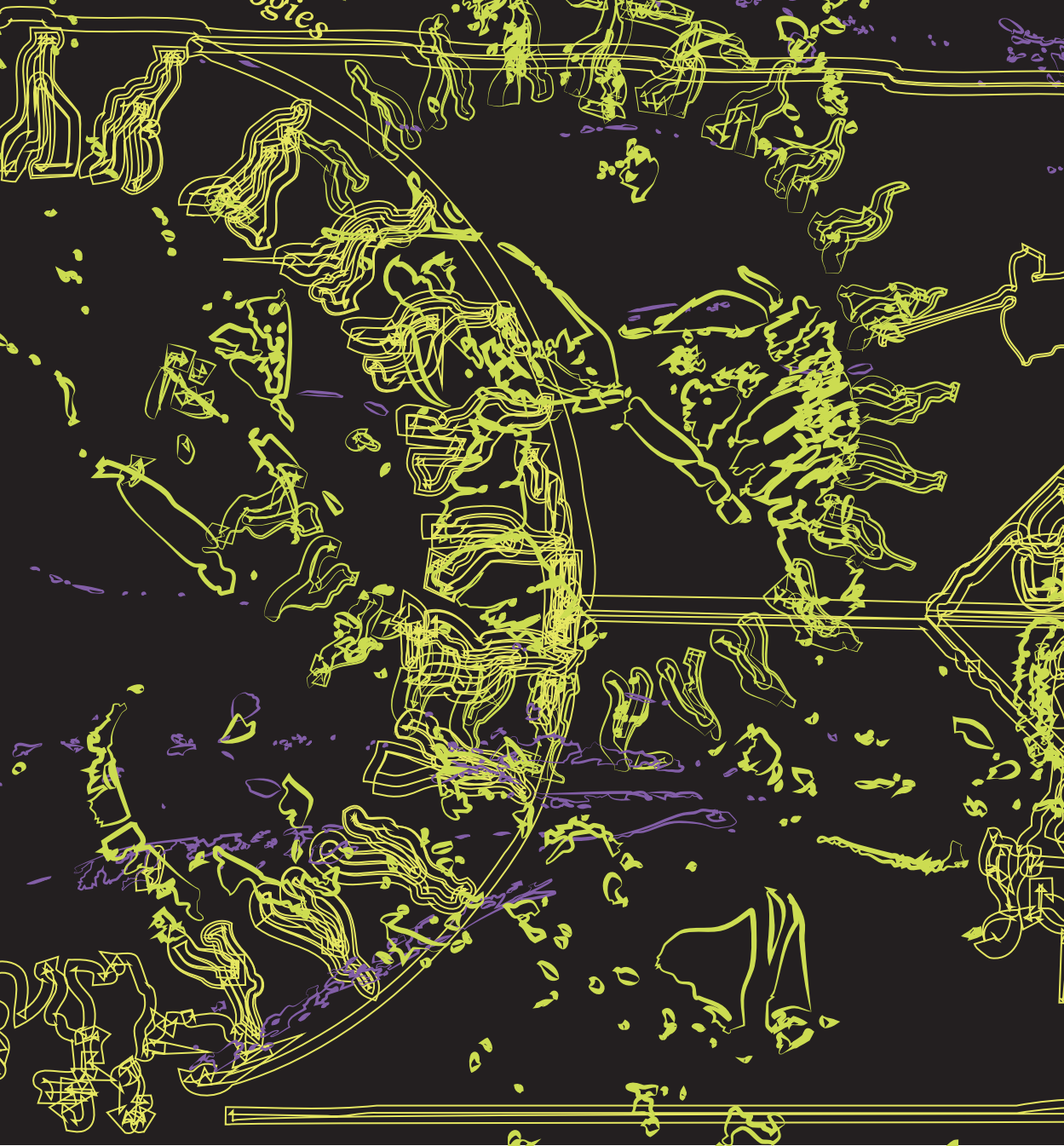


SAGE

Eclipsed Ecologies



A Note from the Editor

This year's edition of SAGE revels in darkness—depths where life exists without light or creates light of its own.

Dark ecologies exist all around us. Some we can't see without disrupting their darkness, such as fine networks of tree roots and the mycorrhizal fungi. Some create their own glow, like the glittering chemistry of bioluminescence in algae and fireflies. And some exist in partial gloom—the moth, who emerges at night to follow the moon.

Standing in the Northeast forests, I feel a world unfolding beneath my feet. Roots take hold beneath our visible world in the lightless matrix of soil. These biological fibers weave themselves into the earth, making a foundation for what will grow above. A tree's roots, it's estimated, extend two to four times wider than its canopy. Damage beneath translates to damage above—if roots die off, part of the crown must die too. So too with growth.

Humans hold our own realms of darkness and the nocturnal, through dreamscapes and interior truths that traverse the subconscious. This internal darkness is something amorphous, shifting, and spiritual, eluding our physical senses. And then there is this historical

moment, where a social and political darkness seeks to obscure and smother the beauty of the identities we hold and connections we share. Existing in this time requires creating our own light.

This year's SAGE magazine is a collection of such light, and explorations of the eclipsed. It includes visions from past selves, ecologies of queer connection, the near-delusional vibrancy of plants, musings on how our homeplaces shape our subconscious, and an invitation to others to join us in our homeplaces. There are homages to the moon and affections for night jungle critters.

Thank you to the editors, graphic designers, and artists that brought this magazine into being, and to the previous editors that have created SAGE's legacy. And thank *you* for holding this work in your hands.

Hadley Tallackson
SAGE Editor in Chief
April 2025

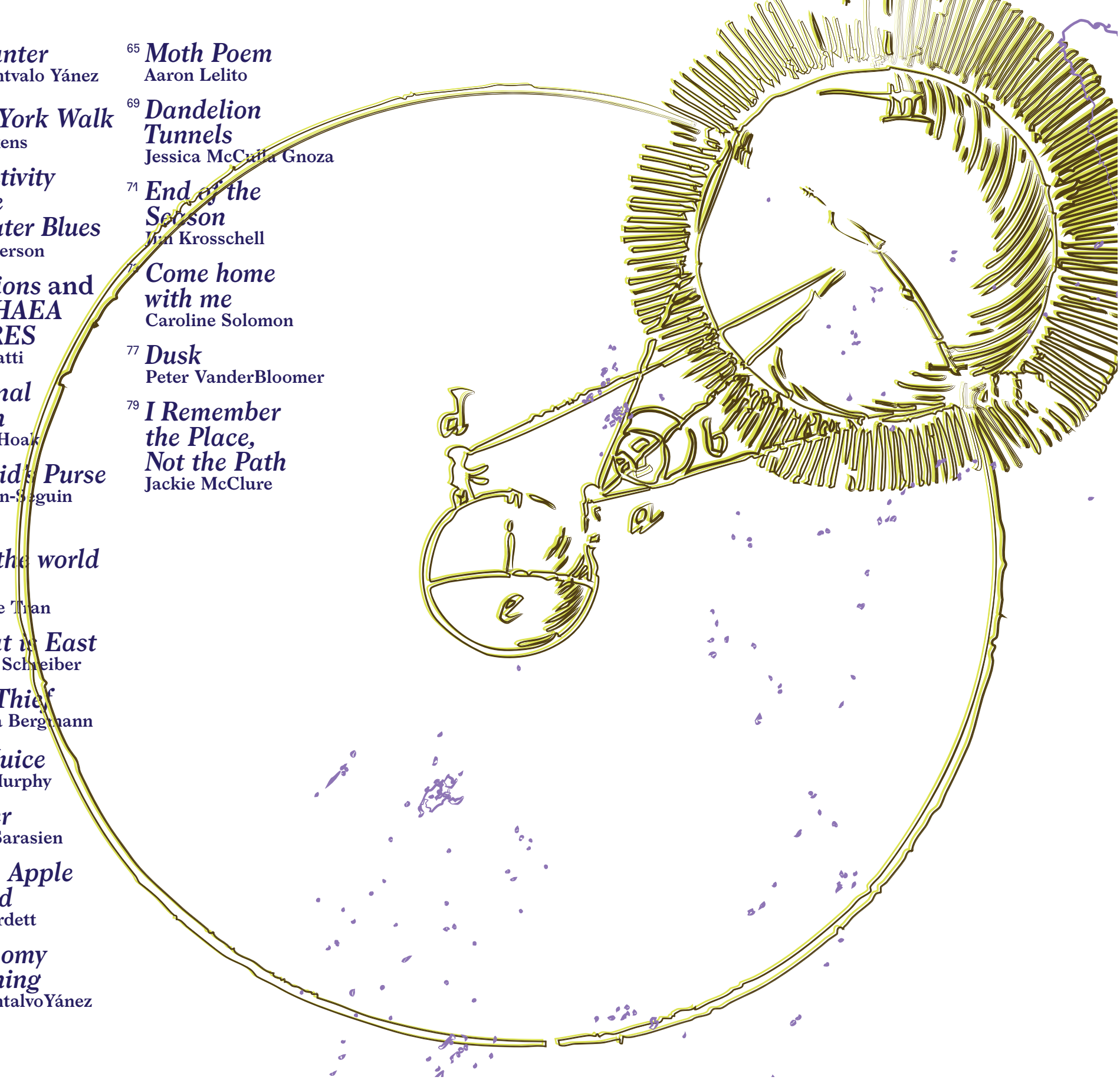
"Beauty
ignobles the
heart,
and reminds us of
the infinity that is within us."
—John O'Donohue

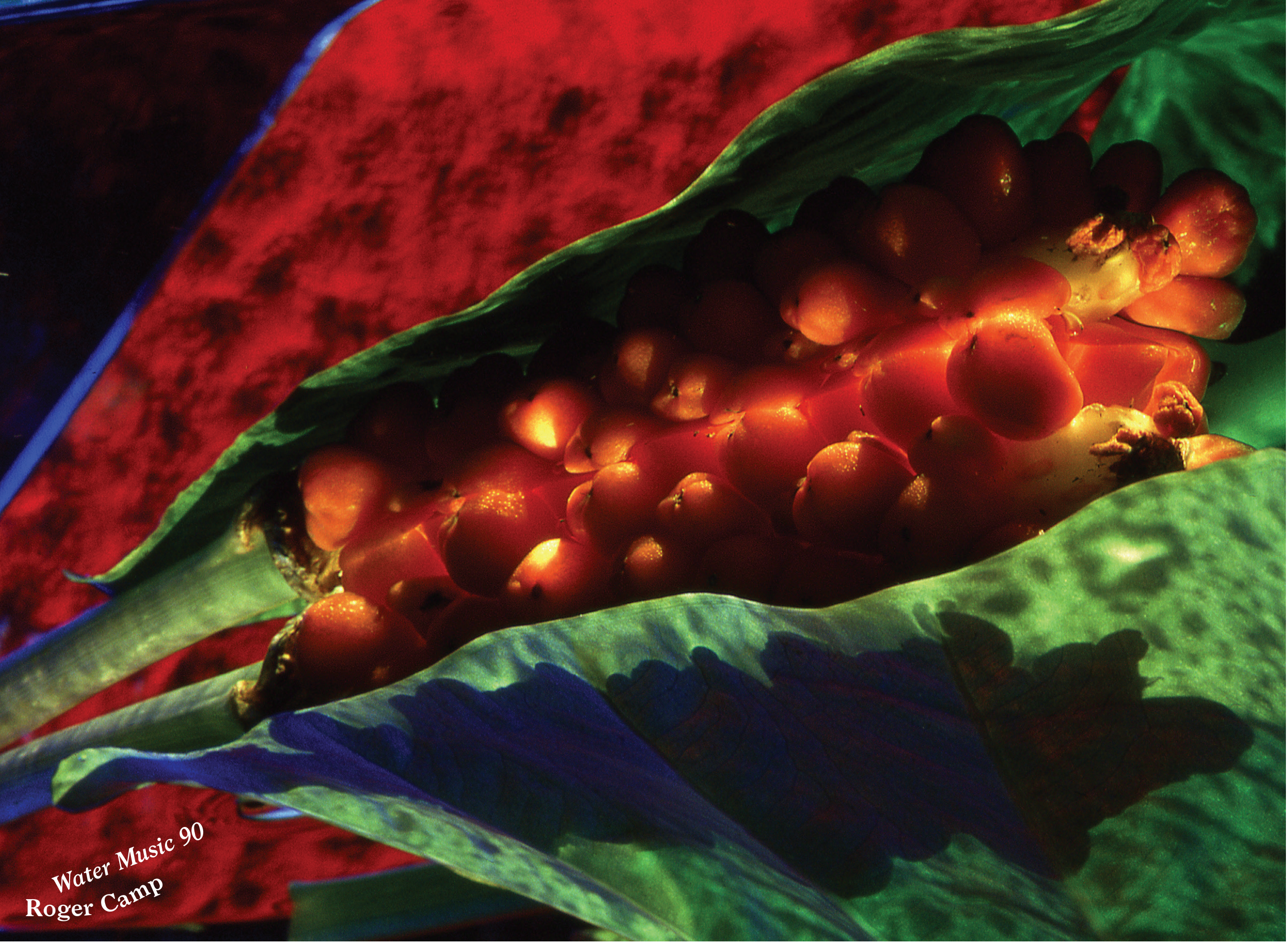
Eclipsed Ecologies

- Cover
Water Music 73
Roger Camp
- ii From the Editor
Hadley Tallackson
- 03 Images
Water Music 90
Roger Camp
- 04 **Eclipse**
Madeleine Tran
- 05 **The Hermit's Lantern**
Camila Buitrago
- 06 **Blurred gills**
Sofía Montvaló Yáñez
- 08 **A lost larvae**
Sofía Montvaló Yáñez
- 10 **Nucleus**
Eleonor Andersson
- 11 **The mind of a Young Me**
Berkana McDowell
- 12 **Water Music 93**
Roger Camp
- 14 **Quilotoa Lake**
Rod Thomas
- 16 **Water Music 94**
Roger Camp
- 18 **Blueprint of Nature**
McKenna Blaine
- 19 **Twisted**
Eleonor Andersson
- 20 **The silent colonizers**
Sofía Montvaló Yáñez

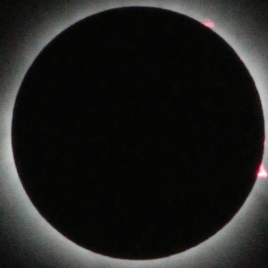
- Hybrid
22 **Tiny hunter**
Sofía Montvaló Yáñez
- 23 **A New York Walk**
Emily Aikens
- 24 **Connectivity and the Backwater Blues**
Grant Peterson
- 28 **Reflections and NYMPHAEA ANTARES**
Anita Pinatti
- 30 **Nocturnal Artform**
Brandon Hoak
- 32 **Mermaid's Purse**
Mia Brown-Seguin
- Writing
37 **Would the world notice?**
Madeleine Tran
- 39 **All That is East**
Elisabeth Schreiber
- 47 **Green Thief**
Alexandra Bergmann
- 49 **Moon Juice**
Wynnm Murphy
- 53 **Summer**
Amanda Sarasien
- 61 **Curran Apple Orchard**
Marie Burdett
- 63 **The gloomy awakening**
Sofía Montvaló Yáñez

- 65 **Moth Poem**
Aaron Lelito
- 69 **Dandelion Tunnels**
Jessica McCulla Gnoza
- 71 **End of the Season**
Jim Krosschell
- 75 **Come home with me**
Caroline Solomon
- 77 **Dusk**
Peter VanderBloomer
- 79 **I Remember the Place, Not the Path**
Jackie McClure





Water Music 90
Roger Camp



Eclipse
Madeleine Tran



The Hermit's Lantern
Camila Buitrago



Blurred gills
Sofía Montvalo Yáñez



A lost larvae
Sofía Montvalo Yáñez



Nucleus
Eleonor Andersson

SAGE Eclipsed Ecologies



The Mind of a Young Me
Berkana McDowell



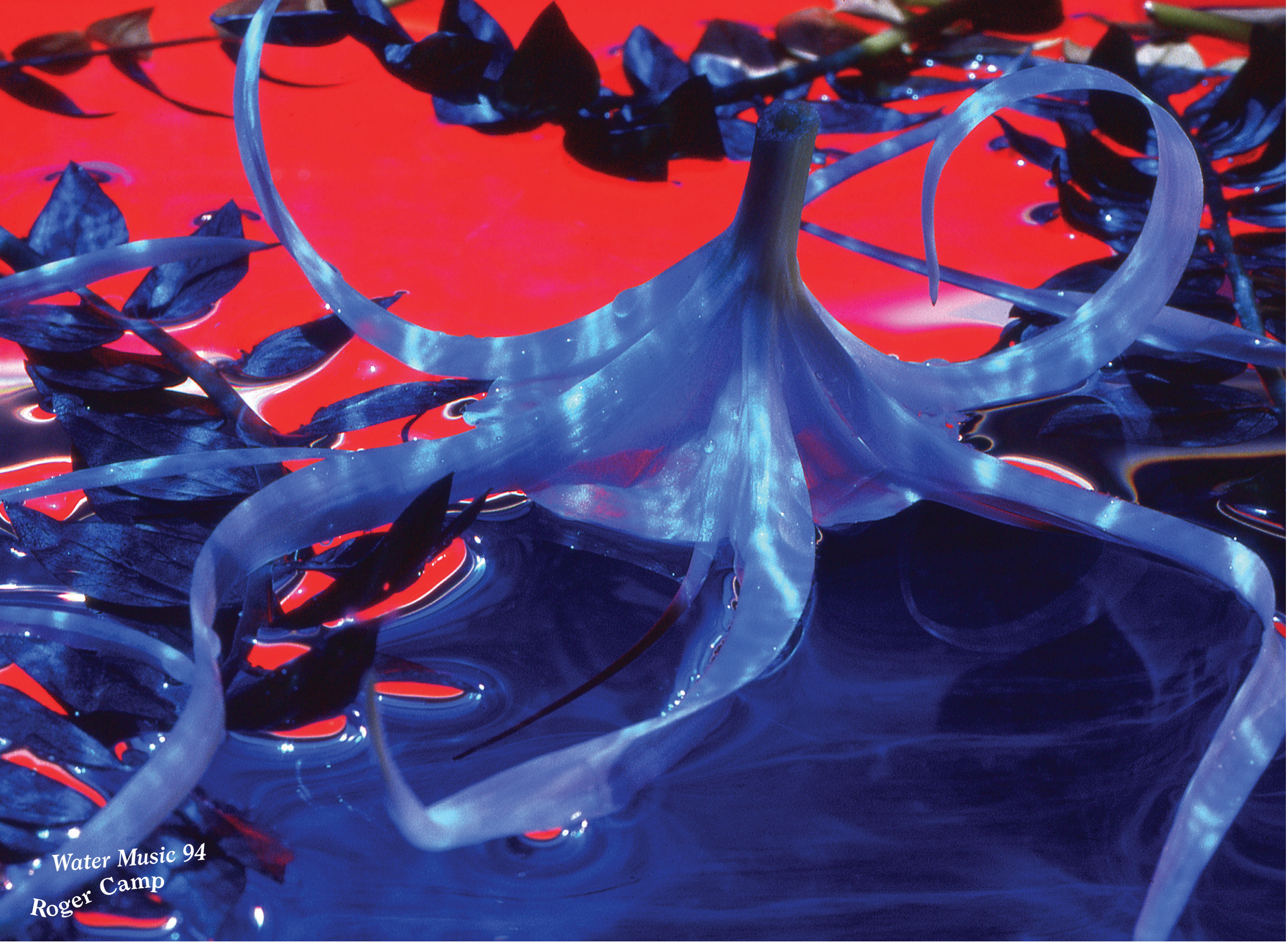
Roger Water Music 93
Camp



Quilotoa Lake – Ecuador

Rod Thomas

SAGE Eclipsed Ecologies



Water Music 94
Roger Camp



Blueprint of Nature
McKenna Blaine



Twisted
Eleonor Andersson



The silent colonizers
Sofía Montvalo Yáñez

Tiny hunter Sofía Montvalo Yáñez



Emily Aikens is a junior at Yale University majoring in English and completing a certificate in Food, Agriculture, and Climate Change. Her work has previously been published in The Nation, The Washington Post, Digital Thoreau, and The Yale Herald. Upon graduating, Emily hopes to pursue a career in environmental advocacy and eventually attend law school, where she will focus on animal rights litigation.

A New York Walk Emily Aikens

On Sullivan Street,
The glass storefronts reflect the sun
In different directions,
Creating a laser maze of light beams.

I avert my eyes,
Engrossing myself in the familiar Left-right-left
Until the brightness subsides.

Two inches from the sole
Of my shoe, I see another foot
(Can I call it a foot?),
Much smaller than mine.

A spider, the same kind
I'd see back home,
Clings, upside down,
To a sidewalk grate, like a child
On the monkeybars.

Steady while my step shakes the
steel, He dangles, legs splayed,
Each one reaching,
Gripping,
Grasping,
Dancing in rhythm with the hum of the city.

Nowhere is "unnatural,"
He tells me. And so I walk on,

Looking down more than before.



Connectivity and the Backwater Blues Grant Peterson

In the way back when, rivers were allowed to unspool themselves like muddy blue ribbon across vast swaths of floodplain. Lazily, these rivers meandered, twisting themselves up like snakes in heat until gravity and rushing water became shears, snipping stretches of ribbon into crescent moon-shaped lakes.

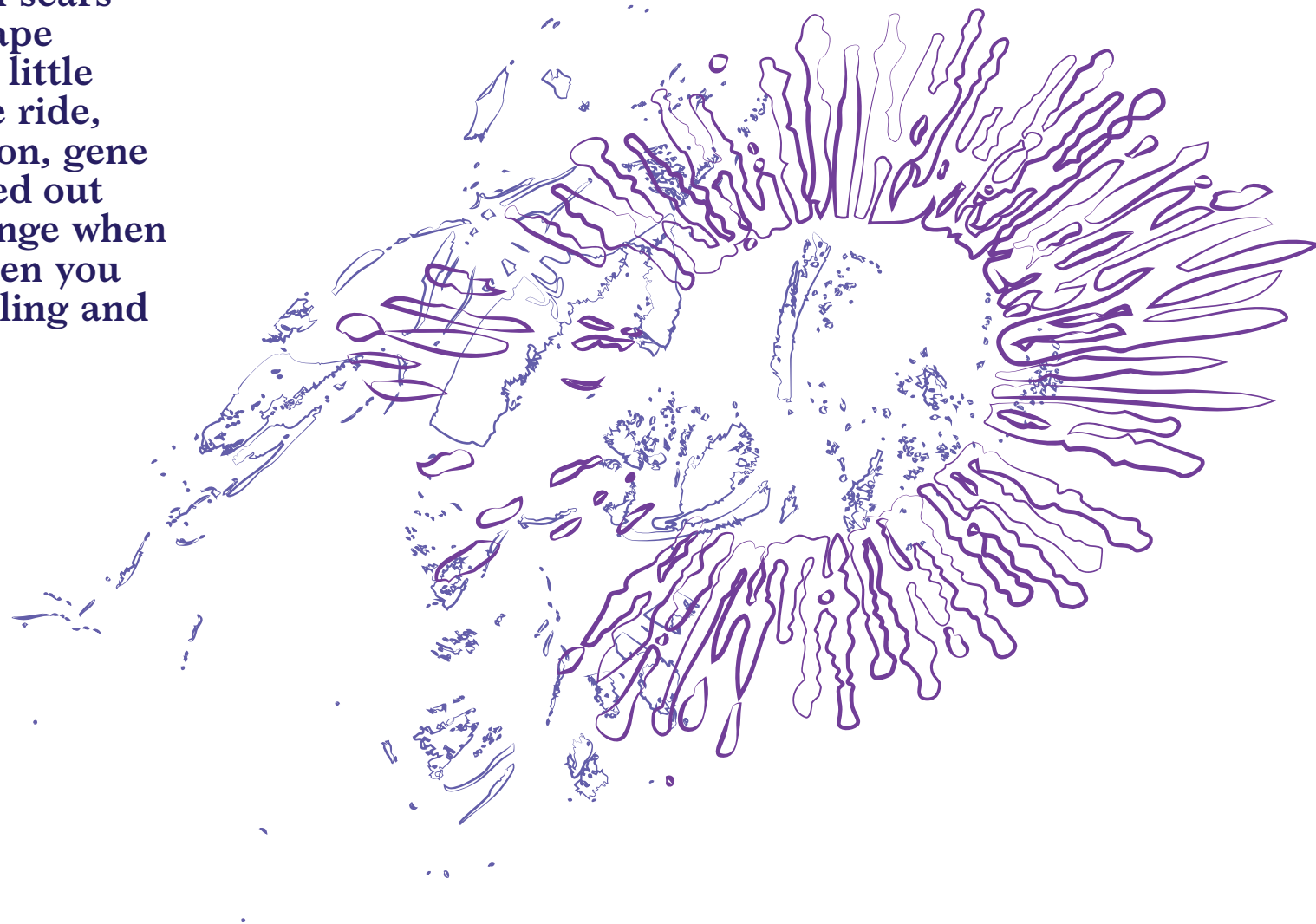
Alligators can drag themselves up on the bank and walk bow-legged where they please. Black-crowned night herons can stretch their charcoal wings and glide over patches of cypress and tupelo. Poor legless fish!—left behind and stranded in backwaters and oxbows, stuck with nothing to do other than to evolve into just about as many forms as you could imagine, unable to show their scales' new colors and patterns to their now distant relatives.

I am especially fond of the dazzling gems smaller than the palm of your hand, the kind you would never catch with a standard fishing pole, something for humans to neither eat nor observe. In the southeastern U.S., these diminutive fishes become especially vibrant in the spring, throwing on shades of scarlet and cyan to welcome the rainy season. Before the era of levees and dams, before humans grew sick of the unpredictable nature of water and the

Grant Peterson is an ecologist from Mississippi currently living in New Haven, CT, pursuing a master's degree at Yale School of the Environment. Shaped by the southeast's swamps, he aims to conserve, restore, and bring attention to the mysterious, unique, eerie, beguiling, and beautiful workings of wetland ecosystems.

universe, heavy spring rainstorms regularly caused rivers to overtop their banks, thereby spreading water, soil, seeds, nutrients, and fish—life!—across their floodplains. Where rivers still possess this right, these sentient jewels can reunite yearly with disparate kin, don their nuptial coloration, spawn, dart between cypress knees guarding their egg masses, and, when the waters recede, find new homes.

Our landscapes bear beautiful scars etched by water's power to shape the world around it. Fish have little choice but to tag along for the ride, yet through patterns of selection, gene flow, and drift, they have turned out similarly beautiful. Shape change when you should. Accept change when you must. Become something dazzling and resplendent.





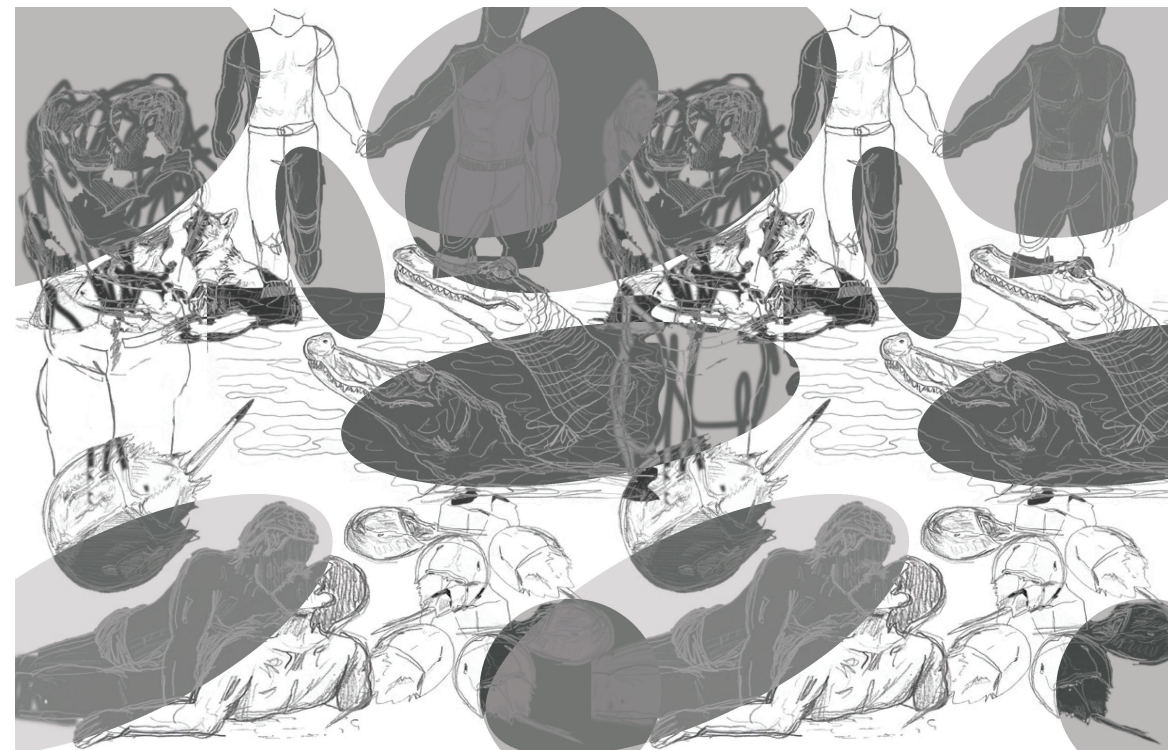
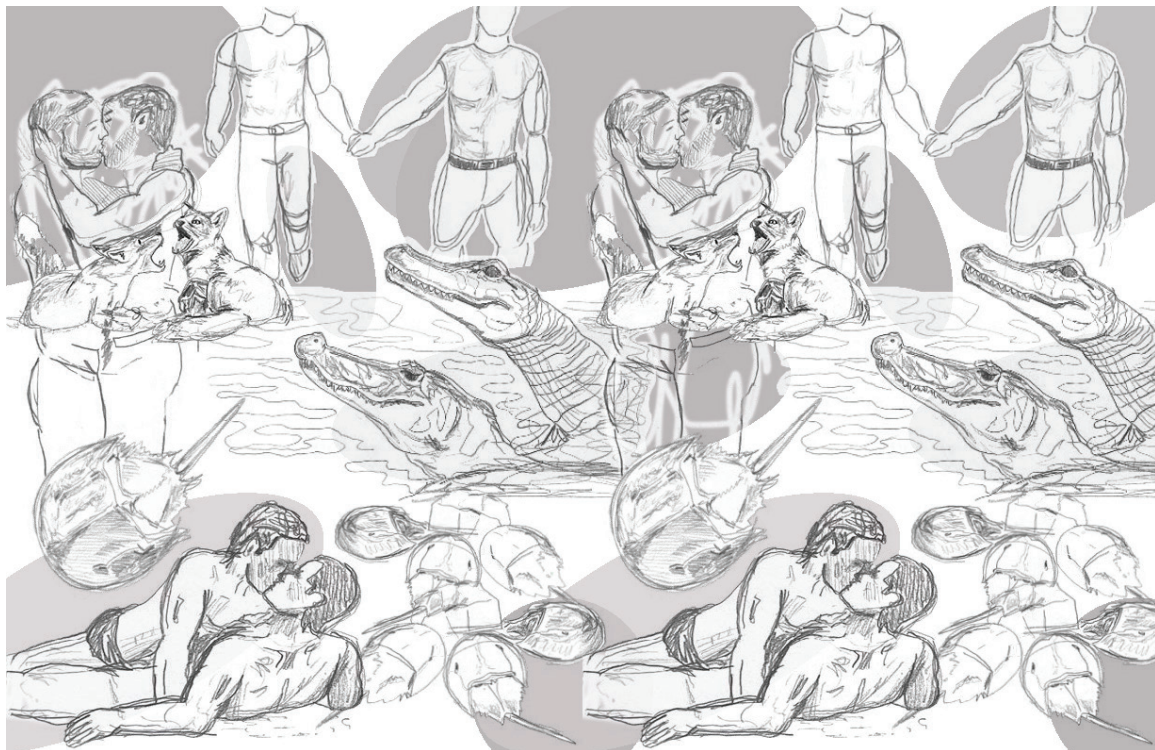
I am floating now
 with Nymphaea Antares
 nightly showing its dream-body
 moon-luminous, fleeting
 but rooted in depths where
 silence fills the senses
 and when I glance below I see
 the spines of our mountains
 submerged.

Nymphaea Antares speaks to me
look up
 fireflies fill the night sky
 blinking
 over the gentle tug
 of a beguiling scent
make swimming motions now

my ears fill with water
 a possibility of song.

NYMPHAEA ANTARES—*Night Blooming Water Lily*
 Anita Pinatti

Anita Pinatti
 is a native New
 Englander who
 enjoys combining her
 poetry and photography.
 Her poetry recently appeared
 online at [Amethyst Review](#) and
 will be forthcoming at [Blue
 Heron Review](#).



Nocturnal Artform is a stitched wall-paper of queer men and other animals being intimate under the guise of darkness. In order to avoid the danger of being perceived, both beings may only search for a mate in the nighttime. For queer folks, this act is called “cruising.” It often occurs in parks, secluded beaches, swamps, woodlands, and alleyways in cities; fostering kinship with the critters that share this nocturnal world.

Nocturnal Artform Brandon Hoak

Brandon Hoak is a gardener and artist. He currently resides in New Haven, CT, while pursuing a master's in environmental justice and ecosystem conservation at the Yale School of the Environment. Ithaca, NY is both his home and location of his co-created Marshy Garden: an artistic and queer restorative ecology community garden. His work has been featured in *Understory Magazine*. Website: busybee-ecologicaldesigns.com



Let me be reborn into a leathery capsule so I don't float away.

I spent my early summers at Summer's Breeze, a family cottage in East Matunuck, Rhode Island. This is where I learned how to kayak in Potter's Pond and discovered a fondness for East Matunuck State Beach, all before the age of four. While combing the beach, I found buoys washed ashore, lobster tags, sea glass, shells, horseshoe crabs, and kelp with pneumatocysts that could be mistaken as skate eggs. Despite my various finds, I never spotted mermaid's purses along the shore; their dark, seaweed-like forms camouflaged the life developing inside.

Mermaid's Purse Mia Brown-Seguin

Mia Brown-Seguin is a papermaker and sculptor based in Virginia. In her practice, she explores parallels between human connection and environmental systems, referencing imagery of seeds, eggs, and pods. Brown-Seguin's work has been exhibited internationally and included in permanent collections. She has been awarded residencies at Woodstock Byrdcliffe Artist in Residence, and the Morgan Art of Papermaking Conservatory & Educational Foundation.

My interest in skate eggs was piqued when I visited Biomes Marine Biology Center, a private marine education facility with a hands-on aquarium. An illuminated tank caught my eye at Biomes. The glowing iridescent light revealed moving embryos protected by anterior and posterior horns. Otherwise concealed by the darkness of the

seafloor and their leathery purse, this display irradiated a hidden beauty in the skate egg's forms.

Like the obscured allure of Chondrichthyes and their egg case forms, my recent sculpture, Mermaid's Purse, holds a meaning beyond its ode to East Matunuck. Weaving together personal histories, human connection, and environmental systems, I navigate trauma and loss in my artistic practice. Each object, egg, or pod I create holds the possibility of starting over and being reborn, the sensation of being uprooted, and the growing pains of transitions. Referencing the belief of animism, my sculptures become vessels that foster serendipity and liberate the past. Likewise, my fascination in cyclical patterns is rooted in a belief that community, empathy, rapport, and intimacy allows for regeneration. The environment knows this regeneration but sometimes I must be reminded.



Madeleine Tran

Would the world notice

Madeleine Tran is
a Vietnamese
American environmen-
talist and engineer passionate
about environmental justice and
community-driven work. She enjoys
long walks outdoors, gazing at the
stars, and listening to the trees.
She is a graduate of the
Yale School of the
Environment and School
of Engineering and Applied
Sciences.

The sky is dark tonight
Sometimes you have not yet risen or have already set
Obscured by treetops, mountains, or clouds
Starting a new cycle, hiding your illuminated face
But even when I do not see you, I know you are there

As I lift my eyes towards your home, I wonder
If you disappeared, would the world notice?

Notice the eternal darkness in your absence
Nightjars waiting for their migratory cue
Heath mice lost to red foxes in the deep darkness
Coral's stage never set for synchronized spawning
Without you illuminating our sky?

Notice tides retreating to half their range
Leaving tidepool deserts behind
Disrupting diets of interconnected webs
Isolating waters by absent currents, destabilizing
ocean temperatures
Without your gravity casting waves?

Notice the Earth wobble, teetering off its axis
Equator and poles feverishly swing dancing
To the cacophony of extreme climatic events
Wreaking havoc on our cherished seasons
Without you balancing the earth?

The world would be mad to ignore your
disappearance, maybe it already is
But for now I will appreciate you while you are here

All That is East

Elisabeth Schreiber

Elisabeth Schreiber is a master's student at Yale School of the Environment. With a background in environmental engineering, she is most passionate about human-environment interactions, clean water access, and sustaining natural systems. She finds connection through storytelling and draws inspiration from the outdoors, especially in her home state of Florida.

At the first sign of the sunset, I migrate to the nearest window and look out into the yard. The branches of our ancient oak trees entangle – their canopies, once separate, are now inextricably laced. In the alley, a chrome telephone tower shines through the trees. The last ray of sunlight reflects off its metallic body and illuminates it. When the room dims further, I make my way to the front porch to catch the last breaths of the daylight. Dusk settles in from the west, and I arrange myself in the porch chair to face it. The sun casts deep pink and purple hues above the electric lines until the sky turns black. In darkness, I make my way inside again, like a moth to artificial light. Out my window the streetlights flicker on, casting light on the asphalt marked with reflective yellow paint. Go east, just three blocks, and you'd make it to the beach.



It feels like years since I went to the Everglades. It was that last time, gliding among the grassy banks in a kayak, that I learned of their history — the draining and diversion of its sheet flow to the east and west, the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf. Water, clean and pure, at one point trickled from the Kissimmee River all the way south down to the

Keys, recharging the Floridan aquifer, our precious lifeblood, along the way. I saw them once, the outskirts. Follow the water mains west for a while and you'll make it there, to Okeechobee. There, in the highly arable lands of the lower basin, farmers harvest sugar cane and live in trailers among the stalks. There, a dike surrounds the lake, so tall you can't see the water. Satellite imagery reveals the aftermath, or perhaps it was the vision. Abstract patterns of retention ponds, encased in squiggling segments of road. Driveways extend off each swirl neatly like phalanges from a limb. Zoom in to an infinitesimal scale and you'll see the individual pieces—a clay roof, square driveway, and backyard pool. Communities, deftly contained. The colors of them are conspicuous, almost fluorescent: red clay, white concrete, and chlorine-pool blue.



It's December again, and a single poinsettia is placed on the front porch to remind me. In its quietude, the lawns and porches of Lake Worth, my hometown, are not as often appreciated as they are observed. I sometimes felt like that.



In the same breath, but of another world, is the northern part of the state. There, miles north of the Kissimmee headwaters, is where Spanish moss drapes over the live oaks and blankets every road. There, brushing the tops of each car that passes beneath them, it's as if the trees say: we are here and always will be. There, and it feels like only there, are the springs. Subterranean caverns of limestone and dolomite contain freshwater, which bubbles up to the surface and breathes life into the air. A geomorphic artifact, a place I'll never forget. I've waded into them and floated on my back above them and descended within the depths of them—their karst terrain—all while the sunshine warmed me gently. I remember the prairie that takes me there, to the last untouched place.

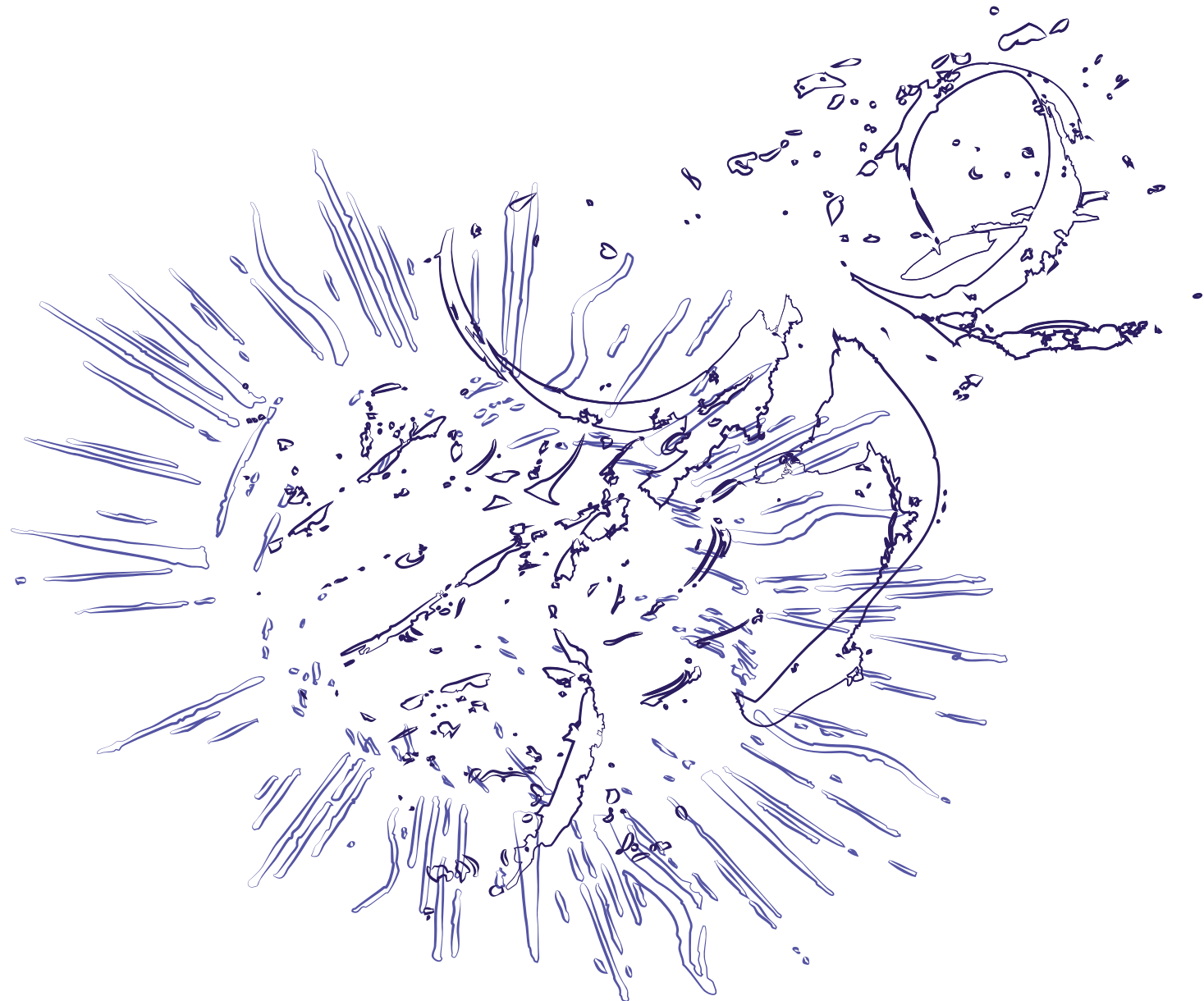


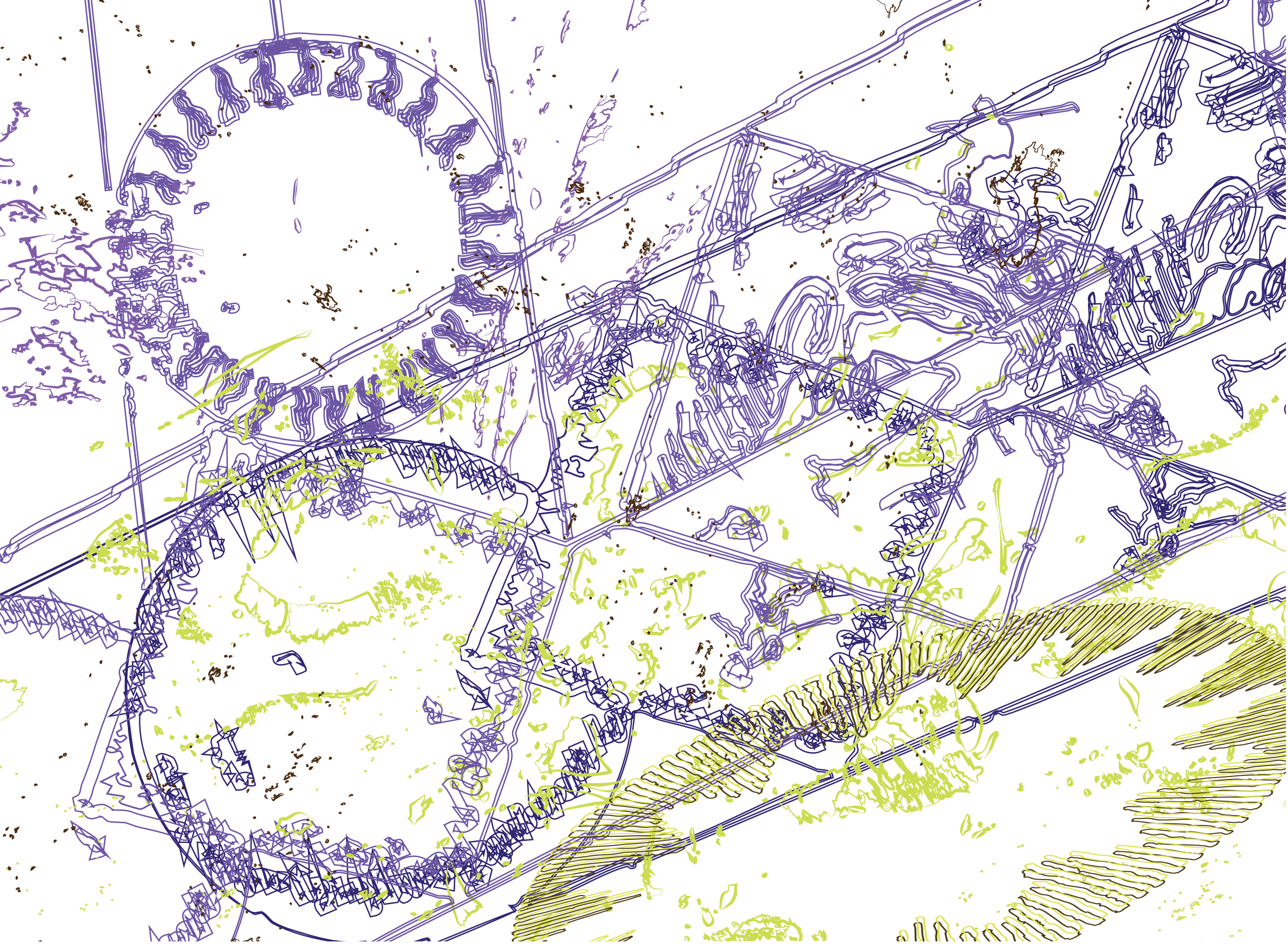
When the cool, quiet breeze filters in through my window in the early morning, I can finally breathe. Look east in the morning sunlight, past the branches and the lagoon and intercoastal, I can almost see the beach. When I think of home, I think of her. The pink sky, the soft sand, and the ocean, pure and vast. I am not a single entity here, but rather I'm connected, to this system, this place.

If only I could be of it—an interstitial species inhabiting the space between the grains of the sand.



It's been years since I went west, into the Everglades. And yet, they never once left my mind. In some cases, the memory of the ecosystem is stronger than the forces that attempt to delineate it. My roots bore into sand dunes and the River of Grass, transient things.





Green Thief
Alexandra Bergmann

Alexandra Bergmann is a writer, educator, and scientist from the San Francisco Bay Area. They hold an MFA from the Iowa Writers' Workshop. Her work has been featured or is forthcoming in [SEISMA Magazine](#), [Red Ogre Review](#), [Tendon](#), and [Mantis](#).

I want to eat the sun so badly.
I'd gladly trade my spine to drink
fusion every eight minutes. My plan:

gorge on algae. Trap their jeweled
chloroplasts inside my stomach.
With translucent skin, I'd soak up
daybreak dressed emerald
from internal engine fire. If my
column's insufficient cost, fine;

I'd invert the whole tree for fees in my
transformation. Shape? Amorphous
enough to skirt all questions of what
I need to fill me. Of why I steal
another domain's main claim to power.
When I shrunk to mollusk mass, you took

size as proxy for grasp. In the glass,
you never realized that little I
was a vampire, siphoning solar plasma.

Wynnm Murphy
Moon Juice

Wynnm is an artist,
singer, songwriter,
composer, producer, poet,
and multi-instrumentalist living
and working in Amsterdam.
With second generation South
Korean and Celtic roots grown
in Pocatello, Idaho, USA, their work
centers around themes of compas-
sion, transience, love and loss, intergen-
erational trauma, wide open spaces, belief
systems, gender bending, sexuality and
flow. The artist creates and writes from an
academic foundation of Literary and
Cultural Analysis from the University
of Amsterdam.

Flicked the cornea windshield wipers
Off
Think I'll decipher it later

Cold feet
A vein begins like the final rotating beginning
And in little bare feet
A whole bunch of zeros

As I look beyond
There's a mesa and a palm tree
And a statue of the Simpsons
But in a miracle haze
Two green eyes amidst a herd of sheep

Wolves with mouse ears
Bushes with duck feet
You might say it was nature's cantine

But there was a scarf over the back of the couch
So how could I recite it to you?

With one, two, three winter green grass stalks
I'm eating with an iridescent spoon
I feel like moon juice

Why are you up on a hill
With only two layers of hair
The shedding of a shell

I left you there
I said I'd come back
And I did
But if atlas knows anything
I didn't come back ready yet

So
Just as long
As you keep the horizontal guavas
Stacked cattle
Meandering along
I will know
To carefully seek you
Leave a trail of breadcrumbs
Right to your bedroom

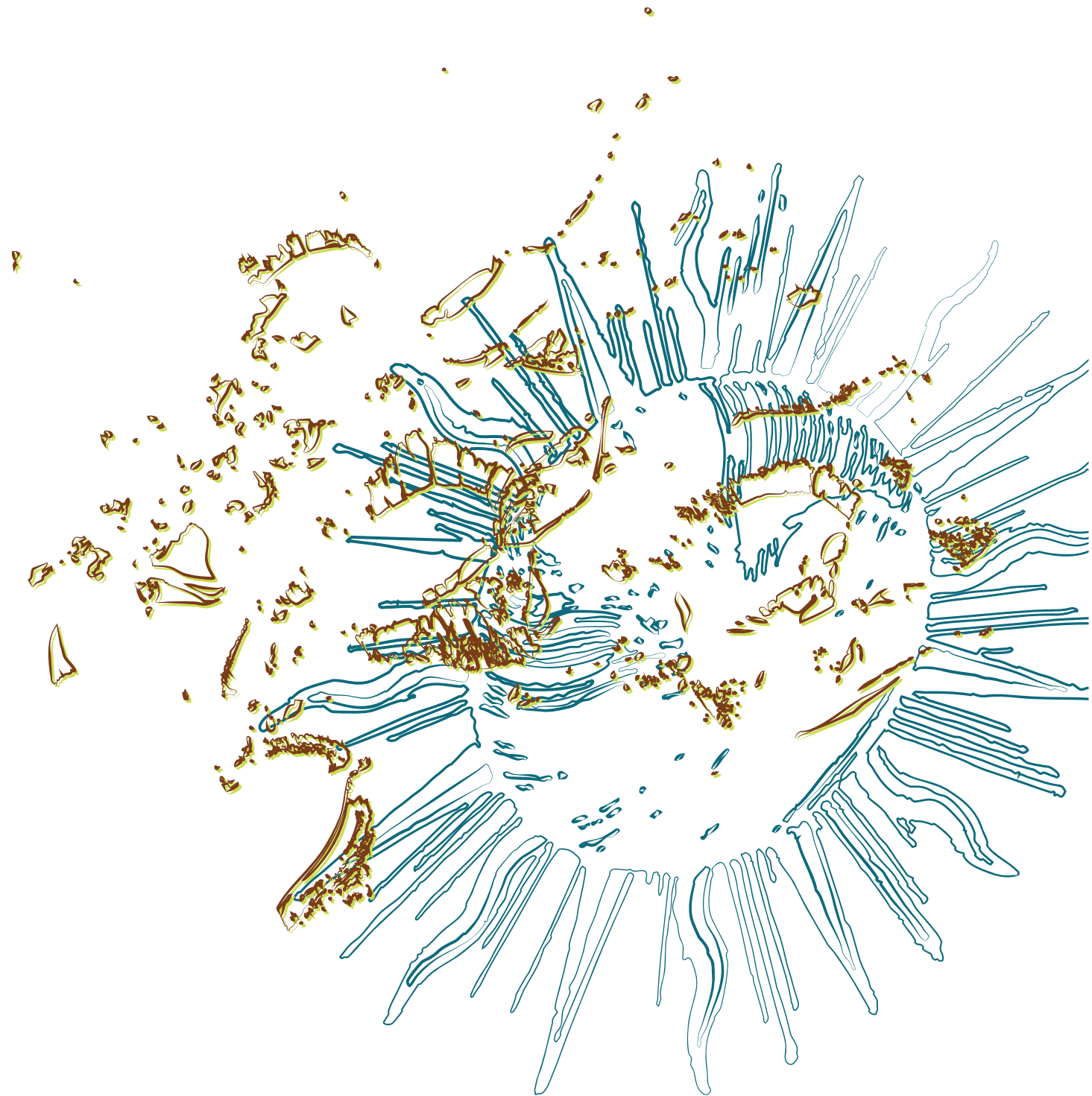
I will configure miniature halos
So that fish with spikes and scales
Will outweigh the little reptiles
Who never meant for giant insects
to take over these buildings
I always wanted a wooden house too

If you call on that seashell
With thorns straight through the middle
I'll tell you you remind me of my brother
A little bit comforting and a little bit hell

How slowly
Does the dust turn to dirt turn to pebble
Turn to rock turn to stone turn to metal

Inside this treasured landscape
We'll be delivering a new pair of ears
Grown right in the belly

You'll find them to be
Approximately
Four fingers below your port of entry



Summer, or Chronic Illness:
Amanda Sarasien
The Eternal Return

Amanda Sarasien is
a writer and translator
working from Portuguese
and French into English.
A 2022 National Endowment
for the Arts Translation
Fellow, her work has appeared or is
forthcoming in *Electric Literature*, *The
Massachusetts Review*,
West Branch, *Chicago Review of Books*,
The Common, and elsewhere. She
is past co-chair of the PEN America
Translation Committee and lives
in Chicago.

Like anything of consequence, she goes
by many names – call her Aurora, call
her Eos, call her

Dawn.

Call her “rosy-fingered,” as
Homer did.

Call her daughter of Hyperion,
mother of Hesperus also called Evening
Star.

Call her lover of Tithonus, it was
her mystery he loved, the mystery of how
she shapeshifts depending on what you
call her. As if language, star-shot, could
hold pain or light without leaking.

Her other mystery was:

How she dies the moment you
lay eyes on her, the moment she breaks,
like a music note
alights on the ear choking on its death
rattle, all out of breath.

Her other mystery was:

How she’s made resurrection
into a chronic piece of performance art,
like a flow of
music going back for bow after bow
refusing to exit the stage.

It takes courage to start again after
each line break after each breakdown.

Though I often conflate courage with
fate. But let me let the myth speak for
itself.

Eos, going about the business of dawn-
ing, caught sight of Tithonus, prince

of Troy, and anyone who'd happened to walk in on the youth fast asleep, hugging his pillow and his falling to his cheek, might have said his beauty looked a tad more radiant. She promised him immortality, but since Dawn speaks the language of light, all twinklings and transience, she failed to ask Zeus for the mercy of eternal youth. So Tithonus, his bent head forever silvering, his lips cracked with canyons of longing, repeats to the heedless millennia: I'm tired so very tired. Until he's a heap of crepe-paper skin, the pacemaker pulse of fireflies. And still he goes on, surpassing himself.

(I happen to know don't ask how,
when you fold yourself in half on
the floor,
too exhausted even to mourn,
tears flow up instead of down.)

Eos took pity on Tithonus. After all, she knew a thing or two about unfulfilled desire: she an always-becoming, he a never-ending. And she loved him. His complementarity, his twilight that tasted of spent bonfires... He was her origin story. He was as broken as she was not-yet-whole.

A CHORUS of crickets chirps: A word
depends on its antonym,
to give it definition;

the opposite of hope
is not hopelessness but anger.

Eos glanced in on Tithonus, and the sky blushed at a most inopportune moment. He had a face like a Hobbema landscape, all sinew and shadow. He was staring out the window, two watermills for eyes, sighing I'm tired so very tired. But his words were so dog-eared, even the birds had stopped listening. She turned him into a cicada, the only salvation she could muster at a moment's notice. And still he goes on—an afterthought, ceaselessly singing.

CHORUS: The tragedy of this
disease called want,
is that it isn't terminal;
some say watermills
symbolize the passage of time.

Do you know: Our Indiana cicadas aren't those seventeen-year broods so notorious on the East Coast—they're tenacious, they sing every summer. How very Midwestern of them, this instinct that self-reinvention isn't achieved all at once, in a swarm of Biblical proportions. My reinvention is a work-still-in-progress, forgive me while I find a form. I tried to describe how the cicadas' lament crawls into my brain, flashing iridescent wings, and throbs there, surpassing itself. Then I discovered my voice carries farther in song.

Do you know: When the cicadas start singing, I track sunset's decrescendo on my phone. Today: 9:14, tomorrow: 9:13. Then: 9:13, 9:12, 9:12, 9:11, and, breathless with want, my eyes swoop down to the end of July: 8:58, think I'll make it? You could fit a whole will-to-live inside that sixteen-minute wingspan.

One summer's morning, we hurl our chariot down heat-slick roads, grazing seventy-five miles-per-hour, just to get away. By the time we reach the twee downtown canal, we're hovering too close to noon, our wax wings and foreheads dripping, and paddleboats outnumber shadows. It's no Mount Olympus, but it'll do. Across the faux Venetian bridge, a band tunes up for their evening gig, no doubt a wedding. You slip your arm around my waist, pull me close, and I mistake the gesture for one of affection – well yes, that too, you say, as a bicycle gusts through the space I just vacated. See? You're my antonym, I only wish I didn't need you so much. You call me your Muse, then whip out your phone to take my photo. No, I plead, not in these headphones, and stretch out my hand. It's just the sight of my brokenness makes me want to gouge out my eyes.

I thought I could never forgive spring, its lawnmowers and muscle cars and

penchant for rebirth. Then I met summer. I climbed gasping to an even more rarified elevation, and someone I've never met, someone I can't forgive, told me: you're alive, just breathe.

The air conditioner next door, too ancient to still be alive, wheezes, You think surviving is such a herculean feat? Try dying. The challenge sounds throaty, grinding, it seeps through my walls. Like a lawnmower, but relentless.

On Father's Day, three a.m., the premature firework, born screaming purple. Again.

I thought the contours of my body were solid, like walls of a house, I felt safe—sure inside them, could throw my whole weight against them. Ditto for the contours of sounds. The first incursion was an odor of woodsmoke in my bedroom. Consequently, my head caught fire, my recently ingested contents rose thick and sticky into my throat. Then my kitchen living room bathroom bilowed with the death-knell grind of an air conditioner unable to die. Consequently, its plodding pulse pulled taut my neck-ropes, ropes I didn't know were inside me, until something outside pulled them taut. On the longest day of the year, I stepped onto a St. Louis

sidewalk and thought I heard cicadas,
 but it was a bus, idling at its stop.
 Consequently, I found my self crowded
 out of myself.

Fireworks spilling fireworks scream-
 ing purple again

two-front war dark sky star-
 punched blooming purple

purple again behind eyes
 ears darkness star-
 punched darkness

o say can you see
 by the dawn's early
 light

again the cicadas
 sound of gnawed
 iridescence say-
 ing now
 now
 now

again the air conditioner saying never
 never never
 again

Think I'll make it?

I want
 to love my mystery, my origin story.
 Or at least
 accept it.

To burden my words with hope and
 anger and iridescent wings,

surpassing myself.

Curran Apple Orchard
Marie Burdett

how the harvest glows!
 the apple groves
 faintly gleam in autumn light
 as we glean
 among the leaves,
 ruth and naomi bundling sheaves
 of wheat to eat—
 what's too tart, what's too green,
 the leanness from the full.

how did fall learn to glow
 apple-bright
 how did the apples learn to grow
 in autumn light
 how does love come to know
 its ripening, in time?

Marie Burdett is a
 Florida-based gardener and poet. She is currently
 an MFA student at the University of St. Thomas. Her
 work has previously been featured in the [Lucky Jefferson](#)
[365 Collection](#), [The Cypress Dome Literary Magazine](#), and
 Forbidden Peak Press. You can find her on Instagram
[@marieburdettpoet](#).

The gloomy awakening

Sofía Montalvo Yáñez

Sofía is
an Ecuadorian biologist
fascinated by the art within nature.
She is always looking for hidden
connections and stories, sharing
the wonders she finds through
photography and film. In the
depths of tropical rainforests,
she studies the relationship
between lemon ants
and trees and explores
conservation through
agroforestry. When
not in the field, she
loves dancing and
painting.

Before night comes
dark consumes the sun.
The light is lost
in a sea of dark clouds.

Life ends for some,
but a new world is born.
Creatures that once were lost
slowly reveal themselves

Tiny, teeny, small,
but with bright eyes
they survive in a world
without light.

Thinner than a hair
mycelium grows below ground.
It covers the soil
and everything that is nearby.

Sometimes it reaches unwary
creatures,
messing with their minds.
It consumes them very fast
leaving just corps behind.

This gloomy world
is not for everybody
Danger and beauty
are always thriving

Be smart, be wise.
and merge with the dark.
Let the secrecy of the night
guide you on your path.
You never know what you will find.

Aaron Lelito

Moth Poem

Aaron Lelito is a writer and editor from Buffalo, NY. His poetry chapbook, The Half Turn, was published in 2023, and he released a collaborative notebook/art collection titled If We: Connections Through Creative Process in 2024. His work has also appeared in Stonecoast Review, Barzakh, Eavesdrop Magazine, SPECTRA Poets, Peach Mag., and Santa Fe Review. He is Editor in Chief of Wild Roof Journal. Website: aaronlelito.com

flaked white petals

protect them as if they are precious,
fetishized

like the flashes of silvery water
moving through my hands
under the faucet

slick pearls,
less than an instant
of existing



I used to walk through doors
and not become grainy

crossing the threshold

as just an insubordinate object
in solid state



as small scales grow
into the pattern of eyes
or texture of leaves,

they carry me to the other side
where

the disassembly

takes shape

behavioral circuits

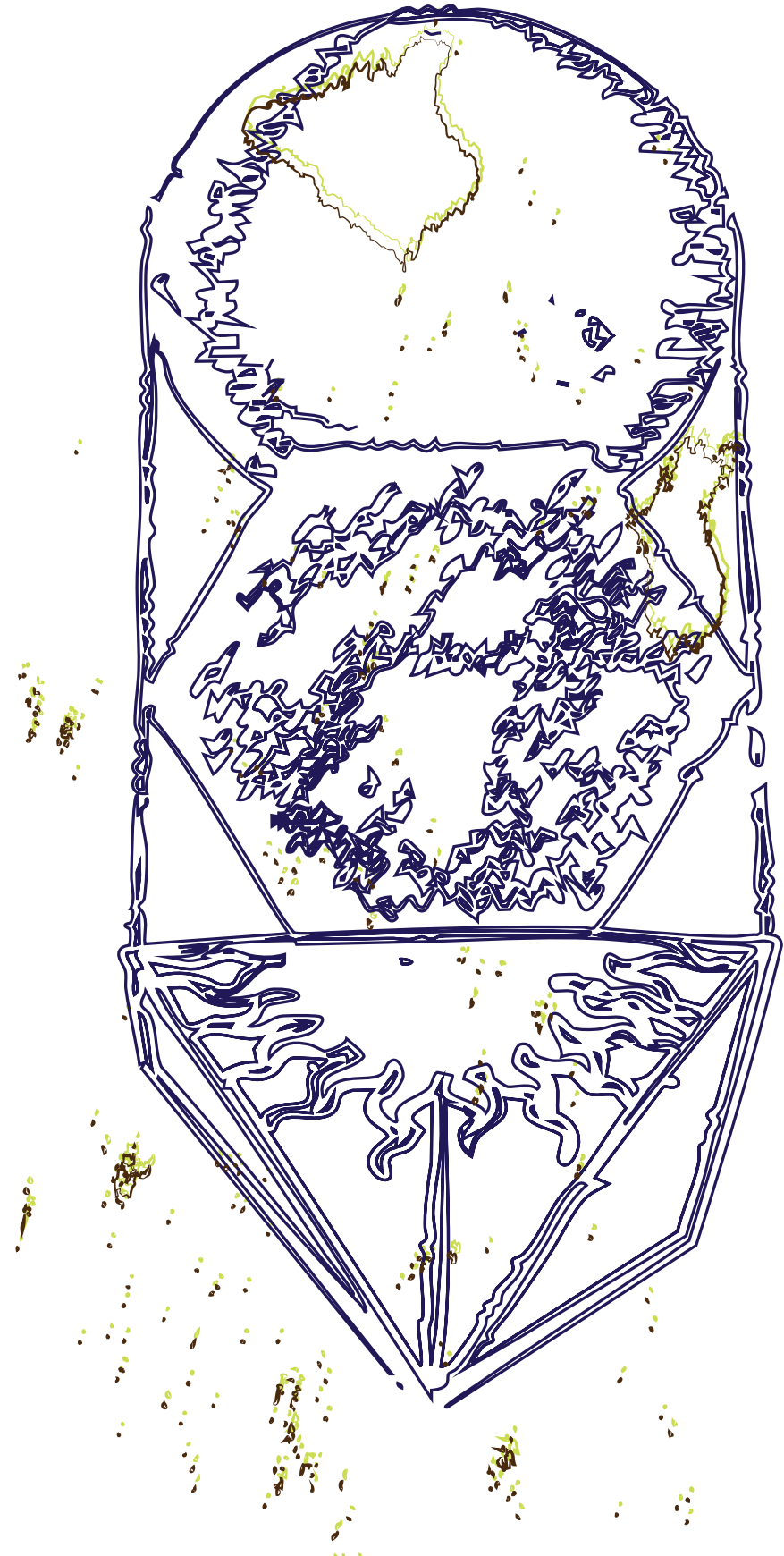
light up

and liquefaction

slows into
the acceptance of it all

to be blown around
to circle and bump
and finally settle again

on flaked petals of some other being's
unbecoming



Jessica McCulla Gnoza
Dandelion Tunnels

Jessica
 McCulla Gnoza is a
 mother, poet, and teacher. She has
 a master's degree in French and com-
 parative literature from Arizona State Univer-
 sity. Originally from the suburbs of Phoenix, she
 currently lives in Denver, Colorado with her spouse,
 two children, a senior citizen cat, and a growing jun-
 gle of houseplants. Her work has been published
 or is forthcoming in *Twenty Bellows*,
Welcoming the Muse: Meta and Other
Forms, and in *Sage Magazine*. Find her on
 Instagram @madamegnosis_poems.

more than a foot underground
 taproot wriggles through compacted soil
 tickles the earth, flirts with bedrock
 & opens the ground a crack at a time.

The root plunges,
 brings back the sweet rot of death,
 shiny like a pearl.

Yank up their perky golden heads
 they weep bitter milk.
 Leave them,
 they grow white & ripe with age.

Wind ruffles the delicate matrix
 scatters the fluff of toothy colonists—
 a down that crowds the cabbage,
 chokes the roses.

Soft-eyed lions prowl, thrive in ruin,
 yet their golden heads sway & bob
 it's all sunshine up here!

Green crown rusts & wrinkles
 the death in the soil keeps you, grounds you.
 Here, in your most broken ground,
 in the cracked earth of your deepest
 landscape—
 what has invaded even as it has
 nourished?

What pushes its roots deep into you
 loosens as it burrows
 seed into soil & breaks?

Jim Krossschell *End of the Season*

The boats patrol before dawn,
a pair of them stalking
small schools of pogies,
which are, you appreciate,
a crucial fish in the sea
for filtering our bays when they feed,
for offering their flesh
to fish and birds innumerable,
and now being asked to sacrifice
more.

The State has ended the season early this year,
as one more tragedy of the commons appears.
Hacked into chunks of flesh for lobster bait,
fish end as chunks of flab on tourist shanks
and pad the accounts of
wholesalers
packagers
forwarders
retailers
restaurateurs—

Let me here interrupt this sermon with another
and say that at this season of life,
I'd rather be taken by
talon or tooth
than by nets of nylon,
be slain by nature than by vertical markets.
I'd rather be shortening the links
in the great chain of eating,
and offer my flesh to the worms of green burial,
than padding the accounts of the funeral
conglomerate—

Amen, and praise be to all creatures here below.

Jim Krossschell's poems
and essays have appeared in some
75 journals, and he has published two
essay collections: *One Man's Maine*, which
won a Maine Literary Award, and *Owls Head
Revisited*. He lives in Northport, ME and
Newton, MA, and is Board President of
the Maine Writers &
Publishers Alliance.

Come home with me
Caroline Solomon

Caroline Solomon is a graduate student at the Yale School of the Environment as well as an artist, seamstress, and occasional poet. She finds her inspiration from the contrasting landscapes of the places she's lived, including the southern United States and Kazakhstan. Her work has appeared in numerous fashion shows and art exhibits at the University of Georgia.

Come home with me—
Come to red clay country, to the pines,
to where the daffodils push through the
soil absurdly early, in December; come
watch the bees trundle on the azaleas
and the sunrays carelessly toss glitter on
the pine needles; come taste the honey-
suckle's honeyed knuckle.

Come home with me—come to the land
of the nomads; to the steppe, to the
mountains, to the glaciers; come to the
country of the golden eagle, the rising
sun; feel your teeth ache from the blue
of the sky; come twirl the lake mud
between your fingers in a forest of drip-
ping emeralds.

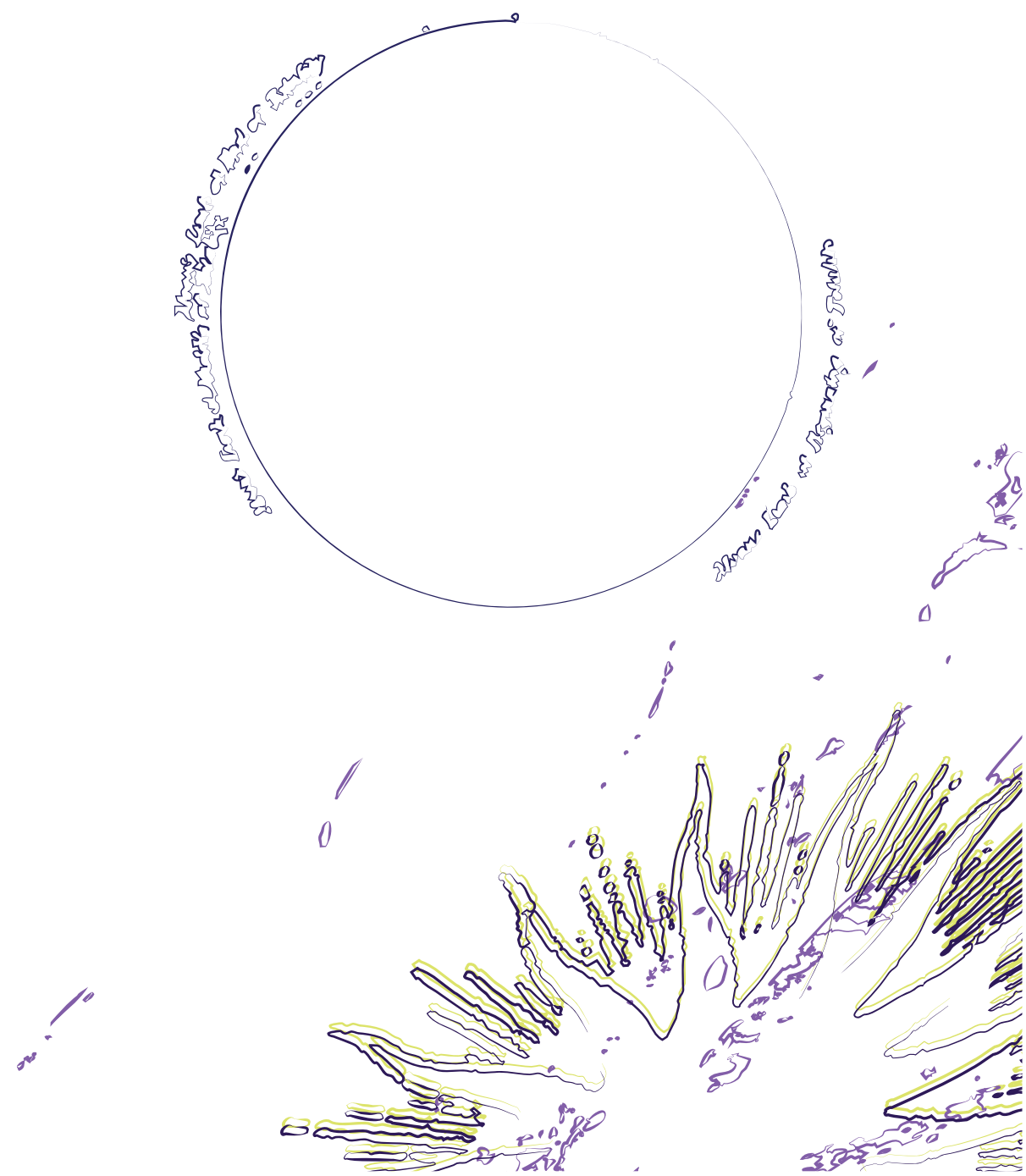
Come home—home to the forests inter-
sected by highways; park the car next
to one of them and whoop into the trem-
bling morning mist with me; get your
toes wet with dew; come down to the
river to pray; watch its swirling brown
water churn swallowed Southern wishes.

Come—to the first-floor apartment in
building #4; come to the city of apples;
come to where the mosques mingle with
the Soviet blocs, where birds melt their
silvery songs through chilled morning
streets, come see the dawn frost the city
in a prayer, a shivery white envelope.

Come to where I used to trace my finger along the sap-encrusted tree bark, where I made potions in the treehouse; come plumb the riches of my childhood paradise; come climb the sloping bamboo stalks with me; hold my hand so we don't fall; unfurl a sheaf of filmy paper from the inside of the trunk; write a love letter and let the breeze take it away.

Come with me and listen to the rumply Russian weave its way around the hushing heartbeat of the Kazakh; come see where the words started quietly building shelves in my head and opening new rooms in a new house I didn't know could be mine. Come home, to where "I love you" isn't just «я люблю тебя», but also «потеплее одевайся»—"dress warmly;" and «не стесняйся»—"don't be shy;" and also a plate of fruit, and another cup of tea, and a promise to never delete you from their heart. Come let me show you where I first heard the words «мы тела свои берем в аренду у Бога»—"we are renting these bodies of ours from God" and the words «менің жүрегім бос емес»—"there's no space left in my heart for you" and where I wondered, can I rent out this life for a little bit longer? Can my heart be filled with more than one home?

By P.



Dusk
Peter VanderBloomer

I love to be on the coast as dusk gathers—
to be at the place where a continent tapers off
at the time when the light behaves the same.
Ocean, land, and atmosphere turn to lavender
as the sun sets but finds this way to linger:
paints all with the same pigment,
imbues both the view and the viewer,
and invites the boldest stars to unveil their jewellike luster.

Oddly, it is here more than anywhere,
that I find the work of people pretty
and our efforts not all in vain:
when the lights of a coastal town
flicker out from the purple Earth—
the skin of this great planet
pulsing through her rarest hue,
entrusting us at nightfall to be her bioluminescence—
we who rear small suns in glass to abate the darkness,
speckled in a strand along her fading margin.

And what more could one want from this life
than to watch nightly as this spectacle
unfolds like a phoenix from the death of the day
where worlds merge together into the fading light
but for a quaint coastal town that meekly glimmers?

Peter
VanderBloomer
is an environmental
scientist and writer from
Chicago. He has conducted
fieldwork in Cali-
fornia kelp forests,
Caribbean coral
reefs, and the
Amazon rainforest.
His writing explores
the human relation-
ship to place, both in
its mythic dimensions
and material realities. It has
appeared in *The Ecological Citizen*,
self-published chapbooks, and on his
Substack, *The Secular Pantheist*.

Jackie McClure
I Remember The Place, Not The Path

Jackie
 McClure writes poetry
 and fiction aiming to illumi-
 nate the commonplace in our
 shared landscapes after a career
 working in higher education. She
 holds an M.F.A. from Goddard
 College. Recent poetry publica-
 tions can be found in Humana
Obscura, Penumbra, The
Nature Of Our Times, Wild
Roof Journal and on her
 Substack site at Pouring
Word Tea. She lives near
 the Salish Sea in the
 Cascadia bioregion
 of northwest
 Washington
 State.

Stars of three kinds
 lit the waters on my shore tonight.
 Looking downward, I was fooled at
 first,
 and I mistook the floating shimmers
 for reflections from
 the lights of downward-looking houses
 who scan the inlet
 without seeing the water, touch it
 without knowing they are touching,
 and pave their pencils of silver,
 assumed to be light.
 A confusion of reflected
 stars burn blackened wavetops,
 in a routine deceptive as I know
 the lights to be
 in this cushioning sky of winter.

Above, enduring patterns
 beaming still through thin-laid clouds.
 Across, spotlight security
 for distant dwellings
 scar the night.
 And, when I look
 to my feet for the stars,
 sometimes there is phosphorescence:
 these swimming worms
 constellate a private current,
 attending only on these moon-filtered
 nights
 when I am in some kind of need
 to remind me, humble-surface bobber,
 of a deep
 whose path I must admit when it
 dances, glimmers,
 green at my feet.



SAGE
2024–2025
Eclipsed Ecologies

**Yale School of
the Environment**

Editor-in-Chief

Hadley Tallackson

Managing Editors

**Kei Kohmoto
Kajol Gupta
McKenzie Blaine**

Guest Editors

**Brandon Hoak
Camila Buitrago
Grant Peterson
Landry Guillen
Marsh Hlavka
Maya Dutta
Quinn Raymond
Tai Michaels**

Design

**Saskia Globig
Youngjin Park**

**Set in Larish Neue
and Agipo**

**Printed at GHP
in West Haven,
Connecticut**

Eleonor Andersson, a 23-year-old Swedish-American artist based in New York City, translates the mind's inner world into visual form through her art. She earned a Studio Art and Psychology degree from Wesleyan University in 2024 and has exhibited in Brooklyn, Poughkeepsie, and Greenwich. Her work has been recognized with numerous art prizes, magazine features, and published interviews.

Eleonor Andersson

Rod Thomas humbly resides at the base of the Wasatch mountains in Utah. He experiments in a range of mediums and enjoys time outside.

Rod Thomas



Berkana McDowell

Berkana is an interdisciplinary environmentalist and artist who loves to paint as a form of social advocacy and to express her creative visions. Informed by her upbringing in Hawai'i, she loves to spend time outdoors, inspiring both her environmental and creative work. Of her creative work, she is most proud of her murals located throughout the island of O'ahu.

Camila Buitrago is an interdisciplinary environmental scientist, artist, and current master's student at the Yale School of the Environment. Her work focuses on understanding and mitigating climate change, human-nature relationships, and justice-centered land stewardship.

Camila Buitrago

Her art spans across many mediums and is majorly centered around themes of the super/natural and reconciling the dream and nightmare of being human in the 21st century. She is proudly 1st generation Colombian-Venezuelan.

McKenna Blaine is an Omaha-based artist who works across multiple mediums, focusing on film photography and cyanotype printmaking. Her art combines chemistry, paper, and light to explore themes of visibility and obscurity.

As an undergraduate at Creighton University, McKenna has exhibited work in Kappa Pi Art Honors Society's 2023-2025 exhibitions, Creighton's 2024 Medical Humanities exhibition, and the Albrecht-Kemper Museum of Art's 2025 exhibition.

McKenna Blaine

Roger Camp is the author of three photography books including the award winning [Butterflies in Flight](#), Thames & Hudson, 2002. His documentary photography has been awarded the prestigious Leica Medal of Excellence. His work has appeared in numerous journals including [The New England Review](#), [American Chordata](#) and the [New York Quarterly](#). He is represented by the Robin Rice Gallery, NY.

Roger Camp

Sofia is an Ecuadorian biologist fascinated by the art within nature. She is always looking for hidden connections and stories, sharing the wonders she finds through photography and film. In the depths of tropical rainforests, she studies the relationship between lemon ants and trees and explores conservation through agroforestry. When not in the field, she loves dancing and painting.

Sofia Montalvo Yáñez

