

Mentor: Nnimmo Bassey



Poem-seed: Discussion on the book "Femme forêt"

Mentor: Clémence Roy Darisse

**Alexi
Hachey
Brunet
(Canada)**

Mes orteils sous ton lit d'épines
Mon nez sur ta chair rude
La vie coule en nous

Témoins, gardes, ancêtres
Ce sont les abris du monde
Dressés contre le vent en ultime sacrifice

**Élise
Guerrero
(Canada)**

Samares des marges
Chevilles nues
Érable aux sandales
Anthropiques

Quand tu marches dans les interstices oublies-tu
Les samares
Quand tu oublies les marges c'est aussi
Le nom difforme
Du soulèvement
Que tu échappes

**Clémence
Roy
Darisse
(Canada)**

Nue avec lui
Ses branches contre les miennes
Enlacées comme le plus résilient des arbres
Son écorce si forte et douce à la fois me réconforte
Je n'aurai pas peur du froid
Notre amour forêt me rappelle que tout ce qui respire vit

Je serai une femme tronc
Mes vergetures seront comme celles de ma mère
Les traces de batailles gagnées dans le silence et la
dignité
Enracinée je serai
Dans cette terre qui a existé bien avant moi
Lorsqu'on me découpera
On découvrira les traces rondes du temps sur mon corps
Et on s'émerveillera de ma longévité

**André-Yanne
Parent
(Canada)**

Je t'ai transplanté
Déraciné
Pour me lier ici
À cette terre, à ce quartier
J'espère un jour te donner
Une famille, une forêt
Pour te nourrir, te chérir et t'entourer
Mon bleuetier bien aimé



Mentor: Clémence Roy Darisse

**Clemence
(Canada)**

Bioregion: Islands and coastal areas
Poem-seed: Méditation pleine conscience
and Matt Shane - Solastalgia

Mes doigts de jeune fillette faisaient
éclater les algues
Sur le rocher rosé
Bercée par le lichen constellation
Je prenais une bouffée d'air salée
Un phoque dansait dans le fleuve
Pendant notre jam session sur le balcon
Nos rires sautillaient comme des pierres
pointues sur l'océan
Mais depuis qu'il fait chaud
L'eau poivrée ne goûte plus les herbes
Et mes doigts de jeune adulte ne savent
plus quoi faire des algues qui grimpent
On continue tout de même de tisser le
temps de bons moments
On ralentit nos pas sur la berge pour
mieux se faire caresser par le fleuve
Qu'avions-nous à apprendre de ce lieu qui
nous a élevé de générations en
générations ?

**Alexi
Hachey-
Brunet
(Canada)**

Bioregion: Islands and coastal areas
Poem-seed: Méditation pleine conscience
and Matt Shane - Solastalgia

Ici, les sternes dansent
en une valse céleste scintillante
Ici, les vagues chantent
sous leurs magnifiques crêtes d'argent
Ici, le soleil mord la grève
et y laisse les cicatrices du temps
Ici, pour toujours,
ce sera une histoire de lumière, de mer et de
vent

**Clemence
(Canada)**

Bioregion: Islands and coastal areas
Poem-seed: Matt Shane - Solastalgia and
Méditation pleine conscience

Les couleurs disparues
Avec la violence des hommes en blanc
Les reliefs fracturés
Par l'avarice de l'argent
Mais nos corps reliés
comblent les trous du paysage
Et nos espoirs peuvent dessiner
Un volcan, un océan

They will not steal
The turquoise of the sea shore
And the smell of fresh algae
The feel of the sun on a new day
The thieves of beauty
Cannot take away the seeds of hope
When we plant them together

**Gaïa
Febvre
(Canada)**

Bioregion: Islands and coastal areas
Poem-seed: Clémence Roy nue avec lui

Et, on s'émerveillera de ta longévité
Je t'ai rencontré il y a peu
Tes odeurs, tes couleurs et tes histoires
Je les porte je les chéris,
Elles m'accompagnent et me nourrissent
de toutes les façons possibles
Tu es résilience, tolérance et amour
Tu les as laisser te fouler, te manger et
t'exploiter
Tu leurs a donner tes trésors, sans jamais
perdre ton feu
Je t'ai rencontré il y a peu île de la Réunion
Telle une graine tu fleuris et je te porte à
jamais dans mon être
Tu dances dans les yeux de Léa-Maria, tu
es dans le sourire d'Isao et je t'entends dans
la voix de Solveig
Je sais qu'iels te rencontreront...



Shella Mae
Amamangpang
(Philippines)

Poem-seed: When is Now by Daniel Macmillen Voskoboynik

Raindrops

Here in our shattering sanctuaries I woke up with a dark surrounding
No, I'm not dead! It's just I'm just hiding myself under the shady reality
I can feel the darkness in my hollow cage that is prevailing
Little by little I was belittled and was forced to hide in a shell.

Tic.Toc.Tic.Toc. As the clock continues to move and the time continues to change
It looks like it will stop soon or it's just my dream like rain is falling
The moments onwards makes me feel I'm out here in reality
Chaos, Mistreatment, Disasters and cautiously my tears start falling.

Each drop of tears signifies something I do not understand
Every drop makes me feel like it's connected with my past
Every drop makes me realized I am lost in the present
But every drop signifies that I can be found in the future.

Moving from past, battling through present and surviving for the future truly signifies something
Just like a rainbow after the rain and a pot of gold is waiting
It was in the drop of every raindrops where I found who I really am
I am someone whom people constantly look for, for I am the HEALING in every raindrops.

Subashini
Thangadurai
(Canada)

Poem-seed: (New poem seed)

Before

Bare.
I clutch truths rustling in branches.
Lean into.
Voices of a song from seasons before cycling in whorls of leaves.
Needles fall with a soft, yet resounding breath.
Little do I know - these memories
Flow through to tomorrow...
Reminiscing limitlessly
as stones carry in gratitude.

Christine
Paula Love
Bernasor
(Philippines)

Bioregion: Oceans and Coasts

Poem-seed: When is Now, Daniel Macmillen Voskoboynik

Reality of Hope

The broken blossom, the heavier wave,
the wound too wide for a wound.
I continue to paddle.

Almost drowning, saltwater slowly engulfing.
Plastics floating, aimlessly drifting,
Meter by meter, death is creeping.

How did I end up here?
Will the very cradle of life be where it ends?

Memories of life, slowly fleeting.
Here I am struggling, clinging on to remnants of love stories
Until my last breath comes

The tides are changing,
What are they bringing?
Will the reality of hope ever come?



**Khim
Cathleen
Saddi
(Philippines)**

Red, the blinding colors as we await the ending of another
day
Memories of long past
When days were short
and nights were long

Greens, I wish they will stay
green for a hundred years
Is it really part of the history?
But how come we can't find a trace?

Blue, up and down but forgotten
Is it not grey is forever?
Perhaps exploring what they call
bikini bottom is exciting

I wonder about these colors
the warmth, fed up with all this coldness
I wonder about the the world we could have
only if opened our eyes better.

**Ted Aldwin
Ong
(Philippines)**

Poem-seed: 28, Up in the air by Paolo Tiausius

By the seashore, even the gusts of wind are yearning
to reunite with the accustomed pulse of migration
Embracing the warm morning breeze to sweat
and the cold of the night with closed eyes to meditate and
rest while part of the Earth sleeps.

**Subashini
Thangadurai
(Canada)**

Bioregion: Grasslands/Mountain
Poem-seed: Sprout in Response to: Rain Writes, Wind Erases by
Luisa Igloria

Soar

As children we were told
not to whistle too loudly at clouds
so they wouldn't come too close.
Distance bridges - to the tellings of history brought
innocent and carefree in nature
consciousness of a burden on young shoulders.
Eager to learn yet exhausted -
even before trying.
The sun's rays inspire action,
to surrender would render us flightless.

**Ibrahim
Inusa
(Nigeria)**

Bioregion: Deserts
Poem-seed: Before by Subashini Thangadurai (poem from first
Pebble Poem workshop)
HardLife

I saw it dying, but roars have echoed through.
That sick/tired feelings unfolded.
Little do I know - these memories flow through to tomorrow.
surely better days are assured.
Rethinking the path we have been through to reverse the wheel
to regenerate

Mentor: Daphne Marie Siega



**WHEN
IS NOW**

**Sheila Mae
Amamangpang
(Philippines)**

Bioregion: Oceans and Coasts (Waves)
Poem-seed: Sprout from Rain Writes, Wind Erases by Luisa Igloria

Warriors of Dreams in Waves

With lasting peace
Perpetual calmness
And everlasting tranquility
Just like how the wind and rain have their own voice, their own logic
It is always how the waves kiss the shoreline that reminds me about life

A life with dreams
A life with choices
A life with chances
And life with freedom

As free as the waves
We are given choices and to live
We are given chances to dream
We are given the freedom to make that dream come through and live the life we are destined to be.

One can become a doctor to make choices on who to save
One can become a teacher that teaches lessons to students
One can become a scientist that is bound to new discoveries
But everyone can become a dreamer.

A dreamer that becomes stewards of change
A dreamer that leaps through boundaries of chances
A dreamer who is bound to become a warrior
A warrior with a goal to achieve peace, global connection, and changes
Most especially a warrior brings a dream to achieve a healthy and prospering nature.

**Irene Desiree
Reyes
(Philippines)**

Bioregion: Tundra and Highlands
Poem-seed: Linea

The Foot of the Hill

Do we not all dream of climbing mountains?
Grievances and land masses,
Do we not all claim that one day we will?
But, fear stops us most often
By the foot of those intimidating hills
Is this not the same being that complicates,
Turns the gentle requests of care from Earth, dear mother
Into a climb we dare not venture
So, perhaps it is in the way that we see
That no mountain is too far-out
And love is the way and resistance is a need
To the death that bleeds the earth out

**Ted Aldwin
Ong
(Philippines)**

Bioregion: Oceans and Coasts
Poem-sprout: Where will the coast be?
Are you standing on the coastline, or are you swimming in the deep waters?

Deep waters. The body submerged eased by the warmth to play
with crabs and fishes, quickly diminished by cold murky waters.
Panic and shaking. What happened to the sea? Where did crystal clearness go?



**WHEN
IS NOW**

**Sheila Mae
Amamangpang
(Philippines)**

Poem-seed: Sprout from All Systems Have Cracks by
Mishika Chauhan

People, places, gossip, and noises
A lot of things can be found on the street
Tranquility, peace, and life
Everything can be found in nature

From the scorching heat of the sun during the day
the honks from cars and jeepneys can be heard
up until it bid goodbye and the moon lullabies us with its
calmness
under the starry night, the silence dominates

It is loud and clear
It has a message to convey.
The silence of the night seems to stay longer
Too quiet not even a faint whisper.

I opened the window on the roof and stuck my head out
I let the mild breeze of tranquility run through my hair like
sand through my fingertips
As I spread out my arms wide a simple smile graced my
lips.

I felt alive and free.
I felt cozy – untroubled.
Ah, this is what youth felt like.
Ah, this should be how nature feels like.

But don't you realize all systems have cracks from where
seeds find light to grow
Where youth now is not about finding peaceful resolution
but to fight without hesitation
Nature is suffering from careless actions
Wounding a lot of lives and experiences that call for
attention
Nature should feel like home — a safe haven where
everyone feels at ease
Nature should be calming
But in reality it is the opposite can be seen

**Therene
Quijano
(Philippines)**

Bioregion: Oceans and Coasts
Poem-seed: Where will the coast be?

Are you standing on the coastline,
Or are you swimming in the deep waters?
Have the waves rushed in
To places they shouldn't?

Where houses stood,
Where lives flourished,
The waves consumed.
The coast is now in deep waters.

But do we stop? Do we mourn?
Do we give up and pack up?
We can't, we shan't.
We must be better.

Mentor: Daphne Marie Siega



**WHEN
IS NOW**

**William
Dare
(Nigeria)**

Poem-Seed: Noah's wife' who watches helplessly as people

suffer the consequences of climate change.
Equal parts beautiful and haunting, Letters to Noah's Wife describes the feelings of uncertainty and constant fear of the unknown as we observe changes in the earth.

**Alyssa
Kostello
(Turtle Island |
Canada)**

Bioregion: Ocean

Poem-seed: New pebble poem!

A Solarpunk Dreamer working through Climate Grief

I moved to a city
a city with mountains and more ocean beaches than there
are days of the week.
A place to create and do, as well as rest and reflect.
A place to have it all
But generations of disrespect
our Mother has brought us fires, heat waves, flooding and
atmospheric rivers
For the first time, I fear deeply
I wonder, how hope and action can move through what
petrifies so many
Can we adapt and still have it all?
City life, nature adventures, simplicity

Bioregion: Lakes and Rivers

Poem-seed: River veins by Gloria Carolina Fialla Cardona

Mother you are resilient
Giving life and beauty
Even when ignored and beaten by your children
But you can only do so much
With your water flowing through sorrow
Perhaps it will inspire a bigger berth of care
Tipping the scale of life and death to hope
And we'll hear the voices of the plants and animals

**Sandra Dosen
(Turtle Island |
Canada)**

Poem-seed: <https://whenisnow.org/portfolio/recompense-by-yewande-akinse/>

those bygone days now replaced with landfills
man leaves earth sore from her core with oil
spills

Remembering

Remember the oceans and the lakes
Fluid and full of life
Waves crashing and thrashing
Wild horizontal and vertical blues

Remember the mountains
Winters forever captured in the sky
Peaks jutting out far and wide
The ones we used to summit and climb
To keep grounded, to feel alive

Remember the forests
Corridors of wild and free
Acorns and leaves and stems and reeds
The rustling, the bustling
Dancing and decaying

Remember the wildflowers
The original canvas
Shores of color
Petals and plains
Nourishing and flourishing
The seeds of everything

Remember the glaciers
Pathways and highways
Stabilizers and climate control

Remember all of these things from before?

Mentor: Errol Merquita

**Carriza
Arambulo
(Philippines)**

Bioregion: Freshwater

Poem-seed: <https://whenisnow.org/portfolio/the-bloated-ego-and-the-saddened-spirit-by-shahina-poovaden/>

The Strength of You
One little mouth in the blue,
A thousand teary eyes in the rue.
Cement and stone saved you now,
But the force of nature will continue.

When will we stop being ruled by fear
When will we recognize the power to change



**WHEN
IS NOW**

Mentor: Errol Merquita

Ma. Isobel L.
Ocao
(Philippines)

Bioregion: oceans and coasts
Poem-seed: Danielle Macmillen
Voskoboynik

Against the havoc of stubborn silence
World, that is love, that is you
Bless what haunts into healing
Be still my solace, in surges my distress
Boulders vanquished, angry waves
tormented.
Where else would I go in this abyss I've lost
you
Swirling, oscillating, undulating, heaving...
A myriad of colors played havoc in the sky,
A kaleidoscope when lightning strikes.
Throbbing, rumbling can't contain the
strength within
My tears uncontrolled began to fall and
my outpour flooding every crevice of every
soul
A vision foretold, unrequited, beaten down,
wounded...

Karla Auria S.
Galeon
(Philippines)

Bioregion: Forests
Poem-seed: When is Now by Daniel Macmillen
Voskoboynik

here, in our shattering sanctuaries
a convergence of languages is finding its fluency
a whisper slowly but surely turning into a roar
unity of humans always a sight to behold:
the destruction of before turn into the creation of now
the forests are calling, waiting

Carriza Juliene
G. Arambulo
(Philippines)

Bioregion: Forests
Poem-seed: The Fullest Consciousness by Cyril Wong (<https://whenisnow.org/portfolio/the-fullest-consciousness-by-cyril-wong/>)

A New Wind
– When might we save us from ourselves in the fullest
consciousness of what happens if we fail? –

I looked up at the clear blue sky today and wondered
underneath a tree so green,
If trees could speak the language of humans, what would they
say?
Amidst the scars we leave on our home, there lies an Abode
unseen.
Shall we invite Despair and Misery for doomsday,
Or Joy and Love for a bright sunny day?

The gentle breeze felt like everything was fine.
Trees could not speak the language of humans for they speak a
language of their own.
But, how would we know the language of trees if the world was
on fire?
Yet, here we are, watching it burn from high up on our Throne.

A leaf's water drop caressed my cheek as if recognizing that I
am no tourist.
Let us end our tale of deception and lies. May this new Wind
that carries hope prevail!



Mentor: Errol Merquita

Alfredo Coro II
(Philippines)

Bioregion: Mangroves
Poem-seed: Nature is Calm

I left my place knowing nature is calm
A day went by.. I heard a storm is coming
The next morning, the wind became violent
Now people are missing, houses are down
No one to talk too, no one knows
I came back flying, I came back
The day after, I walked, I saw, I cried
Mother Earth's fury, the might
No time to grieve, to mourn
We must eat, we must fight, we...
Another day again, nature is calm

John Carl Borbon
(Philippines)

Bioregion: Coast
Poem-seed:

The mesmerizing beauty of the beach,
during the sunset that I wanted to reach...
When and where is the best time and place for me to
be at peace...
Perhaps, in my own watch, slowly fading its beauty...
The shocking rise of ocean water overflowing on the
port saddens me instantly...
Is it already late? No, we still have enough time to fix it!
Oh humans, make use of your power.
Be the best ally of nature...

Marisol Tuso
(Philippines)

Bioregion: Coast
Poem-seed: responding to the climate emergency by
Kriti Dhanania

(Bisaya version)

Lab-as pa sa akong panumduman
Sa lugar nga dili ko makalimtan
Sakit sa dughan
Nagpabilin pa sa akong galamhan

Dili ko makalimtan
Ang kasadya sa mga bata gawas sa ilang tugkaran
Samtang ako naglakaw sa daplin sa baybayon
Gibati ko ang hudyaka ang kabibo

Bugnaw nga hangin
Pagkanindot magpuyo niadtong dapita
Sa lugar nga nakasayaw ko sa kalipay
Samtang gihanduraw ko ang kagahapon
Sa lugar nga pagkanindot lantawon
Ang mga balud nga naghapak sa baybayon

Apan sa kalit lamang
Ang kalipay nahimong mingaw
Dihang giduaw ko ang dapit
Nahanaw na
Ang mga balay
Napulo, bente, trenta ka mga pinuy-anan
Asa naman?
Ang hudyaka sa mga kabataan
Tipik na lamang sa kagahapon
Human sila gihapak sa dagkong balud
Dihang miigo ang bagyo sa Calibunan

Kanus-a pa kita molihok
Unsa pang mga pamatood ang atong gihulat?
Kung ang dagkong gambalay
Lamuyon na sa dagkong balud sa dagat

(English version)

I was once here
Walking along the coastline
Just loved the sea breeze
Hiking and looking at the children playing
In a place where homes are just near the shore

Waves touches the sand
It was quite
I sat along the shore
Get up and danced with the waves

The happy memories turn to sorrow
Children were no longer there
Homes were nowhere
When strong waves
Washed them away

Ten, twenty, thirty houses
Fishing boats along the shore
Children playing
Are just part of yesterday
In Calibunan, the place where they used to be
When will the evidence be enough?
When the oceans rise and consume monuments



WHEN
IS NOW

April Mae
Evangelista
(Philippines)

Bioregion: Islands and Coastal Areas
Poem-seed: Poem Without Metaphor by
Christine Larusso

THERE ARE MANY FISH IN THE SEA
I grew up with people saying, "There are
many fish in the sea."
For a moment, I choose to believe that we
are being well-fed fully.
Until one day, a cold breeze opened my eyes
to see,
What people meant by "there are many fish
in the sea".

Floating in the water with no gills and no
fins,
Many are transparent but there are more
with colors.
It seems like fish can also be thirsty, like
kingpins,
and turtles like necklaces without jewels,
unlike others.

Am I just imagining or is this really the
planet's reality?
What people mean by "there are many fish in
the sea",
Isn't what it's supposed to be.
There is no known cure. So I listen carefully.

Mentor: Errol Merquita



**WHEN
IS NOW**

Mentor: Malebo Sephodi

Ana Michaela
I. Reyes
(Philippines)

Bioregion: Marine/Coastal Regions
Poem-seed:

Polar opposites

Calm and rage.
Provision and destruction.
Vast but empty, shallow yet full.
Switching abruptly,
Is it still nature's call?

Aditi Garg
(Canada)

Bioregion: arid-places-and-deserts
Poem-seed:
<https://whenisnow.org/portfolio/talks-by-mishumo-madima/>

But not here,
in these endless talks.

But here,
In this vastness
Soft prairie skies
A long walk together
This direction chosen for us
Different paces, different faces
Grasslands, supple in the wind
We choose this path.
We yearn,
For this endless walk.

April Mae
Evangelista
(Philippines)

Bioregion: Deserts and Arid Places
Poem-seed: Talks by Mishumo Madima

Tomorrow's Heed

If tomorrow is now,
and now will be tomorrow,
words would grow as seeds
planted in the children of earth to heed.

With a sweltering light of a yellow star,
followed by the days darker than night sky
afar,
a mind-boggling truth will be shed into light;
thus, creating the unyielding might to fight.

Sal Jalloh
(Sierra
Leone)

Bioregion: Coastal
Poem-seed: New pebble poem!

NATURE

Our underlying roots
Incalculable essential
Awesome by default
Born of the earth
We destroy and abuse it.
Regardless of what it all gives.
But nature is powerful.
It's all around us, it's gives us all what we need.
Beautiful nature we pronounce your name.



**Ewi Lamma
(Cameroon)**

Bioregion: West/Central Africa
Poem-seed:

Call to action

We cross the miles
We search the light
The light that sparks, the revelation
Abi, nature revolution

Our tables no longer tall,
So low
We pull up, we pull down
The walls, the seats, the laws
That creates the gaps
Our mothers, nurturers
Nature, our own
Our girls, the future

No loud talks, no table bangs
The fields are white
The harvest be ripe
The harvesters few
Action Action Action awaits

**Kaye D. Tuso
(Philippines)**

Bioregion: Coast
Poem-seed: When I learn to leave by King
Llanza

As above, as so as below
In a gesture of farewell, I wish we rise above.
As footprints wash away behind me,
Piles of parasite, everything is all smirky!
Collected by the water, now it is forgotten.

Thoughts swarm in my mind
Just like the breeze above, not seeing but
feeling
Air turns to gray, sea turns to murky
As above so as below,
Let's act on the honest truth!
Listening to the voice of our nature is the first
solution.

**Lara Jean L.
Salaysay
(Philippines)**

Poem-seed: "Plant watermelon seeds
believing they will see next year's crop." -
Christine Larusso, Poem Without Metaphor

September is when we enter Christmas
season in the Philippines
It also means just one month of waiting to
plant my favorite seeds
Last year's watermelon harvest was rough
It kept raining and raining non stop
Some seeds drowned, some roots rot, some
fruits burst
Surely, not enough watermelons were
harvested in that season
The year before that was also a lost cause
with drought as the reason
We waited and waited for rain, but it didn't
came
This year, we plant watermelon seeds
Believing this season will be different and
there will be enough harvest

Mentor: Malebo Sephodi



**WHEN
IS NOW**

Mentor: Shari Maluleke

**Paul
Musyimi
Mweu
(Kenya)**

Bioregion: ASAL
Poem-seed: Oh Hill

Looking at dry land all over,
Above my hill I cry,
As my dj plays the sombre melody,
Just to ease my tribulations,
Oh hill ,llong to see you greens
My hill , let's converse,
How can I make you sustainably green,
I wish i had magical spells ,
Just a snap and
Oh hill ,you will go new

**Aditi Garg
(Canada)**

Bioregion: freshwater
Poem-seed: water-light

Creeping brightness,
Building warmth,
Shifting scent of fresh lake breeze,
The sun has crossed above the horizon,
Will this last?

**Gianne Klaire
Dubouzet
(Philippines)**

Bioregion: Oceans and coasts
Poem-seed: New pebble poem!

With Water

A land filled with water
The river flows
The ocean waves
Full of unknown;
Yet I fear
not of the unknown
But the known

**Cara
MacMillan
(Canada)**

Bioregion: Forest
Poem-seed: May 21st Derocho of Eastern Canada

I walk alone
The trees are felled by Mother Nature
De what? Derecho
20 minutes of thunderous rain and wind
Eleven hundred fell in a mere 200 acres
What is Her message?
The devastation is awe inspiring
Will this spark a commitment to change?
I look up
We walk together

Pines, oaks, spruce, maples and cedar
Growing for over 100 years
I walk among the fallen
Branches fall on homes, cars and people
Trunks snapped into the shape of knives
Paths covered and blocked
We can not travel this way again
Will this spark a commitment to change?
I look up
We walk together

I walk alone
And I listen to the birds
They have found their nests, their future
Squirrels and chipmunks scamper.
Babies who were in nests 200 feet above the ground
Play again in fallen and standing trees
We plant a tree and know we can change.
We look up
We walk together

**Gianne Klaire
Dubouzet
(Philippines)**

Bioregion: Oceans and coasts
Poem-seed: New pebble poem!

Bukas (Tomorrow)

Karagatan
Bukas
Hindi na aalon
Bukas
Basura na ang aalon

Translation:

O seas
Tomorrow
It won't wave
Tomorrow
Trash will wave

**Shari
Maluleke
(South
Africa)**

Bioregion: Mountains and Highlands
Poem-seed: Air by A.N Talago
New pebble poem!

The air we breathe
The air we need
The ai—
It retches my lungs
I gag
And squeezes until I am a carcass
The air has become poison.
I contort.
The earth doesn't recognise me
anymore.



**WHEN
IS NOW**

**Sunday
Geofrey
(Cameroon)**

Bioregion: Grassfield
Poem-seed: The cry of Mbingmboh

I was here before you came
Your farms, I made green
Goodhealth, I gave to Humanity
Friends I made with your Ancestors
Today you are choking me with
eucalyptus trees
Farming right into my eyes
What is your hope for generations
unborn?
Do you know thousands will go blind if I
lose my sight?

**Marisol D.
Tuso
(Philippines)**

Bioregion: Coast
Poem-seed: Responding to the climate
emergency by Kriti Dhanania

When do you decide what legacy you want to
leave behind? One that has planted the seeds
of destruction or the seeds of hope?
Yes, there is still hope
To regenerate
To give life for this home of fishes and other
species
Together you and I can make a difference
Take your part, take your role
Let's give life to the seas
Restore abundance
of coral reefs, mangroves, and seagrassess
So that fishers don't need to go far and deeper

**Paula
Bernasor
(Philippines)**

Bioregion: Forests
Poem-seed: When is Never by Bayo Akomolafe

Ang kalimot walay gahom
Ang imong pag-antos, mosamot puhon
Dili na mabalik ang baha paingon sa
kabukiran
Sa kadaghan sa imo nakuha
Nganong hangtod karon kutob sulti ra
ang imo gipabuhat
Dili buhat ang pasulti-on?
Nagtuo ka na dili hungot ang kalibutan
Apan tanan naay utlanan
Dili tanang butang sili nga mohalang dayon
Walay mahay nga gauna
Unsaon na ka kung ang kalibutan patay
na.
Ulahi na tanan, ingon ang Anghel
Wala na tay oras ug hurot na ang mga balak

English Translation:

Forgetting has no power
Your suffering will be worse soon
You cannot return the flood to the mountains
With everything that you have taken
Why are you letting your words do the work and not your
works do the speaking?
You think that the world is infinite
However, everything has a limit
Not everything is like chili that becomes spicy right away
Regret never comes first
What will happen to you when the world dies?
It is already too late, the Angel said
We are out of time and out of rhyme

**Gloria
Kasang
Bulus
(Nigeria)**

Bioregion: Forest
Poem-seed: The voices from Tsonje

Tsonje, the definition of the beauty of
nature
Its cry echos from the depth of the
disappearing forest to the skies. It's
tears washes away with its faded beauty
and glory.
Will we ignore this cry that pierces
through our hearts and it's memory for
generations?
The birds no longer sing from tsonje
because they have no uime there. The
trees are gone with just bare land. The
temperatures are high, no shelter for the
hunters and the animals
It's time to save Tsonje. Its time to
restore its beauty and glory.

**Ava Arnejo
(Philippines)**

Bioregion: Forests
Poem-seed: Bird's Eye View

flight, sky above me
flight, wind underneath me
flight, but never free
home snuffed away

for every place i see
they all killed the trees



**Sunny
Morgan
(South
Africa)**

Poem-seed: Seeds that resist by Daniela Catrileo

I watch their plumage dance,
These shamans of ancient arts,
Calling on the Water Gods
To shed their tears.
The land is parched,
So they sow spores of precious water
droplets
To make raging rivers ,
This dance, this ancient art,
known long before Bill
Thought of silver lining the clouds.

**Aditi Garg
(Canada)**

Bioregion: Islands and coastal regions
Poem-seed: Sowing spores into waters,
seeds that resist [https://whenisnow.org/
portfolio/semillas-que-resisten-by-
daniela-catrileo/](https://whenisnow.org/portfolio/semillas-que-resisten-by-daniela-catrileo/)

I know seeds contain hope.
Energy expended, possibility contained.
A catalyst, a moment.

Sowing spores into waters, seeds that
resist.

A cloud of potential, strained desire,
Energy released, seeds persist.

**Enock
Mwewa
(Zambia)**

Bioregion: Forests
Poem-seed: All Systems Have Cracks

Don't you realize that all systems have
cracks from where the seeds find light
to grow green. To all that stand on this
ground to them it should be clean
And if at all our shine is blurred, it is from
all that pollution we played.

**John Leo Algo
(Philippines)**

Bioregion: Oceans and coasts
Poem-seed: Seeds that resist by Daniela Catrileo

BENEATH THE WAVES

the
sun
hides
beneath
the waves
of the
ocean

as I bid
farewell to
the colors
of the skies

yet the waters
still keep warming,

a motion ... that buries
their hopes in front of their eyes

giving rise to the most potent emotion

has there ever been a more haunting
goodbye?

Mentor: Sunny Morgan

**Paula
Bernasor
(Philippines)**

Bioregion: Freshwater
Poem-seed: the bloated ego and the saddened
spirit . . .
By Shahina Poovaden

Kita ang mga himalatyon na mga kahoy
Kita ang napuo nga mga espisye
Kita ang mga isda nga nagatulon sa mga plastik
Kita ang hangin na makahilo
Kita ang problema ug solusyon
Kita ang katapusan sa atong kaugalingon nga
mga binuhat
Kita ang atong kaugalingong kataposan ug
kaluwasan
Kita ang mga buta nga nagdumili sa pagtan-aw
Kita ang mga nakalimot sa mga maayong
paglantaw
Kanus-a kita makaamgo?
Pagmata na gikan sa ngilad na damgo!

We are the dying trees
We are the extinct species
We are the fishes swallowing plastics
We are the poisonous air
We are the problem and the solution
We are our own end and salvation
We are the blind refusing to look
We are the ones who forgotten the good outlook
When will we realise?
Wake up from this nightmare!



**Sherelee
Odayar
(South
Africa)**

Bioregion: Oceans and Coast
Poem-seed: Foil - Lori Dumaligan

When trenched vaults of forgotten
species
Are mined and drilled offshore
When the seismic guns go off at 250
decibels
The fish disperse
The corals shiver
The dolphins are in pain
Its like they know something is coming
The noise of vessels, the oil bleeding
into the ocean floors
The waves can tell a story
Her story that screams of destruction
and chaos
But we can rewrite her story
A story of resistance
A story where the ocean wins
Where her alliance with the moon is not
disturbed
And her covering of life will not die

**Mariciel
Nuyda
(Canada)**

Poem-seed: Seeds that resist by Daniela
Citrileo

I long for the time
For water to recover the pulse of its daily
living.
To sway with the breeze
To bathe in its seafoam
To share with the parched lands and
quenched trees
To bring life,
To bring healing.
For anger to dissipate and transform
To restore the beauty that I once knew.

**Ava Arnejo
(Philippines)**

Bioregion: Oceans and Coast
Poem-seed: Seeds That Resist by Daniela Citrileo

TITLE: GIHILUANG ASIN
Sumala nila, sa pagtapus aduna'y katahum

Apan wala'y katahum niining pagtapos
Wala'y huni, wala'y talidhay
Ang hunasan ug ang kayo lamang nagpabilin

Karon ang pag-awit sa mga kataw, nalumos
Sa ilang mga pagbakho tungod sa gihiluang asin

Kanus-a pa ba mahibalik ang kadagatan?
Magpugas pa kaha kini ug mga linghod nga
balod?

TRANSLATION: POISONED SALT
They always tell me, in endings we see beauty.

But there is no beauty in this ending.
There is no song, no sweet laughter lingering --
only the ebbing tide and the burning

Now only the siren's songs are drowned out
by their cries for their poisoned salt

When will this ocean return to what it was?
Will it ever sow budding waves into blue waters?

Mentor: Sunny Morgan

**Kaye Tuso
(Philippines)**

Poem-seed: Where are your roots by Carissa
Pobre

Poisoned cores

Forests are memory and history. Have you
dreamt of them lately?
Trees talk. Vast lands, dried and soaked. When
will you realize our doings are slowly turning
them into poisoned cores?

Starry starry night, cry out your misery.
Tomorrow is another day of your sorrow.
As above, as so as below, pour your cry and void
it into a hollow.
As tomorrow, your tears too,
Might dry from our earnest appeal of climate
change.
We wanted to vision that mission for you, too.



Gabriel Paul
Tesoro
(Philippines)

Bioregion: Forests
Poem-seed:

I dreamt of journeying toward the top
But I stumbled, and down I went
As I stood up, I saw the place within
Reminding me to seek the beauty I
sought
How I wish it would live forever
I suddenly realized I was already late.

Mikellena
(Canada)

Bioregion: Forests
Poem-seed: I always come back to the forest

The sound of the birds
The smell of the fresh cool air
The trees speaking to each other through the
intricacies of their roots
It reminds me that we are all connected

The roots are our hands reaching out for support
The mycelium as the systems we create to share
Sharing resources
Sharing knowledge
Sharing space
Sharing life

We are one
Like the forests
We grow together
or fall together

Ava Arnejo
(Philippines)

Bioregion: Forest
Poem-seed: do our ways remember our bodies?

do our ways remember our bodies?
have we taught old lungs
how to hold breaths in silence?

Father Sky broke himself open
and my Mother is weeping,
eyeless, i hand the earth
my broken eye – my bent fingers
from clawing and clawing
at lions that never listened
and never made a difference
[or so it seems]

the soles of my feet,
buried in the dirt
soul buried in the dirt
taking root, taking root

maybe one day, i will grow
as tall as the mountains

Mentor: Spaceman Dela



**WHEN
IS NOW**

**Julie
Johnson
(Canada)**

Bioregion: Forests
Poem-seed: All Systems Have Cracks by Mishika Chauhan
New pebble poem!

Tendrils Weaving

All systems have cracks
Dendrites breaking into spaces
With roots gnarled or fresh
And foliage that reaches us
With leafy languages
Our bodies know how to crack
In response
How to spiral into these entanglements
We can weave with the messages
We can weave with the tendrils that grow.

Mentor: Charlene Winger Jones



**WHEN
IS NOW**

