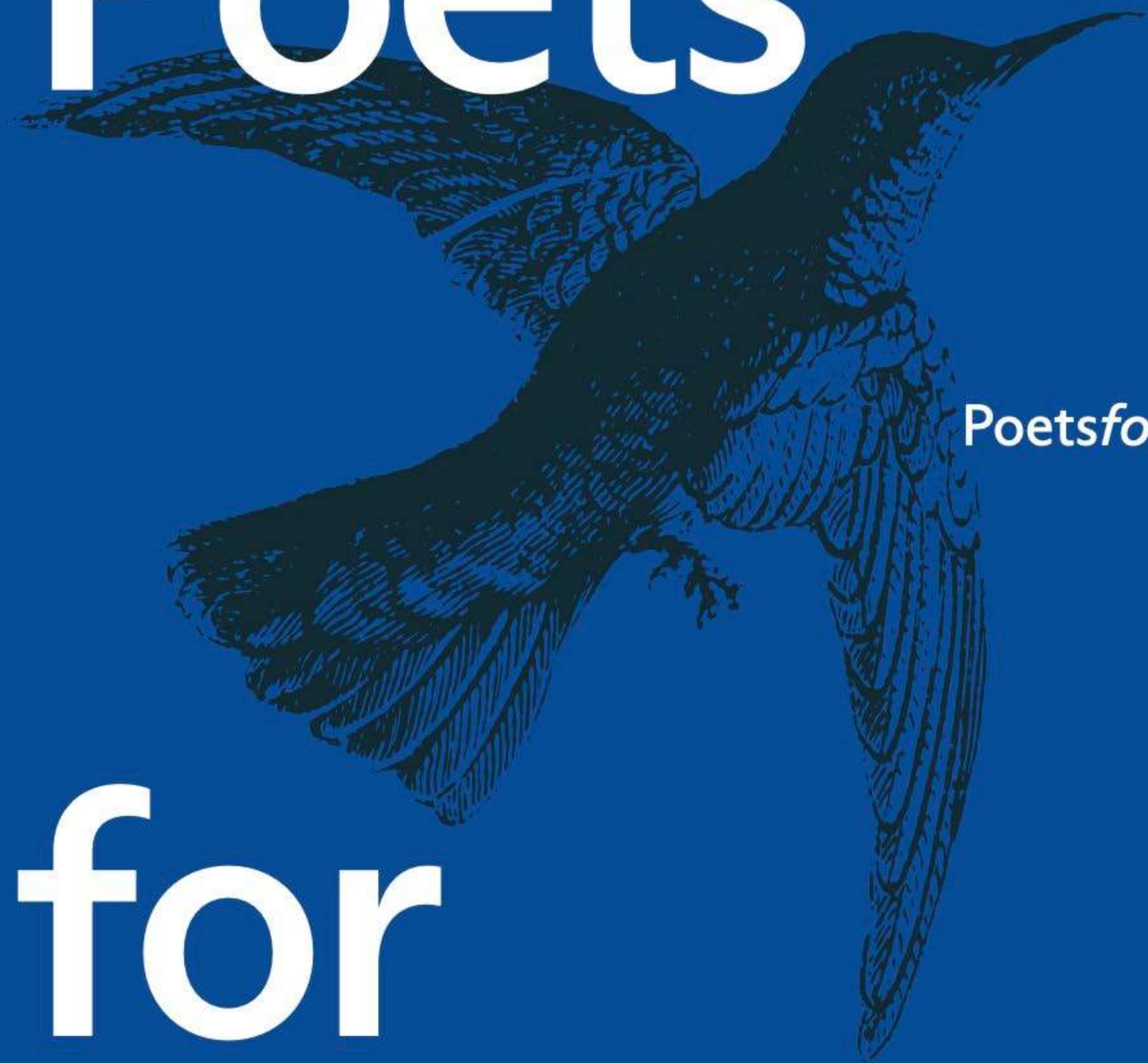
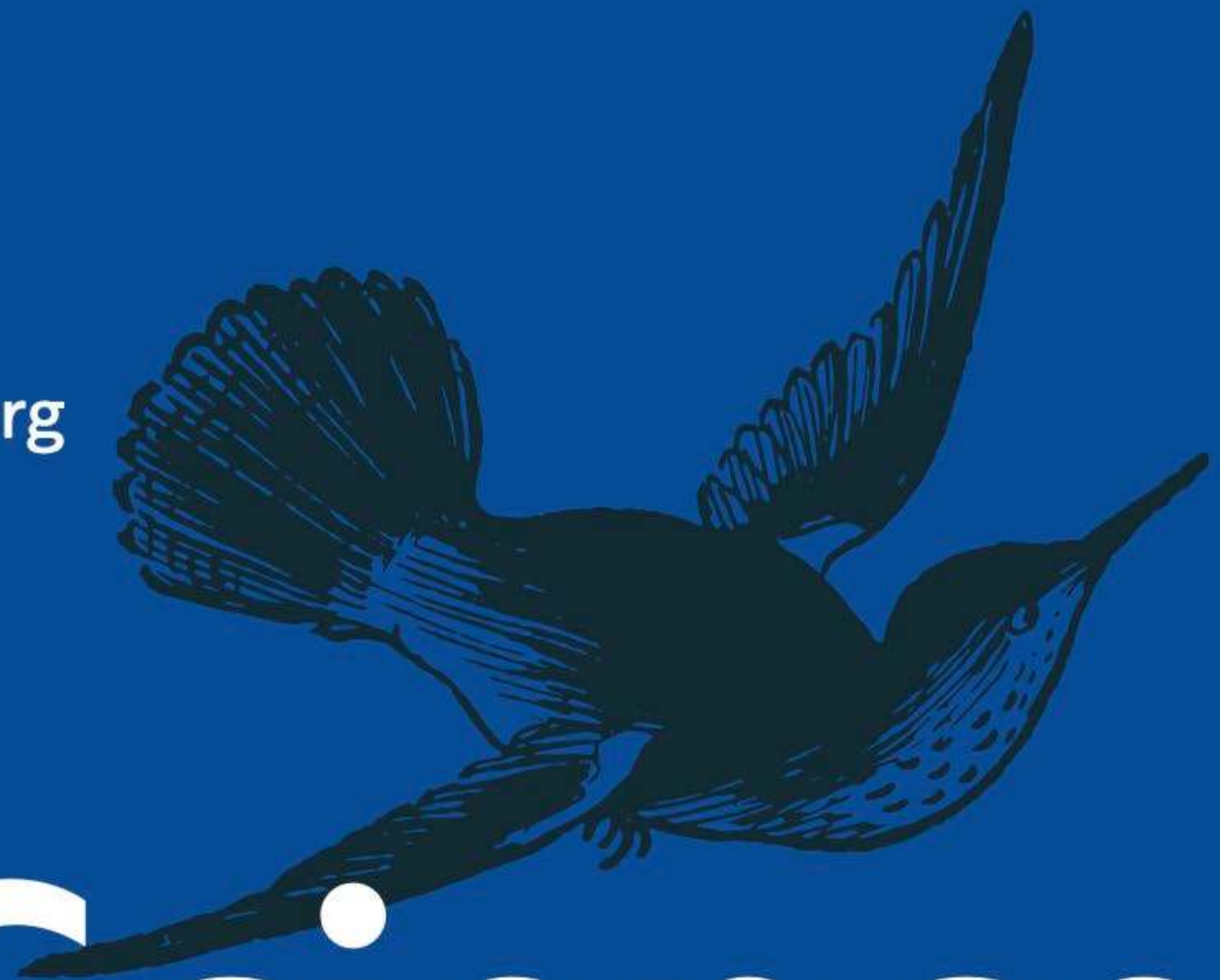


Poets



PoetsforScience.org



for

Science

Created by the Wick Poetry Center

Curated by Jane Hirshfield

Poets for Science started on Earth Day, April 22, 2017, when demonstrators around the world participated at the March for Science in Washington, D.C.



Origins

2017—BROOKLYN, NY
The Universe in Verse at Pioneer Works



2019—PORTLAND, OR
AWP Conference



2018—CHICAGO, IL
March for Science Education Summit

Locations

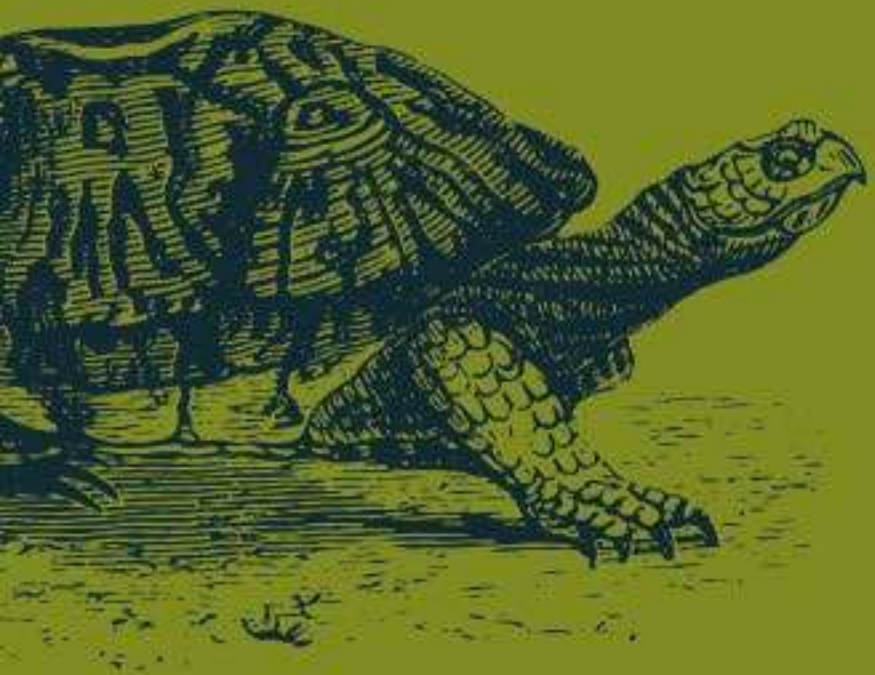




Poets for Science exhibit at the National Academy of Sciences




Exhibit



Digital Tools

Spark: Pledge

Share Your Voice Gallery Map



Pledge

1

2 3 4 5

Share Your Voice

Respond to the poem "Fox' All" by Gary Snyder.

Start Creating →

Read the Model Poem

Select a Prompt

Respond

Share

Get Started

Spark: Pledge

Share Your Voice Gallery Map

Gallery



Grid Map

Pledge

Spark: Pledge

Share Your Voice Gallery Map

For creatures everywhere,
With hearts so young and minds so keen,
Together, we'll keep Thailand green,
For generations yet to come,
We'll act with love and get things done.
In classrooms and at play,
We'll make a difference every day,
For our planet future, bright and clear,
We'll cherish it and hold it dear.
This pledge we make, with voices strong,
To protect our land, where we belong,
For climate resilience, we'll unite,
And keep the world beautiful and bright.



To care for you, and always know,
That climate change, we'll face it strong,
Together, we'll right what's wrong.

In school and home, we'll spread the word,
To save the Earth, our voices heard,
For Thailand's future, bright and clear,
With love and hope, we'll persevere.

For every creature, every tree,
For future generations, we'll be,
The guardians of this land so grand,
For climate resilience, hand in hand.



forests, they still grow,
For we have vowed to keep them safe,
With hearts so brave, our promise waives.

To shield their beauty, rich and rare,
And breathe fresh air into the air,
We'll plant new trees, with hands so kind,
For future years, a lasting find.

With love and care, each day we'll strive,
To keep these forests safe and alive,
In Thailand's lands, from shore to shore,
Together, for their beauty, we'll adore.





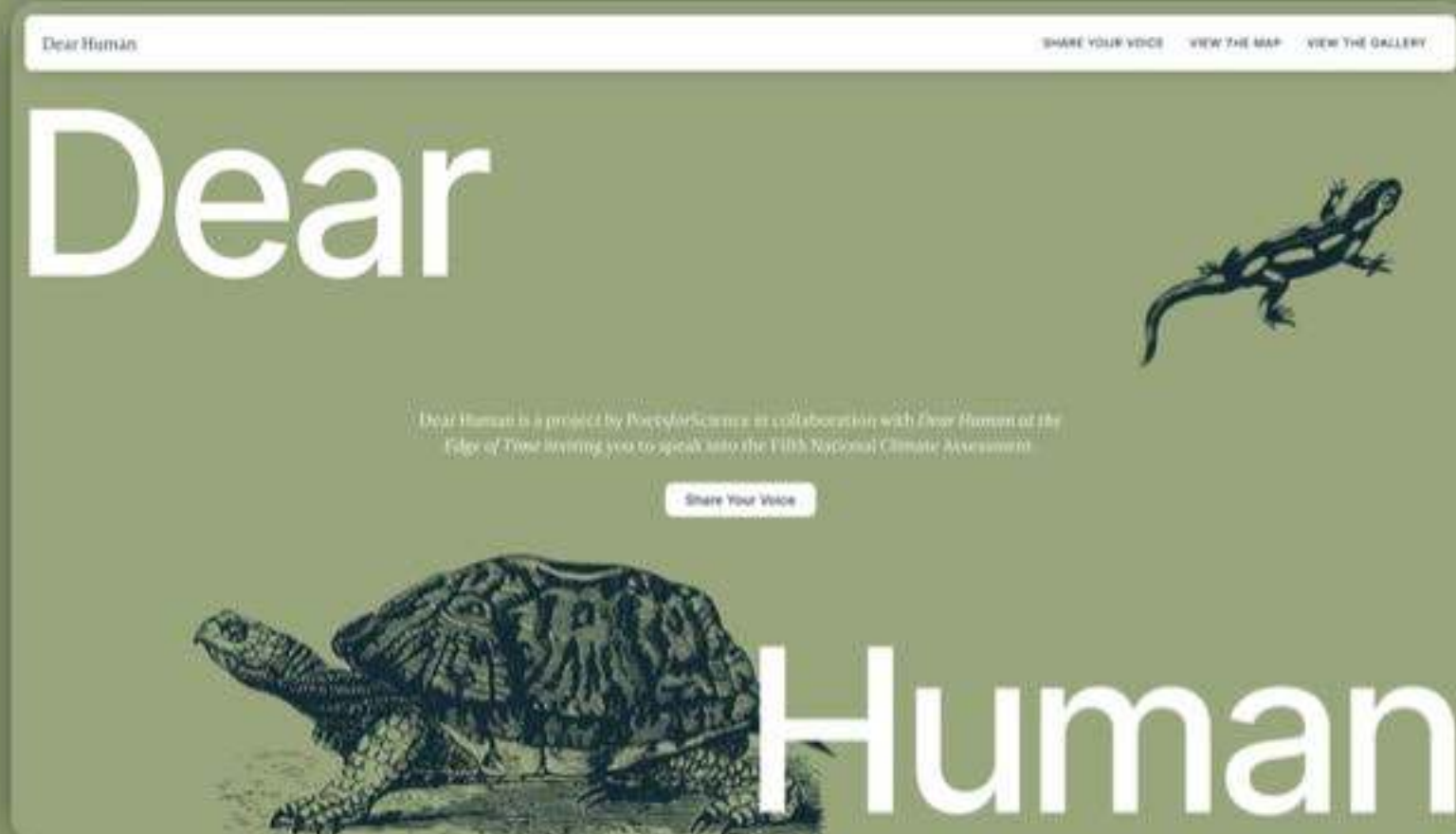
MUHAMMAD ALHADI

MUHAMMAD ALHADI

I pledge allegiance to...

In nature's heart, where wonders hide,
With GLOBE we learn, Earth is our guide.
From skies to seas, we love this ride,
Measuring rain, feeling the breeze,
Studying trees, birds, and bees.
Together, we stand for every child and tree,
With GLOBE's light, protect where we belong,
Cherishing a healthy Earth forever strong.

MUHAMMAD ALHADI



Dear Human

Human Hands



Close

By
Hulshof De La Peña

After
Future climate change impacts depend on choices made today



Use Text



Copy Link



Print Poem

The more the planet warms, the greater the impacts. Without rapid and deep reductions in global greenhouse gas emissions from human activities, the risks of accelerating sea level rise, intensifying extreme weather, and other harmful climate impacts will continue to grow. Each additional increment of warming is expected to lead to more damage and greater economic losses compared to previous increments of warming, while the risk of catastrophic or unforeseen consequences also increases.

However, this also means that each

Old and New

By
Anthony

After
Climate change is disrupting cultures, heritages, and traditions



Use Text



Copy Link



Print Poem

species and harmful algal blooms is increasing as waters warm, threatening activities like swimming along Southeast beaches, boating and fishing for walleye in the Great Lakes, and viewing whooping cranes along the Gulf Coast. In the Northwest, water-based recreation demand is expected to increase in spring and summer months, but reduced water quality and harmful algal blooms are expected to restrict these opportunities.

• Ranges of culturally important

In the Eye of the Storm

Simona Clausnitzer, Port Townsend, WA



Keep it Together

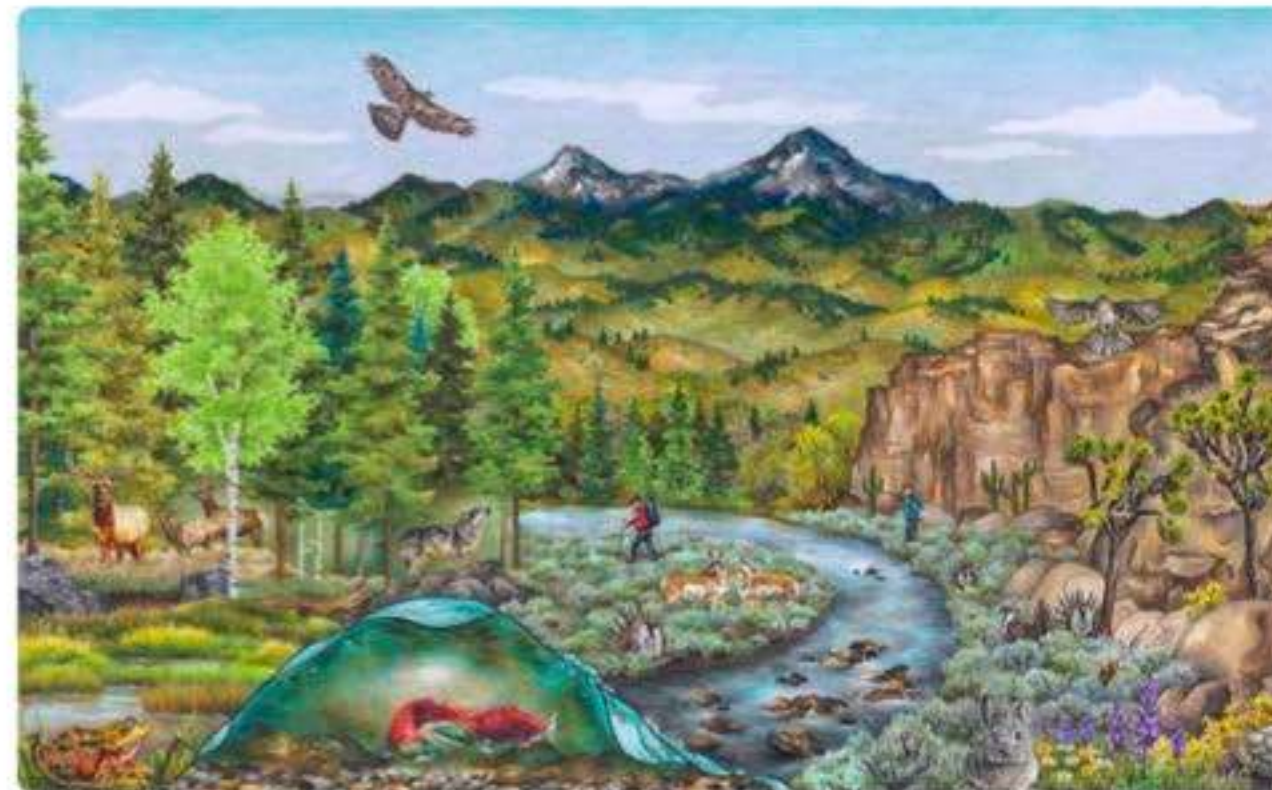
Tammy West, Austin, TX



Endangered West

Taelyn B., Boise, ID, 11th grade

Artist statement: My drawing depicts 11 endangered species and their different ecosystems found in the Western United States. The most difficult challenge was making this piece cohesive, even across different habitats that normally wouldn't be found together. I live in Boise, Idaho, and am surrounded by wild places that I consider part of my home. I want to ensure that these ecosystems are protected. I hope viewers come away with an appreciation for our Western wild places and the importance of biodiversity and healthy ecosystems threatened by climate change and habitat loss.



Endangered West

Language ▾

When did we
lose our
way?

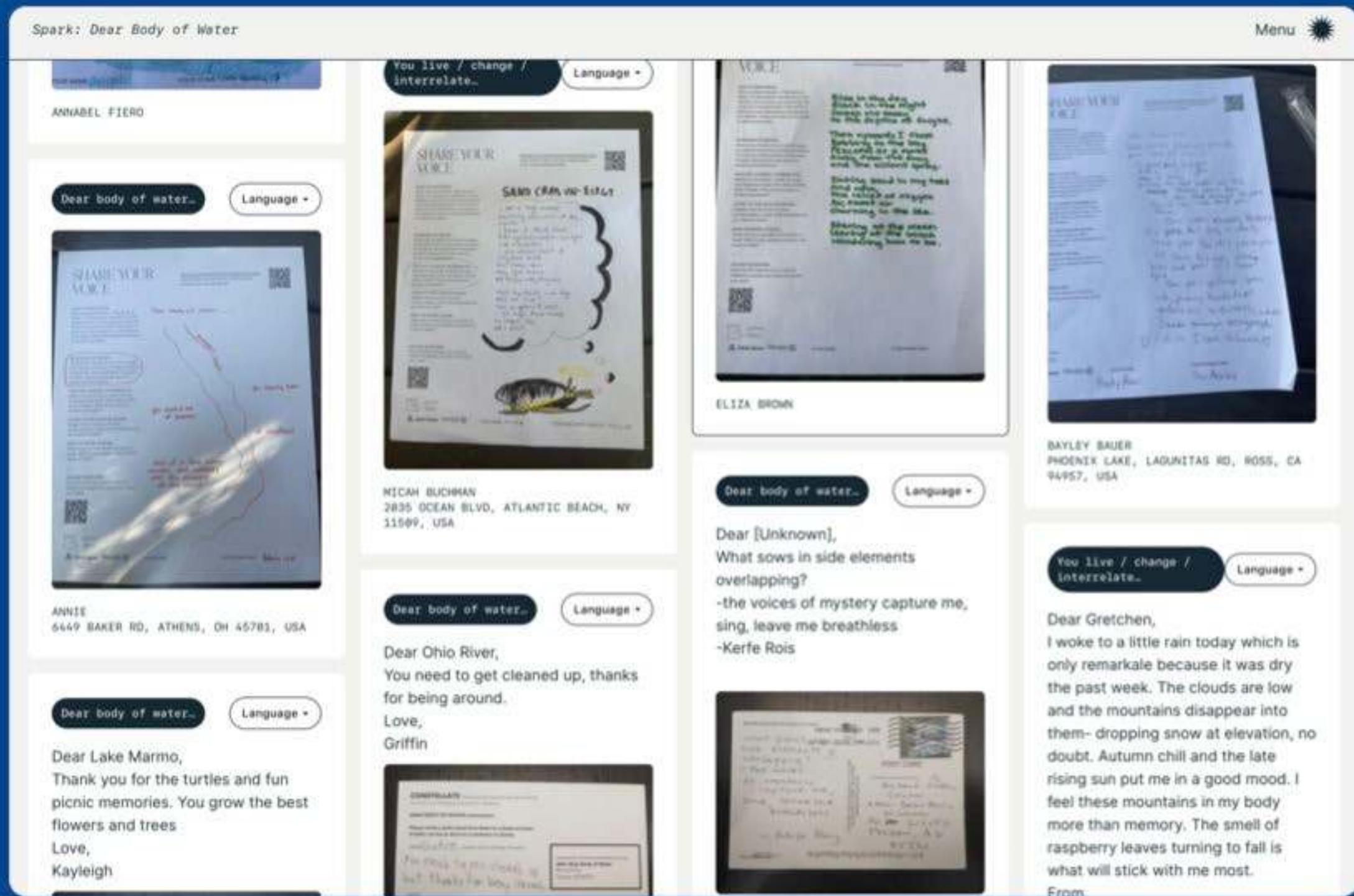
To a place where we value
roads over rivers
parking lots over
prairies

condos
over estuaries
resorts over reefs

malls over deserts?
And is it
too late
to find our way back?

EMILY ISKIN
BOISE, IDAHO US

Ekphrastic Poems



Gretchen E. Henderson &
University of Arizona Poetry Center


Dear Body of Water

Spark: Dear Body of Water

Dear body of water... Language ▾

Dear Body of Water,

How can you not know me
the cold snake-y way I know you?
Dear Lake Erie
Dear body of mine of my ancestry
when you envelop my August skin
I am the silt of you.
Dear body of fishiness
you feed and repel
as we all do to those we love.
How can you not pull me under?
We are both shallow, after all,
and despite what tries and tries
to pollute us
we manage to reflect.
Dear body of seaweediness
slick under feet
and mussels threatening to cut.
You are right to defend yourself,
to call me home
but still remind me
why I left.




KERRY TRAUTMAN
SANDUSKY, OHIO US

Love,
Linda



LINDA
PACIFIC OCEAN

Dear body of water... Language ▾




Linda



LINDA
PACIFIC OCEAN

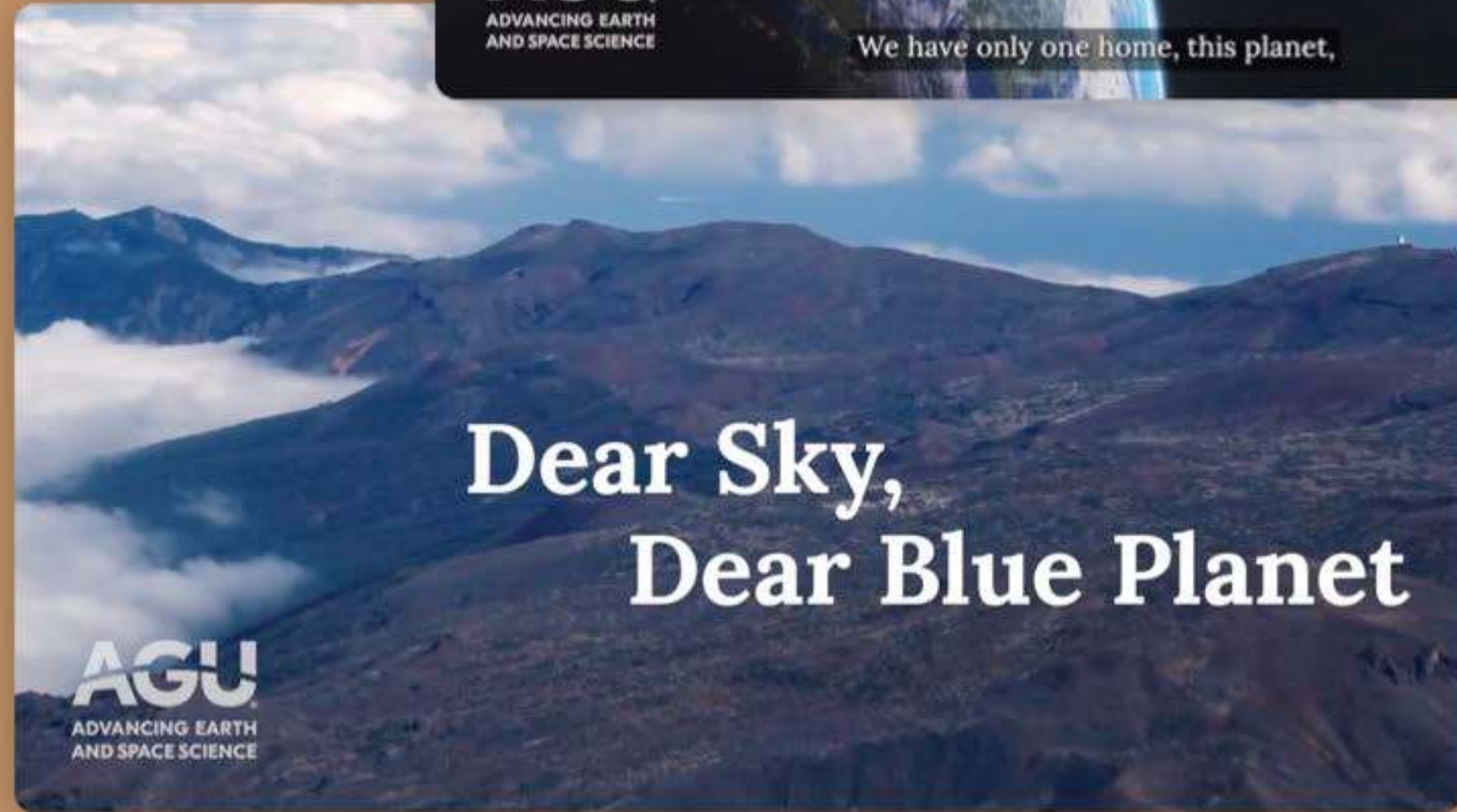
Dear body of water... Language ▾

Dear Salish Sea, as you flow in and
out next to what we call Salmon
Bay,
briny, sour-salt, fishy, pluvial,
maritime
clear and turbid depending on the
tide,
home to trailing smooth edges of
sea plants
knowing their waves are just for me
seeing color, eagerly fed beings
you cradle and buffet
hearing your hiss.sss.sss.ss..sss.sssss
full moon on muddy sandy clay flats
you press smooth





Community reading of "Origin Story" at the Nobel Prize Summit in Washington, D.C.



Community Poems

Origin Story
A NOBEL PRIZE SUMMIT COMMUNITY POEM

—After Gertrude Stein's "Characteristics of Man"

Ask me if I speak for myself
and I will say, what is a self but a tangle,
a cobweb of stories, generations deep,
attached together by Earth's fibers,
and knots, and knots.

Nothing I speak is without the trace—
characterized words—
of every path carved before me,
a single molecular origin story.

The tiniest wriggling organism,
invisible in its cell, dark pond water
can tell us truths that inspire. You know you repeat
for the molecules dancing in each living
creature, asking back and forth?
I remember on their gossamer chatter,
ask them to explain, but mostly
they take the risk.

Ask me what I know of the moving banner
of the blue jay, the scrub jay, the cooing dove,
and I will tell you, I know only
the meaning's roots of their song.

How can I speak for the soil,
anticipating all, hugging season
that spring forward in drought?
Nuestro suelo, terreno, y tierra
bearing with black and muddy colors
that wrap our skin and keep our bodies fed.

Here and here I have come to trust
in the circularity of a tree,
how it grows itself out of the soil,
from spirit, to seedling, to sapling,
then into and returns to the Earth.

When I trust the coffee shop stranger
to watch my backpack, I leap
into the woven mat of life between us.
We catch each other holding doors open,
offer our hands in greeting,
each of us the same stretched rearranged.

I speak to myself myself,
to tell the truth of the origin story
we share with our planet.
A truth that too often is rushing days
and racing thoughts. A truth coursing
through the neurons in my heart,
whispering of seasons, trees, and oceans.

And be with clouds and stars,
I speak for the Earth,
and the Earth speaks through me.
Our narratives cannot be untangled.

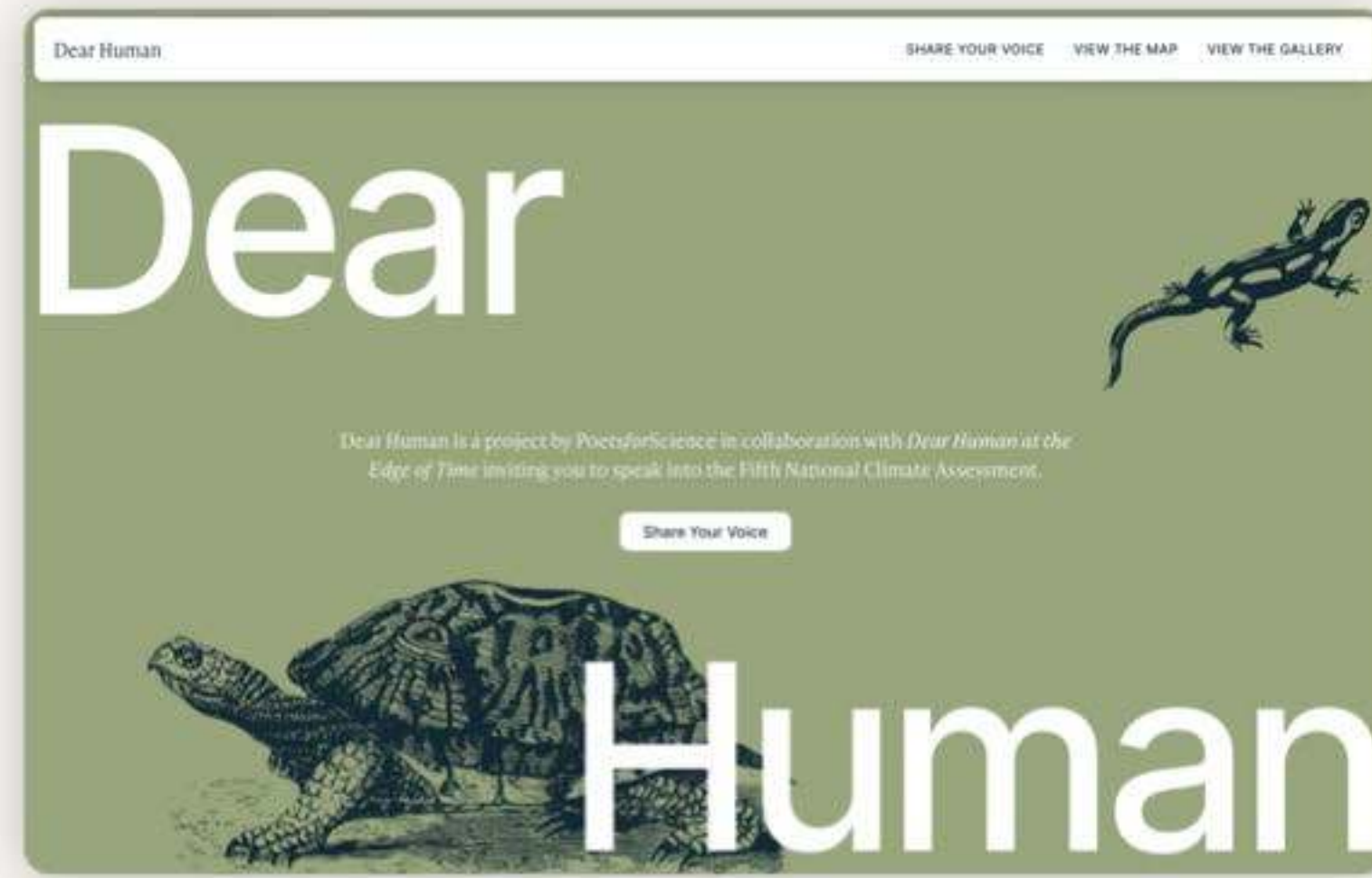
This poem was commissioned as part of the AGU Nobel Prize Summit, held in Washington, D.C. in 2019. The poem is a collaborative effort by a group of scientists and poets, including Gertrude Stein, who inspired the poem's structure. The poem is a collaborative effort by a group of scientists and poets, including Gertrude Stein, who inspired the poem's structure. The poem is a collaborative effort by a group of scientists and poets, including Gertrude Stein, who inspired the poem's structure.



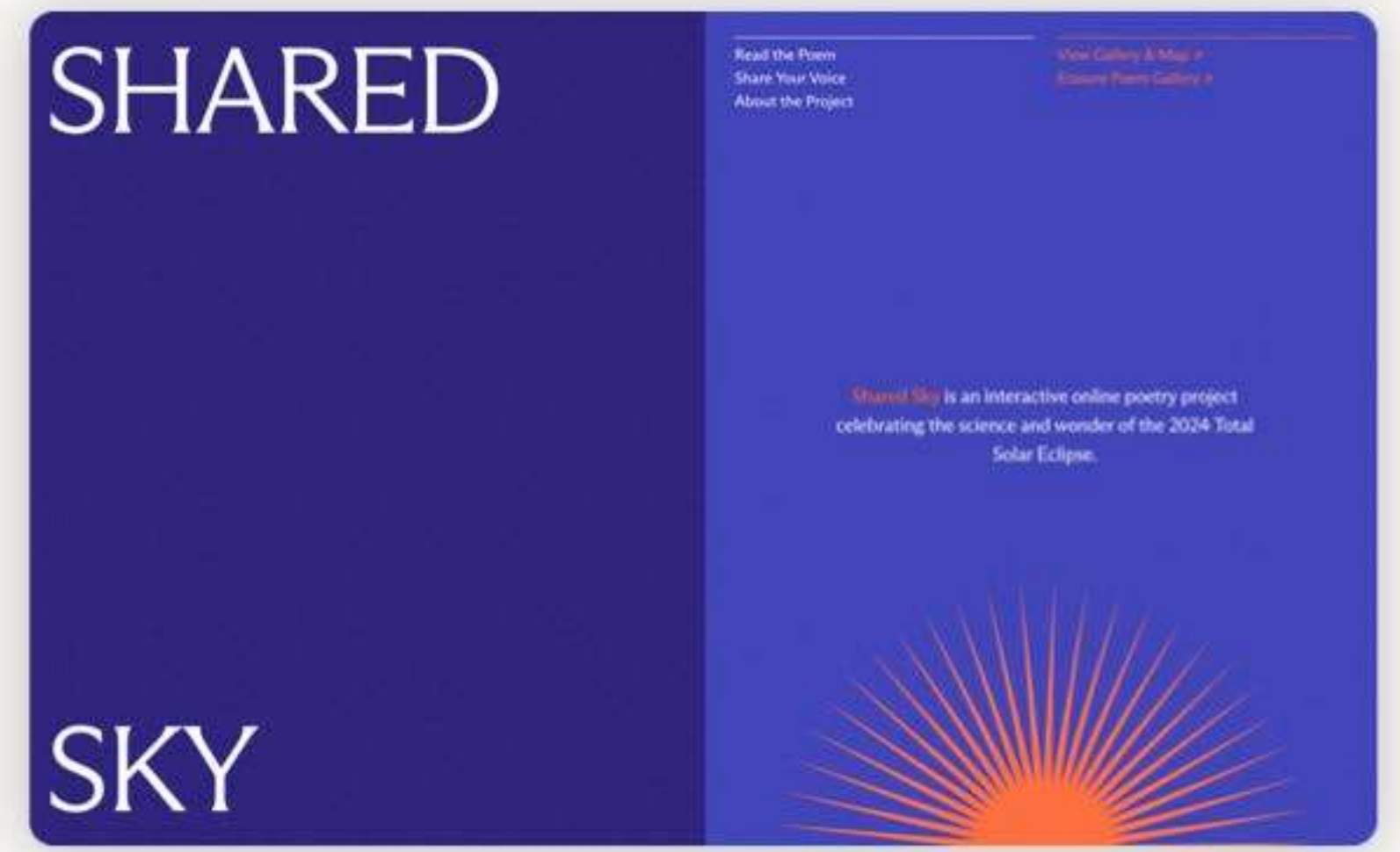




Science & Environment



Science & Climate



Science & Environment



Science & Climate



Science & Health

Collaborations



Kimberly Blaeser



Spark: Dear Sky, Dear Blue Planet

Share Your Voice Gallery

Dear Sky, Dear Blue Planet

2 3 4

Get Started

Share Your Voice

The Poets for Science "Dear Sky, Dear Blue Planet" is the AGU22 Community Poem that invites you to speak to the integration of artistic and scientific modes of inquiry.

Start Creating →

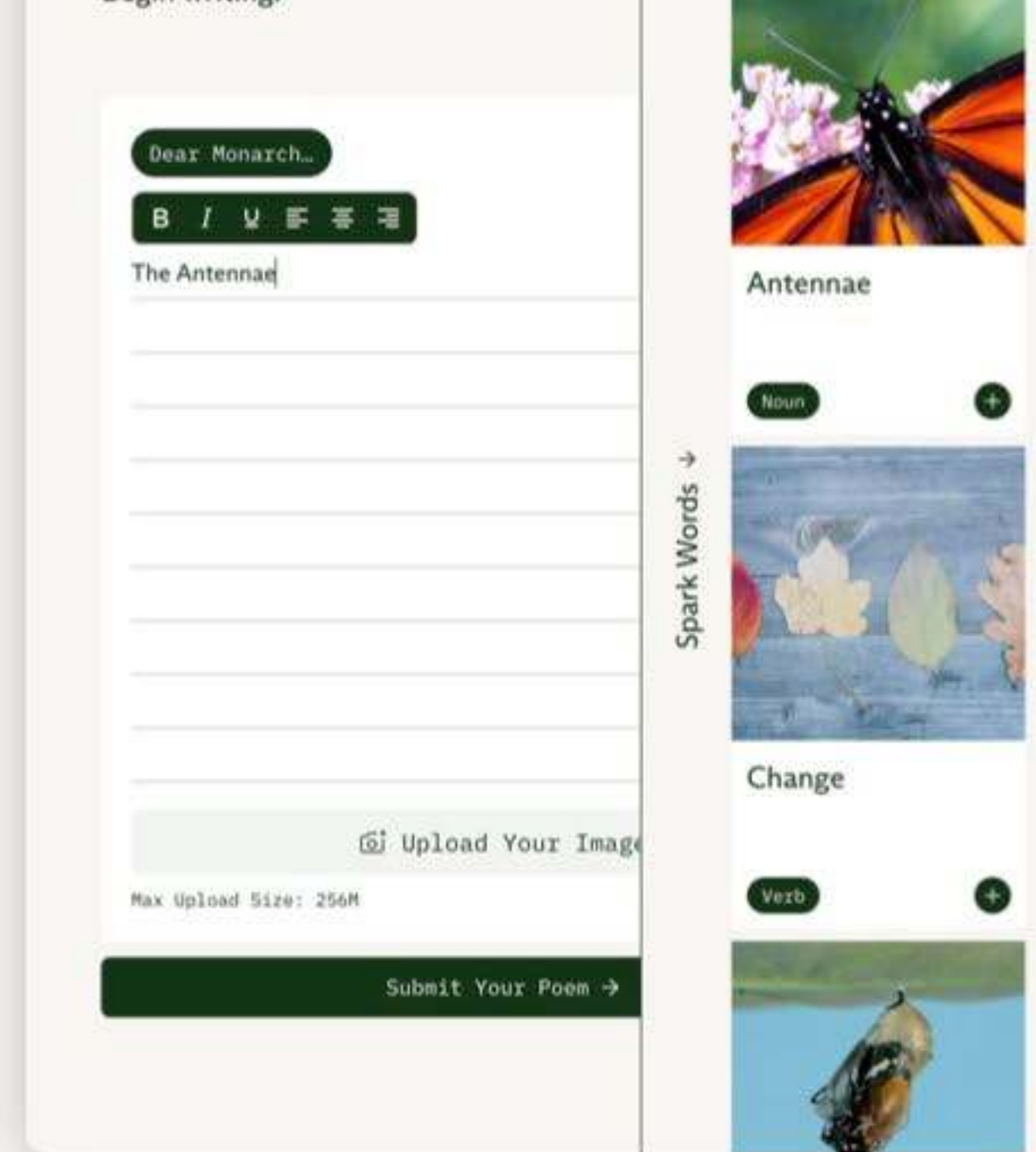
Read the Model Poem

Select a Prompt

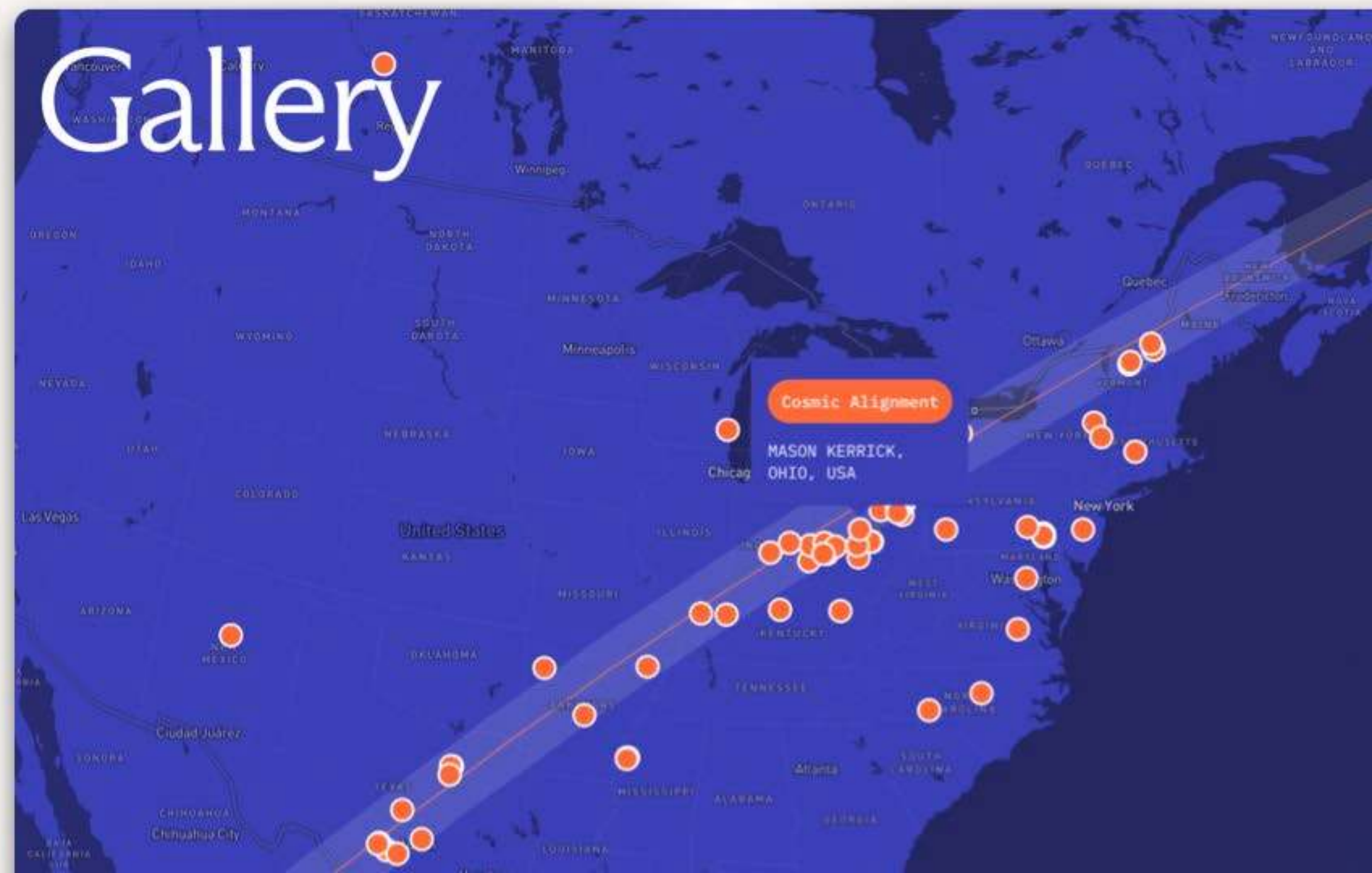
Respond

Dear Sky, Dear Blue Planet

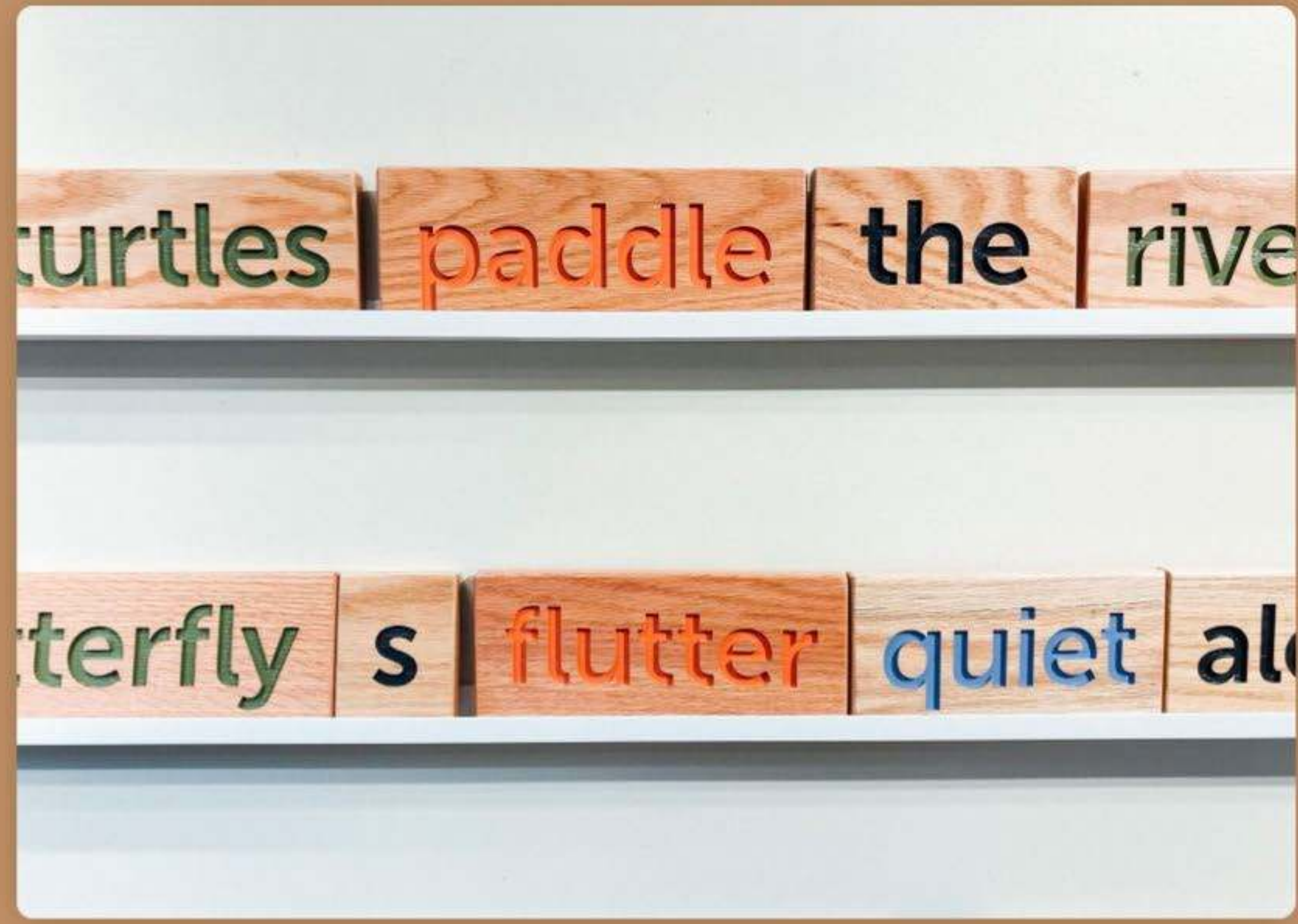




<p>Я з... Ukrainian</p> <p>Я з міста золотих куполів і каштанів, але в той же час я з села біля пересихає річки і квітучого і ніколи не згасає міста на узбережжі. Я складаюся зі спогадів та історій. Я збираю їх, ховаю і зберігаю в розумі й душі. Я від провини і страху і війни і любові і надії! Я вдячний Богу та тим, хто</p>	<p>أنا من... Arabic</p> <p>أنا من مكان بعيد لا أستطيع أن أتذكره تمامًا أنا نجم ~ أزرق وأنثوي بطبيعتي أزور هذه الأرض كثيرًا وعشت في العديد من مساحاتها وبمرور الوقت، تركت ورائي كواركات من غبار النجوم الأزرق المؤنث لرعاية مجموعة إبداعية كبيرة من النفوس الذين لا يتذكرون وهم أيضًا نجوم من مكان بعيد أنهم لا يستطيعون تذكر تمامًا. لقد جئت هذه المرة لجمع تلك الكواركات من</p>	<p>Mi voz... Spanish</p> <p>Original Spanish Ukrainian Arabic English</p> <p>Mi voz tiembla o se eleva Mi voz no se diferencia de un saxofón cuando toco una corona. ¡Mi voz vino de mi mamá! Mi voz es quien soy. Mi voz capta los ritmos que mi mente creó. Mi voz es poderosa entre mis amigos y la maravillosa compañía que encuentro día a día.</p>
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Innovations



Stanza Wall

Call for Poems

Poets for Science



Call for Submissions

Submit your original poem to Poets for Science

Submit Your Poem

View the Gallery



Poets for Science

Poets for Science

Global Gallery

Submit Your Poem

George C. Harvilla

● Space & Time

Mapping Mars
(Opportunity's
Response)

Mary Cresswell

● Zoology

See you later, slater:
A species recovery
plan

Josephine Pino

● Call to Action

Campground
Audacity

Josephine Pino

● Botany

Moss has no
compass

Josephine Pino

● Climate Issues

Marvelous Things

Josephine Pino

● Oceanography

Grains of Stone

Genevieve Pfeiffer

● Environmental Studies

A keening

Zan Chaudhry

● Cognition & Epistemology

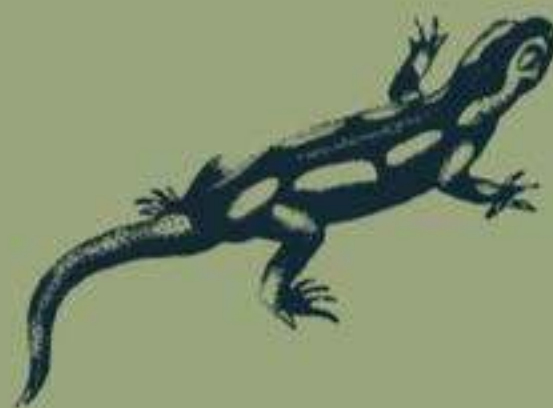
impoverished
imagination

Richard East

● Call to Action

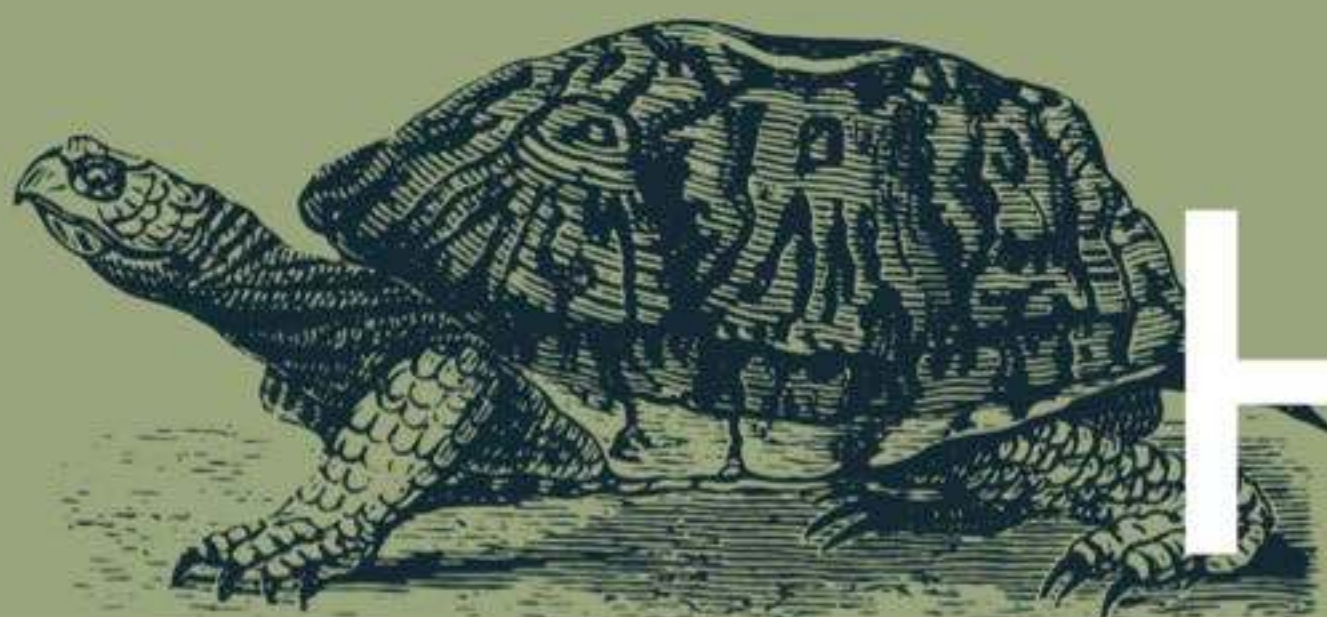
The Inheritance

Dear



Dear Human is a project by PoetsforScience in collaboration with *Dear Human at the Edge of Time* inviting you to speak into the Fifth National Climate Assessment.

Share Your Voice



Human

Spark: Dear Human

If __, then __

Language



ANONYMOUS
NORFOLK, VA USA

Love and Hope

Language



ANONYMOUS
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA US



ANONYMOUS
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA US

Love and Hope

Language



JIMMY ENTAS
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA US

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA US

If __, then __

Language



KINDRA
KENT, OH USA

In the Eye of the Storm

Language

In the eye of the storm
I am silent.
I watch and I stand
Still. So very
Still and
Silent.
My muscles groan and
The world burns and
We
All stand still,

ELOISA LIN
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA US

Letter to __

Language

Singing Lines

we are the way the universe
sounds counterfactuals about
itself.
ideas, the real actors, move
through us,
we, conduits of the majesty and
mystery of the world.
can we now be sensible to longer
time scales
bringing change suggested there?

poetry is the language of not

If __, then __

Language

If Eve then Yes

How do the logic gates open? Is
it
"If apple then Eve"? Or "If
appleseed then
let's feast in abundance this
evening"?
If only lip service brings us here,
then
why praise the tidally-locked
moon and
think deep thoughts about
Dante and her boy?

Letter to __

Language

Letter to a future silence

It's never too late to give up on
hope. Neanderthals could not
imagine that despite their eclipse
by that forlorn species of killer
ape, you and me, that their DNA
would live on in a subset of their
executioners. The world will end.
The earth will continue, at least
until the super nova. Imagine the



GLOBE

**30th Anniversary
Community Poem
& Microsite**



Pledge

A GLOBE COMMUNITY POEM

ABOUT

Created for the 2024 GLOBE Annual Meeting
July 15-18, 2024 in Fredonia, NY USA

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Diego Luna Velez
Caydence Palmer
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Andrei Alayon
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SCRIPTED & STAGED BY

David Hassler,
Bob and Walt Wick Executive Director
Wick Poetry Center
Kent State University



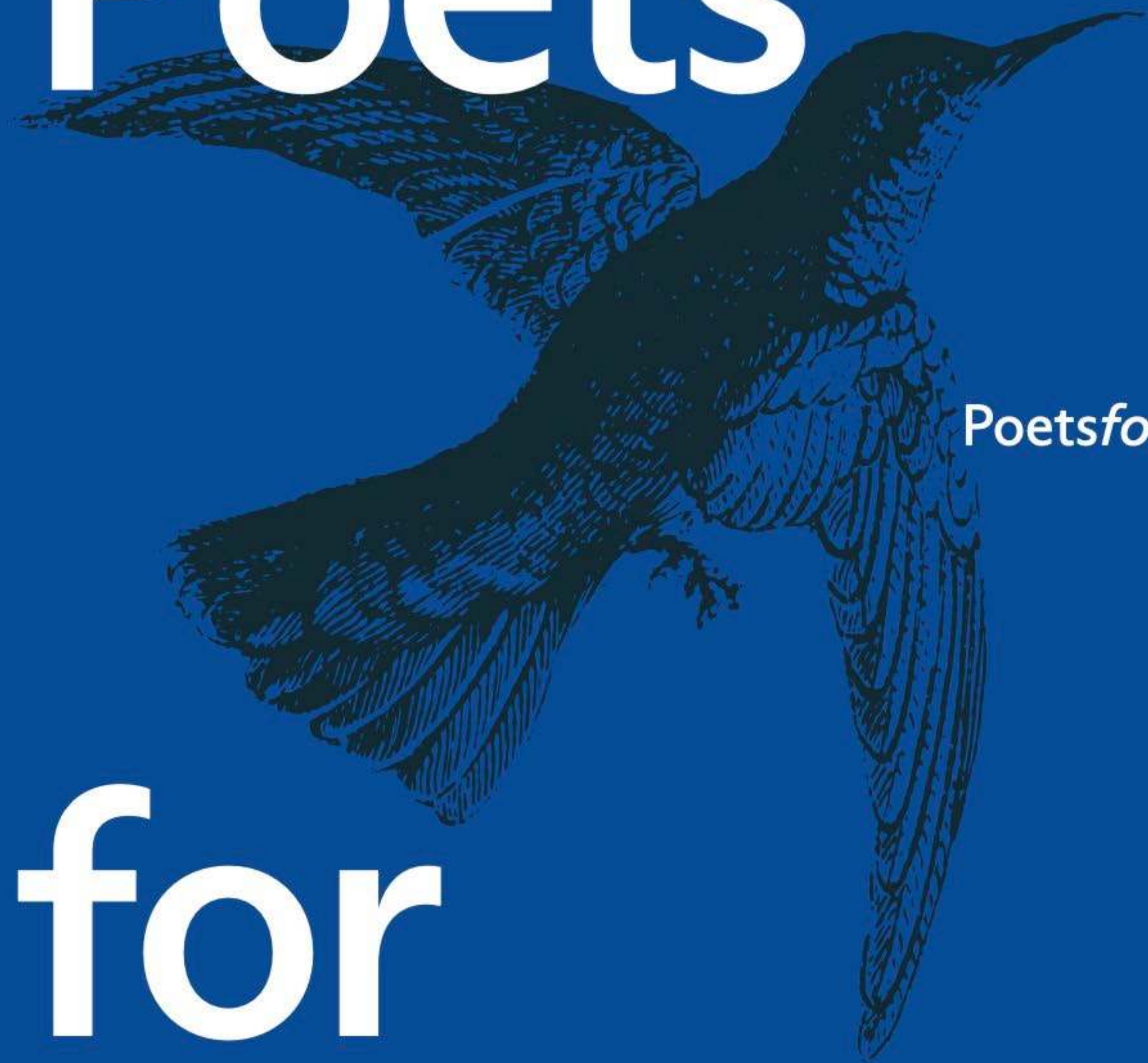
THE GLOBE PROGRAM



KENT STATE
UNIVERSITY
Wick Poetry Center
College of Arts and Sciences

PoetsforScience.org

Poets



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for

Science

Created by the Wick Poetry Center

Curated by Jane Hirshfield