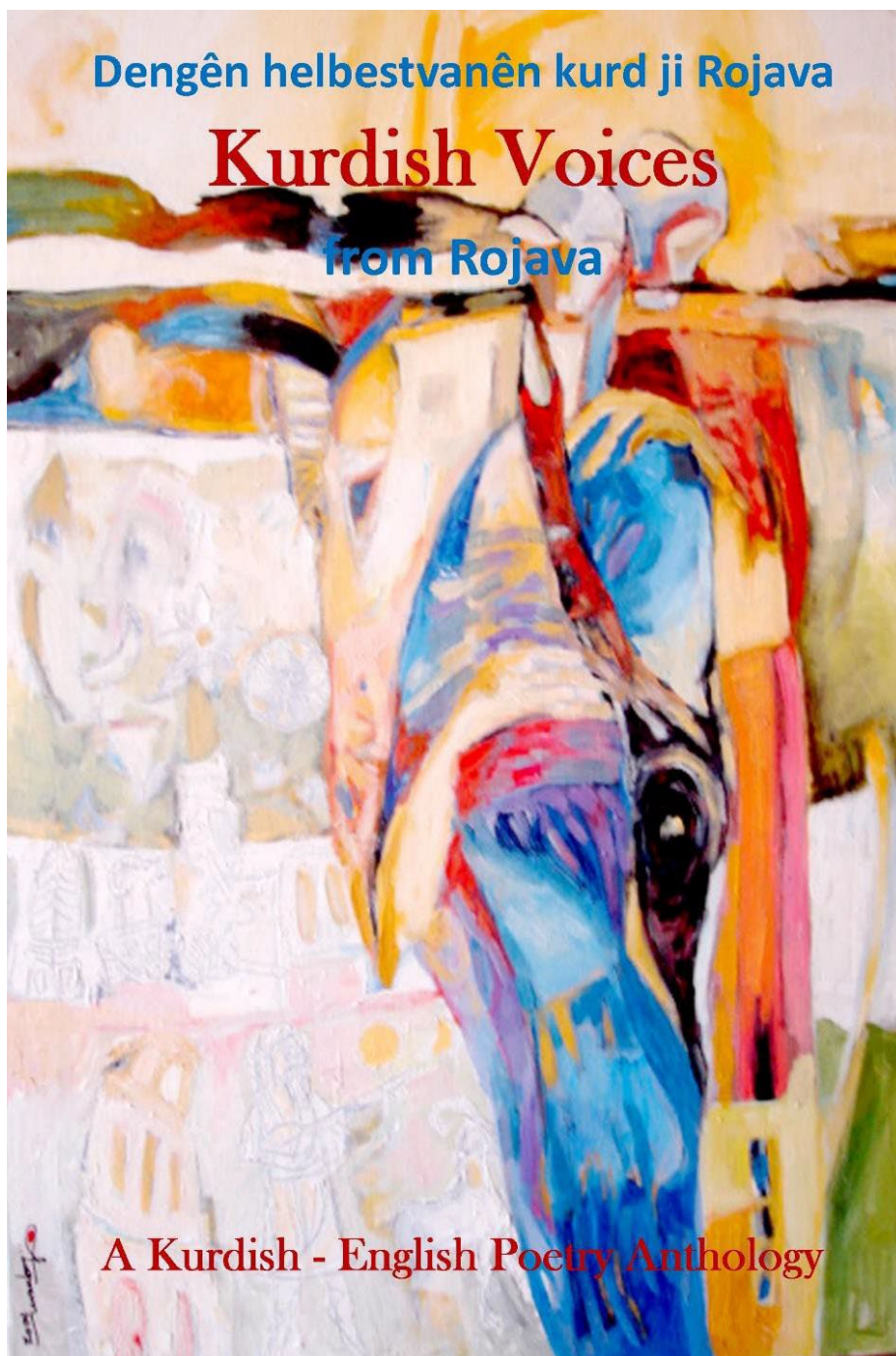
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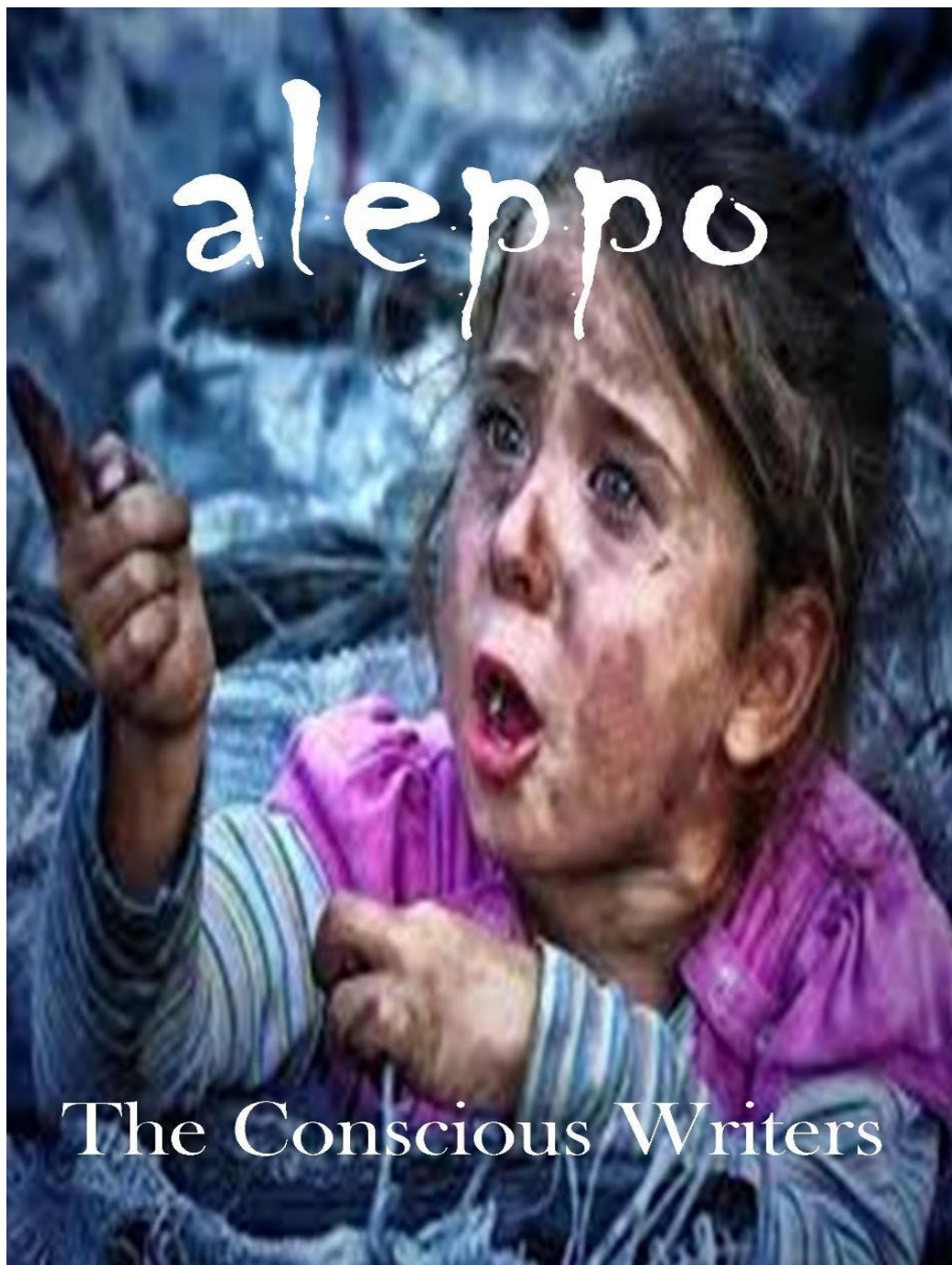
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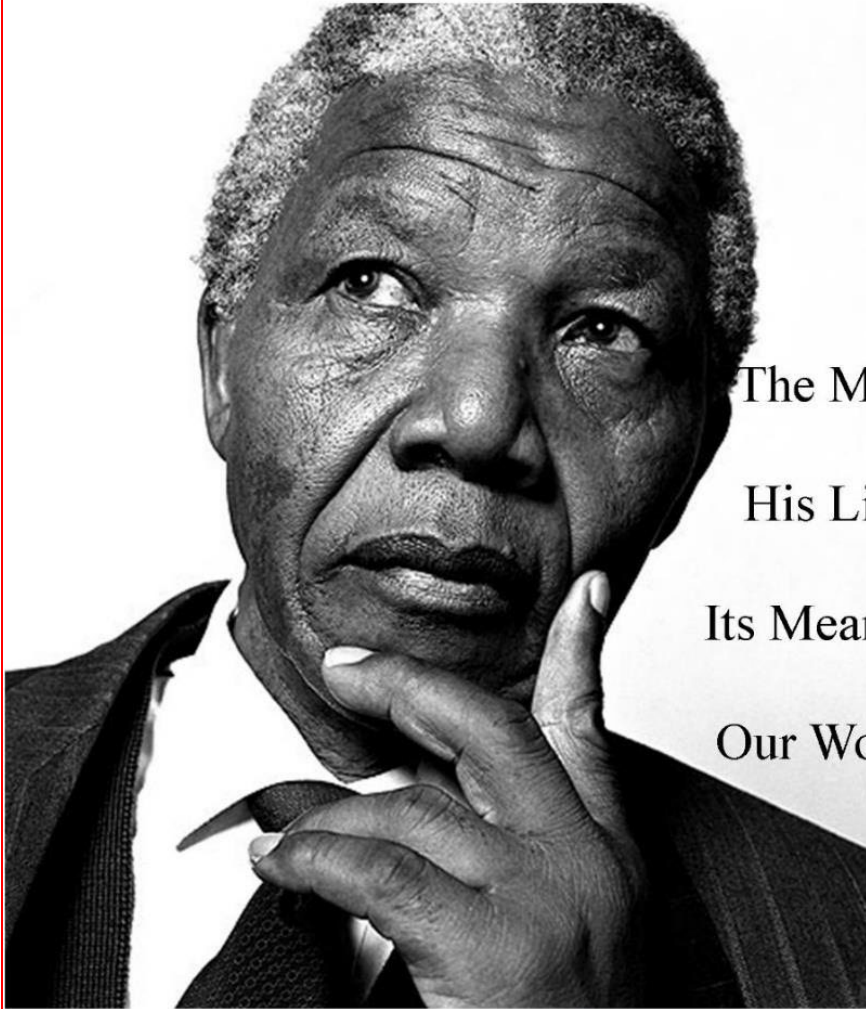
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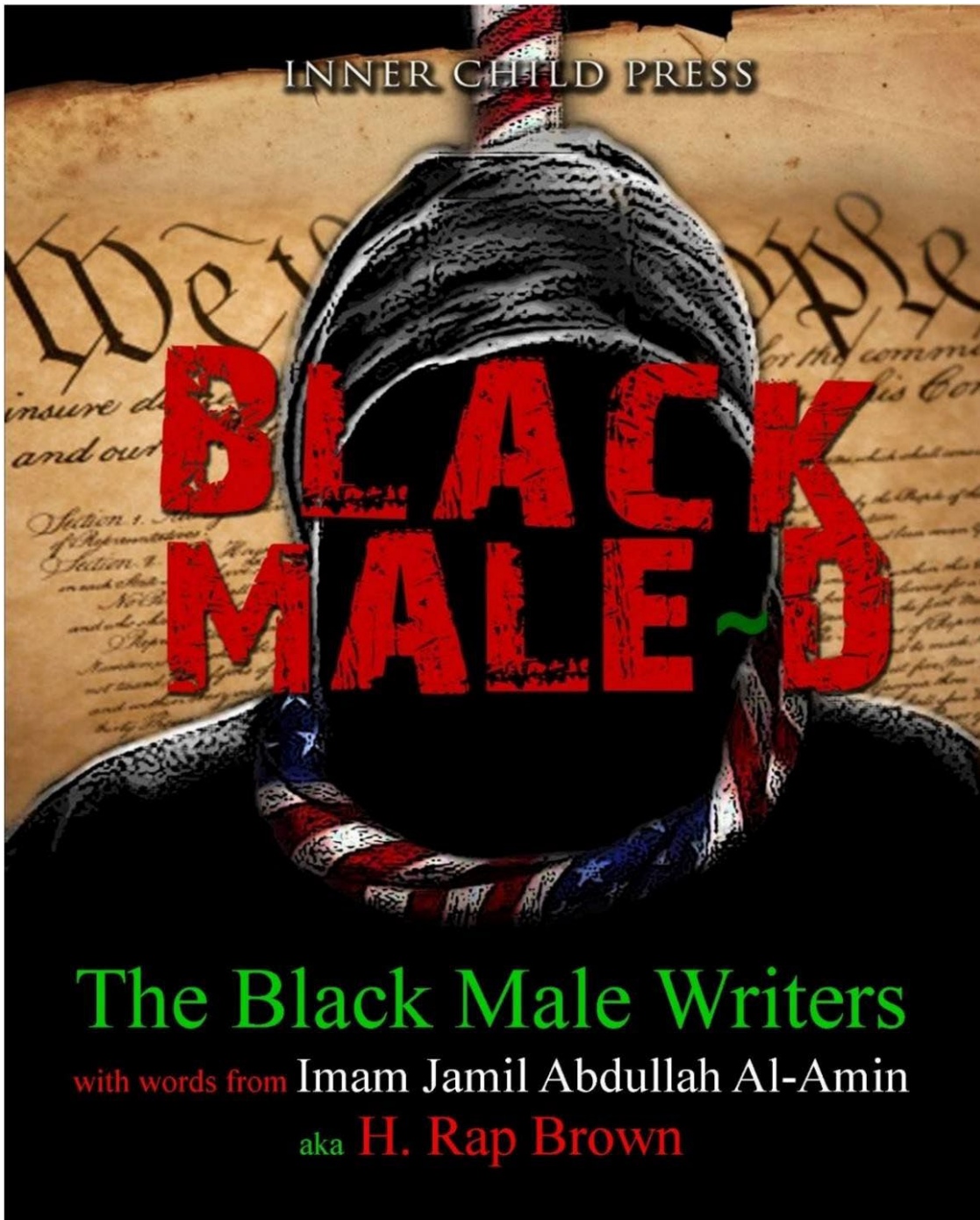
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~ *fini* ~

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