

Anyone
awake is
breaking

poems about climate grief

by
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#1

everything from both sides
piling up
pushed to the edge until
cracked, all folding
uneasy, looming

and we're here

in it

this shadow
this valley
the eye

we live in times don't we,
when anyone awake is breaking

#2

Planning to ask nine people to carve their hearts out
right in front of me. easy, casual, fun

And as for me, I'll stay behind plexiglass,
clinical, pursed lips, a clipboard

Fortunately/unfortunately, Life
does not recognize my terms

She hears splashing, half a dozen deep wells
within me
boarded up, fenced off

You can laugh but she is coming for you too!
for all our wells

Hear her coming down the road, pushing a
wooden cart bouncing with many empty buckets, coming for
our wells, determined to draw water from
each

and every
one.

#3

words—
clumsy, frail, a fragment
dragging behind experience like a broken tail

nonetheless, they are the only tool we have for this and,
when endlessly repeated, will lose
and find their meaning,

dismantling slowly our outer walls only to
build new ones inside our heart

And as for you, go
learn the meaning of the words, I want mercy
and not justice.

#4

feel like shit and no, I don't want to write about it but
here's to twisting my own dumb arm
for the sake of the tHeSis

feels like shit, knowing how much is already lost
and how it can't ever come back

feels like shit thinking about the way children were meant to meet
the world,
slowly, with much texture,
spending August in cool bodies of water, calling out to birds flying
south, lagging behind uncles hunting.

can't we all see how precious this is? water, the hunt,
the cooing sound of cranes, drifting up tall columns of air, those
slow spirals?

don't we all have throats
don't they all catch

goddammit, my guts wrung out about this long ago,
where does everyone else carry this hurt

#5

I walk on a path, alongside many,
tuning my ears to the wind.

Every morning I wake earlier so I can go further, gathering up
all manner of things to tell you, already I've begun to reach out
in my dreams. I tell the young ones, do not be afraid. I tell
them they are already perfect.

I tell them Esther 4:14, perhaps you were born for exact such
times as these.

#6

Never brought into the field to bleed, never
drawn into a circle and shown how to weep

no one taught me to pray but the forest herself,
the light through her, the ground of everything

since we were born, she's been calling out!
desperate to get just this one thing across:

there is only
 one world

and *she loves us*,

enough (don't be mad)

to unravel us

#7

what would it mean to not fill
space with chatter

not rush over pain or worse,
with silence, make them tell you

it's not so bad really

wish I could be right right there anytime someone I love
pulls the hem even a quarter inch above
the rough edge of their heart

I love them dearly,
much too much to endure

little wound in you
little wound in me
the deeper we go it's all the same wound maybe

#8

There is metal or something else
loud against itself
in the distance

A tiny spider traversing
my thigh
wood frogs all scrambling to go
silent at the same time

Can you believe how much falls apart
before we ever get a chance to hold it?

#9

before it's too late,
Don't lose the thread of your

own life. Don't get swallowed up in
bitterness, closing yourself off from

healing

is a giant wheel and she is turning
the crank,
winding us in, winding us in, pulling us towards

a centre

some will tell you there isn't one.
There is.

although we can never seem to settle on a name!

#10

For the first time I feel
the weight of it, as if

up till now I was swimming
in a puddle thinking it was the sea

suddenly,
skin on my neck catches wind,

Magnitude,
the Ocean

heavy and thick and endless oh god
I wish it wasn't but

the tide is coming in

#11

more than anything
we wade into conversations slowly,
cautious, assessing risk
where is your head at? will you go here with me? are you angry,
is there something coming up in you that will haul out some
fresh old hurt lurking
inside the wells of me?

you draw me out of myself again and again and so
gloriously

#12

being thrown into this world is
arriving blankly in a room like ...okay??
what tf did I even come in here for again?

on the other hand, though,
maybe it only seems that way

and really, we're not thrown in,
but drawn out
of soil
our skin

every seam stitched just so
and
tighter than we could

ever
imagine

#13

Yes but aren't we all
unjust ones?

won't we all fail, fall short, mess up?
none of us
ever / quite / doing / enough
each
born into the same web of cruelty,
woven in tightly, yes, and differently

so please! don't dissect yourself,
doing the spiders' work for them

gentle, gentle

for your own sake,
for ours

#14

Not to take pain away but to help carry it

you are less alone than
you ever thought possible

yes,
there is the armour of your
essential loneliness,
the way no one will ever really be enough for you

but really,
it's not about you. it's not about enough.

it's about the letter the Zapatista women
wrote in 2019 to say they love us and
they know the

fight is long and
so hard

but there is this thread
sister, comrade, listen. there is

this thread we know of,
thick and strong and woven
between us and everyone
who dreams

you are pulling,
they are pulling,
and
we are pulling

with them

#15

Dusk is already a half-formed
prayer about frailty, the fall

the way our spirits
pour into each other

we just remembered
none of us can be perfect on our own

#16

Everything too beautiful for words / the whole world holy / on
fire / once again asking that we see her / for real this time / hurry
/ please / just once more

before the end

#17

the world unravels from you.
threaded over and looped through itself in long eager pathways,

coyotes calling out to one another across the lake,
songbirds stopping over on their return south,
stands of aspen all turn colour at the same time.

it seems to me all this should fit.
swept up in one single shining net,

some
great and
 final phrase
 about purpose.

out of all the things it could mean for you and me to be alive
and on this Tuesday in particular