

Tundra Lost

Glass encrusted pollution melts
dripping down to Jökulsárlón
don't drink—Gudrun yells
they drink anyways.

Murky white castles stand tall
as they look out at us in the distance.
I thought glaciers were blue and white
maybe they were years ago,
now they hint at the darkest parts of the world.

Our effects. Our faults.
instead of destroying beauty in nature
ourselves, we can passively.

There will soon be no permafrost
preserving the secrets of the world
under its surface.
Our rumors warming

heating the world until
it has melted from existence.
Glaciers falling apart,
snap,
snap,
crack—.

BIO: Gracie Gurr is an English graduate candidate at the University of Idaho. She holds a Bachelor of Arts in English/Writing from Eastern Oregon University. Her work has been recognized in Public Anthropology's Community Action Project. She focuses much of her writing on environmental awareness and capturing the uniqueness of her rural childhood.