Sustainability Seminar 2019



The prospect of petting a puppy Dropped a veil of ignorance over the group Blinded by their blue eyes We ignored the shackles and chorus of whimpers

We mounted our mobile thrones Ready to enjoy the strength of our servants Sympathies lost to the language barrier Between barks and boasts

Convincing ourselves they needed to Run wild and free Like they are meant to be But only on my command Mennä

Born in a city where the weather is An extension of my own skin The sharp air should have Sliced me in half But the power of their coated legs Froze my face in a toothy grin

When we rounded the corner The crystalline blanket was Punctured by orange fencing The prison yard break was over The inmates returned to their cells Shackled, they kissed their masters Suffering with Stockholm syndrome



We kick and scream Until we see a bit of steam Come out of her ears But we persist We pester

Give us everything Light Life Love But she can't say no We have cut out her tongue Could we even hear her Amongst the uproar of egos?

Millions of us gather around the tableSun, wind, and wavesIs this how we say thank you?But we only fight baWe plot her murderharderWe plan to finish her offWe steal the weaponWhy does this look likepurseA serial killer's sweetest revenge?We use it against he

We splatter her green gown With monochromatic grey They told us hair was The symbol of a woman's beauty so We shave her head Nearly bald Leaving only patches to humiliate her In front of all her children

She falls to her knees Begs us, bribes us To stop Showing off the power of Sun, wind, and waves But we only fight back harder We steal the weapon from her purse We use it against her





Tectonic plates cause Volcanoes Earthquakes And tsunamis

And soon a bit of Shattered glass When the narrowest street beats its own record

This time, earth gets just a little bit of payback Just one lawn's worth

Destroy the natural Then build your own Personal Private Artificial recreation of it Shower it with fresh water Fence it off If it isn't as grand and green as the neighbor's Why have it at all

Or one plastic bottle's worth Steal it, bottle it, ship it, drink it Jennifer Aniston told you to

Did we forget about the sun? She lit up our world and it wasn't enough Now she is coming for the Light We laid there long enough for the water to become the sky They say this is nature Untouched Pristine And damn expensive to get to

It used to be for or is for men that look like John Muir Who can run away from reality Go into isolation By choice

Yet, we found our way We shatter the mirror Cradled by the comfort of the engine's roar and the guise of "eco" Sounds like home

But it's worth it right? Thousands of tons of CO2 later To touch virgin water To smell air that isn't owned by Peabody



People, planet, and profit represent three pillars of sustainability, yet there is no such thing as sustainability without justice. Environmental degradation and injustices have troubled low-income, communities of color and indigenous communities in too many ways. Beyond the human species that bear some of the largest burdens, animals and plants are also harmed and forced to the bottom of the hierarchy by humans who have adopted the role of supreme rulers. What we often forget is, while we so desperately need the earth, she doesn't need us, yet we continue to test the earth's limits due to our own greed. As a land activist, I have expressed my concerns about our continuous maltreatment of the earth and animals in the quest for profit through poetry. As Naomi Klein says, we are "addicted to risk" and in my opinion, also addicted to coal. Just as cigarettes didn't seem appealing until the glamorous ads said they were, which was then solidified by nicotine addiction, our addiction is the product of another killer PR campaign worked on by large corporations and the government. We must face the crisis and kick this addiction or else we will have no livable, arable, and inhabitable for humans, plants, and animals.