



Climate Verses

Poetry Zine




Climate Change: A Forever Rumour

There are enough rumours in this world,
just to make you feel terrible.
They'll judge you, it's a crime
to use—plastic bottles,
plastic covers,
to live—plastic lives.
What not.



As if they never sipped from a plastic bottle, then left it behind.

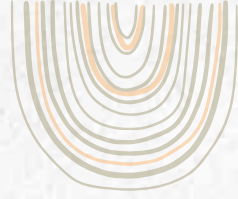
They'll scream at you: “It's irresponsible!”
Just for digging coal to power your home,
cutting a few trees to build factories and huge roads
that send goods to make our lives more comfortable.



No one really appreciates,
the industries that keep us alive with life-saving drugs,
with just a remote river in the nearby village blackened.

They'll want you to use public transport for daily commute,
even though you have your dream bike that drinks fuel like water.





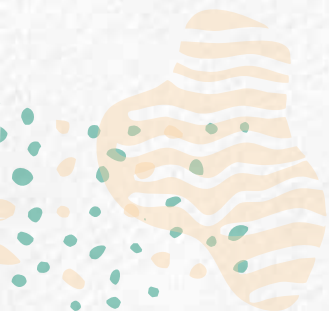
No one really appreciates.
They never really understand,
what it takes to make this world function,
to keep it moving,
to keep it prospering.

All this, for the greater good or comfort of humanity, isn't it?

Tell this to the species that got extinct,
To the trees that now will never grow,
To the seas that now will overflow,
To the glaciers that now will just melt,
To the adults who are racing prematurely to death,
And to those kids who are yet to take a breath.

But still,
Don't worry,
These rumours will remain forever.
And trust me, no one will judge us,
Because by then, nothing will exist.

– *Sairam Thandra*





Echoes of a Dying Earth

The hands of time now whisper fear,
The once-blue skies fade, no longer clear.
Stars that shone with golden light,
Now lost behind a hazy night.

Rivers danced in endless streams,
Teeming with life, a world of dreams.
Ocean waves once pure and bright,
Now murky depths that steal the sight.

Forests stood with roots so deep,
Where winds would sing and willows weep.
Birds once soared in skies so free,
Now silent ghosts of memory.

But blame alone won't heal the past,
The seeds we've sown will always last.
Let's mend the earth, rebuild, restore,
And guard what's left forevermore.

– Sameer Mishra



कल का सुनहरा शहर

मैंने देखा एक नया सवेरा,
जहाँ न था धुआँ, न ज़हर का घेरा।
नीला आसमान, बहती नदी,
हवा में थी ताज़गी भरी।

सूरज की किरणें घरों से खेलें,
हवा के झोंके बिजली में ढलें।
Green walls खुद को ठंडा करें,
बिन मशीनें, सर्दी-गर्मी हरे।

सड़कें चुप थीं, कोई शोर नहीं,
इंजन का धुआँ कहीं दूर नहीं।
बारिश की बूँदें मोती बन कर,
धरती को सींचें, संजोए जलघर।

पेड़ खड़े थे हर गली-चौराहे,
हरियाली के मनोहर साए।
नदियाँ बहें निर्मल, मीठा जल,
ना कोई ज़हर, ना कोई छल।

यहाँ विज्ञान और प्रकृति मिले,
साथ-साथ जीवन के रंग खिले।
शहर जहाँ हर सांस में शुद्धि,
जहाँ हर धड़कन में हो सृष्टि।

Reclamation of *Chillai Kalan*: A Winter's Lament!

In shadows deep, a figure sits forlorn
Enveloped in a shroud of despair,
As if trapped within the prison of mind
His murmurs echo through the silence like whispered pleas
Drawing me closer, curiosity aroused
‘What ails you?’, I enquire
Intrigued by the anguish
He confesses his treason to the people of Kashmir,
A failure to bring forth winter's sheen (snow)
His potency waned, wrapped in doubt's cruel grip.
The air grows heavy with remorse
Making me feel ashamed
For he is our beloved *Chillai Kalan*
Robbed of his power, his rightful reign.
Making me curse humans who gave birth to the little Spanish boy
Let's unite, hand in hand
To reclaim his sovereignty next time
Summoning the Sun and wind as allies
So that once again, after a heavy *Chillai Kalan* snow
We may declare merrily,
‘*Wandi Tzale, sheen galli, bey yi bahaar*’
(Winter will end, snow will melt, and spring will return.)

– Sheikh Madiha Syed



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