

Running towards the edge of a cliff, eyes closed.

The head of biodiversity at the United Nations has told us that if we do nothing to protect nature in the next two years, [humanity could be the first species to document its own extinction](#)".

What researchers are saying is frightening. Yet, their presence reassures me. Because they are saying in no uncertain terms what I feel throughout my body.

We are experiencing the sixth mass extinction in the history of the earth.

60% of wild animals have disappeared. This is not a prediction, but a report. It has already occurred. [It's as if North America, South America, Africa, Europe, China, and Oceania had lost their current human population](#). Apart from its fantastic and staggering beauty, nature is invaluable to us. [No less than one third of global food is the result of pollination](#). Biodiversity is not just beautiful. It is what keeps us alive.

Greenhouse gas emissions keep increasing, and July 2019 was the [warmest month ever recorded around the world](#). If we continue at this pace, we will achieve a climate warming of +6 degrees which will cause [the end of human civilisation as we know it](#).

Currently, there is no law banning the extraction of oil. The ecological transition has not yet begun.

The UN estimates that, by 2050, 200 million people will be forced to leave their homes because of climate change. [In light of the latest reports by the IPCC](#), it is highly likely [that wars will break out in Europe over the coming decades](#).

If we want people to be able to remain at home, we need climate justice, and [decent living conditions for all](#).

In 2050, I will be 69 years old. My children will be at the prime of their lives. I would like my children to be able to have children.

I do not want to get myself accustomed to the idea that we will experience war. I do not want to envision our common future in that way, simply because war is what we, humans, do "when things are not okay". Perhaps beginning the ecological transition before we are forced into it is a very good idea. [We have always done incredible things](#).

Our history is full of great leaps forward. [We can abandon some of our habits if it is to save our lives](#).

Many researchers, [farmers](#), and [ordinary citizens](#) are working to develop other ways of living. And some work wonderfully. If we want change on a global scale, we must change individually.

Everything around us is crumbling. We can live in the cracks, employing our full capacity for repair, resilience, and solidarity. We can regain our ability to invent and make choices. We can resist submitting. We can do daily, domestic tasks, acts of resistance.

We can reuse, reduce, and recycle. We can cook for our children. [We can refuse to buy plastic](#). If we continue to buy it, they will continue to sell it. We can [support family businesses](#) and local, organic, post-industrial agriculture.

We can learn and practice permaculture. We can reduce our energy consumption, stop taking [airplanes](#), and using cars. We can practice zero waste. We can take to the streets and demand the end of fossil fuels. We can stop eating animals; we can put flowers on balconies to help nature repair itself, and radiate all its strength.

We can take the shortcuts, narrow escapes, green and winding paths of an ecological approach. We can put an end to everything that humiliates us about modernity.

Personally, I do not like pollution. I do not like pesticides on the food my children eat, I do not like that [babies are being born without arms in the countryside without anyone knowing why](#). I do not

like that the richest 1% on the planet own half of global wealth. I do not like swallowing the equivalent of [a bank card of plastic each week](#). I do not like that our grain, [wheat](#), damages our innards. [I do not like that our vegetables have lost 40% of their nutritional value](#). I do not like [that our farmers live bound hand and foot, and that in France, one farmer commits suicide every two days](#).

There are many things I do not like about the modern world, and I think I am not the only one.

So what forces us to become accustomed to all this? To what are we so desperately attached and [why are we convinced that the path we are on is the best, and the only one possible?](#) I think we can do better. We humans, like to tell stories to ourselves. Perhaps it is simply to tell ourselves beautiful stories. Perhaps the crisis we are experiencing is an opportunity to [overcome the dark age of fossil fuels](#), individualism, competition, and violence. Perhaps it is our opportunity to gain deep knowledge of life and understand how we can live ["with" rather than "against" nature](#).

The most recent research studies show surprising things. [On generosity](#): it seems that generosity is contagious, and that humans are wired for it. That acting "generously", activates the same reward centres in our brain that are activated by sex and food, and that we give more when we have less. [Even more important, it seems that generosity is an evolutionary adaptation that contributed to the survival of our species](#). Darwin himself maintained that altruism is "an essential part of social instincts".

[The biosphere](#) is the living envelope of our planet. The biosphere has dimensions. That means it has limits. It contains our existence. Our planet is miraculously embraced, clasped by the arms of life. This thin layer of life, an improbable and incredibly rare oasis, if not unique within the immense universe, is currently the theatre for an economic model based on the idea of infinite growth. Our finite world cannot survive the tyranny of our infinite desires, of our desires for the infinite.

We can listen to the fear that is shaking us to our core and find a calm stillness in ourselves, at the center of the disaster.

We can agree to another kind of journey; an internal growth towards better understanding ourselves and the earth. We can renounce our culture of conquering and lay our bones on the ground, and just be. With humbleness, we can accept to be "small", like the humus and moss spread throughout the damp forest floor. Maybe then, we will feel the limits of our body, of our world, of what is possible and reasonable.

We are the conscious part of nature. I would like our ability to stand upright to speak of our elegance, dignity, and restraint.

Perhaps our only option is to become gentle.. Perhaps the lack of everything, deprivation , will open our hearts. Perhaps tenderness will flow through our arms at last. Perhaps, the groaning of this crumbling modernity is the noise of the human inside us, that wants to emerge.

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