

AND YET, ALL ARE SO HELPLESS

By Pramila Khadun

Hiking and skiing adventures

Have always given me rapturous delight.

Bathed in these immense emotions,

I think of global warming

And the damages we are doing

To the Amazon rain forest,

The great barrier reef,

The Antarctic and the Rhone Glacier.

The sea is rising every year

With the melting of icebergs.

Questions loom to my mind,

The first one being,

‘Will our children and grandchildren

Forgive us and our irresponsibilities?’

Aren’t we producing more than we need?

Will our greed cease or grow more and more?

The uncharted oceanic depths,
The unknown geographies,
The heart of forests and deserts
That cast a light on the divine
Are all hiding from us,
Fearing our limitless exploitations.

The quizzical gaze of grazing cows,
The soldiers with blistering and bleeding feet,
The beach-comber on the sandy shore,
The windswept fields and the busy bees
All know the karmic path of man
And yet, all are so helpless.

Bio

Pramila Khadun is a poetess from the island of Mauritius. She holds a degree in Food Science from S.N.D.T Women's University, Pune, India and a Post Graduate Certificate in Education(P.G.C.E) from the Mauritius Institute of Education. She had been Head of Department of Food Studies Department at Modern College and part time lecturer at the Mauritius Institute of Education. Her first poem, 'Open me the gates of a world different' appeared in S.N.D.T University magazine which won the best article prize.