

Postcolonial Narratives and the "Crisis of Imagination" in the Anthropocene

Dr. Divya Singh

Associate Professor, Department of English, C.M.P. Degree College, Prayagraj 211002 UP, India

Email: divyasinghcmp@gmail.com

Received:- 01 August 2026/ Revised:- 12 August 2026/ Accepted:- 19 August 2026/ Published: 31-08-2026

Copyright © 2026 Journal of Creative Research in English Literature & Culture

This is an Open-Access article distributed under the terms of the Creative Commons Attribution

Non-Commercial License (<https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc/4.0>) which permits unrestricted

Non-commercial use, distribution, and reproduction in any medium, provided the original work is properly cited.

Abstract— Climate change poses a problem that fiction has struggled to address. Amitav Ghosh names this failure the "Great Derangement," a civilizational blindness built into the modern novel itself. This paper examines how postcolonial narrative, and Ghosh's own fiction in particular, responds to what he calls a crisis of imagination in the Anthropocene. The essay begins with Ghosh's diagnosis in *The Great Derangement*: the realist novel's commitment to probability and the ordinary pushes catastrophic weather into genres it treats as lesser, such as science fiction. The novel's inherited focus on individual consciousness, developed through the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, cannot easily encompass a crisis that is collective, planetary, and slow. Modern rationalism resists a world where nonhuman forces act with an apparent intention, and this resistance is cultural at root, not merely scientific. The paper then reads *The Hungry Tide*, Ghosh's novel of the Sundarbans, as an attempt to write climate crisis differently. Its shifting tidal islands, its cyclone, and its account of the Morichjhapi refugee settlement show ecological catastrophe and political displacement as inseparable. Drawing on postcolonial ecocriticism, particularly the work of Graham Huggan, Helen Tiffin, Rob Nixon, and Dipesh Chakrabarty, the paper argues that climate change cannot be understood through meteorology alone. It is a problem of colonial history, uneven carbon responsibility, and power. The conclusion asks what kinds of art might address a submerged future, one where the Sundarbans, Bangladesh, and other low-lying regions of the Global South face the earliest and harshest consequences of a crisis they did least to cause. Postcolonial narrative does not solve the crisis of imagination. It offers a place to begin.

Keywords— Anthropocene; postcolonial ecocriticism; climate fiction; crisis of imagination; *The Hungry Tide*; environmental justice.

I. INTRODUCTION

In 2016, Amitav Ghosh made an uncomfortable claim. Serious fiction, he argued, has mostly failed to take climate change as its subject. Novelists write about love, ambition, and family, but rarely about the flood outside the window. Ghosh calls this failure *The Great Derangement*, and he means it as a collective diagnosis, not an insult aimed at individual writers. If future generations judge this era as a time of madness, he suggests, they will point first to its imaginative failure, and only second to its carbon output (Ghosh 2016). This paper takes that claim as a starting point and asks what postcolonial narrative can do with it.

This paper reads that failure alongside a body of postcolonial writing that has quietly been working on parts of the problem for decades. Writers working from the Global South rarely had the luxury of treating environmental catastrophe as an occasional plot device. Drought, flood, and displacement already sat close to the center of the histories they were telling. The argument moves in four steps. It first lays out Ghosh's diagnosis of *The Great Derangement* across the four difficulties named below. It then looks closely at how the problem of scale plays out in the ordinary distinction between literary fiction and genre fiction. It reads *The Hungry Tide* as a sustained answer to that problem—one built directly out of the Sundarbans and its history of displacement. And it closes by asking what postcolonial ecocriticism, as a field, contributes once the climate crisis is understood as a matter of culture and power rather than weather alone.

This paper argues that postcolonial narrative, and Ghosh's own fiction in particular, offers a way through the crisis of imagination by refusing to separate ecological catastrophe from histories of colonial power, displacement, and uneven responsibility. Why turn to postcolonial narrative specifically, rather than climate fiction in general? This is partly because the difficulties Ghosh names were never evenly distributed. Writers from formerly colonized regions inherited literary conventions built in and for societies that had long treated the climate crisis as a distant future, a problem to be modeled and managed rather than lived. Postcolonial societies, by contrast, have long histories of living with ecological instability as an ordinary condition of colonial and postcolonial rule, from famine policy under empire to development-era dam building and forced resettlement. Narrative traditions shaped by that history start from a different set of assumptions about how much control any character, or any government, actually holds over the land beneath them.

II. THE PROBLEM OF SCALE AND GENRE

Ghosh's argument rests partly on the history of the novel form. The realist novel, as it developed in Europe, trained readers to expect the ordinary. A storm might open a book or close one, but it could rarely organise an entire plot without the book sliding into another genre. Improbable events—the freak cyclone, the flash flood, the once-in-a-century storm—were pushed to the margins of serious fiction and left to romance, adventure writing, and eventually science fiction (Ghosh 2016). This exclusion was not an accident of taste. It reflected an assumption that nature is a stable backdrop against which human drama unfolds, not an actor with a will of its own.

2.1 The Focus on Individualism

The novel also inherited a habit of individualism. Its central device, going back to Defoe and Richardson, is the portrait of a single consciousness working through moral choice. Climate change resists that scale. It is not one person's decision but the accumulated effect of billions of small acts, carried out over centuries, by societies with very different histories of extraction and consumption. Dipesh Chakrabarty makes a related point in his own field. He argues that climate change forces us to think of humanity as a species, a geological agent, a category that sits uneasily beside the older categories of class, nation, and individual rights on which postcolonial thought has relied (Chakrabarty 2009). Fiction built to trace one life's growth struggles to hold a subject that belongs, properly, to a species.

2.2 Resistance to Modern Thinking

Modern thought resists this kind of imagining for a further reason. Enlightenment rationality separated the human subject from a passive natural world. Weather could be measured and predicted, but not credited with intention. Ghosh describes the sense that something more is happening, that the nonhuman world is acting with a kind of purpose, as an uncanny feeling, and he notes that colonial modernity trained people to treat that feeling as backward, a relic of animist or so-called primitive belief (Ghosh 2016). Many non-Western and indigenous traditions never abandoned this sense of a world with its own forms of agency. The Anthropocene has started to make that older sense look less like superstition and more like an accurate account of a planet that answers what is done to it.

2.3 A Crisis of Culture

For Ghosh, the deepest failure is cultural rather than technical or political. Politics and economics draw on a society's available stock of stories, images, and assumptions. If literature can represent climate change only at its margins, in genre fiction that serious critics have historically dismissed, then the wider culture is left without the resources to treat the crisis as a central, ordinary fact of life rather than an exceptional one. That is what the phrase "crisis of imagination" is meant to capture. It is not that individual writers lack skill. It is that the conventions handed down to them make certain subjects hard to hold. These four difficulties—of scale, of individualism, of the uncanny, and of culture—set the terms for the rest of this essay, which asks whether postcolonial narrative, and Ghosh's own fiction in particular, offer a way through them by refusing to separate ecological catastrophe from histories of colonial power.

III. THE PROBLEM OF SCALE: WHY FREAKISH TORNADOES AND HUNDRED-YEAR STORMS ARE RELEGATED TO SCIENCE FICTION

Take the freak tornado, or the storm that statisticians once called a once-in-a-century event. In 1978, a tornado struck Delhi, an occurrence so rare for the region that meteorologists struggled to explain it. Ghosh witnessed it, and he later admitted that he found the event almost impossible to write about directly. When he tried, the tornado kept slipping out of the novel and into memoir, into essay, into anything but fiction (Ghosh 2016). He came to see this difficulty as a symptom rather than a personal

failing. The realist novel runs on a quiet contract with its reader: strange things may happen, but not too many, and not without a slow build toward them. A tornado that arrives without warning and levels a neighborhood breaks that contract. To a reader trained on realism, it reads as contrived, more suited to the loose rules of fantasy or science fiction than to a novel that wants to be taken seriously.

Timothy Clark makes a related argument from a different angle. He describes the Anthropocene as producing scale effects—moments where an individual, everyday action—driving to work, running an air conditioner—turns out to carry consequences at a scale no single life can register (Clark 2015). One flight is nothing. Ten billion flights across a century help destabilize a planet's weather systems. Realist fiction, built around characters who can grasp the consequences of their own choices, has no easy way to narrate an effect that exists only in aggregate, invisible at the level where any one person actually acts.

Ursula Heise identifies a version of this same difficulty from the standpoint of environmental imagination generally. She argues that most inherited literary forms teach readers a strong sense of place, an attachment to a specific valley, river, or neighbourhood, but offer much weaker tools for imagining a sense of planet—the more abstract, systemic connections that link a melting glacier to a flooded delta thousands of miles away (Heise 2008). Climate fiction has to work at both scales simultaneously—the intimate and the planetary—without losing either one. Realist fiction is good at the first task and poor at the second, which is another way of stating Ghosh's complaint about scale in more general terms.

This also explains why so much of the strongest writing about climate change now comes from genres the literary establishment has historically looked down on. Science fiction was never bound by the realist contract in the first place. It can jump centuries, follow a planet instead of a person, and treat weather as a character with its own logic. What looks like a weakness of the form—its willingness to be improbable—turns out to be exactly what a warming world requires of a narrative. Critics have started to give this expanding body of writing its own name, climate fiction, sometimes shortened to cli-fi, treating it as a loose genre rather than a stray theme inside other genres. The label is new, but the underlying move is not. Genre fiction has always given writers permission to break the realist contract when the subject demands it. What is new is the seriousness with which criticism has begun to take that permission, now that the improbable events realism once excluded—the hundred-year flood and the unprecedented heat—have become annual occurrences rather than rare exceptions.

There is an irony worth naming here. Postcolonial literature has itself often been read through a lens that prizes realism and interiority, the very qualities that make the novel ill-equipped to handle planetary-scale weather. Critics rewarded postcolonial novelists for psychological depth and historical fidelity, for portraying colonized subjects as fully realized individuals rather than types. That work was, and remains, necessary. However, it means postcolonial fiction inherited many of the same formal habits that Ghosh finds wanting. A literature built to prove the interior life of the colonized subject does not automatically possess the tools to narrate a cyclone that has no interest in anyone's interior life at all. There is a historical reason for this emphasis, too. Much of the postcolonial novel's early energy went into narrating nation-building, the assertion of political will against colonial rule and its aftermath. A genre invested in human agency and historical self-determination has its own reasons to resist a story in which the weather, not any government or movement, decides who lives where.

Postcolonial writers face a further complication that Ghosh's largely metropolitan frame does not fully address. Freak weather is not new to most of the Global South. Monsoon failure, cyclone, and flood have shaped agrarian life in South Asia for centuries, long before anyone spoke of the Anthropocene. What the current era adds is not the weather itself but its frequency, and the widening gap between who causes it and who suffers from it. *The Hungry Tide*, published two years before Ghosh set out this argument in essay form, can be read as an early attempt to solve the problem in practice rather than in theory. The next section turns to that novel directly.

IV. THE HUNGRY TIDE: FICKLE LANDSCAPES AND THE DISPLACEMENT OF ECOLOGICAL REFUGEES

Ghosh's 2004 novel gives the difficulties named above a concrete shape. Its setting is the Sundarbans, the tidal archipelago where the Ganges and Brahmaputra rivers meet the Bay of Bengal, straddling the border of India and Bangladesh. Ghosh's characters call it the tide country, and the name is exact. Islands here are not fixed. Tides submerge and expose land twice a day, currents carve new channels overnight, and a shoreline that exists in the morning can vanish by evening. The novel's landscape refuses to sit still behind its characters the way a conventional setting usually does. It acts (Ghosh 2004).

Cartography struggles with a landscape like this. A map fixes a coastline at the moment it was drawn, but the tide country keeps redrawing itself, and the novel returns more than once to the gap between the delta on paper and the delta underfoot. Naming becomes an act of some presumption in this setting, since the island a name refers to may not exist in the same shape

by the time the name reaches print. This is a small but telling detail. It shows the novel treating even its own descriptive tools—maps, names, the ordinary apparatus of realist setting—as provisional rather than authoritative.

This matters for the argument about scale and genre made above. A conventional realist setting supplies continuity, a stage that stays in place while people move across it. The tide country will not perform that role. Land here is a temporary arrangement between river, sea, and silt, and the humans who live on it hold their ground only provisionally. Ghosh builds this instability into the novel's structure as well as its geography. The narrative alternates between the present, where the American-based cetologist Piya Roy arrives to study the rare Irrawaddy dolphin, and the past, recovered through a notebook left by Nirmal, a former schoolteacher and committed leftist. Piya depends on Fokir, an illiterate fisherman who reads the tides, the fish, and the dolphins with a precision her instruments cannot fully match. Kanai, Nirmal's nephew, arrives from Delhi to retrieve his uncle's notebook and finds himself translating between languages, classes, and ways of knowing that do not sit easily together.

Language poses a related problem, and Kanai carries most of its weight. He runs a translation business in Delhi and prides himself on moving between English, Hindi, and Bengali with ease, but the tide country tests that confidence. Nirmal's notebook is written in a Bengali dense with allusion and political feeling that resists easy transfer into English, and Kanai's own fluency does little to help him read Fokir, whose knowledge of the tide country has no equivalent vocabulary in any of Kanai's languages. Translation here works less as a solved problem than as a standing reminder of how much gets lost, or simply cannot travel, between one way of knowing a place and another.

Nirmal's notebook carries the novel's most direct engagement with displacement. It recounts the settlement, and then the violent eviction, of refugees on the island of Morichjhapi in 1978 and 1979. The refugees were mostly Bengali Hindus who had been relocated after Partition to Dandakaranya, an inland resettlement site far from the delta they knew. Many made their way back toward Bengal and settled on Morichjhapi, an island within the Sundarbans, hoping to rebuild a life near the water and soil they understood. The West Bengal government, newly led by the Left Front, ordered the settlement cleared, citing the island's status as protected forest and tiger reserve. The eviction that followed involved blockade, starvation, and violence, and it remains one of the most disputed episodes in the state's postcolonial history. Kusum, who becomes Fokir's mother, survives Morichjhapi in the novel, and her story carries its memory into the present-day narrative (Ghosh 2004).

The episode carries a particular sting for Nirmal because of who ordered it. A government that called itself the Left Front, heir to the same political tradition Nirmal had spent his life within, authorized the eviction and the violence that followed. His notebook does not resolve this contradiction. It sits inside it, recording a lifelong socialist watching his own political family choose a tiger reserve over the people who had nowhere else to go. That unresolved sting matters for the argument of this paper. It shows that the crisis of imagination Ghosh describes is not only a problem for novelists working at a remove from catastrophe. It reaches the people living through it too, including those, like Nirmal, whose entire political vocabulary was built to explain exactly this kind of injustice but proved inadequate.

This episode does real work for the novel's larger argument. It refuses to let ecological catastrophe and political violence stay separate. The refugees were displaced first by Partition, then by an inland resettlement scheme indifferent to their skills and history, then by a conservation policy that valued tigers over the people it displaced, and finally by the government's own use of force. Each displacement carried an environmental dimension and a political one, and the novel does not let its readers pull the two apart. This is exactly the kind of narrative Ghosh later argues literary fiction has trouble producing—one where weather, water, and land carry as much causal weight as human decisions, without losing sight of who profits and who suffers.

Rob Nixon's idea of slow violence helps name what the novel is doing. Nixon describes a violence that is gradual, attritional, and largely invisible to media cycles built to reward spectacle. Cyclones make the news. The decades-long attrition of a coastline, or a resettlement policy carried out in bureaucratic stages, rarely does. *The Hungry Tide* holds both kinds of violence in view at once—the sudden storm and the slow erosion of Morichjhapi's residents through blockade and starvation—and it insists that a reader who notices only the storm has missed half the story (Nixon 2011).

The mangrove forest itself becomes part of the novel's argument. Mangroves do not resist the tide. They are built to survive being submerged and exposed twice a day, and their roots hold the shifting silt together just long enough for new land to form before the water claims it again. Nirmal, trained in an older political idiom of struggle and permanence, finds this landscape hard to think with. His notebook keeps circling back to the difference between a politics built on stable ground—land to be won and defended—and a delta that offers no such stability to anyone, revolutionary or otherwise. Upamanyu Pablo Mukherjee reads this kind of tension, between inherited political frameworks and the environments they are supposed to explain, as a

recurring feature of the contemporary Indian English novel, one that pushes fiction to rethink categories like class and community alongside ecology rather than replacing them (Mukherjee 2010).

The novel also stages an encounter between different kinds of knowledge. Piya's science is careful and rigorous, but it depends on equipment, funding, and a vocabulary developed elsewhere, far from the tide country. Fokir cannot read a page, but he can read a river, and his knowledge repeatedly proves the more reliable guide, reading a shift in current or a pattern of birds long before Piya's instruments register anything unusual. The novel does not romanticize this contrast into a simple lesson about wisdom versus technology. It shows both kinds of knowing as partial, and both as necessary, and it structures the plot so that the two people carrying them depend on each other for survival, not just for the success of a research project.

That dependence is tested directly when a cyclone strikes near the novel's end. The storm arrives with the suddenness the earlier sections of this paper associate with genre fiction rather than realist plotting, and the novel does not soften that abruptness for the reader's comfort. Neither Piya's instruments nor Fokir's inherited knowledge of the tide country can fully protect them once the storm is upon them. Fokir dies shielding Piya with his own body, and the moment refuses any easy reading. It is not a sacrifice that resolves the novel's argument about knowledge, since Fokir's expertise did not, in the end, save him. It is closer to a demonstration that no single register of knowing, however careful or however local, can fully master a landscape built on instability. Piya survives, and the manner of her survival changes her. She stays on in the tide country afterward, setting up a research trust in Fokir's name and trying to build a way of working that does not simply extract knowledge from a place and its people without giving something back. Her science does not disappear from the novel's ending. It is folded into an ongoing relationship with the place and the people who taught her to see it, rather than concluded as a finished study to be published and left behind.

When read against the concerns of the previous section, *The Hungry Tide* answers the problem of scale by refusing to treat the delta as scenery. It answers the problem of individualism by braiding together several ways of knowing rather than resting on one protagonist's growth. And it answers the difficulty of seeing displacement as a single connected phenomenon—from land loss to state violence—stretching from the Partition era to a climate-changed present, in which the Sundarbans now rank among the regions most exposed to sea-level rise anywhere in the world. Ecological refugees, in other words, are not a future problem the novel forecasts. They are already present in its historical layer, and the novel asks its readers to notice that continuity.

V. GREENING POSTCOLONIALISM: MOVING THE CLIMATE CRISIS OUT OF METEOROLOGICAL SCIENCE INTO THE PRECINCTS OF CULTURE AND POWER

Huggan and Tiffin gave this project its clearest statement. Postcolonial studies and ecocriticism developed for the most part apart from each other. Postcolonial critics were often wary of nature writing, suspicious that celebrating landscape might slide back into a colonial pastoral that erased the people working that land. Ecocriticism, for its part, grew largely out of a North American and British tradition centered on wilderness, one that had little to say about empire, plantation economies, or the uneven history of who got to call a place wild in the first place. Colonial writing had already put landscape to political use long before either field existed as a discipline. Colonized land appears in much of that writing as either an untouched paradise awaiting appreciative eyes or a wasteland awaiting improvement through plantation agriculture and extraction. Both images served the same end—justifying appropriation by describing the land as empty of any prior claim worth respecting. Huggan and Tiffin argue that neither field, postcolonial studies nor ecocriticism, can do without the other. Environmental crisis, on their account, is never simply an environmental fact. It carries the weight of who extracted what from whom, and for how long (Huggan and Tiffin 2010).

This reframing changes what counts as evidence. A drought is a meteorological event, but a famine is a political one, produced by decisions about food distribution, trade, and who gets to eat when supply runs short. The same is increasingly true of climate change more broadly. Chakrabarty's essay tries to hold both registers at once. He accepts that climate change makes humanity into something like a single geological agent, a species capable of altering the planet's chemistry. But he does not let that species-level language erase the fact that some parts of humanity burned far more carbon than others, and that the parts burning the least now face the earliest and hardest consequences (Chakrabarty 2009). The atmosphere does not care about the history of colonial extraction that filled it with carbon. The distribution of harm across the planet's surface does.

This argument has since moved from seminar rooms into international negotiation halls. Developing nations have pushed the language of loss and damage into United Nations climate talks, demanding that countries responsible for the largest historical share of emissions bear some responsibility for harms now falling on countries that contributed comparatively little. The

demand echoes Chakrabarty's point in blunter, more practical terms. Geological agency may be collective, but liability, in any language courts or treaties recognize, is not.

Guha and Martinez-Alier describe a related divide inside environmentalism itself. Wealthy nations built an environmental movement largely around preservation—saving wilderness for its own sake or for future recreation. Movements in the Global South have more often organized around subsistence, defending the forests, rivers, and land that poor communities depend on to survive from one season to the next. Guha and Martinez-Alier call this the environmentalism of the poor, and it does not always look like environmentalism to observers trained on the wilderness model (Guha and Martinez-Alier 1997). It looks like a fight over rice, or fish, or firewood.

The Morichjhapi episode inside *The Hungry Tide* belongs to exactly this second tradition, and it shows how easily the first tradition can be turned against the poor. The West Bengal government evicted the Morichjhapi settlers in the name of conservation, protecting a tiger reserve from human encroachment. Whatever the ecological merits of that policy, its human cost fell on refugees who had almost nowhere else to go. Postcolonial ecocriticism gives this pattern a name: conservation policy, however well-intentioned, can function as another instrument of state power, one that decides whose presence on the land counts as natural and whose counts as trespass. Moving climate change out of meteorology and into this kind of analysis does not mean ignoring the science. It means refusing to treat the science as the whole story, when the history of who gets displaced, and in whose name, is just as material to the crisis as the rising temperature itself.

DeLoughrey and Handley extend this argument across the wider postcolonial world, from Caribbean plantation ecologies to Pacific Island nations now negotiating their own submersion. Their collection insists that the environmental humanities cannot treat the Global South as a passive site where climate change merely happens. It has to treat these regions as places with their own long environmental histories, shaped by slavery, indenture, and extraction—histories that set the terms for how climate change is now experienced there (DeLoughrey and Handley 2011). The Sundarbans fit this pattern precisely. Islands in the delta are already disappearing under rising seas, and the Bangladeshi and Indian sides of the region are expected to produce some of the largest populations of climate-displaced people anywhere in the coming decades. A crisis often narrated in the Global North through images of melting ice and future risk is, in the tide country, already a present and repeating fact of eviction, migration, and loss.

None of this makes meteorology irrelevant. It makes meteorology insufficient on its own—a partial account of a crisis that is also, and just as urgently, a crisis of history and power.

VI. CONCLUSION: FINDING NEW FORMS OF ART FOR A SUBMERGED FUTURE

Where does this leave literature now? Ghosh's own answer, sketched at the end of *The Great Derangement*, is not a set of rules for a better climate novel. It is closer to a wish that writers find ways to let the improbable back in, to let landscapes act, and to let stories move across scales that do not fit inside one lifetime. *The Hungry Tide* had already tried some of this before Ghosh named the problem directly. Its most telling formal choice may be its use of the Bon Bibi legend, the local story of a forest goddess who protects the honest from Dokkhin Rai, the tiger demon, but only if they take no more from the forest than they need. The legend sits inside the novel next to Piya's field notes and Nirmal's political notebook, three different registers of knowledge that the book refuses to rank. Myth here is not decoration. It is a working theory of limits, developed by people who had to live with a landscape that could kill them, long before anyone called that landscape an ecosystem under threat.

Western environmental writing, from Thoreau onward, mostly kept myth and science in separate rooms, treating the mythic as a metaphor for feeling rather than a genuine claim about how a landscape works. *The Hungry Tide* declines that separation. Bon Bibi's story functions inside the novel as something closer to local ecological law—a codified limit on how much a person may take from the forest, dressed in the language of the sacred because that is the language the tide country's residents actually use to talk about limits. A submerged future will need exactly this kind of hybrid form, one willing to treat non-scientific knowledge as a source of working truth rather than folklore to be admired and then set aside.

This suggests one direction for the art a submerged future will need. It will probably not come from choosing science over story, or local knowledge over global data. It will come from forms willing to hold several kinds of knowing at once, the way the tide country's residents already do, without pretending any single one is sufficient by itself. Postcolonial narrative has practice at this. It has spent decades working out how to tell stories across languages, cosmologies, and unequal histories that refuse to sit still. That practice turns out to be useful training for a crisis that will not remain static either, and it shows up in

small formal choices as much as large ones—in a willingness to let a legend share a page with a field report, or to let a delta's shifting geography set the terms of a plot rather than simply hosting it.

None of this addresses the crisis of imagination that Ghosh describes in the sense of solving it. Bangladesh and the Sundarbans are not waiting for a better novel. Islands are disappearing on a schedule set by physics, not literature. But culture shapes what a society can see as urgent, and what it allows itself to act on. A literature that keeps freak weather, displaced people, and nonhuman agency at its margins will keep producing readers unprepared for a century that has already arrived. A literature willing to let the tide into the narrative, the way *The Hungry Tide* does, offers something smaller than a solution and more useful than despair. It offers practice in imagining a world that does not hold still, which may be the only kind of world left to imagine.

CONFLICT OF INTEREST

The authors declare no conflict of interest.

REFERENCES

- [1] Chakrabarty, D. (2009). The climate of history: Four theses. *Critical Inquiry*, *35*(2), 197-222.
- [2] Clark, T. (2015). *Ecocriticism on the edge: The Anthropocene as a threshold concept*. Bloomsbury Academic.
- [3] DeLoughrey, E., & Handley, G. B. (Eds.). (2011). *Postcolonial ecologies: Literatures of the environment*. Oxford University Press.
- [4] Ghosh, A. (2004). *The hungry tide*. HarperCollins.
- [5] Ghosh, A. (2016). *The great derangement: Climate change and the unthinkable*. University of Chicago Press.
- [6] Guha, R., & Martinez-Alier, J. (1997). *Varieties of environmentalism: Essays North and South*. Earthscan.
- [7] Heise, U. K. (2008). *Sense of place and sense of planet: The environmental imagination of the global*. Oxford University Press.
- [8] Huggan, G., & Tiffin, H. (2010). *Postcolonial ecocriticism: Literature, animals, environment*. Routledge.
- [9] Mukherjee, U. P. (2010). *Postcolonial environments: Nature, culture and the contemporary Indian novel in English*. Palgrave Macmillan.
- [10] Nixon, R. (2011). *Slow violence and the environmentalism of the poor*. Harvard University Press.