



PROJECT STATEMENT

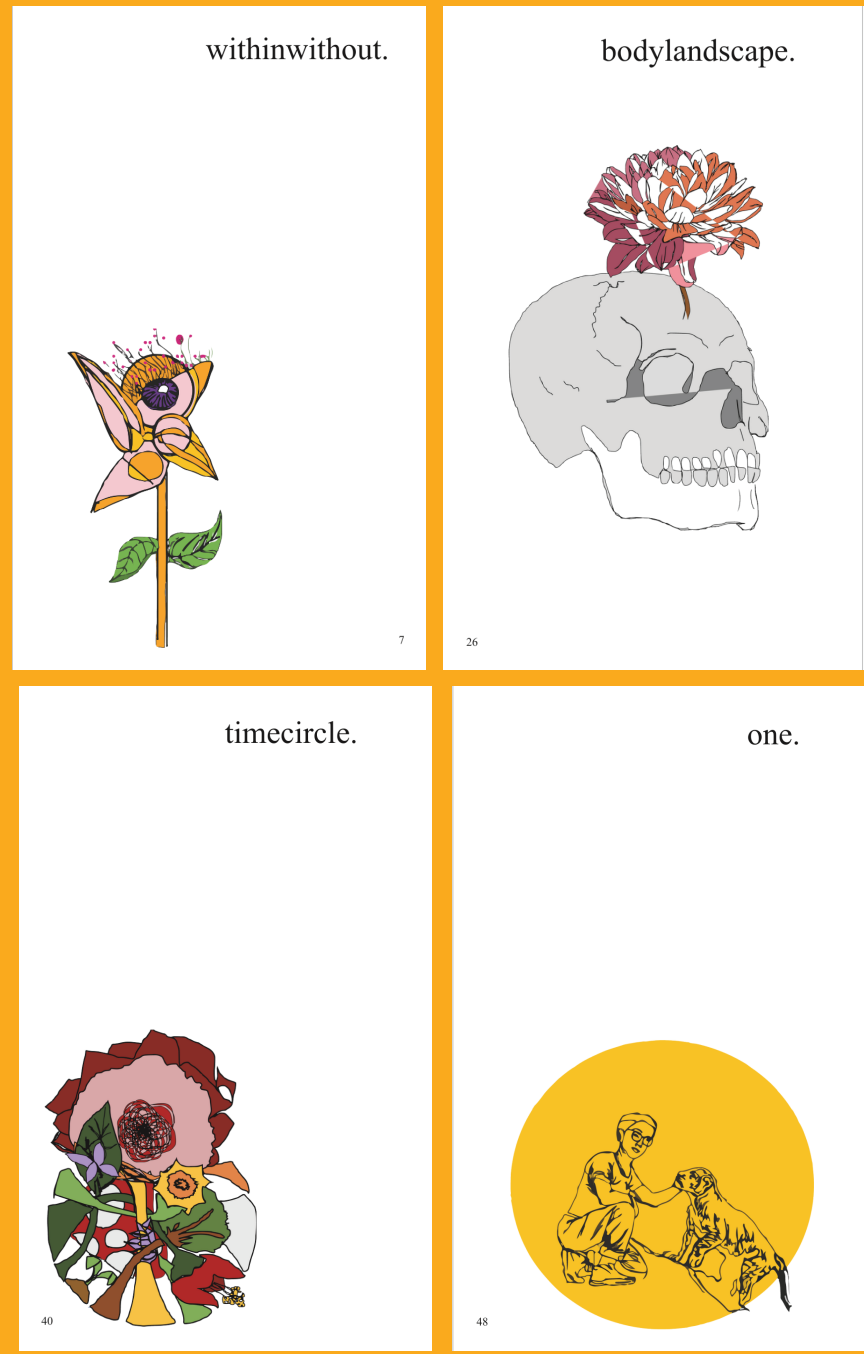
The term "activist" is often associated with aggression, extreme radicalism, and forcefulness rendering it ineffective and polarizing. Given the unstable state of the earth's ecosystems today, environmental activism needs to be as effective as possible in creating change. My senior project investigated where art and ecopsychology fit in to activism and how poetry can inspire action. . To explore this, I immersed myself in the world of activist poetry. I read through dozens of published modern and historical artistic initiatives in addition to re-search on poetics, writing, and storytelling. I self-selected three books for their environmental and emotional relevance. Together, Rupri Kaur, Innosanto Nagara, and Christopher Poindexter demonstrated a power in language that articulates personal and emotional h uman-nature experiences.

METHODS

I drew inspiration from three main poets: Rupri Kaur, Innosanto Nagara, and Christopher Poindexter. I looked for ways that they employed literary form and structure, illustration, design, storytelling, and chapter sectioning to inform my own book.



FINDINGS

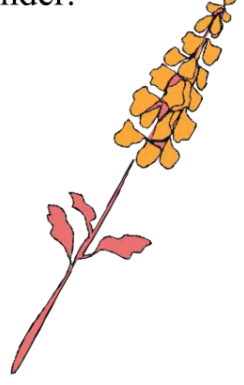


In **Rupri's** book, the sun and her flowers, she breaks each chapter up to tell a story of Wilting, Falling, Rooting, Rising, and Blooming. I reflected this simplicity and storytelling in my chapter titling (see left). To me, they all mean the same thing, but the phrasing of each chapter allowed me to tell my story of this ongoing personal transition from ego, to universal. From my own environmental anxiety, to a recognition of (and comfort with) my role in this a collective whole.

Innosanto wrote a (technically) children's book called "A is for Activist" where he goes through the alphabet rhyming his way through social, political, and environmental matters. Nearly all of the poems in my book rhyme, so it was important that I analyzed an example of where that is done alongside environmental action. The words that rhyme speak to one another.

I dissected **Christopher's** work to learn about the fusion of storytelling and poetry, particularly how a stand alone poem can tell a full story. Storytelling in poetry surreptitiously invites the reader to explore their own feelings– those past, present, and future– on overwhelming issues like environmental and social injustice.

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Show me the angst of my generation.		“It’s not my place,” she went on. Her voice caught in the wind carried so quickly away from her lips away from the women that stood before her so that soon it was as if she said nothing, as if she touched no one, as if she were no where near home. ~ Disquiet	
abolitionist; admirer; advocate; aggressor; agitator; ally; anarchist; anti-capitalist; artist; asker; aspirant; backer; believer; busy-bee; candidate; caretaker; catalyst; chain-breaker; change-maker; collaborator; community-builder; creative; critic; decolonizer; demonstrator; devotee; disruptor; dissident; doer; dogmatist; educator; entertainer; enthusiast; expresser; extremist; facilitator; fanatic; fighter; friend; front-liner; game-changer; go-getter; healer; helper; idealist; innovator; insurgent; integrator; intercessor; intervenor; leader; liquidator; lobbyist; lover; mediator; militant; mother; motivator; mover; networker; objector; organizer; pain-in-the-ass, negative-Nancy; party-planner; party-pooper; peacemaker; persuader; petitioner; progressivist; promoter; propagandist; protester, net-rooter; provocateur, campaigner; public-speaker; punk; rabble-rouser; radical; realist; reformist; revolutionary; road-blocker; romanticist; rule-breaker; shaker; snowflake; socialist; solicitor; storyteller; student; trail-blazer; tree-hugger; troublemaker; truth-tosser; upholder; visionary; wonderer; zealot ~ 100 words for ‘activist’	Kayla Carrington Put it in the box that’s mine, check it off. Let me get lost inside of wire framed thoughts. I wake up on rocks under a blue duvet with grey dots. I knew I couldn’t stay long, yet I couldn’t find a thing wrong with the blue on the blanket or the hue of the ‘clouds,’ so I saw no reason to leave now. Breathe in, breathe— “Ow!” I couldn’t see beneath me, just the dreams far out I couldn’t see the screams because they only made a sound I couldn’t see the bleeding till the blanket turned brown. ~ Undetected Discomfort 18	Each Step In. I lay my heart out in the cold hoping it will dry. “It’s my only option,” I say “I have to try.” Three days go by and I’m inside heartless. I’ve set aside darkness to be a resting carcass ingesting catharsis. Sweetheart, I’m weak in parts I speak in scars my technique’s been barred my work week’s gone bleak my checks taste antique I critique my physique till I remember the outside. and how dry now my heart is. I try it on, it’s cold. I try again, ~ Bold 19	
Is that tree dead or sleeping? Are the bees here also weeping? Do those cows ever stop their eating? I— How many words we have for ‘I’: “Me, mine, myself,” I identify with you. ~ Tasmania	I douse myself in lavender hoping I too can show that I am thriving. A fragrance that attracts. A desire amongst the birds and bees, deciduous like my sporadic sadness intercepted with springtime perfection. Every now and then, I bloom. I am the moon, too I have phases applicable only to the way I am perceived, not to the way that I am. I am myself, doused in lavender. 	Every morning I pick a flower and carry it in my pocket so through the day I visualize how fast it dies reminded inside that time that time time flies.	
Suddenly. The song of the sun was filling them up as quickly as it had departed. They started to dance, their hands amongst the plants, nothing. was static.	I think back to the time when once you were mine. I picked peas from your vine and ate them, slowly rewind, slowly, mental.	I wish I could see you breathe; see you think; see you grieve. See, sometimes I can just make out the loudest sounds: from the leaves whispering in an autumn breeze to the trees rooting beneath my feet, aloud they speak. “Please make noise. Please spread joy. Please employ my virtue.” Somewhere between the earth and you, blue-sky-hue, I stay. I may sway differently but, better believe my lips can bleed the same sweet sap. Overlap your canopy with my baseball cap. I won’t unstrap until I know you’re safe. I won’t look back because I won’t see my fate. I won’t wait for greatness, I won’t take the same shit, I won’t be discouraged by the lateness of effort when I can shepherd my attention to the blessed.	

