

*Rising Voices*

*Rising Waters*

**New eco-poetry by students of**

*Fowey River Academy, Cornwall, UK*

*I.E.S. Aljada, Murcia, Spain*

*Liceo Majorana-Laterza Putignano, Italy*

*Lycée François d'Estaing, Rodez, France*

*Maria-Theresia-Gymnasium Augsburg, Germany*

**Illustrated with**

*Poetry postcards sent from*

*Augsburg, London, Murcia and Munich*

## Workshop Description

What is water? Life, 'acqua', a scarce resource, rising tides, H<sub>2</sub>O, 'l'eau', 'Wasser', something with which to brush your teeth, home to manatees, 'agua', a nuisance on a camping trip, a source of energy, Jesus could walk on it, not as thick as blood, tasteless, yet political, beautiful, yet with not one form ... In this workshop, we will be reading and writing poems that respond to the many meanings that water can have. More specific topics may include climate change, utopian (underwater?) cities, water in the universe, maritime environments, human and non-human animals, the water cycle, plants and alternative bodies, science and observation, noise and silence, plastic pollution and sustainability, land and water, transport and walking and swimming, housing and public space and ways of living together, environmental rights, the voice of individuals and collectives. No previous experience with writing poetry is necessary: we will share examples and give specific exercises to encourage students to see that poetry can be everywhere (like water) and can take on the strangest shapes (like underwater life).

## The Compilation

The eco-poetry workshop *Rising Voices, Rising Waters* took place over five sessions online we hosted in winter 2020-2021, and involved the students writing English-language poems on water and sustainability. The postcards feature poems sourced by the students from [www.lyrikline.org](http://www.lyrikline.org) and elsewhere, on any topic and in their first languages. Thanks for your work in spite of the pandemic and keep writing, dear students! Enjoy these poems on water and for a sustainable world, dear readers!

Mara-Daria Cojocaru (London) & Lisa Jeschke (Munich)

## Workshop participants

### *France*

Matéo Ruiz

Mihai Vesa

### *Germany*

Sophia Biehringer

Lucie Neubert

Emily Puggioni

### *Italy*

Pietro Di Bari

Giuseppe Leogrande

Marco Loliva

Simonetta Vinella

### *Spain*

Paloma García Montoya

Selena Soler Ramírez

Chigeme Elizabeth White Eyenian

Guest Poem by Aurora Albarracín Abellán

### *UK*

Henry Barnett

Lottie Woodford



*Henry Barnett*  
*Fowey River Academy*  
*UK*

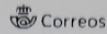
The ocean is stirring,  
Full of unimaginable life.  
We know very little  
Yet also so much  
About the vast open sea.

The whales are so big,  
While the plankton is so small,  
The fish are so expansive,  
And so is the sea.  
The sea is everywhere,  
It's almost too big,  
It holds many secrets,  
And it's still getting bigger.

The land dwellers are spoilt,  
Using what they want,  
Thinking less of the consequences that are destroying the planet.  
They burn up their land,  
They intoxicate the seas,  
They fill up the atmosphere.  
They don't realise that one day  
It will be their downfall.

We are those people and we need to turn around.

Murcia



CARTA ORDINARIA  
INTERNACIONAL  
MURCIA SUC 4



ABUELA

07/04/21 11:47

1,50 €

Blanca Rosa postrada  
partes orgullosa a la playa  
con pies desnudos sobre la arena caliente  
que heredas en terciopelo negro.  
Te despides de la ropa hecha con tus manos,  
te sacas el dolor y las agujas,  
los tumores como botones,  
te desnudas incluso de quien eres  
para no reconocerte más, e igual amarte  
(no te puedo despedir, pero te recibiré)  
por si quieres volverte mi hija  
que todavía no nace.

- Tomás Cohen

Lyrik Kabinett / Lisa Jeschke

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80799 München

Germany

FUNSIDE9

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M U R C I A


## **above, below?**

I let myself fall  
down  
does that even exist?  
above, below  
does that make a difference?  
silence  
only my own beating heart  
like a voice  
the only one I have heard for a long time  
a lifetime  
ticking hand of a clock  
what time is it? No dial  
sunken lifeboat  
glittering light from above, below?  
frozen stars  
melted gold  
tear drops of the sky, the earth?  
above, below  
blazing flame in the sea  
my stars under water  
sun in the ocean  
shining body  
I touch your skin  
glowing paper



Stadt - Steffen Popp  
 Die offenen Balkone fluch-  
 telen (wird am Statist  
 die Luft (an Herrn eine  
 ture, vermutlich schief de  
 ich bekommen Kopf in  
 Kumpf / fand eine Strömung  
 das Regime der Fläche  
 unter den Strichen und in  
 den Tümpeln / die Instrumente  
 te / walteten, die sich  
 bewegen. Am Hafen  
 nur ich allein mit dem  
 Wasser das dort an Land  
 geht / Hochkrane stehen  
 an den Kanälen / an  
 schon fänden, im Hintergrund wirken  
 die Meere.

Royal Mail Mount Pleasant  
 2-04-2021 Mail Centre



Lyrik Kabnett / Lisa  
 Analeusch. P.S. a  
 80799 München  
 Germany



*Pietro Di Bari*  
*Liceo Majorana-Laterza Putignano*  
*Italy*

## **the mirror of the identical shadows**

I don't live underwater  
I live in a normal city.  
You don't live underwater  
You live in a normal city.

I can't live without water  
But it can also destroy my house.  
You can't live without water  
But it can also destroy your house.

I see the ocean and I ask myself "what could be in the darkness?"  
You see the ocean and you ask yourself "what could be in the darkness?"  
I don't know the answer, yet.  
I don't know about you, yet.

If I try to walk underwater I would die.  
If you try to walk underwater you would die.  
Look, I'm just like you.  
Look, you're just like me.

Maybe we'll still be similar also underwater.

## Der Stein - Fredrik Vahle

Es war einmal ein Stein,  
hat weder Kopf noch Bein.  
Er sah die Menschen wetzen,  
er sah die Menschen hetzen  
und sah sie oft beim Denken  
sich ihren Kopf verrenken,  
und manche sah er holpern  
und über sich wegstolpern  
und dachte: Was hat so ein Leben für'n Sinn?  
Der Mensch will immer woanders hin.  
Warum nur... Fragezeichen,  
es ist zum Steinerweichen.  
Ich bin stets hier und niemals da  
und kleiner als Amerika.  
Ich bin von dieser Welt ein Stück,  
und wo ich bin,  
da ist das Glück.

Da kam der kleine Matthias Speck  
und warf ihn im hohen Bogen weg.  
Der Stein ist fortgeflogen...  
In einem schönen Bogen...  
Und sprach, als er gelandet war:  
Bin immer hier und niemals da!  
Und flüstert dann ganz leise:  
Was sind wir Steine weise.

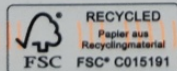


Lyrik Kabinett / Lisa Jeschke

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Liebe Grüße Lucie



Art. 2815  
Stockentenküken  
Foto: LOOK  
www.grusskarten.bio



*Giuseppe Leogrande  
Liceo Majorana-Laterza Putignano  
Italy*

## **WATER**

A raindrop from the sky  
hitting the dry field,  
it gives life to nature.

All around the world,  
water gives hope to people  
and happiness is everywhere.

Like diving in the ocean,  
I am alone,  
nothing around me.

I can only hear my heartbeat,  
I can feel on my skin the cold water current,  
I see fish swimming through kelp.

Everything looks perfect,  
but I have to come back to real life  
because something so beautiful  
can't last forever.



<p>             Quiero ser como el agua              I want to be like water,              so free, tan libre              so pure, tan pura,              so calm tan calmada              so necessary, tan necesaria              Quiero ser tan rápida como ella cuando              I want to be as fast as her              when falls down the mountain              cae por la montaña              At the end, Al final,              we're all born like a drop              of guide that is derailing.              Todos somos pequeñas gotas descontroladas              m → English              m → Spanish 😊           </p>	<p>             nos unimos con otras personas              We join with other people              and, flow into a great sea              y fluimos en un gran mar              I'm terrified of the fact              me asusta que algún día              that one day, I may disappear              desapareceré              that one day my river              que un día, mi río              will be evaporate so evaporará              and, simply y simplemente              I yo              won't no              exist existirá              anymore más           </p>
--	---

*Marco Loliva  
Liceo Majorana-Laterza Putignano  
Italy*

## **Feeling blue**

Glu-glu-glu

I can hear just the sound of water.

I can see just some algae and some fish.

I can talk just with the water and no one can hear me.

Glu-glu-glu

I live in my giant sandcastle.

I live alone, but from time to time some seahorses come to visit me.

I live in darkness apart from a few rays of sunshine.

Glu-glu-glu

I'm really bored of listening to the sound of the bubbles.

I'm really scared when the sea is rough.

I'm really sad to be the only human at the bottom of the sea.

Glu-glu-glu

I'd like to be dry, surrounded by the air.

I love my little swimming friends, colourful and carefree,

But they can't talk with me and I feel so lonely.

Murcia

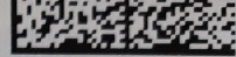
¡Estibador que estiba  
acomodando sus problemas!  
Ahora que estás en tierra  
ya no te promueves por el mar,  
Tu ataúd es un barco varado  
cubierto en su sepultura  
por cemento y azulejos  
en él, harás un gran viaje  
y el viento azotará  
por siempre  
las velas de tus venas

TÁLATA RODRÍGUEZ

(Asua de puerto)

DINARIA  
IONAL  
JC 4

19:22



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M U R C I A



Paloma García Montoya  
I.E.S. Aljada, Murcia  
Spain

## the (water) cycle of self esteem

since my very first arrival into this messy world  
I've been desperately seeking for flawless perfection  
that would fill the void in my chest

but where did all of this hopeless grief come from?

why does the

mirror reflect

disapproval ?

nothing but

-I wondered while my knees fell down into the abyss of sorrow

thus, each time I stargazed, I would just curl up in the soil  
as I whispered to a shooting star

*please Paloma, have mercy on yourself,*

but the star disappeared into the gloominess of the night,  
and my insecurity **didn't**

so I tried to let the cycle of self  
acceptance flow just as water does

because, at the end of the day,  
I'm mostly made up of the most sinless element on earth,  
then how can I have come up with the idea  
that my body is the antithesis of beauty

if it's nature that's  
running through my veins:

the light rests in  
of the moon both my eyes

the brightness of the sun rests on my smile



every time I grab a pencil,  
and the heat of this euphoria melts the ruthless crystal  
as my heart pumps at the beat of the words  
that sprout from my chest like a waterfall

therefore, when will I cease trying to lock myself out of the home  
that surrounds the fire of my soul?  
60% of me is water and I can't seem to stop striving to expel  
my essence out by forcing a storm to collapse

down  
my  
cheeks  
in  
rivers  
of  
sadness

if only we realized how much there is to learn from this liquid we  
are made of:  
its dazzling pureness,  
its freshness,  
its peaceful way of flowing,  
its softness,  
its life

there's just one other thing that reminds me of those qualities,  
and that's metamorphosing my feelings into words,  
because if water offers me the nutrients to keep my body alive,  
writing feeds my soul with the ardour needed for healing

so maybe that shooting star did grant my wish,  
perhaps the cycle of self esteem will eventually reach

the peaceful ocean

where there aren't wars against myself  
but a massive outpouring of passionate writing and love

I guess I'll just keep on letting my words get off  
the prison of my mind

as if they were  
the water that the  
sky  
cries

*Lucie Neubert  
Maria-Theresia-Gymnasium Augsburg  
Germany*

On the beach closing my eyes listening to the sounds of nature  
It splashes and rustles and I feel the wind on my skin  
Thinking about a mysterious resource  
It is known for being diverse  
It is in your glass or in your clothes  
It comes from the sky or from the ground  
It can be solid or liquid  
It is very strong and can carry ships, extinguish fire and even destroy entire  
cities  
It can also be very gentle and flow calmly  
It always finds a way, no matter whether over stones, through mountains,  
forests or through landscapes  
It is always there but never the same  
Everyone knows it and  
Everyone needs it  
And even if you don't see it, you always have it with you inside your body

**WATER**



La Manga

Los ojos de mi amada no parecen  
 dos soles, ni sus labios son corales;  
 sus pechos pardos no son blanca nieve,  
 su pelo es negro y recio como alambre  
 Si he visto rosas rojas, blancas, rosas,  
 ninguna rosa veo en sus mejillas,  
 y hay mil olores con mejor aroma,  
 que el hálito de hiel que ella destila.  
 Me encanta oirla hablar, pero sé bien,  
 que su rumor no es nada musical.  
 ¿Cómo andará una diosa? No lo sé;  
 mi amada pisa el suelo al caminar.  
 Y aún así mi amor es, por el cielo,  
 tan rara como las de falso arreo.

Shakespeare - CXXX  
 (Días son las hoces que te sueño)

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Correos  
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## **What is water**

Water carries in the oceans  
Far away comforting the afflicted,  
Washes in the river on a light barge  
The beloved to the beloved.

Water rushes from clefts in the rock  
As a song down to the valley,  
Pearls like dew from the morning breeze  
Scented cups in the flowers.

Water drips like mild rain,  
Cooling in the dry earth,  
Water refreshes as a source of paths  
Wanderers, shepherds, game and flock.

Without having water  
Everything beautiful on earth dies  
Oh! and only in the human eye  
Is water – a tear.

*Selena Soler Ramírez  
I.E.S. Aljada, Murcia  
Spain*

## **like water**

I want to be like water,  
so free,  
so pure,  
so calm,  
so necessary.

I want to be as fast as water when it  
falls down the mountain.

At the end, we're all born like a drop of guide that is derailing.

We join with other people and flow into a great sea.

I'm terrified of the fact that one day,  
I may disappear,  
that one day my river will be evaporate  
and  
simply  
I won't exist

*Matéo Ruiz*  
*Lycée François d'Estaing, Rodez*  
*France*

I think that underwater life is impressive.  
A wave of things that are unknown to us  
We know only five percent of its secrets.  
From its surface to its greatest depths  
In the abyss, the animals are special  
Like the haplophryne mollis  
The biodiversity is very rich  
So we must not make it disappear  
Another world if  
Animals are very beautiful but also dangerous  
In the ocean, it is the law of the strongest.  
We must protect this fragile environment  
From the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Karin Feller:

(nimm diese kentenden tage  
 nimm diese kentenden tage  
 in der behelfform der stadt  
 stricken stunden die regel  
 das reservoir ist erschöpft  
 im brüchigen wasser hat eine  
 den stöpsel gezogen und ab  
 strudelt das wasser ins  
 vorgehen. v're abend.

München  
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 altbairischer  
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MUSEUM  
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*Mihai Vesa  
Lycée François d'Estaing, Rodez  
France*

## **ALIVE**

A journey underwater,  
A paradise submerged forever,  
With marlins and mermaids,  
With squids and stingrays,  
Way far down there is Atlantis.

Promises of peace  
Are calling me.  
I'm letting go.  
A deeper dive.  
Eternal silence of the sea.  
I'm breathing  
Alive.

This place is within me; this place is Atlantis.

Now I'm diving into the deep,  
Searching for peace,  
But now the silence is killing me.  
Oxygen is decreasing  
Light is diminishing  
I hit the bottom  
Where even the angler-fish has never been.

*Simonetta Vinella  
Liceo Majorana-Laterza Putignano  
Italy*

## **LETTER**

Dear me,

If you're reading this,

Close your eyes and remember the feeling of being underwater,  
Remember the sound of the waves,  
Remember the smell of the sea, and let your mind wander,  
Remember the wonderful, enchanting sea caves.

Remember the water reflecting the sunset,  
Remember when you walked among the wide beach,  
You couldn't be upset,  
That place should be reached.

Imagine around you the marine vegetation,  
Full of colours and beauty,  
I swear, there's no better location.

*Chigeme Elizabeth White Eyenian*  
*I.E.S. Aljada, Murcia*  
*Spain*

## **Draught**

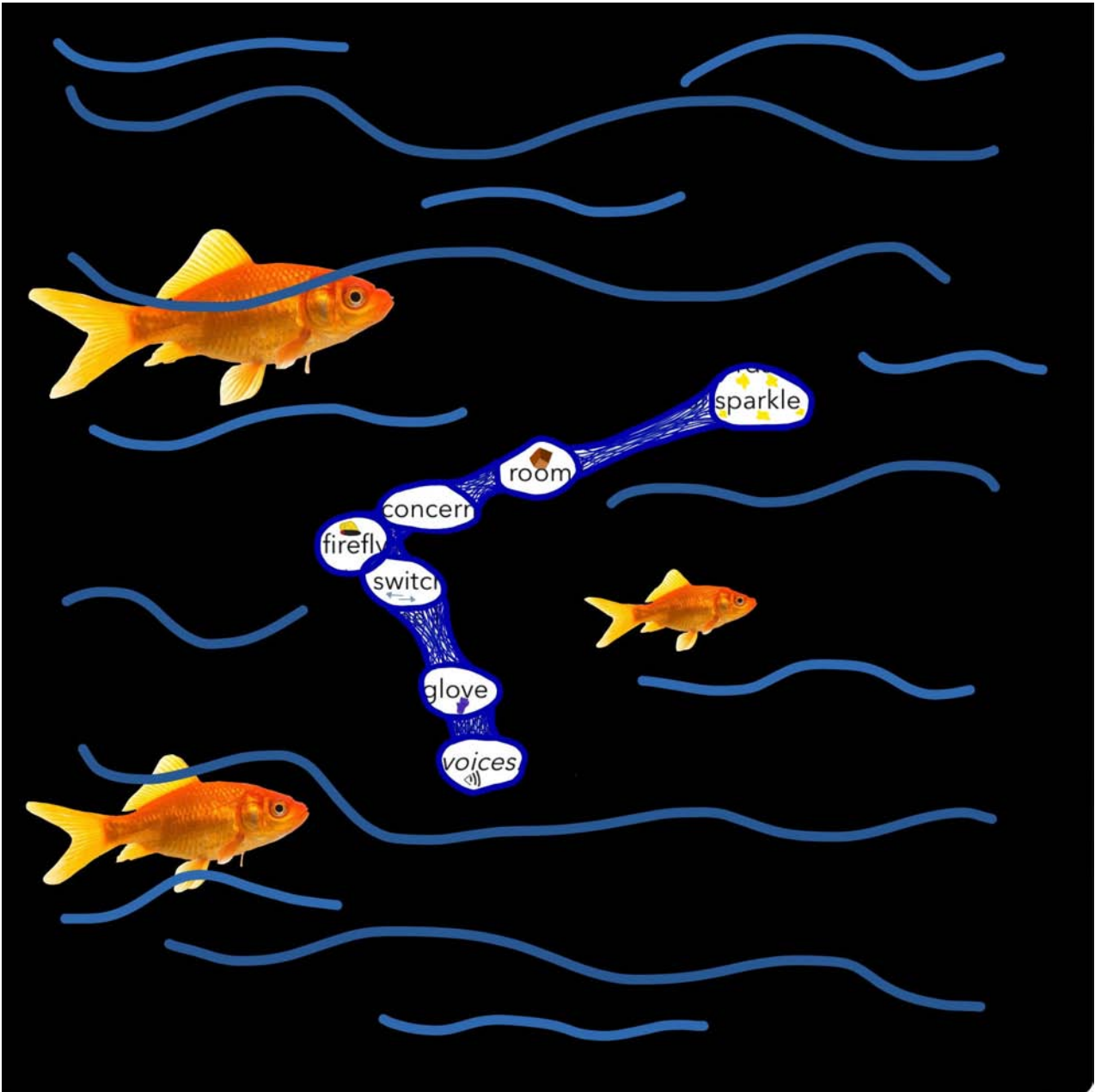
It was in my schedule, just once in a while, for me to take time and heal  
I'd cleanse myself from left to right, from the top unto my heel  
This took place for days, or months, eternity  
I'd wash myself from what made me feel guilty

Sooner than anyone anticipated  
A lot earlier than we would've stated  
I began to feel a burning itching - tingling  
An itching so strong I was now bleeding

My blood was polluted as well  
My skin was dry, my hands would swell  
And no matter how I tried to be clean again  
The impurities brought grief and pain

In a search to heal myself from within, to feel some tiny little ease  
I flew, I ran, and traveled abroad hoping to bring home my peace  
My cries for help weren't heard no matter how loudly I roared  
And whosoever joined me with my search was mocked and likewise ignored

My new description was: polluted, scarce and rare  
When I had always been there  
Humans turned me into this, and now I can't speak  
I'm water, I'm going extinct



*Guest poem by  
Aurora Albarracín Abellán  
I.E.S. Aljada, Murcia  
Spain*

## **My Siren**

Years ago I met a siren  
blue hair as blue eyes  
I know it's short of madness  
I must say I was five

How much time we spent that summer  
every day into the blue water  
we dived looking for seashells  
we also saw some lobsters

Since I met my mermaid  
I started watching the men  
I saw them throwing waste  
killing the house of my friend

One day when I arrived  
she was not there  
my siren had disappeared  
and I had nothing left

Over time I've realised  
that she could not live here  
that our ocean has no life  
and she has also fear

In that moment anger came  
I got mad with the men  
with the waste they threw  
and it didn't bother me then

Sometimes I imagine my siren  
swimming in more live oceans  
rounded by marine animals  
rounded by fishes and corals

But step by step all the water  
will become empty and dead  
if men don't wake up  
and start doing changes

Goodbye my good friend  
now I really know  
why you can't be here  
why did you have to go

I'm just looking forward  
to meeting you again  
to diving into the water  
and see the life in the ocean then

# Rising Waters, Rising Voices

An Eco-Poetry Workshop

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and

Poetry Delights, Stiftung Lyrik Kabinett, Munich

Winter 2020/2021

Gefördert durch



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