

CLIMATE JUSTICE ZINE

Change is possible ...

FALL 2020



If we all work together

COMMUNITY READS

UWB/CC CAMPUS LIBRARY

Cover Artist Statement

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"The purpose of my zine is to show how racism impacts the condition of our planet. The black and white hand that restricts the colored hand represents how racism prevents society from working together to create change. Near the top of the Earth, the collage-images consist of bright blues and vibrant greens, symbolizing how healthy the Earth once was. In contrast, the bottom half of the Earth is filled with reds and browns, indicating pollution and forest fires that have become increasingly common due to global warming. The monochrome hand that holds back the multi-colored hand demonstrates how racism hinders our ability to work together as one whole society to improve the condition of Earth. Thus, resulting in the phrase 'Change is possible... if we all work together.' Essentially, this is the idea that led to the creation of my zine. I knew I wanted to use technology to create my zine, so I decided on a digital collage."

Introduction

During Fall Quarter 2020, the Community Reads team hosted an online discussion space for members of our UW Bothell and Cascadia College community (and the wider UW community) to engage with themes of climate justice and environmental activism, guided by the following "texts":

- "Drones Above the Coral Sand" - climate fiction short story by Claire G. Coleman
- ["Rise: From One Island to Another"](#) - video poem by Kathy Jetñil-Kijiner and Aka Niviâna
- ["The Inseparable Link Between Climate Change and Racial Justice"](#) - radio interview with Ayana Elizabeth Johnson
- "Inheritance" - submerged sculpture by Jason deCaires Taylor

This zine is compiled of art pieces submitted by our discussion participants after weeks of thought-provoking online conversation. We thank all of our participants, named and anonymous, for their work and their contributions - and for their dedication to a more environmentally just world.

- UWB/CC Campus Library Community Reads 2020-21

➤ Zine Editorial Team: Cora Thomas, Hannah Mendro, & Denise Blike





I wait for you, here,
on the land of my ancestors heart heavy
with a thirst
for solutions
as I watch this land
change
while the World remains silent.

Rise: From One Island to Another

A Letter to my Beloved Earth: I am Sorry



Dear my beloved earth,

I'm sorry the people that you care for treat you wrong,

I will be the first to admit I don't treat you perfect.

But I can guarantee you that I will change for you,

You hold the key to my heart,

With your clear blue skies,

Your beautiful oceans,

The majestic wildlife you created,

Evergreen trees,

The power you hold is scary,

All of those luxuries could come to an end,

But that won't be because of you,

That will be because of me,

The people around me,

If we don't start treating you with care you will fall apart,

The beautiful land that provides a home for me will soon be gone,

I can remember the first time I ever heard of you falling apart,

I look at the news and there you are,

Being destroyed,

Raging wildfires destroying Australia,

It scared me,

But not enough for me to take action,

And for that I am truly sorry,

It wasn't until I saw my own state begin to burn that I truly cared,

The land I once knew beautiful became charred,

My beloved earth,

You're getting warmer and warmer as the days go by,

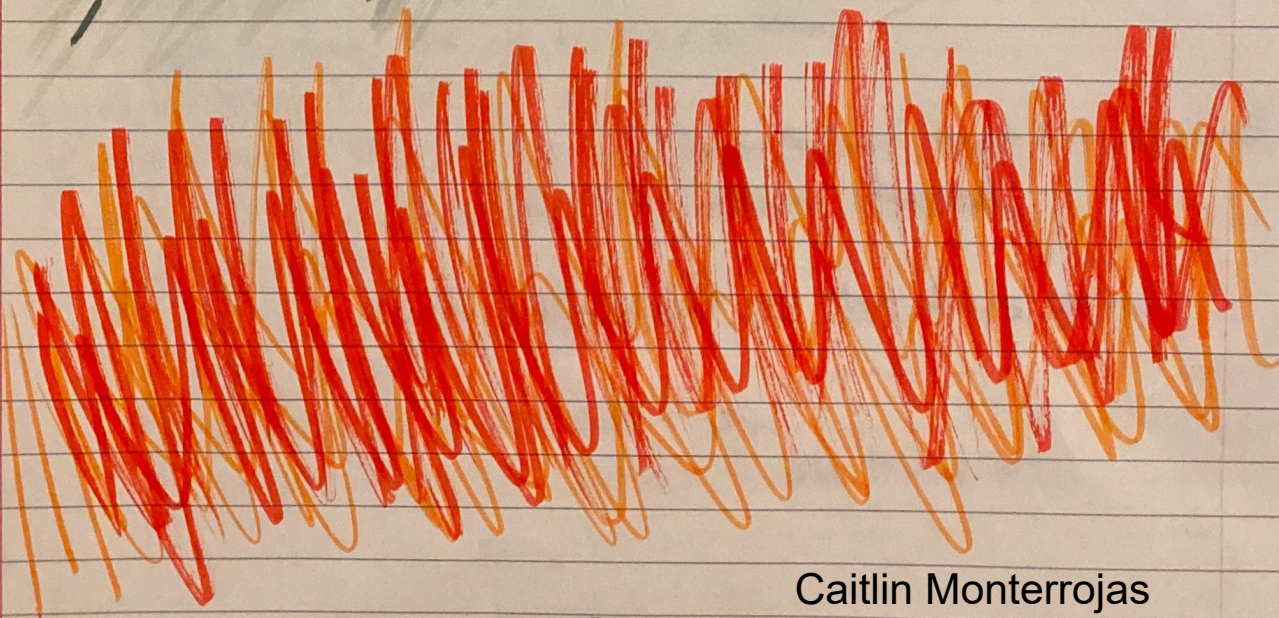
I am truly scared,

I wish everyone cared about you,

I wish everyone saw how beautiful you truly are,



Some haven't been impacted by the harsh reality,
But once they wake up and realize,
It will be too late,
You will change in many ways,
Some ways I can't even base to imagine,
Animals will disappear,
The oceans will no longer be tamed,
Beautiful plants will be extinct,
You have provided a safe haven for all living organisms,
So why can't people cherish you,
Why can't people care for you,
Not only for you but for themselves,
Because them too will hurt,
They will lose people,
They will lose their homes,
They will lose the privilege of living on such a great planet,
My beloved earth,
I am sorry. 



Caitlin Monterrojas



Where do I start?

First, I will give a little background to why this topic is important not only to me, but our culture and how it plays a role in our environment.

I am going to share with you one of the most threatened topics in climate justice, which also happens to be a huge part of my life. This topic is fly fishing for anadromous fish, such as steelhead.

Anadromous: A strain of wild/farm raised fish known as salmon or steelhead that are born at the headwaters of a river system that make a great journey out to the ocean and spend 1-3 years in saltwater before returning to their breeding grounds.

Steelhead: Born as a rainbow trout in a freshwater river, these fish move down the river system at sizes typically ranging from 6-10 inches and eventually reach the saltwater. They will spend several years growing before returning to their natal spawning grounds as 10 to 15 and even 25lb fish.

To many people, catching a steelhead is more than just a sport of catching a fish. To be able to witness a creature that has traveled hundreds and hundreds of miles as part of its life journey, and by nature remember to return to exactly to where it was born years ago, is simply an incredible thing to witness. Steelhead have built a culture in the pacific northwest, and people come from all over the country to fish for them in western Washington and on the coast.

But there is a major problem.

Steelhead are dying, and they are not coming back unless we make some major changes.

In Washington alone, we recorded seeing **200,000-800,000** steelhead returning yearly in our local and coastal rivers in the early 20th century. People have said that there were so many huge fish in the river, you could walk across their backs to the other side.

Now, on those same rivers, we are seeing return numbers peak at **500-4,000**.

This is absolutely devastating, and frankly quite selfish that we as people did not take care of our ecosystems for the last century.

In the last two decades, Washington Department of Fish and Wildlife (WDFW) has enforced very strict laws on not allowing ANY retention of wild steelhead and closing river systems at the times of the year where the steelhead runs peak.

But the numbers are not getting better.

Why is that?

Our climate. Our climate is the biggest issue for steelhead survival rates. As our climate quality falls do to industrialization and pollution, our ocean temperatures rise. The increased ocean temperatures will kill the majority of juvenile steelhead that enter the ocean.

Because of the selfishness of the past generations, people like me, and my generation may never have a chance to witness one of these beautiful aspects of nature in person.

Let me put this in perspective for you:

I have been fishing for a single steelhead for 11 years.

I have spent 150+ hours fishing for a single steelhead.

I have taken 12 fishing trips in a boat, and 8 more on foot in the woods fishing for steelhead.

I have never seen a steelhead in person.

I do not state this to gain sympathy, but to share an example for how scarce these once prolific animals are. This is what breaks my heart.

In order to keep this species from going extinct, we need to make our voices heard, and progress towards a cleaner, greener world.

These fish are not the victim, but a symptom of a greater issue. They are pure, and clean, and are a product of nature. If nature is harmed, so are the products of nature.

The video titled, “Rise: From One Island to Another” emphasizes my point, and really inspired me to share this topic of concern. The ice is melting in Iceland, the glaciers are receding. The waters are rising on the Marshall Islands. They will soon be underwater just like steelhead will be gone forever, if we do not wake up and realize what we have to undo to keep this world alive.

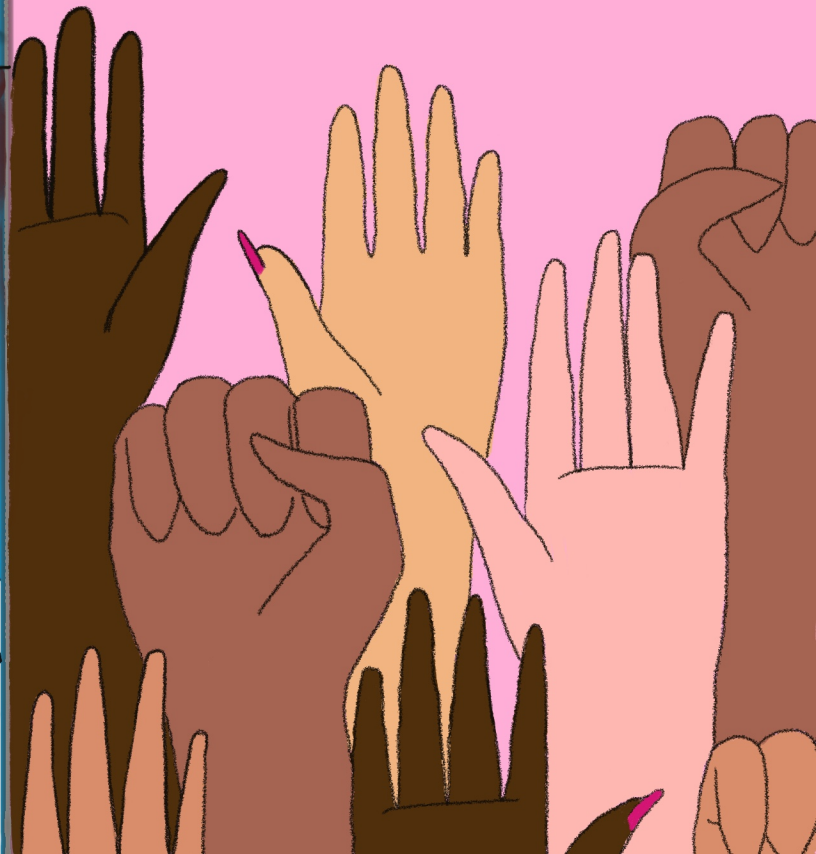
These fish are resilient, and strong, just like all of nature. They will survive if we give them a fair chance. Our world is geared towards wealth, and power. And that is anything but fair to our environment.

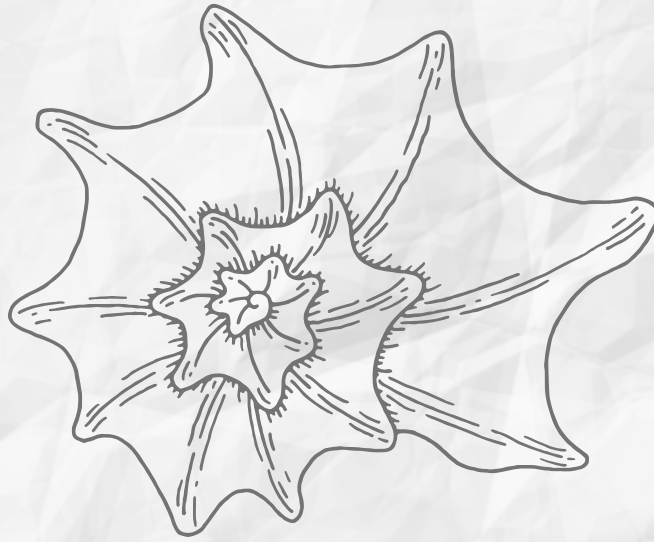
“Life in all forms demands the same respect
we all give to money”
- Jetñil-Kijiner, Niviâna



SEE US HEAR US

I lay in a meadow full of beautiful daisies and daffodils,
watching the clouds pass by one by one
I walk upon my clear blue rivers where the rainbow
trout kiss against my feet
I feel the wind that sways the leaves of the aspen trees
and I hear the bluebirds singing their heavenly songs
But how long will it be till you destroy my fields with
you're filth and greed
You inject my clear blue rivers with chemicals that kill
everything in its path
Tidal waves danced to the rhythm of the moon pushing
back and forth my alluring minerals but you consumed
my ocean with the garbage that you carelessly threw
out
You stand tall as you place your throne in my meadow
claiming it your own
You walk upon my weakened heart
I cry pleading for you to stop but no one heard me, will
the fight stop before you lose me for good?





“. . . this beach is not quite white, it's a rainbow, a scattering, a flicker of colored light, dead creatures, lost shells, lives no longer being lived. Every broken shell is a source of mourning, a rebuke, a tear from the depths of the ocean . . ."

Drones Above the Coral Sand, p.35



Her name was Mariposa

Dear World,

She was my good luck charm

She had been around since my mom was little

She used to visit me as a kid

I never see her anymore

Mariposa still comes around for them
She lives where the birds thrive and you can still fish
Where the ocean is calm and the air is clean

I wish she still visited me

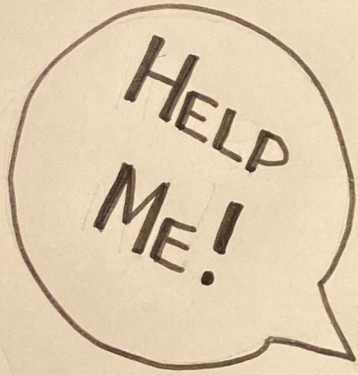
In a story book world

Where the restless grass grows with abundance
Where the crisp air fills the lungs and the soul
Where the romantic and picturesque clouds prevail
Where the water is idyllic and boundless
Where the mountains are rocky and lovely wooded
Where the stars are decorative and artistic
Where the trees are bold and delightfully impressive Where
shelter is ever changing and wild
Where space is open and noble
Where light is exquisite and unapologetic
Where organisms are individualized and impressive Where
land is grand and indescribably savage
Where the animals are singularly wild and severe
Where the individuals are naked and less catastrophic
Where the winter is attractive and enchantingly icy
Where the fall is diversified and famously spectacular
Where the summer is luxuriantly pleasing
Where the spring is untamed and majestic
Though
That is until the story book beauty begins to fade and render
fear Our world has an abundance of resources
Yet they are limited
Though people knowingly abuse them
Soon there will be nothing left to abuse
You've been warned

_____ lives matter

Our souls are no longer individual
In this very moment we are one
Struggling together in protest
We chant and we scream
Till our voices grow mute
Only to be ruined and questioned by white america
"All lives matter"
A phrase that is seemingly so loud its unable to be unheard
Despite the strength in numbers chanting
"Black lives matter"
White America your statement is loud and it echos
"All lives matter"
"All lives matter," but Mexicans are illegals and criminals
"All lives matter," but Chinese Americans are blamed for bringing the coronavirus to the country
"All lives matter," but Muslims are terrorists
"All lives matter," but your gaze doesn't hinder as a Black man takes an afternoon walk
"All lives matter," but "Go back to your country"
"All lives matter," but being gay is a sin
"All lives matter," but refugees got what they had coming for them
"All lives matter," but the countless children separated from their families at the border deserve what they are enduring
"All lives matter," but transgender people are mentally ill
"All lives matter," but women belong in the kitchen
If all lives really did matter
You wouldn't be able to pick when and why they matter
Your white life matters
Your white male life matters
Your white cisgender male life matters
Your white cisgender straight male life matters
Your white cisgender straight rich male life matters
Don't disclose the statement "All lives matter"
When you're only regarding your own

-- Gianna Christensen





"There's this stereotype that people of color don't care about climate...we do care, and we're trying, and if you would just stop killing us we would be able to help a little bit more."

Ayana Elizabeth Johnson, *The Inseparable Link Between Climate Change and Racial Justice*

Climate Change: A Haiku

Climate Change impacts the
less fortunate because they
can't defend themselves



I see, I hoped

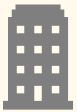
I see the flooded streets, where the communities of the disenfranchised and underprivileged lived as they fought to save their homes from the unavoidable destruction of storms and rising sea levels.



I hoped that there would be action on the policies that would slow down the warming of the earth as the ice melted and changing winds whipped up storms at a frequency never seen before. Policies that would stop climate change that we know will unequally effect communities of color.



I see the remnants of protests, movements, and fights for racial equality. Signs of "NO JUSTICE, NO PEACE," and the names the people killed in the streets by the militia sworn to protect us. As they fought tirelessly for their lives, the fight for the environment suffered without their voices. I see those communities now, as they still struggle against the ivory tower for their unalienable rights, while they spend hours every day searching for water in the now scorched land.



I hoped that we could address the systemic issues among education, policing, healthcare, housing, and more. So that the voices of the oppressed could be allowed to rise, to address the threats of climate change.



I see the corporations, with their plots of fertile land and towers above the water as they soak up the little remaining resources for their continued rise higher into the clouds. We gave them all the advantages, the tax cuts, the money, and the privilege as we hoped they would trickle their growing wealth down onto us.



I hoped that we would regulate their power, funneling their equal share of contributions to the community to the places where they are needed most. To help the poor, the needy, the at risk, and the underprivileged.



A vision from the future, about the past, I hope it is not so.

we STAND FOR



ENVIRONMENTAL JUSTICE!



"You think you have decades
before your homes fall beneath tides?
We have years.
We have months
before you sacrifice us again
before you watch from your TV and computer
screens
waiting
to see if we will still be breathing
while you do nothing."

Rise: From One Island to Another

As Long as...

As long as we exist

We will need resources to do so

As long as we live among others

We will need to fight and learn to survive

As long as humans exist

They will need to prove their dominance in any way possible

As long as the ocean exist

It will be a place where waste can be dumped without immediate guilt

As long as there is a taste

There will be those who hunt the taste

As long as we try to improve

There will always be test subjects

As long there is a need for transportation

There will be a carbon footprint

As long as there is prey

There will be a predator

As long as we want

There will always be a reason for greed

As long as we need

There will always be a reason to sacrifice

As long as there is anger

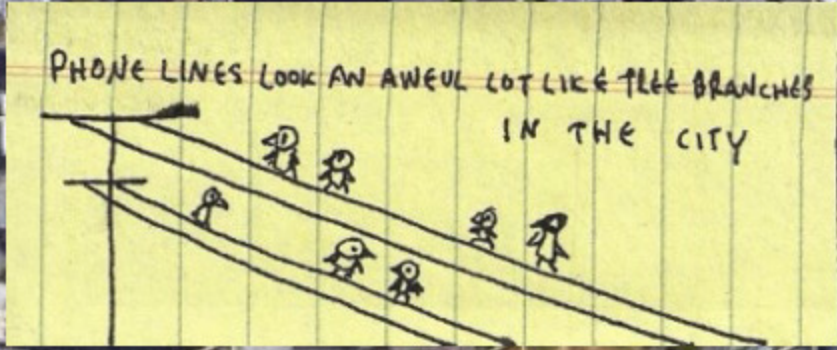
There will be fights to prove ones worth is better

As long as there are issues to solve

There will be ignorance to follow



122°20'10"



47°37'15"

47°37'10"

47°37'05"



47°37'N



122°20'35"W

122°20'45"W

122°20'55"W

^{xxx}
 MY NEIGHBORS FRONT YARD
 POND IS FULL OF WINE BOGS
 FROGS GET TIPSY
 ON PURPLE GRAPE JUICE
 SUFFOCATING ON WOVEN
 WEB
 OF SPACE AND TIME
^{xxx}
 (I SWORE TO STOP WORRYING
 ABOUT TIME)
^{xxx}
 ONE AMONGST MANY ESTIMATIONS:
 SEVEN YEARS
 'TIL EARTH'S AT ITS
 TIPPING POINT
 x x x

Our House

The home in which we exist.
The home in which we live.
Where we roam, eat, and sleep.

Without it we are vulnerable.
Without it we have nothing but ourselves.

Some homes are extravagant,
Teeming with beauty and luxury.
Other homes lay desolate, in ruins
Falling apart from neglect.

While the wealthy can afford to acquire and maintain elegance,
Who is responsible for the deterioration of the undesired home?

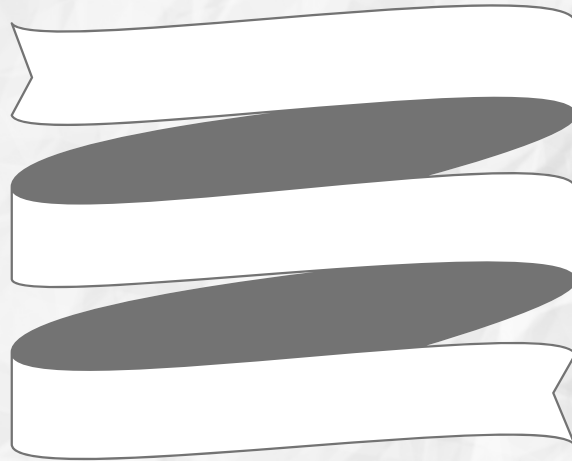
Is it the negligence of the owner?
Is it the owners inability to restore the home?
Is it someone damaging the owner's home?
Or is it someone preventing the owner's hand?

While the poor state of the home can be attributed to many,
The even poorer state of the owner at the hands of others is limiting.

If the owner were to be in a position of wealth,
Would they renovate and improve their home?
Would they pursue the homes of luxury?
They would abandon their poor home and all of the poor homes around them.

However, the home in which we all share is different.
It holds the homes of luxury and the homes of decay.
The people of wealth and the people of poverty.
The intelligent and the unintelligent.
Those conscious and those ignorant.

The home we all share is of importance, yet forgotten.
It is not one that can be replaced,
It is not one that has a singular owner.
We are all owners,
And our home is in decay.



“Racism, more racism. The environmental crisis has made some white people desperate to create white homelands in places where there had never been one, to save what can be saved for them and theirs only.”

Drones Above the Coral Sand, p.40-41

Tickets

My skin is like a ticket

It allows me to into

schools, companies, stores, neighborhoods

within a clean city

No questions asked

My ticket gives me access to freedom

Freedom to choose, live and breathe

My ticket is white like paper

Their skin is like a ticket

They are allowed into

schools, companies, stores within polluted

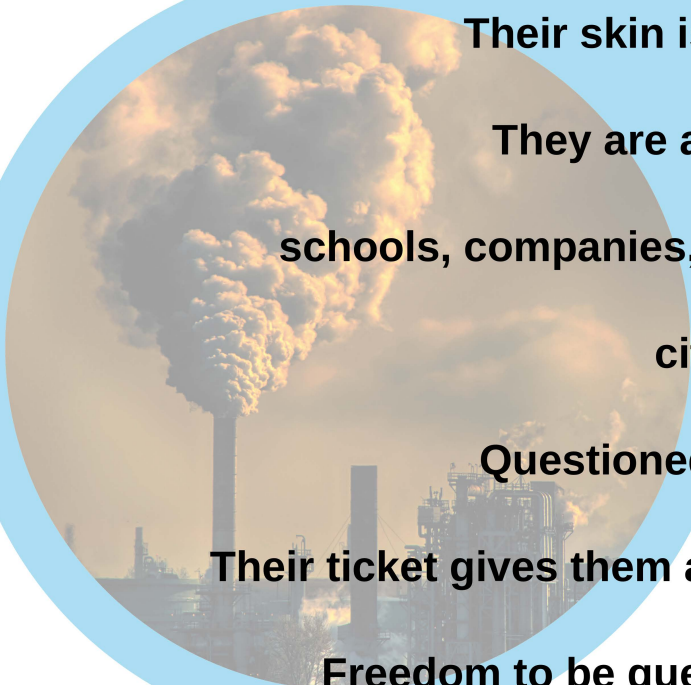
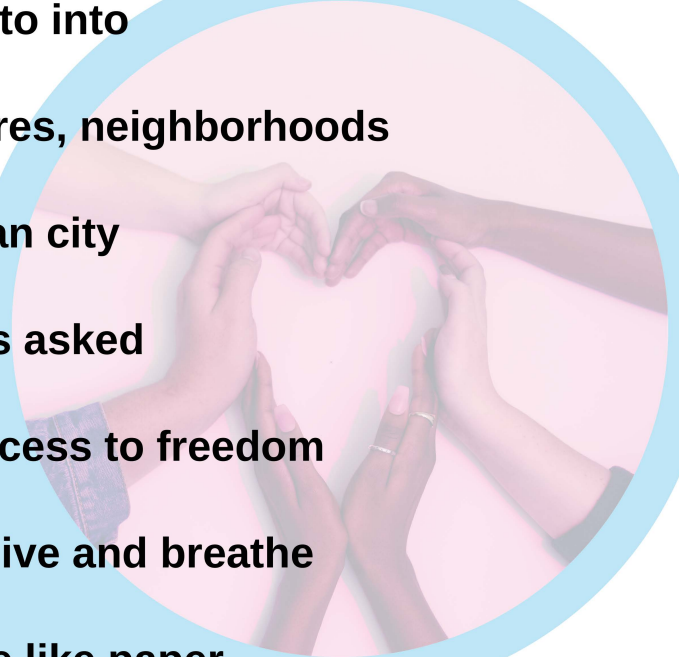
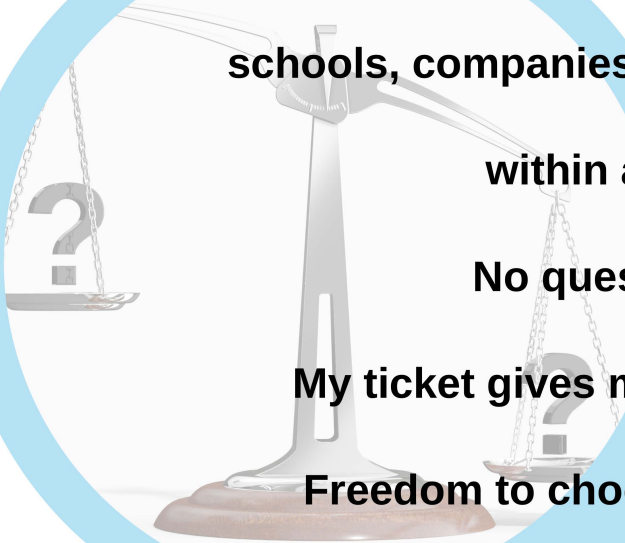
cities

Questioned constantly

Their ticket gives them access to limited freedom

Freedom to be questioned, restricted,

Their ticket is any color but white



Standing at the top of the hill, keeping an eye out for potential raiders and for the return of the hunting party, she felt a tear slide down her cheek. In the distance she could see the gray smudge of what used to be a forest, surrounded by the desolate wasteland of what was once a thriving ecosystem. She remembered the world of her youth, full of people and wild animals. Her family would take her to the forested hills to go camping and hiking. She would see squirrels and rabbits, deer and elk, eagles soaring in the sky and fish swimming in the sparkling lakes and rivers. Now they were lucky to find the odd wild dog or small rodent to supplement the meager root stews that was their daily fare. Shaking her head and silently chastising herself for being a weak and sentimental old woman, she brought her attention back to her task. Seeing the trail of dust slowly raising in the west, she brought the horn to her lips and blew, "people approaching."

Sitting around the fire in the evening, she could hear the chattering of her people. Some excited, some subdued, all with a manic energy born from the desperate attempt to survive. The group was only about 50 strong. None above the age of 65, and few younger than 15. Those born after the collapse were unlikely to ever have children, her own included, due to the damage done to their bodies by the toxic environment and lack of resources. She was witnessing the death of her kind. "Maybe this all could have been avoided," she thinks, "if we had just listened to the scientists. Done something sooner..."

In the morning, the sun rises, not with the golden glow she remembers, but with an angry red light that burns the eye. No birds sing. She misses the birds. Climbing from the tent made of old blue tarps and sheets of plastic she notices the ash falling from the sky. "Another fire" she thinks. "What is left to burn?" Looking east she sees the distant smoke plumes, black and greasy. Another dump fire, that is all that is left. Non-degradable trash left over from the overconsumption of instant gratification and convenience. She quietly chuckles to herself, remembering a term from her youth that aptly described the life they now led.

She hears her son calling to her and turns around. He is tall and dark skinned with too many creases in his brow for his near 20 years. He leads a few of the other young people, carrying slingshots, knives, and nets, dressed for hunting. They are heading to the fire to see what has been flushed out, hoping for some meat. She knows that there will be other bands with the same intent. The competition for food is intense, and they don't even get to keep most of what they find. She hugs her son close, "be safe, and come back to me" she says. He is her last. The other three taken by illness and injury. And injustice.

There is not much variety in the apocalypse. Every day is the same. Wake up to hunger and thirst. Maybe it is too hot, or too cold, but never truly comfortable. Mend what is left of clothing. Work in the carefully and meticulously maintained root garden. Patrol the surrounding area to watch for evidence of scouts and coming raids. Plan their own raids or alliances. Then go to bed still hungry and thirsty. And once a week, watch as the convoy of vehicles come from the Domes to collect their tithes.

The Domes. Those shining bubbles of clean air and clear water. Housing the elite in their privilege and pomp. Born with the advantages of their alabaster skin, not knowing just how far into collapse their world truly is. Hiding behind technology and the exploitation of those outside.

The attempts in the past to raid the Domes had only been met with death and harsh punishment for the bands responsible. Whole groups wiped out, their gardens and collected resources pillaged and desecrated.

And always the same rationale.

“It is for the survival of our species that we live in these Domes. We need you to live outside the Domes because your darker skin can stand up to the toxic environment and radiation far better than our light skin.” She interprets this as “if some want to live in privilege, then most must live in destitution.” It has always been that way. The powerful exploit the weak and marginalized. Promising a better future if you just do what you are told now. But that better future never came, and it never will. Not even for those trapped in the Domes. They think that they are entitled to live their lives of privilege and luxury when, in reality, their castles are made of the bones of the exploited. Those bones are brittle and crumbling. Cracking and collapsing until there is naught but dust left. And the castles will fall. The inhabitants of the Domes will at last be exposed to the reality that they have created, the desolation and despair of a world ruined by the greed of a few.

These thoughts bring a sort of comfort to her as she lays herself down to sleep at night, dreaming of a world that could have existed had measures been taken even to slow the consumption of finite resources. Instead the process was sped up in the name of developing “sustainability.” They needed the rare metals of the earth to create the circuits and diodes to make the solar panels. They needed coal and gas to sustain the smelting fires. They needed to clear the trees to produce more food for the growing population, while wasting half of it because it wasn’t “pretty” enough to eat. Or it going to those who already had too much and rotting instead of going to those that had nothing. In an attempt to reduce the need for livestock they overfished the oceans leading to the extinction of many species. They produced too much in the way of single use, individually wrapped items in the attempt to stop the spread of diseases that they ran out of room in the landfills. They turned to burning the trash, releasing environmental toxins, and wiping out the birds and the bugs.

And that was the end. The loss of such insignificant creatures was the tipping point. No longer were the fields being pollinated. The increased need to manually pollinate lead to massive increases in the price of food. But the wild plants were going unpollinated as well. No new trees were growing. Wildflowers began to disappear. Soon there were vast stretches of barren land. And then the Domes began appearing.

She remembered when the Domes went up. They said the Domes were the salvation of humanity. After the Domes were filled with the obvious people, the state leaders and the experts, there would be a lottery to see who got to live in them. You had to meet certain requirements to be eligible for the lottery. You had to pool your resources with all the other hopefuls, be in good health, and have useful skills. By this point the oceans had risen and the coastal cities had disappeared, the hurricane season had expanded to spring through fall, and wildfires had razed most of the west coast, even those who were always against the government were willing to pay the price for a chance of survival in the Domes. What they didn’t tell you was that you had to be rich, and preferably white.

By the time it was figured out, it was too late. The Domes were populated by the elite and sealed against outside intrusion. She wondered how the inhabitants could be so blind to the monochrome population. How could decent people so blithely accept the mass exclusion of over half the people left in the world. Until she saw the flyer.

During the last tithe collection one of the heavily armored muscle men dropped a piece of paper without noticing. She grabbed it as soon as he had moved away. The leaflet was glossy and colorful, a spot of beauty in the drab grey and brown world. Her eyes hungered for the words printed on the page, she had had nothing to read since the last of the books were used as kindling. But what she read there made her feel ill.

REMEMBER:

The outside is not fit for human life.

The creatures outside the Domes are not truly people.

They would steal your place of security!

They would rob the food off your plates!

Take no defiance, show now mercy!

They are merely inedible animals, useful for nothing but manual labor outside.

This was why her people were treated with little regard. The Domes had turned the inhabitants into xenophobic agoraphobes. The Dome dwellers did not believe the outsiders were real people. The anger and the sadness that she had felt when the truth of the lottery was revealed had come rushing back to her as she stood holding the flyer.

In the time since the last collection she had shown her finding to the group's council and they had sent runners to the others in the area. A meeting had been arranged to discuss a truce and an alliance in the hope of taking the Dome.

The plan was a simple one. Hide some of the hunting party inside the tithe baskets, covered with enough roots and tiny pelts to hopefully fool the collectors. Then, once in the transports they would burst forth and overpower them taking control of the convoy and then progress to the Dome. She knew it wouldn't work, but what else could they do except try? They were dead either way, this just made the inevitable come sooner.



Environmental (In)Justice

Austin Adams

The fight for environmental justice,
A false hope given to many about a better world.
Although the fight itself is unfair to those who need change.
The treasures of the developed are passed down.
Those treasures turn to waste as they come to the impoverished.
The efforts made to decrease climate change,
Are efforts that burden the undeveloped.
Those who do not have the funds to promote change.
Third world countries, the undeveloped.
Helpless against the negative impacts against them.
Third world countries in tandem, turn to third world neighborhoods.
Neighborhoods made up of minorities, people of color.
Experience this negative impact, whether developed or not.
The racial disparity of wealth, an awful effect of our history.
History was against them,
putting them at a disadvantage now.
With odds as these stacked against them.
Anyone in their position would be miserable.
So why,
Why do we allow this to continue?
Environmental justice has morphed from its original purpose
To become a leader of injustice.



“....the children were in danger before
they were born....”

Drones Above the Coral Sand, p.42

Winter Heat

Jessica Poch

I'm running apace within the winter heat
The roads are embraced with plastic cups and vintage garbage
I'm trying to escape the acid rain about to eat away at the houses from in and out of town
And as my feet anticipate each step of the dying earth
I think back to the folk tales I was told as a child
About how rain was water
Before it became acid
And winters were embraced with a crisp cold breeze
And they mimicked the beauty of the rich mans freezer
And you could plant flowers by the dozen
And the very thing we've always breathed out
Didn't haunt us so deeply

Why didn't they preserve what they had
For innocent souls like me
Why didn't they preserve
a dream like beauty

The ground is cracked and aged
Flowers rarely grow and if they do they look as sad as I am
My favorite fishing spot has turned into a plastic reef
The life here is sparse
The people here are waiting for an inevitable death of their island
The sky mirrors the air
Thick
Cloudy
Smug
It's getting hard to breath but I keep running to escape this winter heat

The water levels have risen
And islands have gone under
It's only a matter of time until the oceans engulf the caps
As they swallow me and all my neighbors
Along with my charcoaled daisy's and the land I reside

I can't help but to say I'm not surprised

Men have always been greedy
And I'm glad those in the folk tales thrived in the winter
But As my skin begins to sunburn and I'm almost inside
I wonder what it would feel like to do more than just survive
This thought takes over as I walk through the door
My eyes droop down and I begin to weep
My tears taste of salt and water
And they mimic what the rain
Is
Supposed to be like

A Nice Meal
Ari Salehpour

Fish floating in the water

Waves striking the beach, aluminum cans jingle as they are pushed farther up the shore

This beach, with its grand houses overlooking the shore,

This wasteland, once a place of beauty, has become a little less than a home for the poor

Houses the poor could once not afford, are now the only thing their dollars can afford

A child roams the beach, hungry in search of food

A dead fish washes ashore, the child spots it and walks over to it

Alone, as the generation that created him, left him to fend for his own,

They believed he could figure it out on his own, and figure the older generations mistakes

The child starts a fire, making a small circle, surrounding it with cans washed ashore

Cutting a can with his knife, the child manages to make a spit for the fish

No dead fish for days, the child drools eager to feast today

Using a washed up tray, the child begins to skin the fish,

Saddened to realize his meal was filled with plastic, now melted all over the innards of the fish

The child will have to waste half his dish

Beginning to eat, in mere seconds the child was able to feast

After savoring each bite, his body begins to realize the toxin he ingested

Forcing him to gag, and spit, until his meal lay in front of him in the sand,

No food is safe to eat anymore, as the generation before, left their burdens upon him

Expecting that the future could still win

WITHOUT

they search
search for something
anything to hang on to
as the waters rise
engulfing everything
and i mean everything
swallowing up a future
that drowned before it
could live

live in the young hearts
that never knew
what it was like to
breathe so painlessly
without worry
without anxiety
without uncertainty
to breathe without loss
to breathe without it
being stolen
without it being suffocated

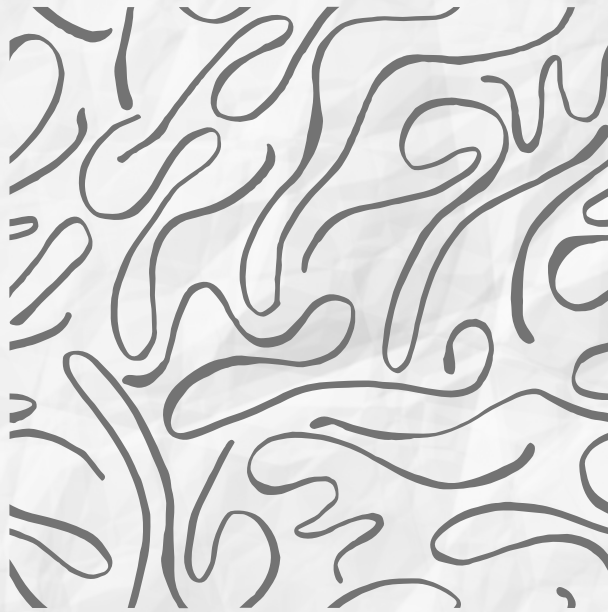
stuffed down deep
underneath endless waves
broiling churning destroying

breath

they just understand
one word
in one breath
the last breath

"without"

- Cora Thomas



"Business as usual is just not an
option anymore."

Ayana Elizabeth Johnson, *The
Inseparable Link Between Climate
Change and Racial Justice*



2075

Climate Change: 2020

In the world today,
Climate change is seen but it
gets worse every day,
Humans doing what they can
to help,

But really, we are just crying,

In our pacific northwest
temperatures are rising,

Thousands of trees dying,

What will the world do?

When they find out the
governments are lying?

Animals are losing hope,

With wildfires every summer
they are losing homes,

Pollution so bad there might
be no hope,

What will this world do to
cope?

Garbage filling up our
streets,

You look around to see trash
all over the concrete,

Instead of picking it up you
are going to retreat,

What will we do if we get
beat?

Something needs to change
before we lose to the heat.

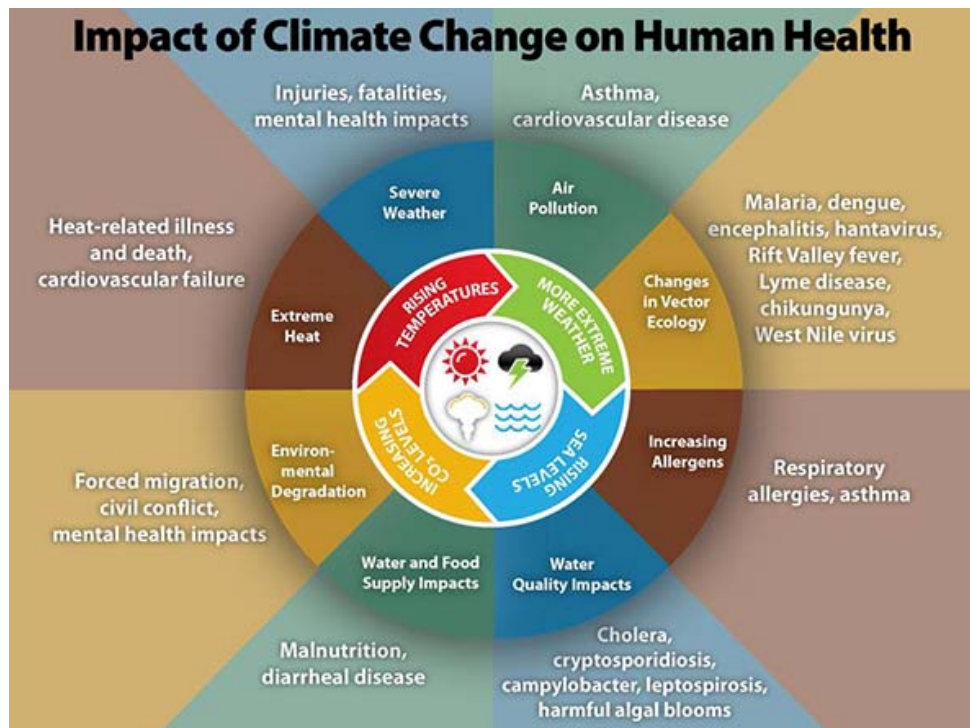


Image credit: [CDC](#)



Climate change: 2030

Ten years have gone by,
The world is still on pace to
die,
In our pacific northwest it is
looking dry,
With the smoke in our sky,
Many animals have died,
Climate change is still being
put to the side.
This has now become an
issue we cannot put aside,
How can we now walk
around with pride?
The oceans reefs are now
dead,
Government officials are still
lying instead.
Citizens around the country
are still being misled.
Climate change is real, but
we say that is not what the
government said.
Our earth is needing to be
fed,
But instead we dread,
And this is how climate
change will put us all to bed.



Image credit: [YaleEnvironment 360](#)



Image credit: [NY State Senate](#)

Climate Change: 2040

Climate change is in full effect,

Our ocean levels are now something we need to protect,

With are homes submerging underwater,

What are we going to do before we run out of land?

Our reefs now look like our burnt forests on land,

Our Pacific Northwest now looks like the rest,

What was so green is now depressed.

Climate change is something that still needs to be addressed.

This is something us humans should not have to test.

If we want our future generations to do the best,

We are going to need to protest.

Our government is still so messed,

We need our beliefs to be shown and expressed.

Without our support this world will soon be put to its final test.



Image credit: [DecarboNet](#)

Climate Change: Sad Truth

As our children now walk the
face of this earth,

The government has finally
stated that climate change is
real,

Our children are now having
to deal with something too
hard to heal.

With resources vanishing it is
now hard to find a meal,

Our reefs and oceans are
now dead,

Causing great fear in
everyone's head,

What are they going to do to
stop this spread?

States are becoming full
submerged

Life on earth has never been
so urged.

Families trying to live a
normal life are now
disturbed,

Wondering to themselves, is
this really what we deserve?

All of this because of the
past,

Wishing we had time to
recast,

Now it is a matter of time for
how long we can last.



Image credit: [Iberdrola](#)



Image credit: [Wallpaper Access](#)

Stand Up for Change
By: Skyler Witham

Climate change is not political
It is moral
We think of it as a chore
It's a lifestyle
We ignore the science and the truth
It's a reality

In 20 years, the beach won't look the same
The air we breathe won't feel clean
The sea life won't be able to adapt
The ocean temperatures will continue rising
But our egos are too big to acknowledge the truth

Stand up for yourself
Stand up for our planet
Stand up for our future
Stand up for change

Appendices

Some submitters to our zine provided complete projects of their own. Although these projects were too large for inclusion in our zine, they can be found online linked below. We thank these participants for their contributions and encourage you to view the following "appendi-zines":

- "Awareness: Examining Climate Change and Racism"
- "Change the System Not the Climate" by Sam Owens
- "Climate: An Indian Battle" by Sophia Filipcic
- "Climate Change"
- "Racism and Climate Change" by Ryan Clary
- "Representation" by Rajbir Singh
- "The Environmental Justice Case of Hurricane Katrina"

All the "appendi-zines" can be found at the following link:

[Appendices_Climate Justice Zine Fall 2020_Community Reads UWB/CC Campus Library - Google Drive](#)

Tiny URL: <https://tinyurl.com/CRZineFall20>

"Inheritance"

Submerged Sculpture

Jason deCaires Taylor, Mexico, 2010



UWB/CC Campus Library
**Community
Reads**

guides.lib.uw.edu/bothell/communityreads/f20