



Listening to the plants
A Solarpunk Drabble
by your name

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I'm on all fours in the orchard soil,
my head tilted in hopes of
amplifying the sounds coming
from my pongamia shoots. Their
slight droop and seeming
wistfulness tell me they're not
getting quite what they need. I
adjust my florameter toward the
stems — and there it is, that
anxious popping, a sign of
distress.

Admittedly, I don't know what
they're saying. But if I can find out
and help this orchard thrive, their
beans will become oil, will become
food and fuel that will serve as the
basis of this community's carbon-
negative grid system. So I'll keep
on listening.