# **Survival or Sustenance**

By Alisande Jaiserrisingh

The waves of an infuriated expanse of ocean blue rise above and crash

Into the concrete jungles just off the coast

And purge the populace and their properties

Seemingly seeking revenge for the injustices she has suffered,

And satisfied with her act of vengeance, she retreats calmly until her next ebullition.

The tilled, cultivated acres of arable land drowned in inches of water

Into the impoverished fields the swarthy farmers trudge

And with no stalk left rooted and upright in salubrious soil

The hopes of a substantial profit are washed away,

Along with the inundated, budding produce that will never leave the eroded land.

The towering palm trees are uprooted with the lives and livelihoods of the island folk

Into the aggressive winds of the tropical cyclone they are taken

And after Elsa passes from Barbados to Grenada

The thatched roofs, no longer shackled down, fly freely,

Through storm and shine, leaving their families broken and all but dry.

The weight of being the last of a targeted species bears down on the backs of the hawksbill sea turtles

Into shallow lagoons and their safe haven shells they retreat

And it brings them some solace and feeling of security

To know that here, they can escape the cruelties of the outside world and the betrayal

Of the place they once called home.

The rays of a roaring ball of hot, glowing gases sear

Into the cracks of the frozen tundra and the arid, desiccated earth

And we fall through them

A journey into the abyss of the unknown;

Will we sustain our crumbling planet or will we outlive it?