

## Hope

By Isabelle Petrozzini

Animals are lost  
The hunter crouches in damp leaves  
they wait for an animal to approach  
They shoot  
the noise shatters the woods  
the animal collapses to the floor

Trees are lost  
the chainsaw starts  
it strains to cut the towering tree  
Finally the chainsaw buzzes to the other side  
the lofty tree descends to the forest floor

An iceberg is lost  
The iceberg crashes down to the ocean  
a wave builds up  
it bursts into the other glaciers  
they groan and tip  
chunks and pieces fall down from the neighboring icebergs

Time is lost  
Time is running out  
everything might be irreversible

Humans are found  
every five seconds a new human is born  
More of everything is needed

Houses are found  
a load of lumber has just arrived to the human's soon-to-be doorstep  
they build their new "very important" house

A corporation is found  
The human drafts their idea of the perfect corporation  
it will be a perfect fossil fuel dispenser

Carbon is found  
Every year tons of carbon is discharged into the air  
Soon  
there might not be a way to stop it

Love is found, but sometimes lost  
It floats away, leaving your mind, but  
If you hope  
If you care  
If you love  
It surrounds you  
Your mind  
Everyone  
Making you feel warm, calm, happy

Hope can be lost, but is always found  
Hope is always with you  
It's deep down there when you can't find it  
Believe.

**Icy Waters: A Story Drafted From Freezing Toes**  
**By Makili Matty**

When the waves first lap at your feet  
When you could almost just step back  
But for some reason  
You couldn't find the will

It has something that holds your gaze  
The way it feels no limit  
The way it flows in and out  
With no hesitations

Even when the cold is unbearable  
It still supports life  
Even when it may seem to never calm  
It still allows the surest of boats to float on

The ocean seems endless  
A vast expanse of blues and grays  
Calling me forth with the lulling of its waves  
Lapping at my feet.

***Above Above Above  
Below Below Below***

By Remick Matty

*The sun with its heat  
The sky forever broken  
The magic of the wind  
Above above above  
The rippling water  
The endless expanse  
The diving fish  
below below below*

*The lake going from shore to shore, endless in its glory  
And sitting there as you take it all in  
You find how small you really are  
A fish in the ocean a squirrel in a forest you're tiny compared to the  
world*

*The sun off the water  
You look to the sky  
The wind in your hair  
above above above  
The moving flowing water  
Stretching forever forward  
The fish underneath me  
below below below*

***There's no one else to solve it***

**By Ada Milhauser**

You sit down here and sip from cups you know were made to be  
thrown out.

Abundance of these plastic things are tearing the world apart.  
You drive in cars, emissions in the atmosphere, we cough and burn.  
The energy from coal and such can be replaced, keep this in mind.  
These fossil fuels, while less before, are rising and we must refrain.

The pandemic, we stay inside, the air quality takes a break.  
Your children here, dependent on the future you prepare for them.

With pesticides and chemicals, their IQs sinking down  
down  
down.

Loss of all your memories, this issue is much worse than you thought.

But still, we see the news and think,  
"There's someone else to solve it."

## What Good Is a Hammer?

We got so still in the woods together  
that afternoon, crossing the soggy plank  
that divided the murky, marshy water.

I'd just delighted you with my  
quick scan-spotting of that snake  
that slithered up from the water and into the moss.

You already thought I was magic.  
Let me show you more.  
You, sentimental collector and cataloguer of moments.  
I am learning.  
This is what you hold your breath for.  
Let me show you more.

I hear it first because I am always ready.  
I rush to you, my sharp, whispered "listen!"  
pushing you into silence and stillness.

There it is. Back in the trees, deep to the right.  
There.  
What is a woodpecker, but a rapid staccato drumbeat,  
begging your heart to keep pace? I think as we stand.  
My hands on your chest on your heartbeat.  
My ear on your back on your heartbeat.

Now you hear it, too.  
And everything about you becomes still and alert.  
The way I like it.  
We are together on this plank, possibility of a new moment  
somewhere off there,  
if we are lucky.

Yes, we will be lucky – we have been thus far  
in our own pasts and here, in this present  
so we set off,  
heads cocked,  
together, but not.

It should be right there,  
but it's not.

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I am teaching you about their wily-ness.  
About how they throw their voices and their sounds.  
How they rise above the congruent melodies and then  
drop below just as you approach.  
But what good is a hammer if it isn't precise?  
So we pause at a bend, and then turn left because  
we will be lucky.

Coming to a certain tangle of half-dead leaning trees, we stop.  
It's right above us now.  
But also behind us.  
And through us.  
Filling up our bodies.

You see her first. She is right in front of us.  
I will hold the awe-joy-surprise of your voice in my mind until  
I can't anymore.  
You have seen something for the first time. I know that feeling.  
It takes me a moment, but then –  
now – I am with you.

She is perfect.  
Working so hard on this dead tree, stripped of bark,  
thin smooth tan.

She is symmetry in black and white.  
White dots on her collapsed wings so close together  
they're like bars streaked across wings folded across  
a patch of white I know is there on her back.  
Beak short, head striped.

I know that you are wondering: how can it be?  
How can a thing so small compel us forward from 60 yards away?  
But what good is a drumbeat if it doesn't compel?

She flies off, breaking the spell, and  
you look at me for a beat, and I  
look away as we both chuckle awkwardly.  
What else is there to say now?

As we tumble out of the woods into the small parking lot,  
you proudly tell a passerby that we've just gone birding(!).  
I smile –  
You haven't seen a thing yet.  
Let me show you.