

This is not the earth



# This is not the earth

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Davvi Girji

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*For the children of the Sun*

*For the children of the Earth*



Children of the Sun  
listen to me, Uksáhká  
messenger of the gods  
this is not the earth  
the enduring family  
the gods and we  
entrusted you





Children of the Earth  
listen to me, Uksáhká  
what shall I say  
to the enduring family  
to the gods and spirits  
which of your greetings shall I bring  
what to say what what



Where am I  
the air is so heavy and thick  
breathing we struggle  
searching for air to breathe  
we gasp  
for a deep breath we sigh  
where has the fresh air gone



Children of the Earth  
listen to me, Uksáhkká  
can the gods wait for you  
to purify the air  
to protect the children and yourself  
against pollution  
where we can find fresh air



Where am I  
the sky is so dark and full  
of muddy fog  
the northern lights cannot flicker in peace  
and the moonlight rarely pulses with  
stars  
polar cloudless night almost gone  
how long will the evening red blush





Where am I  
the air is so sticky and hot  
everything is just wet  
rain drenches our clothes  
and penetrates our bones  
waterways and lakes overflow  
torrents of rain downpour such force  
will this weather ever stop



Where am I  
the air is so damp  
we wheeze out of breath  
wet in the hail and congeal into lumps  
to die a wretched death  
snowy rain and sleet are the devil's  
weather  
who provoked the weather gods



Where am I  
the snow is so heavy  
the weather thaws the snow  
to dirty slush  
and loose snow sinks underfoot  
where the silky snow has been wiped off



Children of the Sun  
listen to me, Uksáhká  
messenger of the gods  
this is not the earth  
the enduring family  
the gods and we  
entrusted you