

Anthropogenic

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What have we done?
Our greatest friend, most gracious caretaker.
She's already gone.
She can't be reassured.
Yet we maintain our habits, even after her death.
Wearing away all we've been given, all we were meant to be.

Land cracked up into less than it ought to be.
It'll be cracked and crusted when we're done.
After it's gone maybe someone will realize it wasn't all it was cracked up to be.
Football fields plowed in the middle of rainforests. Sure, we can pretend that's natural.
So we pretend, and we bury ourselves with reassurances.
But bovines are slurping up water through straws the size of sewer pipes; it's all gone.

All the sea life is gone.
Where could they be?
They will come back, they say, rest assured.
But even after the booms and skimmers call their job done,
it still won't look natural.
Fish floating in the ocean on targets of death.

Air becoming poison clouds, almost ink; liquid death.
The birds that streamed across the sky are gone.
That can't be natural.
Kids on the school bus with noses scrunched up, what could that smell be?
Don't worry, they won't smell anything when it's all said and done;
Rest assured.

Shelves stacked high with products, sitting next to all of our reassurances.
Sprawling wasted graves stacked high with the dead.
Listen to the preachers, don't worry, they're almost done.
If we do or if we don't... regardless, will we be gone?

Puppets on podiums, cotton in their minds shouting: leave it be!
Icecaps fleeing fast. How can we say that's natural?

This isn't natural.
Rest assured?
Just leave it be?
It's dead.
It's gone.
It's done.

Our bees are dying, our trees are dying, are we dying?
When we look around, it's almost as if everything is already gone.
What have we done