

Nature's Rage
by Anna Rawle

I guess poems about nature should be fluffy and green.
Full of orcas and belugas and oceans serene.
But I look out my window and I can't see the trees,
And each breath I take is full of ashy unease.

When capitalists are the arsonists, burning oil for profit
With blood on their hands, they're lining their pockets.
It's hard to sit back and enjoy nature's beauty.
So excuse me, for now, I'll succumb to this fury.

Oil companies used PR firms who cut their teeth on tobacco.
A deliberate, unconscionable, environmental fiasco.
They made us believe we were the ones responsible.
We strived to be better, with gasps audible.

We do our part – recycle, reuse, and just be less.
They shifted the blame – they filled us with regrets.
With misinformation and downright lies,
But no longer, no more – because the young are wise.

We know of your tricks, know you won't ever stop.
Despite forest fires being the now standard backdrop.
We cannot wait this out. We need to act now.
It has to be done. By us. Right now. But how?

You might feel anger in these words, and between these lines.
We're all angry – at those who misread the signs.
Those who easily fall for company rhetoric.
While the doomsday clock is going tock tick.

You label us sensitive or anxious. Claim we're overreacting.
When what we really need to be doing is adapting.
I think we is the key – we aren't in this alone.
All the angry ones STAND UP – the way has been shown.

Turn anger to action, and fill it with hope.
We'll be able to do even more than just cope.
More people are mad than you can ever imagine.
The power we have, can make revolution happen.

Maybe poems should be gentle, but we're beyond being polite.

Let's speak anger's name. Be changemakers with might.