

Suppose a World

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Suppose the world is a blank page;
suppose no white, no black nor rage.

Suppose the arsenal's been depleted;
suppose no bombs, no guns, nor litter.

Suppose no cargos with trunk trees in loads.
suppose no heat trapped under paved roads;

Suppose no fenestration shatters any birds' bones;
suppose no exchange of oil for the breath of our lungs.

Suppose no dire waves of water, of sickness or brutality;
suppose no clamor for greenness to abase this anomaly.

Suppose the sky was blue and that, for once, *really* meant peace;
suppose such blueish peace could be granted to all countries amidst.

Suppose no shifting clouds make a forest the match of the sun's light-er;
suppose no grudges, no political or religious inclinations made us mighty-er

Suppose these \$,€,£ were gibberish out of a child's creative mind;
suppose adults know better than to make of those symbols something sublime.

Suppose there were no maps, nor routes, nor paths; nor north, south, west, nor east;
suppose the unity of unoriented and unsegmented, not machine-driven beasts. Now,

Suppose the world is a green page with a round, translucent blue shaded sky;
a world with withered spots on its brown and fertile skin,
a world with sporadic clusters that turn blazing orange and fulgent, burning-
sunset red;
a world with a face that's freckled with mostly four-legged inhabitants and smarter bipedals
a world with ends and where it ends, ocean and running pellucid water abound for
marine life to outlive us;
a world with independence who would prefer to shower in snow or rain or hail

a world that likes dewing its plants at the dawn of every day, undisturbed.

Suppose you needn't have to suppose, and one day,
This very world dies, would you dare blaming it?