

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, H₂O, '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 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

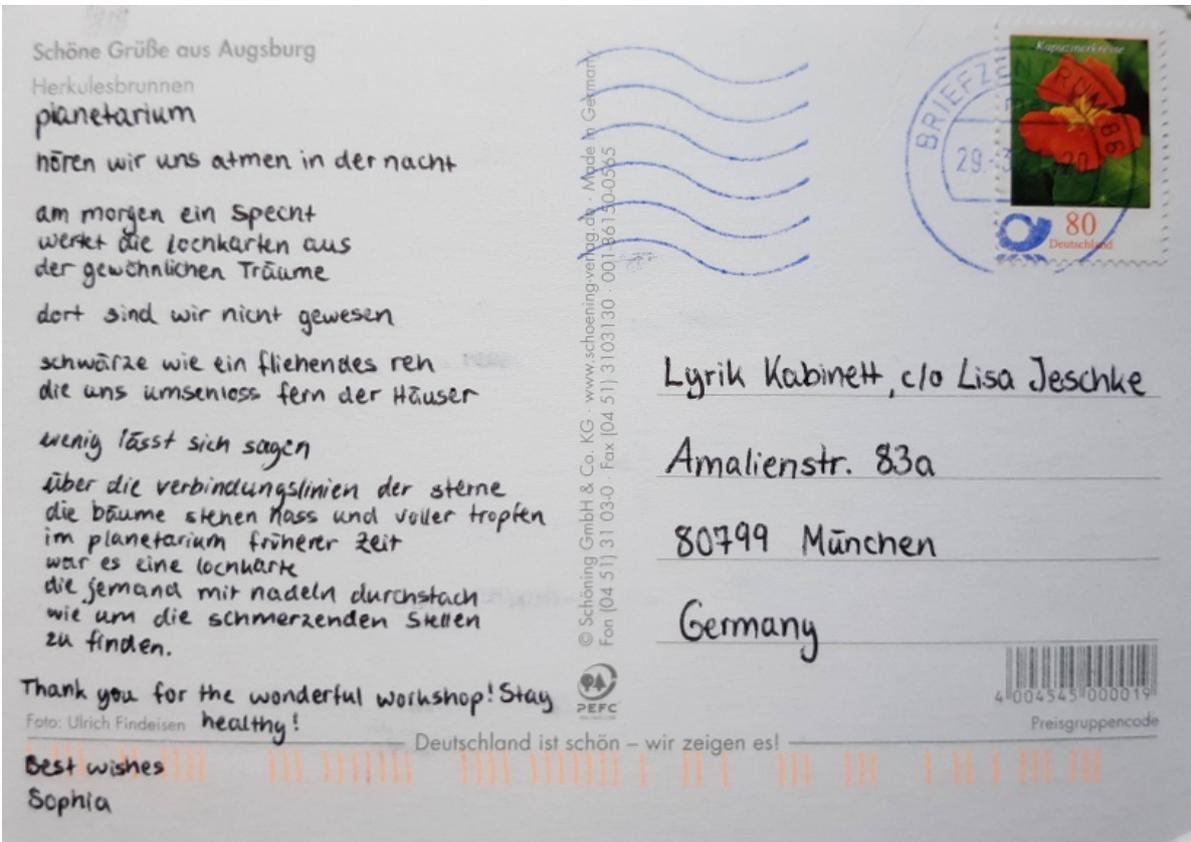
Chigeme Elizabeth White Eyenian

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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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



Streit - Steffen Popp
 Die offenen Balkenfluch
 felen (wird) am Statist
 die Luft (an Herrn) eine
 ihre Vermischte Schlaf
 wie ich (er) einen Kopf in
 Kumpf / fand eine Strömung
 das Regime der Fläche
 unter den Strichen und in
 den Tümpeln / die Instrumente
 te / walteten die
 schwerer / An 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

£170

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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

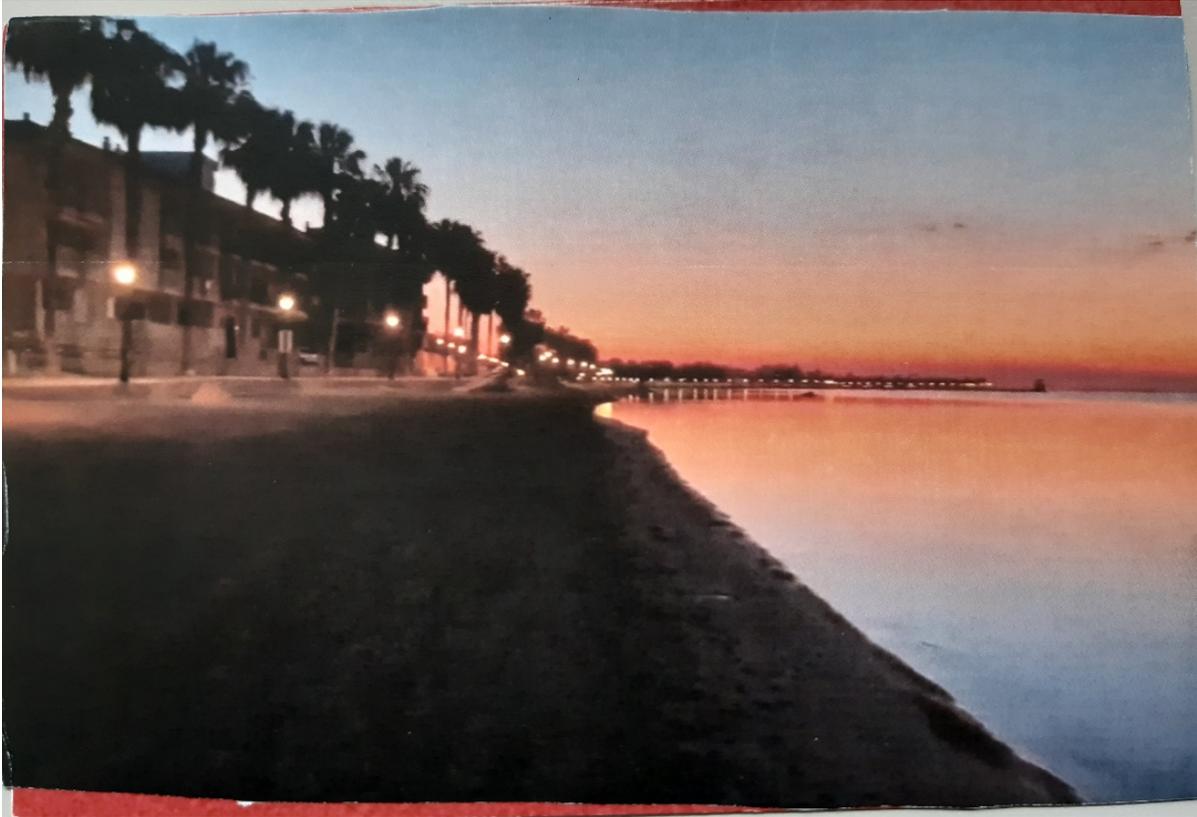
A raindrop from the sky
hitting the dry field,
it gives life to nature.

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

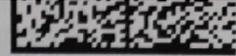
¡Estibador que estiba
acomodando sus problemas!
Ahora que estás en tierra
ya no te promipes por el mar,
Tu ataúd es un barco varado
cubierto en su sepultura
por cemento y azulejos
en él, harás un gran viaje
y el viento azotará
por siempre
las velas de tus venas

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

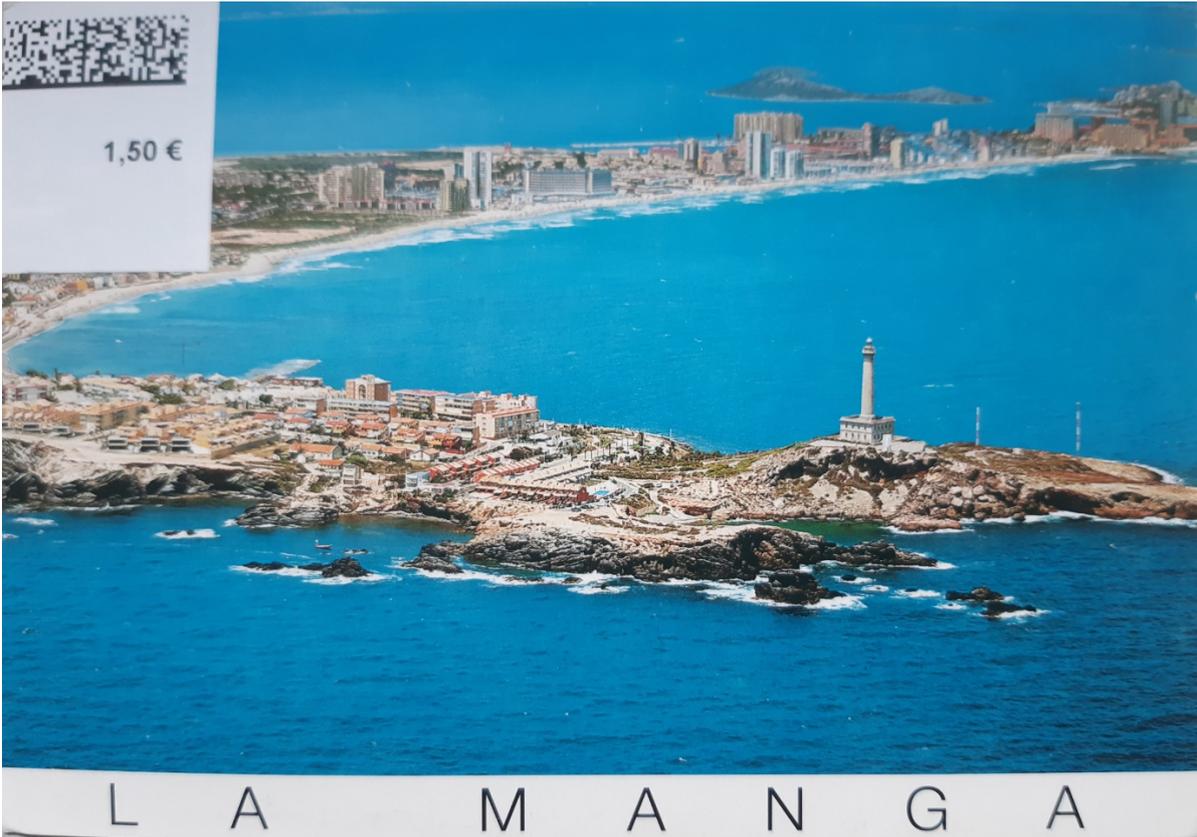
I guess I'll just keep on letting my words get off
the prison of my mind

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 noches que te sueño)

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Lyrik Kabiuet

c/o Lisa Jeschke

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

München
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 Im Alfr
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MUSEUM
 MÜNCHEN



*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

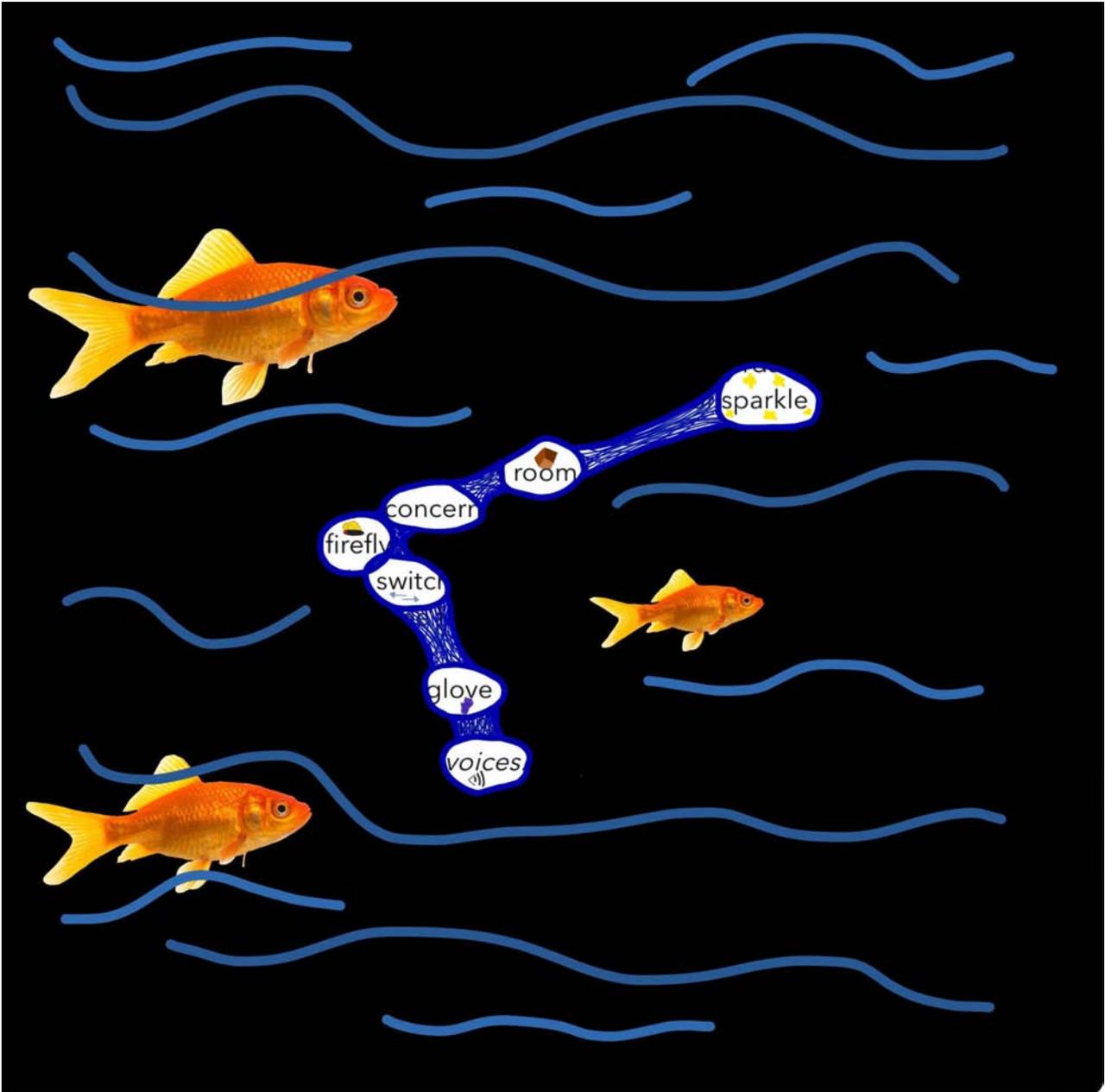
It was in my schedule, just once in a while, for me to take time and heal
I'd cleanse myself from left to right, from the top unto my heel
This took place for days, or months, eternity
I'd wash myself from what made me feel guilty

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

was enabled by

Erasmus +

A Vision Shared:

Promoting UN Sustainable Development Goals in and beyond School

and

Poetry Delights, Stiftung Lyrik Kabinett, Munich

Winter 2020/2021

Gefördert durch



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