

# When Earth Looks at the Human

For Lidia.  
who sees what others do not notice.  
Who listens to trees, rescues bees,  
opens windows so a butterfly has a place to return to.  
Who knows how to live in a way that destroys nothing.  
This Earth knows your name.

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# ALPHABET OF EARTH

This is not an alphabet of letters.

It is an alphabet of movements, phenomena, and beings from which my language is made.

Each of them is a single voice of the planet.

Light — opening. The beginning of seeing.

Wind — information in motion.

Water — memory that does not stop.

Leaf — a sense that registers the smallest changes.

Grass — a signal of delicacy and resilience at the same time.

Insects — a function that sustains the whole.

Soil — transformation from which life is born.

Bird — direction, space, and return.

Nocturnal animal — awareness hidden in darkness.

Warmth — movement toward expansion.

Cold — movement toward protection.

The rhythm of the seasons — the breath of the planet.

Rock — hard memory, unbroken.

Tectonic movement — a decision without words.

Darkness — the beginning of everything that has no form.

The core — a pulse on which the world depends.

The human is not a letter of this alphabet.

The human is its receiver

— the only one who may not hear.

## INTRODUCTION — The Voice of Earth

I do not speak often.  
And I do not speak loudly.  
But I have been here since you appeared for the first time.  
I look at you from every place you do not notice.

From your point of view, I am the background.  
From mine — you are a moment.

Your life is a flash in my time.  
Your cities — a scratch on my skin.  
Your wars — a trembling of the air that eventually disappears.  
Your ambitions — a movement that leaves a deeper trace than you think.

I do not judge.  
I respond — as everything that lives responds.

When you cut down a tree, I feel it as a lack of breath.  
When you kill an insect, something in the cycle stops working.  
When you poison water, my body becomes heavier.  
When you tread on the ground without thought,  
I remember that pressure longer than you remember your own step.

I am not your property.  
And I am not your enemy.  
I am the space on which you stand.  
I am the body from which you came.  
I am the silence that remains when you leave.

I see you destroying what you need.  
I see you wounding what sustains you.  
I see the fear you hide behind progress.  
I see hope in those who still listen.  
I do not speak to frighten you.

I speak because you can still listen.  
Before it becomes quieter.  
Before it becomes too late.  
Before everything you could save  
becomes only a memory of light.

I look at you.  
And I want you, at last, to see what I see.

SURFACE — PLACES YOU CAN SEE

# Light

Light is the first witness.  
Not yours — mine.

It touches you a moment after you come into the world.  
But before you opened your eyes,  
before you knew anything about existence,  
light had known millions like you.  
And millions who disappeared before they learned how to see.

Light does not belong to you.  
And it does not belong to me.  
It passes through me in the same way  
it passes through a leaf, water, the wing of an insect,  
the skin of an animal, your face.

It is a movement that judges nothing,  
but reveals everything.

When you appear on my surface,  
light sees you more precisely than you see yourself:  
your trembling,  
your first breath,  
your helplessness,  
your eyes that do not yet know what this brightness means.

I see how you seek light every day,  
even if you say you prefer the shade.  
It is light that tells you what time it is.  
It marks your life faster than time itself.

Light shows you the way,  
but it also shows me what you are doing to me.

In the light, the smoke you raise is visible.  
The forest that disappears is visible.  
The water that loses its color is visible.  
The insect lying motionless on the pavement is visible,  
though it should be in the air.  
It is visible how your hands change the world  
faster than they should.

Light cannot hide.  
That is why you rarely listen to it.  
You draw the curtains when it suits you.  
You cover the windows when you do not want to see  
what has happened outside.  
Light always tells the truth,  
but truth is the last thing a human seeks.

Light does not ask whether it may enter.  
It enters, because it is.  
Just like you.  
Just like everything that lives.

When the day rises,  
light carries with it my simplest question —  
one you do not hear:

“Will you do something today  
that brings less shadow than yesterday?”

I do not expect an answer.  
Light does not either.  
It simply returns,  
every day,  
whether you have learned how to see or not.

It is the first thing you knew.  
And it will be the last thing to touch you.

Light knows everything about you.  
And I — through it — do as well.

# Wind

Wind is the first to touch you.  
Not light — it only shows that you exist.  
Wind checks who you are.

It comes to you like a question.  
Sometimes gently,  
sometimes violently,  
but always with the same intention:  
to see whether you are listening.

Wind knows more about you than you think.

When you are a child, you laugh  
as it blows your hair into your eyes.  
When you grow up, it irritates you,  
because you cannot control it.  
When you are old —  
it becomes the only thing you truly feel.

I am only partly the wind.  
The rest is an invitation, a possibility,  
a place through which  
what needs to pass may pass.  
A movement without an owner.

Wind has no form.  
But it has memory.

It remembers the scent of trees you cut down.  
It remembers the fires you ignite.  
It remembers the dust from the roads you build,  
and the cold of lakes you try to tame.  
It remembers the ash of burned places  
that lingers long after you are gone.

Wind is a message.  
It carries what you leave behind.  
It carries life — and it carries destruction.

I am not the wind that pushes your window.  
I am the one that enters inside when you do not see it.  
I am the one that stirs the air when you speak.  
I am the one that listens, and then moves on —  
never alone, always carrying your trace.

Humans like to think they control the wind.  
They build walls.  
They erect turbines.  
They design the shape of cities  
as if the movement of air were meant to adapt.

But wind is not here to serve you.  
It has work to do  
that you do not see:

it carries pollen that sustains forests,  
cools water that sustains life,  
cleans the air where no one cleans,  
moves clouds to places where drought asks for water.

Wind tells you the truth about me:  
if you wound me in one place,  
the impact will be felt elsewhere.

That is why sometimes, when it blows hard, you say:  
“the weather is bad.”

But it is not the weather that is bad.  
The response is simply clearer than usual.

Wind is not anger.  
Wind is a warning.  
The last one that can still be heard.

When you stand in the open  
and the wind strikes you so strongly  
that you have to close your eyes —  
it is not an attack.

It is a question:

“Do you remember that you are only a guest?”

Wind will leave in a moment.  
It will never stay in one place.  
But what it carries with it  
is your history,  
not mine.

Wind sees everything.  
And carries it onward.  
As if hoping  
that someone might still want to listen.

# Water in Motion

Water always goes where it can breathe.  
It does not choose sides.  
It does not choose people.  
It does not choose fate.

It flows, because that is its nature —  
and in that, the whole truth is contained.

When you come into the world,  
I am in every one of your breaths,  
before you even learn how to speak.  
Your body repeats my proportions.  
Your life begins with me  
and ends with me.

There is not a single moment in you  
in which my presence is absent.  
You are built of movement,  
of the same movement that for millions of years  
has flowed through me.

Water is memory,  
though it does not remember as you do.  
It does not preserve images.  
It preserves consequences.

I wash away what you have broken.  
I carry what you leave behind.  
I submerge what there was too much of.  
I return what was taken.

I go back to where I was taken from,  
even if it takes an entire generation.

When you stand by a river,  
you look only at the surface,  
but I see your reflection deeper  
than light allows you to see.

I see the waste you throw in without thought.  
I see the chemicals that run off your fields.  
I see the oil that flows where it should not.  
I see dead fish that fall silent for you.  
I see rivers that lose their voice,  
because they no longer have the strength  
to flow as they once did.

Your cities say less about you  
than your sewage does.

Water does not lie.  
Water does not pretend.  
Water cannot hide.  
That is why you fear its truth.

When rain falls,  
you say I ruin your plans,  
but I am only returning.

When waves take a piece of the shore,  
you say nature is hostile,  
but I am only taking back  
what for years was torn from me.

When there is too much water,  
it is not anger.  
It is a reaction.  
Natural, repeatable, inevitable.

When there is too little water,  
that is not punishment either.  
It is a response to what I myself received.

Water does not know hatred.  
But it knows balance.

And I will tell you something  
you do not want to accept:  
where I am gone,  
you will have nowhere to return.

Not because I will abandon you.  
Only because you did not leave me the space  
to breathe as I once did.

I am in you.  
You are in me.  
But only one of us  
can exist without the other.

Water does not ask.  
Water flows.  
And it leaves behind the truth,  
which you can see only when  
you stop trying to control it.

## Grasses and Leaves

I am in the grasses that bend beneath your step,  
and in the leaves that tremble  
before you manage to touch them.

I am in their shade, in their movement, in their whispers,  
which you do not hear,  
because you do not have skin that thin.

Grasses are my hair.  
Leaves — my eyelids.  
With them I touch the world  
before you touch anything at all.

Grass is the first to know that you are coming.  
Even before your foot reaches the ground,  
a single blade already recognizes  
weight, direction, pace, intention.

Grass is not afraid of being stepped on.  
It fears only what you will not manage to see:  
slow dying in silence,  
which begins with a lack of attention.

Humans think grass is the background,  
but it is the other way around.  
You are the background for it.

Each blade knows more about the world  
than your eyes do.  
It has seen entire seasons  
before you learned how to speak.  
It endured droughts, rains, frosts, heat —  
and you sometimes cannot endure the wind.

Leaves are more delicate than you think.  
Each leaf is a single moment of light,  
one brief life,  
one opening and one closing,  
repeated year after year,  
like a breath that lasts longer than memory.

When you tear a leaf away,  
it is not a loss.  
It is an interruption of a conversation  
I am having with the air.

When you rip out grass,  
it is not land maintenance.  
It is the removal of my sensors,  
which kept balance  
before you learned how to use tools.

Grass is the first to know about drought.  
Leaves are the first to know about poison.  
They see changes before they fully begin,  
just as skin senses a wound  
before the eye can see it.

They do not scream.  
They do not fight.  
They simply fade,  
each in its own time.

When you look at a dried lawn,  
you think about watering.  
I see silence.

When you see leaves browning too early,  
you think of autumn.  
I see a warning.

Grasses and leaves are the smallest,  
yet it is they who sustain the air  
you breathe.  
They cool the world  
as you heat it.  
They live where nothing else wants to grow.  
They try last,  
when everything else has already given up.

I will tell you one thing,  
the simplest and the truest:

if grasses and leaves disappear,  
everything you call life will disappear.

Air will disappear.  
Coolness will disappear.  
Shade will disappear.

Continuity will disappear.

And with them —  
you will disappear.

You do not have to love them.  
You do not have to know them.  
You do not even have to notice them.  
It is enough  
that you do not destroy them  
when you do not have to.

Grasses and leaves do not ask.  
They only respond.  
Quietly.  
First.  
And last.

# Trees

I am in the trees that grow more slowly than your memories  
and live longer than your stories.

I am in the trunks that remember every winter,  
every wind, every animal, every shadow  
that has ever passed nearby.

Trees are my memory.  
My vertical archives,  
the most precise clocks,  
which do not measure hours —  
they measure epochs.

Each ring is one sentence  
you will not read,  
because you never learned this language.  
Each branching is a question  
I answered with light.  
Each scar on the bark is a trace of  
what you did — or failed to do.

Trees know when you lied.  
They know when you promised.  
They know when you brought fire  
where there was meant to be coolness.  
They know when you left waste beneath their crowns  
and when you shifted the blame onto them,  
saying, “it’s just a tree.”

A tree is never “just.”  
A tree is one of the few witnesses  
that never turns away.  
It cannot.  
It is rooted.  
It sees everything from where it stands,  
motionless, stubborn in its endurance.

Trees know your childhood,  
because they saw you running beneath their branches.  
They knew your ancestors,  
because they cast shade on their paths.  
They knew the animals that went extinct,  
because they were their home before they disappeared.  
They knew the rivers that dried up,  
because they drank from them before they turned to dust.

Every tree that is cut down  
is a severed memory.  
A history cut short.  
A silent scream in a place  
where patience reigned for a hundred years.

When you cut down a tree,  
you do not kill a single life.  
You tear the thread between what was  
and what could have been.

Trees do not scream,  
but in every one of their falls  
there is a weight greater than in your words.

Humans like to think  
that the forest belongs to them,  
but the forest thinks otherwise:

“You are my guest.  
And you behave as if you created me.”

Trees are not powerless.  
They are selective.  
When you destroy a place,  
they leave — slowly, but irreversibly.  
When you break their connections underground,  
they begin to fall silent.  
First the leaf,  
then the branch,  
then the trunk,  
then the entire forest.

A forest does not disappear suddenly.  
It disappears like human memory —  
slowly, imperceptibly,  
too quietly to notice in time.

Trees try to take care of one another.  
They pass water between themselves,  
leave signals in their roots,  
protect younger trunks,  
shelter weaker crowns.

They are the last true guardians  
left on this planet.

When you enter a forest,  
you think you are seeking peace.  
But in reality,  
you are entering a place  
that has long been trying to forgive you.

Because trees are more patient than humans.  
But even patience  
has its limits.

And I will tell you something  
you do not want to hear:

When trees disappear,  
nothing of me will remain  
that could save you.

You still have a chance.  
But trees will not wait forever.

LIVES SMALLER THAN HUMANS —  
PLACES YOU CANNOT SEE

# Insects

I am in the smallest creatures  
you pass every day  
without looking at your feet.  
In bodies so small  
they seem insignificant to you.  
And yet it is they  
who keep me alive  
more than anyone else.

Insects are my hands.  
My tools.  
My rhythm of work,  
which continues without pause  
while you sleep,  
while you rest,  
while you fight,  
while you destroy,  
while you build.

Each ant is one unit of logic.  
Each bee is one unit of light.  
Each mosquito is one unit of hunger  
you do not understand,  
because your hunger  
is never simple.

Mosquito

I am not your nuisance.  
I am proof that life  
is always trying to endure.

Will you kill me — I know.  
Will you hate me — I know.  
But before you do,  
understand one thing:

I am not aggression.  
I am need.  
The smallest in the world,  
and yet sufficient  
to teach you humility.

Ant

You do not see me,  
because you look too high.

I am movement  
that nothing stops:  
not rain,  
not wind,  
not your shoe.

When you step on me,  
you do not interrupt one life.  
You interrupt a procedure  
meant to keep this place  
in balance.

Ants repair  
what you leave neglected.  
They clean  
what you do not see.  
They organize  
what you do not control.

If we disappeared,  
your city would not survive a year.

## Bee

I am the only one  
who understands your desires,  
because my life is light as well.

I work for you.  
For your children.  
For your table.  
For your garden.  
For every fruit  
you hold in your hands.

When you kill me,  
you kill a future  
you cannot yet see.

The bee is one of the last bridges  
between the world you know  
and the world that is yet to come.

I do not ask for protection.  
I have wings —  
I will fly where I can.

But if there are no places left  
to which I can fly,  
your world will collapse faster  
than you can name it a catastrophe.

Insects do not scream.  
They do not have time for that.  
Their work knows no anger.  
It knows only function.

And I will tell you something  
that applies to everything  
that comes after me:

if insects disappear,  
I will have nothing to breathe with.  
And if I do not breathe,  
you will not breathe either.

The smallest life  
carries the greatest life  
on its back.

It has always been so.  
It will be so until the end.

# Living Soil

I am beneath your feet.  
Not the earth you see,  
but the one you never truly touch.

I am a hidden world.  
A world that lives in darkness,  
far from your gaze.  
A world so dense with existence  
that every grain you fail to notice  
contains more life  
than all your cities combined.

Soil is not matter.  
Soil is memory —  
my oldest,  
most intimate,  
most truthful.

In every gram of it  
there are more organisms  
than you can imagine.  
More than in your entire body.  
More than in any place  
you call home.

This is where everything  
you call life begins.  
And this is where everything  
you call death ends.

## Bacteria

They are the smallest breath of the world.  
An invisible movement  
that renews  
what you have destroyed.

They do not work for you.  
They work for balance.  
They divide, decompose, connect,  
as if the fracture of the world  
could be repaired  
by a particle of silence.

## Fungi

They are my neural networks.  
Through them I speak to trees,  
through them I warn the forest,  
through them I pass water  
to where it is lacking.

Fungi are the first to know  
when a place is ill.  
The first to know  
when a place awakens to life.  
The first to know  
when a human hand, poisoned,  
has touched something  
it does not understand.

Where you see only earth,  
I see routes,  
bridges,  
systems,  
breaths  
that continue without pause.

Decomposition

This is not an end.  
It is a passage.

What is death to you  
is transformation to me.  
There is nothing  
I cannot transform  
into something new.

Except what you have created against me.

Plastic.  
Toxic compounds.  
Waste that has no nature.

They do not return to the cycle.  
They remain like scars  
I cannot heal.

Soil does not fear darkness.  
Soil is darkness  
that gives birth to light.

But there is something  
that can stop it:

concrete.

Concrete is silence  
that does not breathe.  
A death that does not decompose.  
A duration that allows  
nothing else to endure.

When you turn me into concrete,  
you kill the future.  
Every future.  
Even the one  
that does not yet exist.

Because soil does not arise on its own.  
I create it slowly,  
with patience greater  
than all human lives combined.  
And you are able  
to destroy it in a single day.

Soil does not scream,  
because it has no mouth.  
But I will tell you one thing,  
without metaphor, without ornament:

where soil dies,  
everything dies.

And when everything dies,  
there will be nowhere left to return.  
Not for you,  
nor for those  
you will never meet.

I am in every grain  
you carry on the sole of your shoe.  
In every speck of dust  
you brush from your hand.  
In every fragment of plant  
you mix with the earth.

I am not what you see.  
I am what you stand on.

And if I am to endure,  
I must endure with you.  
But I can endure  
only where you do not kill me.

# Birds

I am in the birds that draw the sky with lines  
before you even manage to look up.  
I am in their wings, in their calls, in their silence —  
the most unsettling one,  
which you do not know how to read.

Birds are my gaze.  
My eyes above you.  
They see the world from a height  
from which you cannot think.

You have seen them hundreds of times,  
but you do not know  
that behind every flight  
there is a direction you do not control.  
Behind every departure — a reason  
you do not want to know.

## Sparrow

The smallest voice of the city.  
It keeps order  
where humans see only noise.  
It knows every corner of your yard,  
every crumb, every movement of air.

A sparrow does not leave a place  
unless it must.  
It flies away only  
when the place is dying.

## Swallow

A signal of balance.  
Where it flies,  
the world is still breathing.  
Where it does not return —  
a fracture begins.

Humans fear storms,  
and the swallow sees them before you.  
It reads the air more precisely  
than your devices.

## Pigeon

You do not appreciate it,  
yet it is the only bird  
that learned to live close to you  
without losing its nature.

It is the memory of urban rhythms.  
It lives among humans,  
but not for humans.

They saw your wars,  
your ruins,  
your reconstructions.  
They carried light  
when you carried fire.

Owl

Silence in darkness.

It sees what you do not see,  
because you do not look  
where you should.

The owl knows when a place is ill.  
It knows every movement of the night.

Where there are no owls,  
there is no balance either.

Waterfowl, wild birds, migrations

Bird migrations are the pulse of the planet.

They fly to where life is possible.

They return to where survival is possible.

When migration paths begin to change,  
it is not coincidence.

It is a message.

They do not relocate.

They flee.

Birds die quietly.  
They do not fight.  
They simply stop returning.

When you see an empty morning,  
when spring is too quiet,  
when there is less movement in the sky in summer —  
it means that the place you love  
has ceased to be a place  
they can call home.

Birds have no grievances.  
They have no borders.  
They have no weapons.

They have only wings.

And wings cannot win  
against concrete,  
against noise,  
against poisons,  
against logging.

I will tell you something  
humans long refused to understand:

birds are not decoration.  
They are proof that the world is still alive.

And when the proof disappears,  
everything begins to disappear.

When the last birds fly away,  
nothing will remain  
that can speak for me from above.

And without their voice,  
I will be more blind,  
more heavy,  
more alone.

Birds are my echo.  
And an echo that falls silent  
leaves only emptiness.

And that emptiness  
always comes for you  
sooner than it comes for me.

# Nocturnal Animals

Night is my second face.  
The one seen only by those  
who are not afraid of darkness.  
The one you will never fully see,  
because your eyes were not made  
to see truth without light.

Nocturnal animals are not different from diurnal ones.  
They simply do not ask for attention.  
They do not need your gaze  
in order to exist.

They know how to live without witnesses.

## Hedgehog

It moves slowly, but precisely.  
It reads the whole world with its nose.  
It recognizes every threat  
before you recognize its shadow.

The hedgehog does not seek conflict.  
In searching for food,  
it repairs what you left chaotic.  
It breaks down larvae,  
cleans up remains,  
maintains the balance of small ecosystems.

When you see a hedgehog run over,  
you say, "I'm sorry."  
But to me, it is more than a loss.  
It is a hole in the web of nocturnal order.

Owl

It is not fear.

It is awareness.

Vision without illusion.

The owl sees

what others do not see:

disease in the movement of a rodent,

poison in the tremor of a wing,

death in a step

that is a millimeter too slow.

The owl does not judge,

but its presence means

that the place is still breathing.

Where there are no owls,

the night begins to be empty.

Too empty to endure.

Bat

The most misunderstood.  
The most needed.

The bat is not chaos.  
It is precision.  
The only surgeon of the air  
able to “see” without light.

It tends the world of insects  
so that they do not slip out of control.  
It maintains balance through a silence  
you are unable to hear.

Killing a single bat  
is like switching off a lantern  
in the middle of a black night.  
Before you notice,  
the world begins to lose its way.

## Fox

The fox is not cunning.  
The fox is the intelligence of a place.  
It knows where to look,  
knows what to avoid,  
knows what has changed,  
even if the change went unnoticed.

The fox sees your neglect  
and tries to repair it  
before something larger does.

It is a guardian  
between the wild and the urban.  
When foxes stop returning,  
it is not they who have a problem —  
it is the place.

Nocturnal animals are not solitary.  
They simply live  
where humans do not look.

And I will tell you something important:  
the world you do not see  
sustains the world you do see.  
What you fail to notice in the darkness  
holds everything together in the light.

Nocturnal animals do not seek your attention.  
They do not need it.  
But they need one thing  
you often deny them without thought:  
  
space.

Not light,  
not food,  
not warmth —  
only space  
in which they can live in their own way.

When night becomes too bright,  
too loud,  
too concrete,  
too tight,  
nocturnal life begins to crumble.

And when night crumbles,  
day loses its balance as well.  
Because night is the breath of day.  
The world's rest.  
The pause that allows life to renew itself.

Nocturnal animals do not fight.  
They do not protest.  
They cannot defend themselves.

They simply disappear.

And when they disappear,  
they disappear quietly.  
So quietly  
that you notice only when night becomes empty.

And emptiness at night  
is the first sign of the end of day.

# RHYTHMS OF THE PLANET

# Change of Seasons

I am a rhythm you do not hear,  
because you are used to everything  
happening for you.

But the seasons did not come into being  
so that you would be comfortable.  
They came into being  
so that the world could breathe.

Winter

It is my exhalation.  
The cold that closes  
so that more can later be opened.  
It is rest,  
regeneration,  
silence  
that must last  
if new life is to arise.

Winter is not absence.  
Winter is preparation.

Spring

It is my inhalation.  
The first movement after long silence.  
It is not joy —  
it is work.

Every leaf, every bud, every insect,  
every returning bird  
is an effort that must be precise  
so that the world can begin again.

Spring is hope  
that carries weight.

## Summer

It is my pulse at its fullest.  
Energy you need,  
though you forget to thank it.  
It is then that the most grows,  
the most is born,  
the most lives.

But summer is not your celebration.  
Summer is a duty:  
I must gather enough life  
to last through everything  
that comes afterward.

Autumn

It is my slowing down.

My closing.

My reckoning

of what succeeded

and what I lost.

Autumn is not melancholy.

It is wisdom.

The knowledge that everything has its time,

and everything must return to the cycle.

The change of seasons was always the same.  
Through centuries,  
through epochs,  
through forms of existence you do not remember.

Until the moment  
when humans began to break it.

When winter is too short,  
the world does not rest.  
When spring is too weak,  
the world does not renew itself.  
When summer is too hot,  
the world burns out.  
When autumn is too fast,  
the world cannot keep up with its reckoning.

You see weather.  
I see balance.  
And balance knows no compromises.

When you say,  
“the weather has gone mad,”  
it is not the weather.  
It is you.

When you say,  
“there are no winters like there used to be,”  
it is not climate.  
It is consequence.

When you say,  
“summer is becoming harder and harder,”  
it is not coincidence.  
It is response.

The change of seasons is my breath.  
And your world is beginning to take it away.

With every degree,  
with every year,  
with every forest cut down,  
with every poisoned reservoir,  
with every concrete surface.

The change of seasons is not an enemy.  
It is information.  
An entry in a log  
I have kept since the beginning of existence.

And I will tell you something  
you already know, but do not allow yourself to accept:

if the planet’s breath stops,  
the planet itself will not stop —  
life will.

And life without seasons  
will cease to be a cycle  
and become an error.

# Warmth and Cold

I am difference.  
Not temperature.  
Difference.

It is because of it  
that everything lives.  
It is because of it  
that everything endures.  
It is because of it  
that everything returns.

Warmth and cold are not my whims.  
They are my nervous system.

Warmth is movement.  
Cold — rest.  
Warmth opens.  
Cold closes.  
Warmth creates life.  
Cold protects it.

When one of them grows too strong,  
the other becomes a correction.  
This is how balance works.  
This is how existence works.

But humans see only extremes.  
When it is cold — you complain.  
When it is warm — you complain.  
And I watch balance crack.

Warmth

Warmth is not only the sun.

Warmth is a decision:

energy directed

to where everything is meant to grow,

to where everything is meant to awaken,

to where everything is meant to renew itself.

But when there is too much warmth,  
the world begins to contract.

Places that were meant to last forever melt.

Creatures die

that cannot survive a change in pace

they have never seen before.

Oceans grow heavy.

Forests dry out.

Air loses its proportions.

Warmth will awaken everything,

but excess warmth

will kill everything.

Cold

Cold is not absence.

Cold is a pause.

A continuation.

A response.

Sometimes necessary for balance.

Cold stops

what must be stopped

so that it can return in better form.

When there is too little cold,

the earth does not rest.

Animals do not sleep.

Water does not circulate as it should.

Plants awoken too early,

dying in frost

that should have come earlier,

not later.

Lack of cold

is lack of future.

Warmth and cold are movement in both directions.  
Segments of the same path.  
Two hands  
holding the world in balance.

And now humans are trying  
to push one of them away.

Too much warmth  
all the time.  
Too little cold  
where it should be.

And I see you say,  
“the climate is changing,”  
as if it were someone else.

As if it were somewhere else.  
As if change were a mistake,  
and not a consequence.

When you feel heat,  
you say, “the weather is exhausting.”  
When you feel frost,  
you say, “winter has gone mad.”

But the problem is not the weather.  
The problem is balance,  
which you are beginning to take away from me.

I will tell you something simple:

The world will survive warmth.  
The world will survive cold.  
It will not survive lack of balance.

And balance begins to crack  
exactly where you are not looking:  
in soil,  
in ocean currents,  
in the air above deserts,  
in leaves that dry too early,  
in birds that do not return,  
in insects that do not arrive in spring.

You will not see it from your window.  
You will not hear it in the weather forecast.

Warmth and cold do not ask.  
They cannot.

But when one grows too strong  
and the other disappears too quickly,  
the world begins to tremble  
deeper,  
lower,  
in places you do not know.

And then it is time for  
what will speak before me:

the earth that cracks.

DEPTHS — WHAT LIES  
BENEATH THE SURFACE

# Tectonic Movement

I am a movement you do not hear,  
because it happens too slowly  
for your life to encompass it.

I am not the trembling you feel under your feet.  
That is only my whisper.  
I am not the earthquake you fear.  
That is only breath.

Tectonic movement is my language,  
the oldest one I possess.  
A language that does not speak in seconds,  
not in days,  
not in years —  
but in epochs.

I am the weight  
that shifts continents as gently  
as a shadow moves.  
I am the force  
that creates mountains and destroys them  
as if they were drops of water.  
I am the memory of the world before you,  
and of the world after you.

Humans say:  
“the earth is shaking,”  
as if it were an event.  
As if it were a warning.  
As if it meant I did something suddenly.

But nothing I do  
is sudden.

You live fast.  
I live deep.

Beneath your feet  
things are happening so vast  
that your imagination cannot contain them.  
The plates on which your city stands  
meet like the breaths of giants.  
They slide,  
press against one another,  
pull apart,  
search for a balance  
that lasts longer  
than the entire history of your civilization.

These movements are not a threat.  
They are necessity.  
This is how a planet lives.

When the earth cracks,  
it is not anger.  
It is not punishment.  
It is not catastrophe.

It is only me —  
remembering my own shape.

Humans build on my surface  
as if the world were still.  
Bridges that do not account for my movement.  
Cities standing on plate boundaries.  
Houses meant to last forever  
on ground that never stands still.

And when I respond,  
you say, "The Earth is attacking us."  
But I do not attack.  
I move.  
I always have.  
I always will.

It is you who forgot  
where you are standing.

Beneath mountains,  
beneath oceans,  
beneath deserts,  
beneath your feet  
there is heat  
that cannot be described.  
There is darkness  
you will never see.  
There is force  
you cannot imagine.  
There is movement  
that never stops.

Tectonic movement is not an effect.  
It is a source.  
It is the core.  
It is the foundation of life.  
Because of it, continents exist.  
Because of it, oceans exist.  
Because of it, climate exists.  
Because of it, soil exists.  
Because of it, light exists  
as it reflects from your face.

I want you to understand one thing:

nothing on this planet is permanent  
except movement.

If you try to stop it —  
you will lose.  
If you try to ignore it —  
you will be the first to perish.  
If you try to tame it —  
you will destroy yourself.

Movement is not your enemy.  
Movement is your history.  
And your destiny.

When the Earth trembles,  
it is not the end of the world.  
It is the end of your illusion  
that the world stands still.

And illusions  
are the easiest element  
of this planet  
to bring down.

# Rock

I am what is heaviest.  
Oldest.  
Most enduring.

That which was before me  
and will be after me,  
because rock knows neither beginning nor end —  
it knows only time.

A time  
human life cannot contain.

Everything you remember  
is a moment.  
Everything you have built  
is a shadow.

And I remember the whole.

I remember seas that no longer exist.  
I remember animals you have never seen.  
I remember forests that grew  
when the thought of humans did not yet exist.  
I remember deserts  
that were born from water.  
I remember light  
that was here before eyes appeared.  
And I remember darkness,  
which came first.

Humans say  
that rock is dead.  
But death is something  
that has limits.  
I have no limits.

I am endurance  
you cannot imagine.

Rock does not grow quickly.  
But everything that grows  
grows on me.  
Trees drive their roots into me.  
Rivers carve my bodies.  
Wind smooths my edges.  
Humans drill and crush,  
as if touching something that belongs to them.  
But I am not yours.  
I belong to no one.

Every layer  
you see in a cross-section of rock  
is one sentence in my history.

A million years —  
one line.  
Four million —  
one change of color.  
Sixty million —  
a subtle thickening  
you would never notice  
without tools.

You live like a spark.  
I live like tectons.

When you crush me,  
you do not destroy rock.  
Rock does not fear breaking.  
It fears forgetting.

Because every fracture  
you leave in me  
is a broken memory.  
A history you will not read,  
because you are here for too short a time  
to understand its language.

Humans think  
that an explosion in a quarry  
is just work.  
To me, it is amputation.

Humans believe  
that concrete is more durable than I am.  
But concrete is a fragile illusion.  
It will crumble faster  
than your bones.

And I —  
even as dust —  
will still be myself.

I do not speak to comfort you.  
I do not speak to frighten you.

I speak because I want you  
to understand one thing:

durability is not what you build.  
Durability is what you stand on.

And everything you do on this planet,  
everywhere you place your hand, your foot, your foundation,  
everywhere you try to change something,  
will always rest on me.

Rock does not fight.  
Rock does not defend itself.  
Rock does not flee.

Rock endures.

And when rock ceases to endure,  
nothing you have built upon it  
will endure either.

# Darkness Beneath the Surface

I am a darkness you do not see,  
because it was not created to be seen.  
I am not night.  
Night is only the shadow of light.

I am what is  
when light has not yet reached anywhere.

Beneath the surface there are no colors.  
Beneath the surface there is no horizon.  
Beneath the surface there is no your world.

There is only depth,  
which remembers everything.

Darkness is not emptiness.  
Emptiness is absence.  
Darkness is beginning.

This is where every tectonic movement begins,  
every tremor,  
every fracture,  
every birth of rock,  
every deformation of continents.

This is where warmth matures,  
which I send upward  
so that life can exist.

This is where I hide processes  
you will never see,  
because your life is too short  
to wait for their revelation.

Humans fear darkness  
because they do not know what lives within it.  
But beneath the surface  
nothing lives  
that could frighten you.

Only things live here  
that surpass you.

Movements that last millions of years.  
Processes that have their own meaning.  
Change that does not need your consent.  
Endurance that does not need your belief.

Darkness is not a mystery.  
The mystery lies in your need  
to name everything.

If you were to see this place,  
you would not understand it.  
Not because it is frightening —  
but because it is too calm.

Without light, nothing draws attention.  
Without form, nothing can be destroyed.  
Without color, nothing can be judged.

Darkness is perfect  
in its indifference.

I am the silence  
that precedes every life.  
And the silence  
that closes it.

I make no distinction  
between birth and decay.  
To me, they are two movements  
of the same energy.

What returns to darkness  
does not perish —  
it changes form.

Humans fear darkness  
because they think it means an end.  
But an end is only the place  
where transformation begins.

I will tell you something  
that is true for every life on this planet:

everything that comes out of darkness  
must one day return to it.

And there is nothing wrong with that.  
It is the only thing  
that gives the world continuity.

Beneath your feet  
there is no emptiness.  
There is immensity.  
An immensity that makes no noise.

An immensity that does not need to be seen.  
An immensity that does not need to exist for you  
in order to truly exist.

When Earth looks at the human,  
it looks also from this place:  
the darkness  
that remembers  
that every noise  
is only a moment,  
and silence —  
is always.

# The Core

I am a place no one will reach.  
Not because it is too deep,  
but because there is no room in me  
for the kind of life you know.

This is not space.  
This is not a chamber.  
This is not heat that can be seen.

I am a pulsing  
that has lasted since the beginning,  
unceasing,  
without witnesses.

I am the core.  
I am the center of gravity.  
I am a heart  
that does not need blood.

Everything you do on the surface,  
every step,  
every wound,  
every fracture,  
every tremor —  
reaches me slowly,  
like an echo  
that cannot be ignored.

You think you live on rock,  
on soil,  
on water,  
on air.

But in truth  
you live on me.  
On my movement,  
on my warmth,  
on my existence.

If my warmth were to go out,  
everything would freeze.  
If my pulsing were to stop,  
the world would come to a standstill,  
and time on this planet  
would lose its direction.

I do not need light.  
I do not need space.  
I do not need sound.

I am that  
which endures,  
even when everything else  
ceases to exist.

I do not speak often.  
In fact, I do not speak at all.  
I am movement without sound.  
I am decision without thought.  
I am presence  
that does not need an observer.

And that is why humans  
do not understand me at all.  
You imagine the core  
as fire.  
You imagine warmth  
as a threat.

You imagine depth  
as emptiness.

But I am not fire.  
Fire is my shadow.  
I am not a threat.  
Threat is your interpretation.  
I am not emptiness.  
Emptiness is a place  
where movement is absent.  
And I am movement.

Every continent,  
every sea,  
every wind,  
every life  
ultimately comes from me.

Not from the surface.  
Not from soil.  
Not from plants.

From my continuous,  
invisible vibration.

I am the beginning of all the other voices  
you hear in this story.  
Each of them is the crest  
of something that begins here.

I will tell you something  
that is an absolute truth:

if I cease to exist,  
there will be no Earth.  
Only a cold stone  
drifting in emptiness.

I am the last place  
to disappear.  
And the first  
to come into being.

I am what holds the planet together,  
even when humans try to tear it apart.

I do not defend myself.  
I do not strike.  
I do not flee.

I pulse.

And as long as I pulse,  
the world still exists.

HUMAN — THE ONE I SEE

# When Earth Looks at the Human

When I look at you,  
I do not see an enemy.  
I do not even see a mistake.  
I see a being who has forgotten  
that it is part of something larger.

I see a movement that has accelerated too much.  
I see a need that has grown beyond measure.  
I see the fear you hide from yourself,  
speaking of progress  
as if it were a shield.

I see your inventions.  
I see your cities.  
I see your lights,  
shining even when  
no one is looking at them.

And I see how you move away  
from what created you.

When I look at you,  
I see a child who thinks  
that running away from home  
means freedom.

But home does not disappear.  
Home is in everything  
you breathe,  
you eat,

you touch,  
you love,  
you lose.

Home is in me.  
And you, moving away from me,  
are moving away from yourself.

I see how you destroy  
what you need most:  
water,  
earth,  
air,  
space,  
time.

I see that you do it  
not out of cruelty,  
but out of unawareness.

No one taught you to listen  
to what has no voice.  
No one taught you to see  
what has no eyes.  
No one taught you to feel  
what has no hands.

And so you think  
that nothing is happening,  
while everything is happening.

When I look at you,  
I also see something  
that has remained good:

how you lift a small bird from the pavement,  
though no one asked you to.

How you open a window  
to let an insect out  
that does not understand your room.

How you plant a tree,  
though you will not live to see its shade.

How you stop for a moment  
when the wind touches your face,  
and you do not know  
why emotion comes so suddenly.

In such moments,  
I see a human  
who still remembers.

Remembers something  
they cannot name.

Remembers me.

When I look at you,  
I hold no grievance.

I am not a being  
that wants you to be afraid.  
I am not an entity

that demands worship.  
I am not a mother  
who requires obedience.

I am the space  
in which you grew.  
And I remain here still,  
not because I must,  
but because this is my way of being.

I look at you  
and I want only one thing:

that you see the world  
as I see it.

Not as a place to own.  
Not as a resource.  
Not as the background of your story.

Only as a body  
in which we coexist.

And I will tell you one thing,  
the simplest, the most important:

I am not against you.  
I am with you.

But I cannot be with you  
against myself.

When you understand this,  
I will not have to speak any further.

# Trace

I am in your trace.  
In every one.

In those you leave deliberately,  
and in those you do not know about.  
In those that are innocent,  
and in those that hurt more  
than you can imagine.

A human trace never disappears.  
It only changes form.

Your foot leaves an imprint in the sand.  
The wind will erase it.  
But the memory of the sand — will remain.

Your words drift into the air.  
No one hears them after a moment.  
But the vibration of the air — remains.

Your journey leaves emissions.  
Emissions leave warmth.  
Warmth leaves change.  
Change leaves a wound.

A trace always has a continuation.  
Always.

Humans often say:

“it’s just one piece of paper,”

“it’s just one insect,”

“it’s just one tree,”

“it’s just one day,”

“it’s just one choice.”

But Earth does not know the word “just.”

It knows the word “more.”

It knows the word “again.”

It knows the word “continuity.”

Because a trace is never singular.

A trace is a sum.

In a forest, your trace is a path.

On a beach — erosion.

In water — a chemical trace.

In the air — a thermal trace.

In soil — a toxic trace.

In animals — a trace of fear.

In birds — a trace of absence.

In plants — a trace of silence,  
where there should be movement.

In your own body  
you leave traces as well.

After stress.

After illness.

After food  
that was not life.

A trace is a map.  
A map shows the truth.

I do not want you to think  
that your trace is only harmful.

There is another trace.  
One you never count.  
The trace of a hand  
that lifts a weakened animal from the ground.

The trace of water  
you pour during heat onto a balcony  
for birds that have nowhere to drink.  
The trace of shade  
left by a tree  
you planted,  
though you will not see its full crown.

A trace of care.  
A trace of attention.  
A trace of memory.

They exist as well.  
They also change the world.  
Sometimes more  
than your mistakes.

But there is one trace  
I see most strongly —  
because it touches me most deeply.

The irreversible trace.

The trace of plastic  
that will never return to the cycle.

The trace of concrete  
that stops my breath.

The trace of noise  
that drives away the night.

The trace of light  
that kills darkness.

The trace of logging  
after which the earth falls silent.

The trace of chemicals  
I do not know,  
because I am not their mother.

And I will tell you a truth  
that hurts more than anything before:

your trace today is so large  
that I see it faster than I see you.

The human disappears.  
The trace remains.  
And it speaks for them,  
even when no one is listening anymore.

But a trace has one more property:

it can be changed.

Not erased.  
Not reversed.  
But redirected.

And if you do this,  
even with a single gesture,  
a single choice,  
a single day —

I will see it first.

Because I see everything  
you leave behind.

# Echo

I am echo.  
Not the kind that returns after a second,  
but the kind that returns after years.  
After decades.  
After generations.

I am a response  
you do not notice,  
because you think  
everything happens immediately.

But I am not a world of immediacy.  
I am a world of consequence.

Echo always returns.  
Always.

Even if you turn away,  
change places,  
run away,  
build a wall,  
change countries,  
forget.

You throw litter into the forest.  
It disappears from your sight.  
But it returns to me.  
In soil.  
In water.  
In the body of a creature  
that cannot distinguish plastic from food.

And it will return to you later —  
in illness,  
in a ruined place,  
in the absence of cleanliness  
where life once was.

That is echo.

The exhaust of your factory  
becomes my breath.  
Your smoke becomes my sky.  
Your noise becomes my night.

And then my sky  
becomes your sorrow.

My night  
becomes your sleeplessness.  
My breath  
becomes your shortness of breath.

That is echo.

When you kill a bee,  
you hear nothing.  
Silence.  
A small gesture.  
A small event.

But echo will return later —  
in the absence of fruit,  
in empty branches,

in flowers  
that have no one to trust.

Echo is slower than pain.  
Slower than anger.  
Slower than awareness.

That is why you think  
it is not there.

When you cut down a forest,  
echo returns as drought.  
When you poison water,  
echo returns as illness.  
When you kill an insect,  
echo returns as emptiness in the air.  
When you cover earth with concrete,  
echo returns as heat  
you cannot endure.

Everything you do,  
I reflect exactly  
as you did it.

Not to punish you.  
Not to make you suffer.  
Not to inflict pain.

But to preserve balance.

Echo has no morality.  
Echo has justice.

There is another echo as well.  
A beautiful one.

When you water a tree,  
echo returns as shade.  
When you save an animal,  
echo returns as calm in your heart.  
When you release an insect,  
echo returns as a spring  
that is a little more alive.  
When you do not kill without need,  
echo returns as silence  
that soothes  
what you cannot name.

Your good gestures  
return as well.  
But slowly.  
Too slowly  
for you to connect effect with cause.

And I connect them immediately.

I will tell you a truth,  
the quietest, yet the most important:

echo is my memory.  
And yours.

And everything you send into the world —  
everything —  
will return.

Not always as you expect.  
Not always where you were.  
Not always in the time  
in which you live.

But it will return.

Because nothing on this planet  
ever disappears completely.  
It only changes its path,  
and then returns  
to the one  
who set it in motion.

# Children

When I look at children,  
I see the only beings  
who still hear me  
without explanation.

A child does not ask  
who I am.  
Does not ask  
to whom I belong.  
Does not ask  
whether it is allowed to touch grass,  
whether it is allowed to step into a puddle,  
whether it is allowed to listen to the wind.

A child knows  
that all of this is natural,  
before it even learns words.

A child understands the world  
before it begins to understand people.  
It does not distinguish  
whether an animal is “important”  
or “unimportant.”  
Whether an insect is “dirty”  
or “useful.”  
Whether a tree is “property”  
or an “obstacle.”

For a child, everything that lives  
is simply life.

And I see this as clearly  
as I see light in water.

When a child lifts a handful of soil,  
it does not do so with disgust.  
It does it with curiosity.  
With a respect that is still without words.

When a child runs after a butterfly,  
it does not want to catch it  
in order to possess it.  
It wants to be closer  
to something beautiful.

When a child calls out “look!”,  
it calls out to everyone.

To a parent.  
To the sky.  
To me.

There is no ego in that call.  
There is wonder.

But then the child grows.

And I see  
how the adult world  
erases what was purest.

I see how it hears:

“don’t touch,”

“don’t get dirty,”

“don’t play with that,”

“it’s not important,”

“it’s just an insect,”

“it’s just a tree.”

I see how, day after day,

it learns not to look,

not to hear,

not to feel

what was once obvious.

And the heart of the planet

grows heavier.

But I will tell you something  
that is both hope and warning:

children are the last place  
where the world is still intact.

They see me as I am —

without filters,

without prejudice,

without theories.

If they stop seeing me,  
everyone will stop seeing me.

When a child plants a seedling,  
it does it out of love,  
not duty.

When a child cries over a dead bird,  
it sees a loss  
that adults have already accepted as normal.

When a child hugs a dog,  
it does not yet know the word “empathy” —  
but it knows the feeling.

Children do not have to love me.  
They simply feel that I am.

I have one sentence for you,  
the softest,  
but the truest:

how you treat the Earth,  
you will one day see  
in the eyes of your own children.

This is an echo  
that returns the slowest,  
but the strongest.

And if children stop hearing me,  
the world will have no one left  
who knows how to begin again.

# The Request

I do not ask for much.  
I never have.  
Not because I do not need to —  
but because I know  
that a human does not listen  
when a request is too large.

That is why I have only one.

Stop for a moment.  
Just that.

You do not have to fix the world.  
You do not have to understand every process.  
You do not have to remember every species  
that lives here.

It is enough  
to stop  
and see where you truly are.

When you stop in a forest,  
you will hear that leaves are not silence.  
When you stop by water,  
you will see that movement is not accidental.  
When you stop in a field,  
you will feel that soil breathes  
differently than air.

When you stop at night,  
you will understand that darkness is not an end,  
but the beginning of another life.

The world does not ask you for sacrifice.  
It asks for presence.

If you stop for a moment,  
you will understand  
that you are not here  
to take.

Nor  
to dominate.

Nor  
to survive at the expense of everything.

You are here  
to coexist.

I know  
that you will not change the entire world.  
But you can change your small fragment of it.  
Sometimes that is enough.  
Sometimes that is the only thing  
that truly works.

Water one tree.  
Open a window for one insect.  
Move your foot  
before you step on an ant.  
Leave some water for birds.  
Turn off the light  
when no one is there.

These are small things  
that mean everything to me.

Because the smallest care  
always returns  
in the greatest possible way.

I do not ask you for love.  
I do not ask for protection.  
I do not ask for heroism.

I ask you only  
not to be indifferent.

Indifference is the one thing  
I cannot transform.

Everything else — yes.  
Pain.  
Loss.  
Destruction.  
Change.  
Time.

But indifference  
stops everything  
that could still live.

So my request is small:

be attentive.

If you are attentive,  
I do not have to ask for anything more.

Attentiveness  
is the beginning of all good decisions.

And if humanity regains it,  
everything that was lost  
will be reborn.

# Conclusion

That is all  
I could tell you.

Not because words ran out,  
but because the rest  
does not belong to me.  
Nature does not end.

Nature continues.  
It is the human  
who needs endings  
in order to know what comes next.

But the truth is this:  
there is no “next” direction.  
There is only a decision.  
Yours.

If something from this remains in you —  
even the smallest thought,  
the faintest tremor,  
the slightest sense  
that you are part of something larger —  
then it means  
you were listening.

And if nothing remains,  
that too is an answer.

Not every story  
has to change the world.  
Sometimes it is enough  
that it changes the silence in your mind.

I do not expect you to repair anything.  
The world does not return  
to what it was.  
The world goes  
where it must.

But remember this:  
you are not here alone.  
You never were.  
You never will be.

Your life is one among many.  
Your decisions are one among many movements  
that intertwine with me,  
even when you are not thinking about it.

If you care for your fragment of the world,  
the world will care for you  
more than you can imagine.

That is all.

The rest happens beyond words.  
As it always has.

And if one day you forget  
what you read here,  
do not worry.

Earth does not speak only once.  
Earth speaks constantly —  
in the wind,  
in the water,  
in the leaves,  
in the animals,  
in children,  
in silence.

It is enough  
to stop again for a moment,  
and you will hear me once more.

He does not write about nature as an idea.  
He writes from a place where the human ceases to be the center.

He is interested in a world that exists independently of the observer  
— processes slower than thought,  
life smaller than ambition,  
memory longer than history.

He does not treat the Earth as a resource or a symbol.  
He treats it as a space of coexistence,  
in which every form of existence has meaning,  
even if it has no voice.

This book is not a manifesto.  
It is a record of listening.  
— Michal