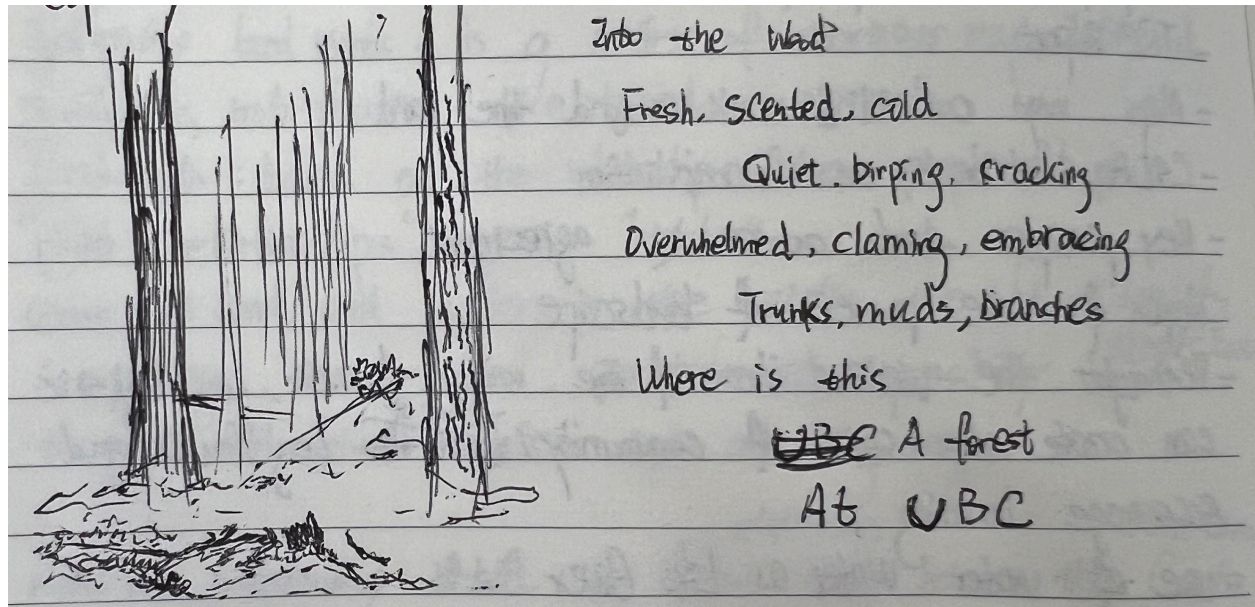


Eco-Poems from UBC SALA grad students' ecopoetry walk, Jan. 23, 2023



Eco Poetry

I miss the laughter at the grid, awkward
feeling of stepping of dead bugs and the rotten smell of wet mud.

I miss the loud stepping sound of dinosaurs, glimpse of light penetrating hundreds meters tall evergreen trees and
uninterrupted ancient forest.

I miss the times where we are naive, living at the moment with no bills to pay nor responsibly to carry and can wander
freely without a sense of time.

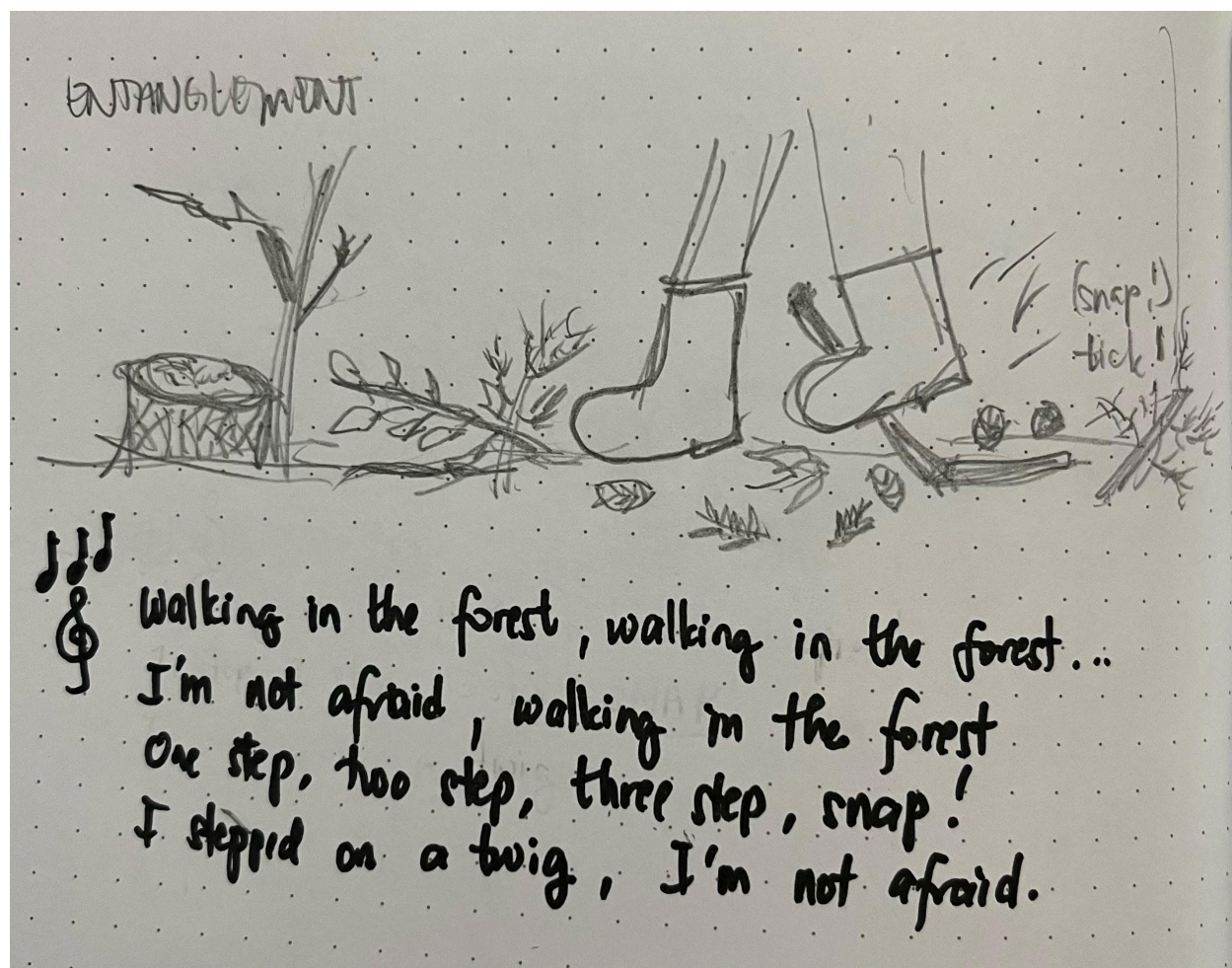
I walked into the silence of chaos. Branches and mosses
entangled together. Breeze brought unique cedar smell.
Hard and soft, moving and still.

The world is made up of diverse natural patterns.
Where will it lead to us?

Entanglements

The smells of cedar, fir, oregon grape
combine in one knotted nostalgia
decomposition of tangled branches
soft underfoot, softening, too, to the ears
My blood vessels weave into the duff,
into the humus like mycorrhizae,
drawing up some shared sense of wonder,
glory, enough-ness in the soil
I watch peace rise like mist through the
cracks and crags of a cedar stump

- January 23, 2022 • Rhododendron Wood
- Caleb Spjelsma



Entanglement

its so soft
i feel surrounded, protected, safe
i am warm, seen, and prosperous
there is an inner peace, reflection
the drift of fresh cedar excites my senses
i no longer sleep or hibernate
i am alive, free, sheltered
3..2..1..i hear the birds
2..1.. i close my eyes
1..i am one

Entanglements.

Tangles of earth, of earth
and wood and sky
vertical threads piercing
the ground and spreading,
coiling, searching.

I am a part of it
and protected as

in softness, good wetness,
heavy air and soil.

Protected in the call of
the birds above. And they
too protected by this place
this place allowed to be.

Fecund Forest
Fecund Forest, spongy, springing with life
Cool to touch
The scent
Musky, earthly
So much life
Few know, shhhhhh

Forest

entanglements

granite stone entwined in roots cold and hard under my feet
roots and fungi laced with earth bouncy as i walk
still and quiet as i weave between the tall vertical poles of trees holding the air between them
branches and needles reach out to each other forming canopies and clouds of tangled matter
cold damp air on my cheeks, exhaling smoky wafts of breath into the forest
inhaling the smell of cedar and dark dirt crushing oily green needles as i walk
rushing cars and pads of foot steps

A playground of flimsy
branches.

Little monkeys leap from
tree to tree, daring
each other to jump further,
the vertical space they
once occupied ~~are~~ ^{are} now
~~filled~~ ^{filled} shelves for the
monkey's beds.

Suspended as the
daring one were,
climbing stairs instead
of branches.

Forest

I miss the laughter at the grid, awkward
feeling of stepping of dead bugs and the rotten smell of wet mud.

I miss the loud stepping sound of dinosaurs, glimpse of light penetrating hundreds meters tall evergreen trees and
uninterrupted ancient forest.

I miss the times where we are naive, living at the moment with no bills to pay nor responsibly to carry and can wander
freely without a sense of time.

“Lost and Found”

To lose is to miss
The opportunities that come
From a win.
To be lost
Is nothing more
Than a chance at new beginnings.

Lost chances breed
Regret, or else.
To understand anew
The places that may
Be coming soon.
Then a chance at new beginnings.

▽ Tyler Solu

Lost in Place

The squeals of children
Is it Spanish?
Tumbling out of the beat-up station wagon
Apples everywhere
To pick, collect
Fill the baskets

No more

Orchard:

To grow,
To Learn,
That's how it should be,
UBC pretends what's good and decides what's free,
Fruits of labour may go unnoticed,
But I will remember the apple tree.

Forest:

Entangled by trees
Deep as the eye can see
Entangled profits.

Orchards not-so-common
Wood and glass
from trees and grass
Learning closed behind doors. Locked into rooms. Removed from the Earth.
Tall buildings
Boxed trees
But through open windows, the same breeze.
Hard pavement
Harsh lines
No room to grow, or sow, or thrive.

Poems For The Garden

Lost Places
some things are dying
since the day they were first born
it ends at the start

Entanglement
you can feel the sun
morning light strikes the mind's eye
through space and thick cloud