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Understanding, Analyzing and Solutions of Environment Issues via Literature with Special reference to William Wordsworth

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Environment in general terms includes everything around us with which an organism interacts or get affected or influenced during his or her life cycle. Its declining condition has alarmed the sound minded people across the world that if remedial steps are not taken within time there are chances of extinction of human race itself. Poets, Writers, Philosophers and Saints across the World and across the Languages warned men regarding his misbehavior, mistreatment and mismanagement with the nature and its environment. But the greedy, comfort loving and proud man paid no attention to the wise advice of these men of exceptional qualifications, intelligence and tolerance. Literatures of all the languages in the world are full of such references and suggestions regarding how men should live and behave in his environment and preserve it for his future generations. What we are discussing and considering the need of taking necessary steps today was very well foreseen by the great Poet, Writer, Environmentalist and Nature Lover William Wordsworth in the last decade of the of the eighteenth century. Poet regrets the continuous deforestation due to industrialization and other projects on the name of development but to fulfill his lust never to be satisfied lust for comforts and possessions in the poem "Ode on Intimation of the Immortality":

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparell'd in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

There is need of sensitiveness towards every organism whether it is small or big because each one has a space and importance in the scheme of things of the God. If we will try to disturb the scheme it will cause the havoc and invite the wreath of the God. As described by Wordsworth in the same poem:

—But there's a tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have look'd upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

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Criticizing the first Industrial Revolution in England he wrote in his poem "The World is Too Much with Us":

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;—
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

William Wordsworth is so much irritated with self centered approach and desire of establishing the supremacy over nature as well as over the fellow human beings that he regrets his being born in a Christian family. He wishes that it would have been better if he had been born as a Pagan. Pagan was a creed of people who used to worship the natural creations instead of the God very much like the Hindus in India. But we in the blind race of following the western world have forgotten everything that was our heritage and gift of our forefathers essential for happy and peaceful life. Nature is the only source which can provide everything essential for our life but not for our lust and greed. Wordsworth rightly tells in his poem " Tintern Abbey":

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy.

Wordsworth further explains that the nature not only provides the physical necessities but also the mental peace and happiness and act as a guide in the difficult situations. As he says in the same poem:

The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Poet further adds that Earth behaves like the mother for its inhabitants but the man forgets its duty towards the mother earth:

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her Inmate Man,

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Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Wordsworth tells the man that even a small object of nature has such an immense power that it can move the human heart so strongly as he himself felt in the ending of his poem, "Ode on Intimation of Immorality":

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Wordsworth makes the man remember that the nature not only give him happiness when he is in the company of nature but also when he is lost in the forest of concrete made by himself on the cost of the nature when he remembers the scenes of natures once he had enjoyed. He not only enjoys the scenes but poetic creations come out of his mind to immortalize the scene for the whole world as he created the "The Daffdills":

- I wandered lonely as a Cloud

That floats on high o'er Vales and Hills,

When all at once I saw a crowd,

A host of golden Daffodils;

Beside the Lake, beneath the trees,

Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

- Continuous as the stars that shine

And twinkle on the Milky Way,

They stretched in never-ending line

Along the margin of a bay:

Ten thousand saw I at a glance,

Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they

Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:—

A Poet could not but be gay

In such a jocund company:

I gazed—and gazed—but little thought

What wealth the shew to me had brought:

For oft when on my couch I lie

In vacant or in pensive mood,

They flash upon that inward eye

Which is the bliss of solitude,

And then my heart with pleasure fills,

And dances with the Daffodils.

In the last we can say only that the only and only solution to the man made problems is the returning t the nature. If man will keep on trying his artificial solutions he will get entangled more and more and wil worsen the situation. In such efforts there are chances of extinction of whole civilization and human race Man should never forget that he came to this world empty handed and will go in the similar fashion an Wordsworth make him remind and warns to return to nature well before the nature is forced to do th complete devastation.

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