

Environmental Musings

By Julian Milkus

they used to tell us that
things would be okay
just give the adults a couple of years to
figure it out
it's been forty-seven

after the world was considered
a goner
all the rich people descended
into bunkers to wait it out
money made sense back then

at first
the population of Missoula
didn't know what to do
wondering when it had gone so wrong

I was at home
reading a book
sipping lemonade
when the world turned upside down

people's lives had been uprooted
seemingly overnight
and the change was slow to appear
but when it did
it detonated in an explosion of color

graffiti started creeping in on the city
like a giant plant
mosaics covered the walls
of what used to be downtown

now and then
you would occasionally see an artist
covering the wall of a broken-down building
with images of the earth and how it used to be
when we cared for the environment

after a couple of months
the wounded animal that
was Missoula
started to recover
from the shock to its system

it started as
little things
like
finding bread or milk

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on the doorstep

then it was
more fortunate people
helping those who
had been impacted directly
by the metaphorical meteorite
that had crashed into the earth

I was a part of
the green warriors
before I realized
that they had been
scamming the remnants
of the U.S. government

after this
I started to work
on a little group
of my own creation

People Against Pollution
it was called
a coalition of ragtag
individuals that had
seen first-hand the
disasters the earth gave to us

we roamed around
looking for remnants
of the lives of others
and gave it to the folks
who stared wide-eyed at
us like gods who descended
to the withered earth

the human race is but a blip
in the history of the earth
a big one
but still a minor detail

the world had started out
as a hunk of rock in space
they told us
it is starting to revert back
to that beginning