

CLIMATE

words and images



Nick Renteria

IMAGINE

-RIES

ECO+Emerson
co-production



COMMUNITY



Nick Renteria

THE FUTURE IS WORTH IT

We can imagine, and
build
together

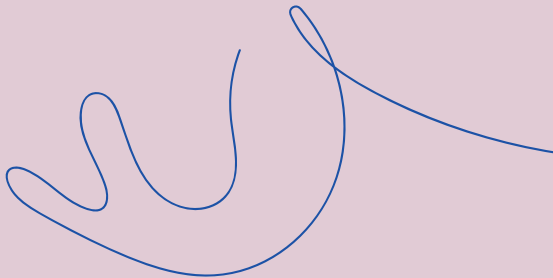


Rin Mclsaac



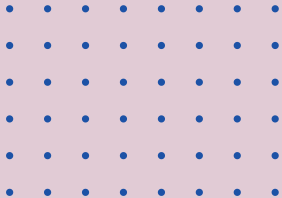
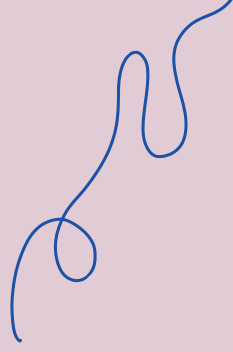
The oil floating in the water sitting so still
They'll be calm and say "It's only a spill"
But the spill raised many alerts
And caused many to divert
From the only place with a decent view
Forcing those to try and find someplace new
The dense smoke from our maple leaf friends
never seemed to end
Hovering over the massive salt piles
That wiped the smiles
Of long life residents, loyal and kind
Holding onto the hope that we may someday find
A solution to address what has got us so confined

Arianna Perdomo

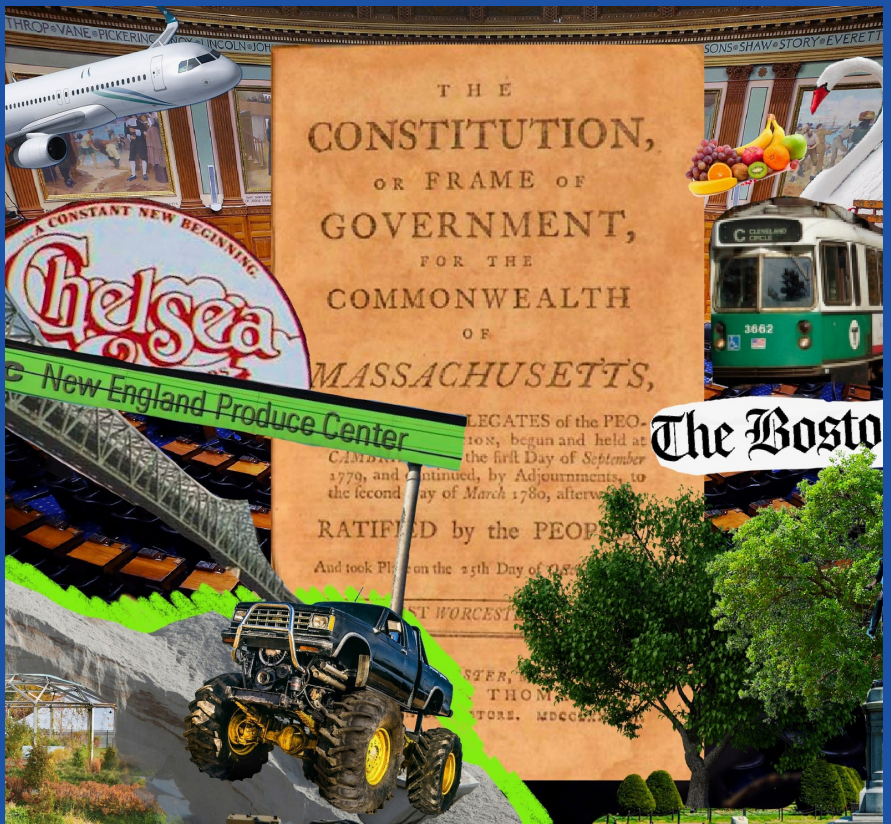




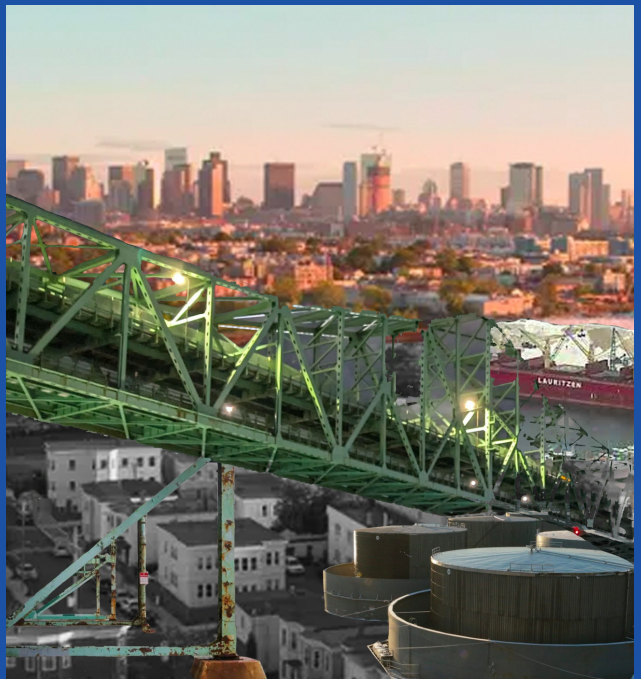
Judy Hu



What will you say when water laps at your feet from the
front of your door?
How will you ignore me then?
When the drought leaves your children's throats dry,
And the smog a hack in their lungs,
Will the riches have been worth it?
For years you have been warned of this
And even when it stared you in the whites of your eyes
you refused to falter,
Allowing the burden to fall on their shoulders.
Don't think that by the time the tide rises you'll have
long turned to dust,
The water is rising and you havent one foot in your
grave yet.
How selfish to assume that you could have avoided
this,
How ignorant to have assumed you were greater than
this imminent threat,
To have undermined mother-nature herself and the
destruction she caused.
Wildfires will continue to ravage your pastures,
And rain will flood your streets,
Plague will contaminate the foods you eat
Until the water rises
And laps at your feet from the front of your door.



Catherine
Foy



Feeman



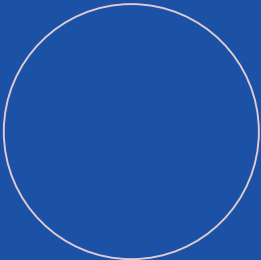
Sunset

the dusk of summer is spent lounging
by the lake nearby, though far from most
the air we breathe is shared aplenty
not only by us, but the gases it hosts

the view so charming, the colors vibrant
obstructed only by what was made by us
the sounds of children playing on the swings
simple machines shadowed by surplus

the moment fleeting, but should it last forever?
if this is fate, we'll do like the sunset
and vanish for the night

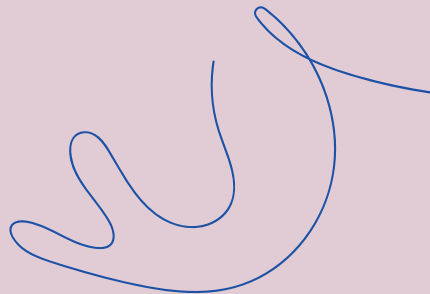
in the morning we'll return
though smaller and smaller
but we'll still be here
finding ways to stand taller

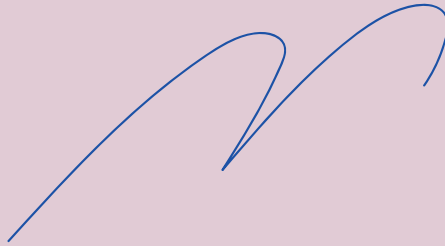


Daniel Zapata

Here is where the youth tend to gather when the library doors
clank shut,
Sitting upon cracked sidewalks
Without so much as chalk to paint their way,
Upon the concrete pillars, they call their thrones,
They dream of branches to climb and knees to scrape,
They dream of rubbered ground, hallowed
And the smell of iron from the metal chains of a swing,
ever-present on their palms like a hymn
Leaving blisters that they'll peel clean in the morning
But there are no trees here,
No songs to sing and no shade to be given,
No water fountain to quench your thirst.
So you ought to swallow your spit and thank us for it
This concrete jungle in which you grew
Has no room for your roots.
There are no monkey bars you can stretch your arms to reach,
No room for hopscotch on the cracked streets,
And so the children sit
Upon their cracked sidewalk thrones
The sun glaring red-hot angry patches,
At the top of their tender-headed crowns.
They'll continue to rule over the passing taxi cars and chalkless
streets.

Lydia Debenedictis





Climate Imagineries
23.

ECO at
GreenRoots

Engagement Lab
at
Emerson College



ENGAGE **L**
— MENT **A** **B**
AT EMERSON COLLEGE