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CCA-3070-001

Davies

Final Project Poems

I Care

Tom Cruise believes in Scientology,
Good for him.
Apple is booming,
Good for them.
The coral reefs are getting the same attention as a hospice center:
Those who claim to care are the only ones that notice.
No, they don't all claim to simply care.
They care a lot.
They care.
Care.
I care.
I want to care.
I want to care a lot
But I don't care anymore, and that's on me.
I used to be the person who recycled, turned off lights, and hated driving.
I'm still that person, who cares and works and tries,
But it's getting harder now
Harder now that,
Nobody,
Cares.
But now,
Now I see it now,
The rough carpet in my apartment
It's more comfortable than the shards of plastic in the sand
I walked on the beach and stepped on a stick.
I got a splinter in my foot, so deep, I could still see beneath the skin,
Infection, penetration, pain,
I was afraid.
But it's gone now, I got it out,
What was I so worried about?
Round and round, my fears come, loud and in my ears,

The raid alarms have rung,
“The wealthy will save us”
Wealth is killing us. Tell me, with a straight face, how you’re planning to save face.
I got this splinter out myself, recollecting hectic remnants
We can decouple and collect ourselves, saving Alaska from the president
Avoiding Resident Evil, and every step toward destruction in the name of science,
And the good of mankind. Like we deserve it.

We Can’t Stop

My hand is hovering over the holistic button,
My position has changed,
I used to name every invention in my brain, a machine to clean the air,
Something dumb,
Something full of itself,
But something helpful — full of itself.
I watched Wall-E as a kid,
I was afraid, terrified,
“Why” was answered, but fixing it, changing it was something else altogether,
We’re not better.
They won’t make it better.
“The children are our future”
We were the children
You were the children,
We were all the future,
And now you think they’ll be better?
Because they’re younger?
Because they’re smaller, smiling, smitten, having written paper after paper —
They’ll learn more and more and the more they try to save the world,
The more they’ll want to save it,
The more they’ll realize it’s impossible,
Eat less meat,
Meet and greet hail and sleet, at least it’s snowing, flooding, oh no —
Don’t forget to say hello, until years pass by and you don’t even care to say goodbye
We’re all going to die,
But the meteor is invisible,
The nuclear bomb leaves a pretty cloud trace in the sky,
So who cares if we die, as long as we’re dying slowly?
I’ll need 1.7 of me to be who I want to be,
We’ll need another Earth, a fictional Mars, to go as far as science will allow us,

As far as Allah, Buddha, God, Mom, and Dad,
Will allow us to go as far as we can go,
Because they can't stop us.

Why?

\$70,000 - single person living on your own (assessed personal happiness does not track alongside income)

I am intrinsically rewarded, hoarding all of my monetary moments,

That's what will make me happy.

America, living in what is vs. what should be, feeling nothing, wanting everything,

But at least I have my clothes, where did they come from?

My phone, where was it made?

My sanity, ranting along the inside of my brain, claiming I need to change,

But I am intrinsically rewarded, warning others not to be like me. But being like me.

I am seeing something new, something different, I want, but don't like.

Why should I feel bad about inevitability?

The chicken wants to cross the road, but the roads are wider now, more crowded, and unbreathable.

Livable, for now.

But that's alright because I am intrinsically rewarded, mourning every day I miss and like.

I am happy, so I must be rewarded, right?

We are here, and we want to be here, so why don't we want to stay?

The more money I make, the sadder I am, abandoned by what's left inside of me,

I fear the whole ozone, with its hole, growing

Showing us what we've done.

Public policy is key, really?

The average person is an idiot, including me, including you, who are we to decide what is best?

Just give up.

I'll say the word and hurl it out the back of the boat,

The fish won't mind, the asinine acidic high is a much bigger fish to fry.

“Most of the work in this world sucks balls”

The AI says hi, I can do that for you

But we're afraid of a deep fake, more than we are of a hot take

A hot earth, a hot winter, a hot Pixar mom is all the media recalls

We are not villains, but we are the systems,

Killing our children

But at least they won't have to write their own songs,

Draw their own art,
Spread their own fake news.
You, I, and AI have that covered.
The future is bright, blue light, phone screens,
Feed me recycled meat,
Not from the cows we've killed off, or the dogs we've sacrificed, but
The lice from your shaven hair,
Beware of dystopian diets, quieting the higher themes with their gore and grossness,
Most of what we hear is what we refused to listen to and choose.
It's a book about TV, not censorship,
It's a movie about the food industry, not burgers.
It's a class about saving the environment.
(Watch out for the lie at the end of this poem.)
I spend ten minutes, and five minutes reading about equity, degrowth, covid-allegories
I spend 90 minutes, listening to people tell me how bad things are,
But it always ends:
"But we can do it."
Do what? Get everyone to watch a film they'll ignore?
Stop ordering Amazon, and meat and treat yourself to something healthy and expensive.
So I spend more money to fix a world where 8 billion others have it covered?
I don't understand how we can be so hopeful, but I want to.
It's not hopeless — But things will change, and the shooting ranges will become more open
One day.
Say hello to the bright future, with burning, mushroom cloud light,
No jobs, no AI, just bittersweet goodbyes,
Because the earth will live on without us, thriving all the more,
Ecoterrorism is beginning to sound pretty nice.
What am I saying? Blaming the world when I don't change? Okay, I'll hide.
But don't worry, despite everything we've learned, it's going to be alright.

But

But
Maybe
Perhaps
It's not too
Late for us to
Try, try, try — no matter what we're gonna die, but maybe I can make a difference for
Him. And Her. And all of them, down there.
We will be gone, we want to have fun,

Have money,
Always running forward, but we should be running downward,
The exact rate is erasing our food, no good, looking for a solution but the only solution is —
Inconvenient.
Lean into it,
Wish for pain, just the right amount of rain, and evade the worst ending.
We're on a neutral run, lunging for growth, inflating our aviaries with endangered birds,
Their numbers are down by entire thirds,
Herding history into boxes, while it wipes away,
Slaying stale statistics, risking our safety to say the right thing,
Because it is the right, true thing, but it still hurts, it hurts
Her. And Him. And all of them down there.
Hello, hi, continue saying bye, to what you love and what you think you need,
All that green in return for all that green,
Careening for a gleaming future, which will never come
Past the point of no return,
But we have to try.
We are hyper-inequity, unequivocal but ignorable, ever-free
An ever-present responsibility, by you and me
Because we're all down there too.
As much as I have a hard time believing it,
I have too.
We can do it. We can save the day, raising the next generation up, crumbling
The wage disparity, degrowing, focusing on health instead of wealth,
Convenience be damned, hello bright future, filled with pain and gain
And dairy-free dystopian diets, free of shark fin soup, and endangered fish,
The nine boundaries warn us, dispel us, but we are listening now.
It's not too late to avoid a resourceless fate,
We are free to save Her. And Him. And You and Me. And everyone down on Earth.