**Resource Sheet 3.2**

**Dear Matafele Peinam,**

You are a seven month old sunrise of gummy smiles

you are bald as an egg and bald as the Buddha

you are thighs that are thunder and shrieks that are lightning

so excited for bananas, hugs and our morning walks past the lagoon

**Dear Matafele Peinam,**

I want to tell you about that lagoon that lucid, sleepy lagoon lounging against the sunrise

men say that one day that lagoon will devour you

they say it will gnaw at the shoreline

chew at the roots of your breadfruit trees

gulp down rows of your seawalls and crunch your island’s shattered bones

they say you, your daughter and your granddaughter, too

will wander rootless with only a passport to call home

**Dear Matafele Peinam,**

don’t cry, mommy promises you

no one will come and devour you

no greedy whale of a company sharking through political seas

no backwater bullying of businesses with broken morals

no blindfolded bureaucracies gonna push this mother ocean over the edge

 no one’s drowning, baby

no one’s moving

no one’s losing their homeland

no one’s gonna become a climate change refugee

 or should i say no one else

to the Carteret islanders of Papua new guinea

and to the taro islanders of the Solomon islands

I take this moment to apologize to you

we are drawing the line here because baby we are going to fight

your mommy daddy

bubu jimma your country and president too ,we will all fight

and even though there are those hidden behind platinum titles

who like to pretend that we don’t exist

that the Marshall islands Tuvalu, Kiribati, Maldives

and typhoon Haiyan in the Philippines

and floods of Pakistan, Algeria, Colombia

and all the hurricanes, earthquakes, and tidal waves didn’t exist

 still there are those who see us

 hands reaching out, fists raising up, banners unfurling megaphones booming

and we are canoes blocking coal ships

we are the radiance of solar villages

we are the rich clean soil of the farmer’s past

we are petitions blooming from teenage fingertips

we are families biking, recycling, reusing, engineers dreaming, designing,

building, artists painting, dancing, writing and we are spreading the word

 and there are thousands out on the street , marching with signs, hand in hand

chanting for change NOW and they’re marching for you, baby

they’re marching for us because we deserve to do more than just survive

we deserve to thrive

Dear Matafele Peinam,

you’re eyes heavy, with drowsy weight so just close those eyes, baby and sleep in peace because we won’t let you down you’ll see