



WORLD ENVIRONMENT DAY, 5TH JUNE, 2026

(SDG-7, 11, 12, 13, 14, & 15)

Organized by Department of Geography, Dibrugarh University, Assam

On the occasion of World Environment Day, observed on 5 June 2026, the Department of Geography, Dibrugarh University organized an Online Poetry Competition on the theme “*Inspired by Nature: For Climate, For Our Future.*” The primary objective of the competition was to promote environmental awareness and provide students with a creative platform to express their thoughts, concerns, and ideas regarding nature, climate change, and environmental sustainability through poetry.

The competition received enthusiastic participation from students representing various universities and colleges. The poems submitted were creative, insightful, and inspiring, drawing attention to pressing environmental issues and highlighting the importance of collective efforts to safeguard the planet and combat climate change. The entries reflected a deep appreciation for nature and a strong commitment to fostering a sustainable future.

The submissions were evaluated by noted writer and poetess Dipali Bhattacharjee Boruah of Sivasagar. The entries were judged on the basis of originality, creativity, relevance to the theme, language, and the overall impact of the message conveyed through the poetry.

The Chairperson of the event, Prof. Subrata Borgohain Gogoi, the Convenor, Shukla Acharjee, the co-convenors Diram Bori, Chandra Kumar Dutta, Preeti Barsha Borah and Arpana Handique of the Department of Geography, expressed their sincere appreciation to all participants for their valuable contributions and creative efforts. The competition successfully promoted environmental consciousness while providing students with an opportunity to showcase their literary talents. The event concluded successfully and received an encouraging response from participants. Such initiatives play a vital role in nurturing environmental awareness and inspiring students to become responsible stewards of the environment, contributing towards a more sustainable future.

The winners of the competition are as follows:

Winners :

1st Position: Ankita Gogoi

Department of Geography, Dibrugarh University, Assam

Poem : “অংগীকাৰ”

2nd Position: Ankita Gogoi

Department of English, Dibrugarh University, Assam

Poem : “Unheeded Sorrow”

3rd Position: Smita Chakraborty

Department of English, Dibrugarh University, Assam

Poem: “The Chronicles of the Green Horizon”

Consolation prize:

Garima Bhuyan

Department of Geography, Dibrugarh University, Assam

Poem: “A Promise to the Planet”

Pacific Sarmah (Pen name – John Rocky)

Department of English, MIT University, Shillong, Meghalaya

Poem: “The Root-Born Wanderer”

Ritushna Dutta

Department of Geography, Dibrugarh University, Assam

Poem: “এখনি জোনাকি চিঠি”

1st Position

অংগীকাৰ

প্ৰকৃতি---

ই সৃষ্টিৰ চিৰন্তন মহাকাব্য,

প্ৰাণৰ এক নীৰৱ দৰ্শন,

যাৰ সেউজীয়া সুকোমল স্পন্দনত

নিহিত আছে অস্তিত্বৰ অপৰূপ ব্যঞ্জনা।

অৰণ্যৰ প্ৰতিটো বট বৃক্ষ,

নদীৰ প্ৰৱাল সোঁতৰ কোলাহল,

আৰু পৰ্বতৰ প্ৰতিটো সুউচ্চ শিখৰে

ধাৰণ কৰি আছে

ধনৰীৰ জীৱপ্ৰাণৰ ভাৰসাম্যৰ অমোঘ বাণী।

কিন্তু আজিৰ সভ্যতাৰ উন্নত্ত এই যাত্ৰাত,
মানৱৰ সীমাহীন ভোগবাদী আকাংক্ষাই
ক্ষত-বিক্ষত কৰিছে
ধৰাৰ স্নেহময় অমূল্য সম্ভাৰ!
ধ্বংস হৈছে বৃক্ষ বিশাল,
বিষাক্ত হৈছে জলধাৰা,
জলবায়ুৰ ৰূপ হৈছে ভয়ংকৰ,
উদ্ভৱ কৰিছে এক উদ্ভিগ্ন
অনিশ্চিত ভৱিষ্যতৰ আশংকা।

যদি আজি আমি নাজাগোঁ,
যদি সংৰক্ষণৰ চেতনাক
কৰ্মৰূপত প্ৰতিফলিত নকৰোঁ,
ভাৰা এবাৰ, অনাগত কাইলৈ,
কি এৰি যাম আমি তেওঁলোকলৈ?
শুকান নদী, ধোঁৱাৰে ভৰা গগন,
নে সেউজীয়া আশা, জীৱনৰ স্পন্দন?

সেয়েহে,
বৃক্ষৰোপণক লওঁ জীৱনৰ উপাসনা,
প্ৰকৃতি ৰক্ষাৰ বাটত যাওঁ,
গঢ়োঁ শ্যামলী ভৱিষ্যত।
কিয়নো,
আই ধৰিত্ৰীৰ মান ৰক্ষা
মানৱজাতিৰ স্থিৰতা,
সেইয়ে লওঁ জীৱনৰ সেউজ পণ,
লওঁ অনাগত দিনৰ প্ৰতি অংগীকাৰ।

Ankita Gogoi

M.A. 2nd semester

Department of Geography

Dibrugarh University

2nd Position

Unheeded Sorrow

The dried tears leave traces

On the face of the sweet child,

As he holds his stomach with hope,

For rain to adorn the soil.

The bird's nest is a strings of threads

Laying on the dried ground,

As the web of life slowly breaks off

With the greens that fall down.

The cougar killed with a bullet wound

While he crossed the concrete river,

As it wondered what's the fatal fault

That took it's life; so unfair.

The river resembles the dried tears trace

As the earth cries out for help,

Her voice so gloomy and drained of hope

Yet unheeded she is left to stall for death.

[Name: Ankita Gogoi

Department : Department of English, Dibrugarh University

3rd Position

The Chronicles of the Green Horizon

All souls convene, to this tale that awaits telling...
Come closer and listen to this anecdote of winds,
Words whispered by the forests,
Warbled by the streams
Reminisced by the mountains
Composed by starlings.
Once upon a time... breathe the world in harmony,
Where the dawn draped in gold, conferred its presence
And the twilight lingered in violet flames and clouds dense.
All prefixed the smoke
Prefixed the sirens,
Prefixed the etched warnings across the azure.
There was an Earth !
And what a beautiful Earth she was.

Shimmered the oceans under the moon,
The silver waves caressing the far shores.
The forests spread like emerald kingdoms,
Their boughs woven like cathedrals of lights.
The rivers flowed, crystal clear,
Tales flowing from the zenith to the waiting seas.
The birds knew the rhythm of the seasons,
In golden hours, the flowers bloomed.
The stars guided the sailors lone,
while the winds whispered the rain to come.
It seemed eternal...
It seemed it would be perennial.
But then came the turning point.

A dream dreamt not long before.
From human psyche, a dream was born.
Cities came piercing the sky.
Machines transcended the distances.
The human dream of power,
Of advancement,
Of infinite potential.
For a moment in time, the dreams dazzled everywhere.
Steel replaced forests.
Roads traversed valleys.
Factories glared at stars with artificial suns.
Colonial ships spanned the seas.

Towers tall scraped the heavens.
Humans rejoiced.
Applauded too, the world.
Yet amid the cheers,
The whisper was dying.
The voice of the Earth.
The forests retreated.
The rivers began to choke.
The skies smoked soot.
The unknown heat melted the ice of the millennia
began to thaw under an unknown heat.

But few heard the plea.
For the warnings arrived softly at first.
The seasons slightly hotter than before.
Those storms lingered a little longer
At the sunset, the birds never back came
The whispers soon into echoes faded.
Roared the oceans louder.
The coral reef turned pale,
Like waves transversed memories;
The wildfire painted the horizon red.
His flames devoured ancient woods
Cried the forests in pain...
The history seldom peeps through those screens:
When the winds grew restless.

Twenty-first century saw the storms hitting with greater fury,
The skies were shouting to be heard
Humans could no longer ignore the question:
What if the nature could not bear the overweight of our ambition !
The mountains knew the answer.
They watched as their snowy crowns disappeared.
Knew too the rivers.
They had carried floods to places where villages once stood.
The forests also understood.
They mourned each fallen friend.
The all patient and enduring Earth, began to show her scars.

But this is not a story of despair.
Every darkness invites light.
Every ending hides the seed of a beginning.
Across the world, one fine day

The voices began to rise.
 They were not the voices of kings or conquerors.
 They were the voices of ordinary people:
 a child planting a tree,
 a farmer protecting the soil,
 a scientist studying the changing seas,
 a teacher inspiring a classroom,
 a community choosing renewal over waste.
 Tiny sparks: small were these acts.
 Yet history has always remembered its dim lights...
 The Molai forests grew from one effort.
 One voice became a movement.
 Ideas became revolution.
 People began to remember.
 It was always ecology and not the anthropocene environment.
 They remembered : rivers are not mere resources; but lifelines.
 Forests are not obstacles to progress; but are the lungs of the world.
 The Earth is not an inheritance from our ancestors;
 It is a loan from the other beings that reside alongside us.

Thus began a new chapter !
 Cities planted gardens on rooftops.
 Energy came from sunlight and wind.
 Communities restored wetlands and jungles.
 Young dreamers became leaders.
 The journey was not easy : Mistakes happened. Challenges remained.
 The storms didn't vanish overnight.
 The glaciers did not melt in a single season.
 The wounds of world took time to heal and bounce.

They say the hope is a powerful thing.
 Hope plants seeds where fear sees barren grounds.
 It imagines a world where rivers run clear once more.
 It dreams of forests so vast that birdsong fills the dawn.
 Hopes draws cities alive with green spaces,
 Where children learn the names of trees and butterflies dance between flowers,
 Where the oceans thrive with life, and
 The skies bright enough for every star to be seen.

This future is not a fantasy, but a choice great.
 A choice made every day by every hand that plants.
 By every voice that speaks, and every heart that cares.
 The story of climate is not just a story of science.

It is a story of responsibility, courage, and remembering who we are.
 We are not separate from nature;
 The nature breathes within us...

And here the tale continues...
 The mountains are still watching.
 The oceans are still humming.
 The forests are still waiting...
 Waiting for us to decide what's next comes.
 Let the descendants inherit birdsongs...
 Let them inherit clear horizons...
 Maybe years from now,
 When the children of tomorrow gather beneath ancient trees,
 When rivers sparkle under cleaner skies, and
 When the Earth breathes easier than today,
 Someone will tell the ballad of the earth...
 The tale of generations that stood at a crossroads.
 But one generation that could have looked away but did not.
 A generation that had eared to the Earth's cries unanswered.
 A generation that chose hope over indifference, stewardship over neglect.

This is "The Chronicles of the Green Horizon."
 A tale of how few changed the dying nature
 How few promised the climate
 To write a legacy for all the beings in the future.

- Smita Chakraborty, PG 4th Semester, Department of English, DU.

Consolation prize:

A Promise to the Planet

*The Earth does not ask for much,
 Only kindness, respect, and a gentle touch.
 It gives us air, water, and light,
 And nurtures all life through day and night.*

*But day by day, forests fade and rivers mourn,
 As polluted skies greet every dawn.
 Ignoring nature's silent plea,
 We endanger our shared destiny.*

*Still, hope resides in every seed,
 In every tree and selfless deed.
 A single step, however small,
 Can inspire meaning change for all.*

*It's time to cherish this planet we share,
 With mindful actions and steadfast care.
 For the choices we make in the present day,
 Will shape the future that lies ahead.*

~ GARIMA BHUYAN
 Department of Geography,
 Dibrugarh University

The Root-Born Wanderer

I was not born from a woman alone,
the banyan tree mothered me too.

Womb was the medium, but -
Its roots were my first veins,
its shade, the first scripture laid upon my brow.
I grew where rivers carried gossip like old saints,
where monsoon winds combed through bamboo hair,
where the cows returned home dust-cloaked at dusk;
like tired saints after pilgrimage.

The village carved itself into my bones.
My laughter sounded like the handpump's iron cough,
my anger rose sudden as Brahmaputra floods,
my silence lingered like smoke from winter hearths.
Even my skin smelled of wet soil and mustard oil,
of rain sleeping on betel leaves,
of "hati" breathing at dawn.

The banyan tree watched all.
Ancient as forgotten kingdoms,
it held the village together
with a thousand hanging roots
like the fingers of ancestors refusing to let go.
Under it, old men played cards with cracked nails,
women rested baskets heavy with greens,
children wrestled dust into the air,
and the dead were remembered softly-
never gone, merely listening.

But small-town boys are born with railway eyes.
We stare beyond hills.

We mistake distance for destiny.

So I left.

(This crossly)

The city arrived like a machine without eyelids.
Its towers stood arrogant as unfinished prayers,
its streets swallowed names and spat out numbers.
There, mornings did not smell of morning dew
they smelled of petrol, hot wires, and exhaustion.
Men walked fast as if chased by invisible wolves.
No one looked at the sky long enough
to notice evening arriving.

I rented rooms thinner than grief.
I learned to eat beside strangers
without tasting the food.
I wore polished shoes that pinched my feet
like ambition pinches the soul.
At night I would hear sirens instead of crickets,
elevators instead of rustling palms,
and somewhere within my chest
a village boy kept knocking against the ribs
like a bird trapped in a temple.

The city gave me money,
but never a place to rest my spirit.
I became a man divided—
half concrete, half rainwater.
Among crowds I vanished more completely
than a lone fisherman inside fog.
And every success tasted strangely incomplete,
like fruit plucked before ripening.

Some nights, I dreamed of the banyan tree.
Its roots descended through sleep
searching for me beneath flyovers and neon signs.
I would wake with tears drying on my temples,
hearing my grandmother's voice in the ceiling fan,
hearing the village call my name
through the static of distant traffic.

Years passed.
The city hardened my jaw,
silvered my father's hair from afar,
and filled my pockets while emptying my chest.
Then one winter evening,
under a sky bruised purple with smoke,
I realized I had become homeless
in the very life I fought to build.

So I returned.

The village stood smaller somehow,
yet holier than memory allowed.
The ponds still held the moon gently.
The wind still wandered barefoot through paddy fields.
And there stood the banyan tree—
the Thousand-Armed Elder,
keeper of whispers,
shelterer of the living and the dead.

I sat beneath it for hours.
No questions.
No ambitions.
Only the hush of leaves blessing my tired head.
The roots touched the earth
like old sages touching scripture.

And for the first time in years,
my soul loosened its clenched fists.

When death finally came for me,
it did not find me in the city's roaring mouth.
It found me here—
beneath the banyan shade
where my ancestors sleep without fear,
where the soil remembers every footstep,
where even silence sounds like home.

Now my grave rests among the roots.
During monsoon, rainwater kisses my stone.
Children still run laughing above my bones.
The village still gathers under evening lamps.
And sometimes, when the wind bends low through the branches,
"the banyan whispers my name, in content,
the Root-Born Wanderer—"as on my epithet
as though I never truly left at all.

A brief summary

The Root-Born Wanderer, it directly attempts to encapsulate the World Environment Day theme "Inspired by Nature. For Climate. For Our Future" by treating nature not as scenery but as origin and identity of all living beings, irrespectively; the banyan tree mothers the speaker, and his veins, laughter, and silence are drawn from rivers, monsoon, and soil of Assam. For climate, the poem exposes the lived cost of disconnection: the city, a "machine without eyelids," replaces morning dew with petrol and leaves the speaker "half concrete, half rainwater," homeless in his own success, like a portrait of ecological grief and unsustainable urban life. For our future, it offers restoration through return: the banyan as the "Thousand-Armed Elder" becomes a model of circular, rooted living where even death feeds the roots and children play above them, arguing that a greener tomorrow requires remembering we are born of trees and that healing the earth begins with re-rooting ourselves in place, community, and memory.

Name - Pacific Sarmah (pen name - John Rocky), University- MIT University, Shillong Dept-
English Course - Master's in English Literature

এখনি জোনাকি চিঠি

আজি ধৰণীৰ দুৰাৰত

কোনোবাই টুকৰ মাৰিচে

কোন সেইয়া ?

চকুত নিৰ্মল দিস্তীৰে

সৌৱা আন কোনো নহয় "জোনালী"।

এচেৰেঙা জোনাকৰ খামত

এখনি আলফুলিয়া চিঠী

ধৰণীৰ দুৱাৰদলিত নিৰৱে থৈ গৈছেহি।

চিঠিৰ পৃষ্ঠাবোৰত জোনালীৰ অভিমানবোৰ

উবুৰি খাই পৰিছে

ধৰণীৰ প্ৰতি চিন্তিত জোনালীৰ

চিঠিত আছিল

সেই সদ্যনতুন ধৰণীৰ কথা।

ধৰণীৰ প্ৰথম উশাহ

সাগৰৰ বুকুত হোৱা প্ৰথমটি টৌৰ কম্পন

বতাহত দুৰি উঠা অৰণ্যৰ প্ৰথমটি গীত

যি জোনালীয়ে দেখিছিল, শুনিছিল ...

সেই সময়ত

ধৰণী আছিল

প্ৰকৃতিৰ মনোমোহা সম্ভাৰেৰে সজ্জিত

এগৰাকী প্ৰগতীশিলা নাৰীৰ দৰে

কিন্তু আজি !

সেই ধৰণীচোন অৱস, ক্লান্ত

নিজ সম্ভানৰ হাততে জৰ্জৰিত।

সম্ভান বোৰ মানুহ

নহয় ; মানুহ নহয়!

গছৰ বাবে সিহঁত একোখন কুঠাৰ,
নদীৰ বাবে বিষ
বতাহৰ বাবে দূষিত ধোঁৱা।

যেনে মাদকদ্রব্যই তিল তিলকৈ শেষ কৰে বৃক্ষ
সিহঁতেও ক্ষণে ক্ষণে বক্তাত্ব কৰিছে ধৰণীৰ বক্ষ
চাৰিওফালে ক'লা ধোৱাৰে
আৱৰী ধৰা ধৰণীক
কাতৰভাৱে জোনালীয়ে শুধিছে
"তুমি কিয় ইমান ক্লান্ত হ'লা?
কেতিয়া তুমাৰ সেউজীয়াবোৰ ধোৱাৰ আঁচলে
ঢাকি পেলালে?"
ধৰণী যে নিমাত !
কেনেকৈ ক'ব সন্তানে উকা কৰা
বুকুৰ কথা?
কেনেকৈ জনাব
সভ্যতাৰ আচোঁৰত শেষ হৈ যোৱা
মানৱতাৰ অসভ্যতাৰ ইতিহাস ?
এতিয়া ধৰণী নিৰুপায়।

তথাপি ধৰণী জীয়াই আছে
এমুঠি খিন আশাৰ পোহৰ লৈ
এদিন যেন তাইৰ সেউজীয়াবোৰ ধোৱাৰ আঁচল ভেদি
ঘূৰি আহিব ।
কিন্তু...
সেই আশাৰ পোহৰো
যদি এদিন নিভি যায়,

তেতিয়া হয়তো ধৰণী সম্পূৰ্ণৰূপে শুই পৰিব
আতঁৰি যাব জোনালী,বিদাই ল'ব সৃষ্টিযেও।

তেতিয়া বুজিব

জীৱশ্ৰেষ্ঠ মানুহে

নিজৰ ভুল কিম্বা অহংকাৰ,

হাবাথুৰি খাব জীয়াবলৈ, কিন্তু নোৱাৰিব

তেতিয়ালৈ সময় নাথাকিব

শেষ হৈ যাব সকলো।

(পোনৰবাৰ আশাৰ এমুঠি বেঙনী সিঁচি)

আকৌ এটি নতুন প্ৰভাতত

জন্ম হ'ব নতুন ধৰণী

য'ত থাকিব প্ৰকৃতি প্ৰেমি মানুহ

গছৰ ডালত বহি চৰায়ে গাই যাব

সেউজীয়াৰ সংগীত

য'ত নদীয়ে বোৱাই নিব পুৰণি মলিনতা,

বতাহত বিয়পিব ফুলৰ সুৰিয়া সুবাস

লগতে জোনাকিৰ খাম এটিত সজতনে

লিখা থাকিব এটি বতৰা

"এইবাৰ ধৰণী সুখি"।

ঋতুষ্ণা দত্ত

ভূগোল বিভাগ, ডিব্ৰুগড় বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়

স্নাতকোত্তৰ দ্বিতীয় শাৰ্মাসিক