



*In response to Carla Caletti*  
*Essence of Change*

***Is This It?***

Is this it? The crumbling walls, paint fading and peeling, not a human in sight. No birds, bugs or lizards? What transformation is this? Does the wall await the creeping tendrils of ivy or perhaps the persistence of grass near its feet where some soil has gathered blown in by the ever present wind?

The wind blows forever now obliterating the sky with plumes of dust and ash but quietly, ever so quietly under that screaming storm, the Earth abides. Deep within, those few places not mined--not poisoned, seeds wait. They wait for water. They wait for gophers and worms to loosen the harden soils. They wait for cooling because the Earth is too hot for germination.

Is this all there is? Everything flat except the sky and firestorms? Dust swirling, scouring the buildings of the human past?

How will our children manage? Will they learn the wisdom of worms and gophers hiding until the Earth cools enough to plant and eat something, anything? Maybe carrots and potatoes. Maybe new growth tumbleweeds tossed into a frying pan? Or grasshoppers instead.

Can we give up eating beef, pork and chicken long enough to eat bugs and plants as our protein sources? If so, will our children survive? We won't. Not now. It's too late. But the Earth abides. The grasses will come again and trees will emerge, but I won't be here to see it.

**Patricia A. Murphy**  
Roaming Writers



Carla Caletti, *Essence of Change*, wax, paper, paint, 20 x 16 inches