

"Of Mother Earth"

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This blog by Karen Shackleton is part of a weekly series from the Pensions for Purpose team. To celebrate National Poetry Day, Karen has written in (almost!) poetic form today.

As I rest upon a mountain top, beyond me a scene unfolds,
Of Mother Earth in her finest clothes,
Bathing serenely in the Autumn sun,
The Fells, majestic before me, protecting, sustaining their lakes.
It is true, this is indeed a most Wonderful World.
Yet man's mark upon the landscape is clear to see.
Lakeland paths weaving through valleys and along the ridges,
Rewarding man with pleasing vistas and the purest air.
Dry-stone walls mark boundaries – man's toil in years gone by.
Turbine blades turning in the wind – signs of our presence in the here and now.
These are the marks of man that sit hand in hand with Mother Earth.
Yet the silent shadows still cloud this perfect scene.
Shadows of climate change, pandemics, famine, poverty, extinction.
It leads me to wonder - will future generations still enjoy this vista, breath this purest air?
Will they sit and give thanks to those who invested today in the world of tomorrow?
Or will it be too late?

Karen Shackleton
1st October 2020

