

Poem about the Environment

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I have written the awful poem to rescue nature,
a poem that starts: *Alaska's melting.*

The poem walks like a toddler wielding an axe.

It exaggerates. *After which our houses will burn.*

The poem becomes a stunt woman, changing shapes
and definitions. It wants to be all things to all
people. It becomes an ancient seeing-eye dog,
trembling and sniffing the methane we can't ever
call back, methane that escapes the permafrost.

Are you listening yet?
the poem asks. *By the time we see*
it's personal, we'll be doomed.

Attention, the poem calls. *Attention.*

The poem wants to be a book of safety matches.
Drag your match across its gritty strip: a blaze of worry
leaps in you, but not enough to stop a forest fire.

The poem is all faithfulness. It believes
in miracles, the budding of a lily in the human heart,
the mountain moved, one spoonful at a time.