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The overall aspect

In days of old, tradition reigned,
A steady path that never strained.
It brought us comfort, kept us sane,
And shielded us from any pain.

But change came knocking at our door,
A whispering wind, an unseen war .
It challenged all we held so dear,
And filled our hearts with doubt and fear.

Tradition was safety; change was danger,
A force that threatened to rearrange her.
Yet in the midst of this turmoil,
We found new strength within the soil.

For change brought growth, and new beginnings,
A chance to break free from old linings.
To embrace the unknown, to take a stand,
And shape our future with our own hand.

So let us honor tradition's past,
But welcome change with open grasp.
For in the dance of these two foes,
We find the beauty that life bestows.

A thought of tradition was safety; change was danger,
Running through a midnight dream; A warping reality
Secure within the tree; Mother earth protecting the actions for peace

Desires to fill our hunger; lack of economic love
From our nation, county, providence, and community
Our dreamed wealthy is destroyed.
Regardless of our pampered politicians,
Our needs bare through another day unmet.
Breathing in the tainted sluggish air; watching our disformed harsh skies
What would our ancestors think of our choices and changes.
As we not only endanger ourselves, but the ones we promised to protect.
Our sisters, brothers, children, elders, fathers, and mothers
Those who raised us to be here today; our once respected now diminished with illness.
Either we decide as humans,
To bring peace with Mother Earth not to further punish
Through “diagnosed” Climate Change.
What happened to helping and loving thy neighbors?

What happened to the k'e(kinship)?
What would you do to act upon peace?
What will you do when your loved one is in danger because of your action?

The chosen destination

In my culture: the Navajo/Diné, nihokaadiné'e (surface people)
Generations suffer from the current changing climate.
A depressing feeling; an ache in our hearts
Over grazing, overwatering, and overall stimulation
Broken hearts, carelessness, and colorism in our children's education.
With out a healed heart comes disaster;
Harsh sarcasm over turning an innocent soft child.
Pastel and rainbows to skulls and deep depression;
Mental illnesses battering our people,
Causing disaster in our communities and families.
Soft female rain; harsh male gushes of wind.
In mist of hot dry weather,
A wish for a warm sweaty hug from nihimánahastáąn (Mother Earth).
Despite the unforgiving changes and disruptions,
Just as a light in the rough dark,
A hope in the end.
Like a star wishing for a new hope,
Start of conservation projects; Always rough changes in the tide,
Though it will be a soft landing in the end.

The diminishing nature.
Reminds us of colonization take over.
So many unreasonable traumatizing events.
So much disruption, destruction, disturbance.
Losing the native species,
Forgetting our native value.
Who made who we are;
Remembrance of peace and harmony,
Because of the existing lawn;
More and more water is wasted.
Losing our most valuable resources,
Climate change is only a distraction demonstration.
A frustration of the chosen destruction,
Intertwines with the harsh ship of the people.
The feeling of ugly, icky, and horrible sensations,
Just as a reminder of who we have become.

The human aspect

The staring man of a past.
Negligence and ignorance,
Stare all you may.
No compassion to the girl;
No comparison needed.
A typical modern native man,
Careless of the women future.
Absolute craziness of a woman to fall in love with you.
Blood rushes through one's veins;
Rageful soughts fills one's thoughts.
As you simply watch as I cry for compassion,
Yes no as you stare;
No help to even care.
Show love to those displaying a heartache,
Still you ignore the crying future.
All could be changed with in a second;
In your hands perspectives can be altered,
With the girl of crying Jupiter.

Alone in the dark.
With out your love I'm saddened,
The pain endures me.

Cold in the winter,
Periwinkle tuck in frost,
Bright love in winter.

Bubbles flow river;
Clank Bank Bong goes hatching shell,
Birch thrive in wither.