

Sabira Ståhlberg

AnthropoSun Poetry Wanderung¹

An troppo sin? Ant trop scene?
Anthropocene: Human. Nature. Relationen. Dialog.
Terre. Air. Wasser. Fire. Void.

KJourney into langues con translations.
Polyglot poetical Wanderungen
by a scholar and writer, ethnobiologist and
environmentalist.

From walks on a beach littered with residue of human activities to disappearing biodiversity in deserts, this artistic contribution containing polyglot poetry in multiple languages decodes and deconstructs the Anthropocene both in time and space: historical aspects are contrasted with the rebellion of youth against the prevailing systems; the macrocosm of oceans is juxtaposed with the miniature world of insects; and the multi-layered relationship between humans and Nature is viewed locally, globally and glocally. By expressing herself in several dozens of languages besides English, the writer, who is also an ethnobiologist scholar and environmentalist, adds thought-provoking, expressive and inspirational linguistic dimensions to the various prose reflections. Several poetic forms are employed in the multilingual poems, from folk songs to haiku, in order to instigate discussions about political, ecological, economic, social and individual issues related to the Anthropocene and human attitudes towards Nature.

¹ The cited multilingual and English language poems are both from Sabira Ståhlberg's 2021 poetry volume *Wan Sun* (Helsinki: Bokpil).

Poem I

Einleitanzung

Vind on tyhjä strand
tanssii valcer with clouds.
Шоу бағлап бiler.

Valurile roll,
跳舞 tango med Sandkörner.
Jag svänger om.

Introductanceion

Wind on empty beach
waltzing with clouds.
The show can start.

Waves roll,
dancing tango with sand grains.
I turn around.*

*or: I take a dance turn.

*

Beach. Strand. Ranta. Shore. Sure. Coast. Litoral. Tengerpart. We are created by the oceans. Our ancestors crawled up on land, but we never left the water. All around us is Wasser. Su. Víz is inside us. Vesi is a life liv necessity.

*

I am a polyglot writer Schriftsteller författare kirjailija. I think and dream and talk and listen and write in many dozens of languages, and they are all aktiv all the

time inside and outside me. Languages are a life necessity to me. They flow like water in a river, joessa, in the sea, meressä. Waves of languages, nyelvek, kieliä, språk, Sprachen, roll onto the seashore and roll out again, constantly. Constantemente.

Languages are the heartbeat and wavebeat of my heart, of my brain, of my ocean. I mix words and structures and sounds and scripts and meanings. I swim in språk. I breathe diller. Even when I write in apparently one language, idioma, in reality I denke and create and write in multiple languages.

*

The poems I write are like sea water. You can measure its temperature or the salinity, Salzgehalt. You can measure the amount of languages or the length and width of the words and meanings. Yet like with sea water tengervíz, you must let yourself float, trusting that you will not sink sjunka and drown hukkuva, and the poems a versek will carry you.

But maar: we humans are careless with water eau, our primary element, our Mother, Äni, Äiti, Anya. We throw it away. We dry up the already desiccated lands and turn them into wastelands. We fill the rivers and folyók and lakes and Seen and oceans and Weltmeere with chemicals and rubbish. We live as if water will be there always, just like Mama is there for us, forever, ikuisesti, örökre, ewig, siempre.

*

Come with me for a walk on the beach.

We have walked there many times before, but now we will monitor it. Choose a strip of a hundred sata stotinu metres. Take a list and a pencil. Count and collect any marine litter of our era the PlasticoFantasticoPartycene. We are already breathing, eating and drinking plastic particles. We carry hundreds of grammes of plastic particles in our bodies.

One day, when humans have returned back to deniz, the sea, these memorabilia of us two-legged thoughtless predators rovdyr will still be floating in the water, acqua, agua, and flowing through hava, the air.

There is a huge sack we will fill now with discarded souvenirs of humanity.

Poem II

Walk the Line

mark starting point. Punkt.
forest / beach / sea nothing keeps still
tricolour flag / no nation / no frontiers / no passports
washing line with dripping shirts never drying
dunes / yellow flower eyes / heavy seagulls flapping
wind winds lost languages gull swallows plastic bag
kowtowing bushes / hopping sand / joking waves
walking the rope / sinking feet / ship or boat on horizon?
nothing keeps within boundaries
not even the litter

count countless
cigarette butts / ketchup bottles / scattered memories
cleaning sticks with ear wax long diluted
beer / water / juice cans / metal tins / green glass fragments
plastic plastic plastic plastic plastic plastic plastic plastic
hard / soft / recyclable / don't know what to do with it
bottle caps / bottle caps / bottle caps and more bottle caps
red / blue / green / yellow / nondescript bags
gather collect pick up put in big black plastic sacks
marine / shelf / surface / beach litter / language litter
land-based and sea-based and all of it human-based
sea shells / sea weed / dead fish / dead gull / dead jellyfish
did they have our leftovers for lunch?

They say we live in the Anthropocene. They say humans människor have a huge impact on this planet, on the geology, ecosystems, biodiversity, species extinction and the climate. They say human menneskelig civilisation has caused the present crisis, the increasing number of environmental catastrophes. They say that humans mennirnir have become like hungry locusts, eating everything in sight, and that humanity menneskehet has grown too voracious and too vast and too destructive. What do you think? Do you feel guilty, syyllinen?



When did Anthropocene start? Nobody nessuno knows. Keine Ahnung. When does it end? When humanity emberiség is gone, weg. Because they say Anthropocene is the time of the humans, of the human influence on the planet.

Here is a dilemma. We humans have forgotten that we are a species, too. We humans think that we are Civilised Cywilizowany Civilisé and therefore know how to rule the world värld Welt świat világ. We humans are shocked chockade järkýt-tynyt when we realise that there are forces we cannot control.



We humans... we think we are at the top of the food chain and crude brain, because we have Zivilisation Sivilisaatio. Because we have Language Gjuha. Because we walk on two dva twee legs. Because we... there are lots of reasons, syitä, if you want to find them.

What if we turned our civilised brains around and asked: What if we are not the smartest and most beautiful?



I love Nature, you say. I love Természet. There is only love Liebe amore ljubav in the speech of humanity when we talk about Nature, our beloved Gaia Γαία, our planeetta, this pear-shaped sphere which keeps our feet glued to its surface, the ground.

And yet you cry out and I scream and everybody starts howling when Natur invades our sterile chemically cleaned homes. Because luonto, naturen, is already far from us urbanised turbonised carbonised burdenised organised organisms.

*We have lost our connections and our bearings, our Orientierung.
We know more today about nature in theory, from TV, internet, books.
What about reality?*

Poem III

μικρο hirviöt

Kırkayak
hidden in cauliflower:
bevis: ilman kemiaa

Hänger från en tråd,
ignora la gravedad:
erste ögla till Netz.

Vlny slaan a pierre.
Octo ben fuggono быстрее
än meine két.

Liv im Wald:
huge karvainen ben invade walls
Ich must plugga hålen

Hämähäkkikö
goss myrkkyänsä, stinging?
Pahkluu turpoaa.

Vem каза minä must
zauvjek amare taiao?
Et μικρο monsters?

Micro Monsters

A millipede
hidden in cauliflower
proof: no chemicals

Hanging from a thread
ignoring gravitation:
first loop for a net.

Waves whip up on stone.
Eight legs flee much faster
than my only two.

Life in the forest:
huge hairy legs invade walls
I must plug the holes.

Was it the spider
who poured its poison, stinging?
Ankle is swelling.

Who said I must
always love Nature?
And micro monsters?

*

Do we really love our planet planeta planeetta планета and nature natyra priroda природа? Are they ours or are we just one of the inhabitants? Are we simply greedy squatters, Hausbesetzer, using up resources far beyond our needs? What are our needs, actually насправді, for survival, or individual, economic економске, social социални, political политический, and others?

There are innumerable needs within each of us inhabitants on this Planet:

You want a new car auto кола and I want to fly away for a holiday ваканция.

You want to eat meat meco carn every day and I want new clothes to show off to others.

You want to... I want to... You want to... I want to... Vols... Vull... Végtelen. Endless. Endlos. Sonsuz.

*

You ask what love for nature has to do with our needs. You say we destroy nature because humanity is all bad, destructive, evil, paha, gonosz, böse, mal.

Is it really? Or are we just blind, sokeita, pimedad, living in illusions and allusions and confusions and delusions, and without conclusions or solutions or fusions? Is humanity in fact the prisoner of its own wants and needs?

Poem IV

Karp at ter/re

Golden felder-ihre sehr unten-in
berges herz-sein-in
schwarzig hallen-in endohne nacht
schwer füße steine-auf treten
pferde streifen, herum, herum

Erdes oben-auf
berges nieren-seine
grün wasser-in gold licht
ente füße-ihre paddeln, entfernen
pferde auf ab gehen

Heimlich pfad-auf weit
berges darm-sein-in
grau sand-auf weiße kruste
hund füße-sein vorsichtig schreiten
pferde blind werden, ja blind

Welt-von weit
 berges lungen-seine-in
 tief schwarz boden-mit see
 gesunde füße-seine treppen-auf springen
 schuhe salzig, sehr salzig werden

Carp Horse Sweat / Earth

Far below the golden fields
 in the heart of the mountain
 eternal night in dark halls
 heavy feet tread on stones
 horses go around, around

Far above on the earth
 lie kidneys of the mountain
 golden light in green water
 ducky feet paddle away
 horses go up and down

Far along the secret path
 in intestines of the mountain
 white crust on grey sand
 doggy feet step gingerly
 horses go blind, yes blind

Far back from the world
 in the lungs of the mountain
 deep lake with black floor
 healthy feet jump on stairs
 shoes get salty, so salty

*

Salt... Salt of the Earth. Salt and water. Tuz. Só. Sol. Salz. Water and salt. Our bodies need salt. But too much suolaa and too much saltpetre, too much Politik and too much nuclear bomb testing, too much displacement and too much of humanity – it becomes too much, zu viel, troppo, liikaa.

Poem V

Nur

توگە	魔鬼	沙	
تۆم	核弹		
چوپان	湖底	星星	
balıq qamış	بۆرە	toshqan қоян түлкө	توغۇز يولwas
سارلىق	晚了!		
ھازىر ئۇلار:	忍受 生存 坚持.	谁在乎?	
تار	مۇز		
derya	田田田田田 ...		
qamış üy satma	ييمەك (yimek)		
1. egej-balıq	2. it-balıq		
köt			
	何处?	你跟随湖.	
فەرۇز	Yaz. Қаpa. böriler topi:	射它	
	一无所有.	只有谎言.	
ھازىر ئۇلار:	一切都好		
ھايات	hayat	haxt	
	不中用	无效的	一文不值
	水分散	停止更改	
	灌溉!	破坏湖!	
ھېچنېمە؛ يوق			
Öy.	远.		
ھازىر ئۇلار:	文明	变得复杂	吃鱼
	卧虎	bolmisa	
	藏龙 穿着破布.		Yol bolsun!

Only

Camels are gone. Traces wiped away by devils, roaring sand.
 Brilliant fungi shatter skies, raining ions, shake dunes awake.
 Epilated bottom scintillates, pondering star competitors.
 Turn back, you fish reed wolf hare fox boar tiger!
 Even the swamp is better, but it is too late!

Now they say: you can endure survive subsist persist
 and not go extinct (honestly, who cares about you?).
 Impossible to halt mountain caps from melting and fading,
 and rivers from tapering off to fields that should be less.
 Reed huts floors roofs, cooked shoots, bury the dead in reed.

First left the marinka and scaly osman, then empty green
 shallows, slimy banks, orphaned lake wandering –
 you never knew where, but you followed it.
 Turquoise summer day mirror blackens, wolves are shot
 there never was much, but now nothing is left except lies.

Now they say: nothing alarming or treacherous, but we
 had to cut down your reed forest, your livelihood,
 because it was useless unproductive ineffective worthless.
 We must harness digressing waters, curb peregrination, or
 even better solution: feed irrigation, scorch and raze lake bed.

Nothing and nobody can sleep, hide, prowl.
 Decamp up your sticks, get to live in real house far away.
 Now they say: get civilized complicated, no more fish-eating.
 Crouching tiger will never return and
 dragon is hidden in desert rags.

May there be a way!

*

*Stop! Stop! Cmon!
Why cannot we give it up?
Stop! Stop! Prestati!
Why cannot we be satisfied with less?
Stop! Stop! Stoppa!
Why cannot we?*

Поem VI

Коменсалити

ю ар нотин бът а грейт ейп
– мей аур казинс нот би инсълтид! –
*по-малко от деветдесет и осем процента от гените
те разделят от мечтите ти да бъдещ извънземен
на тази планета
или од владееньето со светот
како крал на създавањето
можда си припитомио ватру да испечете одреске
и напуните стомак протеинима
и разработал оружје для унищожения любых угроз
усё роўна вы бясшэрсныя бясстрашныя нядбайныя
хоць вы ўжо не ясце шмат галінак
достармен кездескен кездегі сіздің мейірімділік сіз
қартайған кезде ескі достарыңызға қамқор боласыз
сиз агрессивдүү болуп, өзүңүзгө ишенимсиз сезесиз
бейкапар оюн жана жаштыкка болгон шалаакылык
дряпанна спина дряпають вам спину
включаючи виключаючи боротьба створення зв'язку
туганнарын борын буенча бел
социаль иерархия потенциал таныклык
йор мейтин дейтин ийтин хебитс
ивен йор фейкин шейкин мейкин ит ол ап
всички те предават истинския ти характер
– не си измислил биология–
зур маймыл ут белән уйнарга гына өйрәнде*

Commensality

you are nothing but a great ape
 – may our cousins not be insulted! –
 less than ninety-eight percent of genes divide you
 from your dreams of being an alien on this planet
 or ruling the world as the king of creation
 maybe you have tamed the fire
 to grill the steaks and
 fill the stomach with protein
 and developed weapons to kill any threats in sight
 still you are hairless fearless careless
 although you don't eat much twigs anymore
 your kindness when meeting friends
 keeping old buddies when you age
 aggression when feeling insecure
 reckless play and youthful thoughtlessness
 scratching backs getting groomed
 including excluding fighting bonding
 recognising your relatives by the nose
 social hierarchy potential credential
 your mating dating eating habits
 even your faking shaking making it all up
 they all betray your real character
 – you did not invent biology –
 a great ape just learned to play with fire

*

Humanity has created and invented so many things, you say. Look at what we have done! you say. Where are our cousins, serkut, neven, our hair-covered sisters, Schwestern, and brothers, braća? you ask. They are still in the jungle, dzsungel, džungla, cracking nuts and gathering fruits and shoots and roots without boots and suits.

But: would we be happier if we had remained in this primordial primateordial state?

We enjoy the thought of being happy, glücklich, lyckliga, onnellisia, felici önnelikud.

We enjoy being dizzy and fizzy and busy.

We enjoy adrenalin and being hooked on dopamin.

And we enjoy the paradox paradoja paradosso of being happy – and feeling onneton önnatud unhappy for being happy.

Poem VII

Seinäkirjoitus

Den här världen är helt sökö!

16 å rebell, väärä mesta i de här superfiina gänget
kravatt hänger o de där typerna alltså tuppar tävlar huomiosta
pälättää ei lyssna: så va tycker de här tjära unga folket?

Värdsfred värds alltså fatta världens framtid värre värde tjärlek
vassomhålst värd nämen vicken värd pureskellaan?

Hei vart e aksjön, framtidens förändrax?

Jetttestura munnarr åck gull tiedior skramla, för små hender
alri röra riktig vär ellea ärlig honest jobb

Värden e din förfeder va heter de arv farsans rettihet

Du ska ändra på värden. Schunger de grå hår

Joo joo, no balls, vi fattar,

men vafför reparera du int den här globen
före du gett den ti mej?

Nu e gator fulla me andra 16 som underskriven alltså jag
de vill samma såm ja en gång sku ha: fixa rubbe för helvete
låt mig vex up i lycklit paradiis sagoland o serva mej
På riktigt, ja försöker få jorden på fötter o framtiden me, bäst ja
kan Å jag frågar alla dom där me dyra telefåner o ryggsekkar
virtuella nördar i välfärden rebeller bara en liten fråga:
Va e du beredd å ge up? Alltså avstå?

Writing on the wall

Out of order: this world

Sixteen and rebellious, out of space in solemn congregation
 hanging ties and strutting cocks compete for consideration
 talk not listen: so, what do the dear young people here think?
 World peace World understanding World future World love
 World whatever which world are we chewing?
Where is the action to change our future?

Huge mouths and gold chains rattling, too small hands
 never touched a real world or a day's honest work
 The world is your heritage your patrimony your legacy
 You must change the world, grey hairs replay chorus
*Got it, you are emasculated,
 but why don't you repair the world
 before handing it over to me?*

Now streets are filled with other sixteens like me
 wanting the same as I did back then: fix the world for me
 let me grow up in happy paradise fairy tale and serve me
 Yes, I try to change the world and our future. I do my best.
 And I want to ask the expensive mobile phone brand rucksack
 virtual-world focused welfare rebels one simple question:
What are you ready to give up? Relinquish?

*

*Our ancestors have been happily busy changing and transforming transplanting
 transmogrifying transogrifying this planet for many millennia, and we continue
 to follow in their footsteps, but on a far more massive scale. Our förfäder, Vor-
 fahren have anthropocened the Planet for tens of thousands of years, and we
 continue to do the same. Our antepasados antenati esivanemad esivanhemmat
 őseink... it is so så zo easy to blame them. It is so easy lako to blame someone
 else. It is so easy helppoa to accuse and point fingers. It is so easy facile to con-*

tinue living like we have done always mindig, and not think about small and big things or change lifestyles, stil života.

It is so easy to be lazy laisk laiska lat.

*

I have a conscience, Gewissen, and consciousness, Bewusstsein, and a shopping list. Wherever I go and whatever I do, I carry my shopping lista. I consult it and I edit it as I learn more about the world.

But it is only a simple insignificant Wunsch wish Liste, you say. That is true det är sant. But it is never going to happen, you say. Igen, igen, das stimmt. That is true dat is waar.

But if I would not have a wish list I would do nothing or very little. I would wander in the world without knowing where I am going or what I want or who I am.

Poem VIII

Shopping List

Information	<i>real wirklich äkta todellinen echt</i>
Clean air	<i>PRIORITY, TOP!</i>
Rational thinking	<i>is this getting rare, or am I just getting old?</i>
Clean water	<i>top priority, this one, too!!</i>
Responsible activities	<i>absolutely absolutno absoluutselt</i>
Clean soil	
Reusable alternatives	<i>getting there på väg შებენ!</i>
Clean food	<i>health issues, but not only!</i>
Efficient waste management	
Clean energy	<i>anybody against? :-)</i>
Flexibility	<i>hey, this one can be done with some effort, no need to shop for it</i>
Clean production	
Adaptive thinking	<i>აქტიური! <i>give me more!</i></i>
Clean consumption	
Understanding	<i>oh yes ach ja</i>
Clean future	<i>this is what we are working for, right?</i>
Sensible choices	
Clean past	<i>that's a bit more difficult</i>

Reflective habits

Clean politics

no comment but this is TOP TOP PRIORITY

Cooperation

this one I love, we need each other

Clean economy

Clarity about consequences

this should come earlier

Clean planet

YES!!! ða! Evet! Certo!

Dialogue + changing habits + innovations + technical & mental progress



When you go shopping Einkaufen, you also carry a wish list, but maybe not everything can be found in the shop butik Laden dyqan dükkân. Maybe not everything I wish for can be found in this world. I can wish wünschen önska toivoa, posso desiderare.



I can work to make at least some of my wishes come true. Some have become reality. Some are still in progress. And I am not alone. I am working with so many others who have other shopping lists, and yet some things on our lists are similar or the same.

And you can work, too auch också aussi myös.

What does your shopping list contain, for your life?