

# Morning Diaries of a Geographer: An Ode to Geography

By Cherena Reynolds (University of Cambridge)

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I wake up and look out at the morning sky.  
I think of cloud formation. Cumulonimbus clouds.  
I hear the birds chirping.  
I think of biodiversity, of a thriving species. Life forms.  
The sounds of the city awakening. The commuters, the delivery drivers, children waking for school.  
I think of urbanisation, the 'myth' of the urban, globalisation.  
Within a moment, I have glimpsed the world and its function. Its processes.  
The miniscule cogs that make the world go round, and round.

I make myself breakfast. I pour almond milk.  
I read the carton's packaging and think of the air miles of the Californian almonds. The bee welfare. Pollinators.  
I turn on the news, for background noise.  
I hear of the world. The very entity that I study.  
I hear of people and places. I empathise, I internally debate, and I critique the 'discourse' that is presented to me.

I get dressed. I make a selection from my vast second-hand wardrobe.  
I think of rejecting capitalism, and its consumerist culture.  
I think of a world where 'less is more, and more is less'.  
I think of the mountains of textile waste in Ghana.  
Fast fashion, forsaken.  
I think of how my experience in the Global North, differs so greatly to the Global South.  
I think of colonial legacies. Musings, all sparked by the contents of a wardrobe.  
Musings, in fact, shaped by the very subject that I have the privilege of studying.

Geography.  
The subject that has altered the way I think.  
Altered the lens through which I look at the morning sky, or the almond milk in my fridge.  
I long to share this lens with society; a critical lens which questions everything.  
Feminism, Decolonisation, Marxism, Environmentalism.

Every '-ism' should be welcome here.  
Geography may just be ahead of society?  
For some, perhaps, a world of Geographers would be reason for cheer.

### **Acknowledgements**

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