

SAGE



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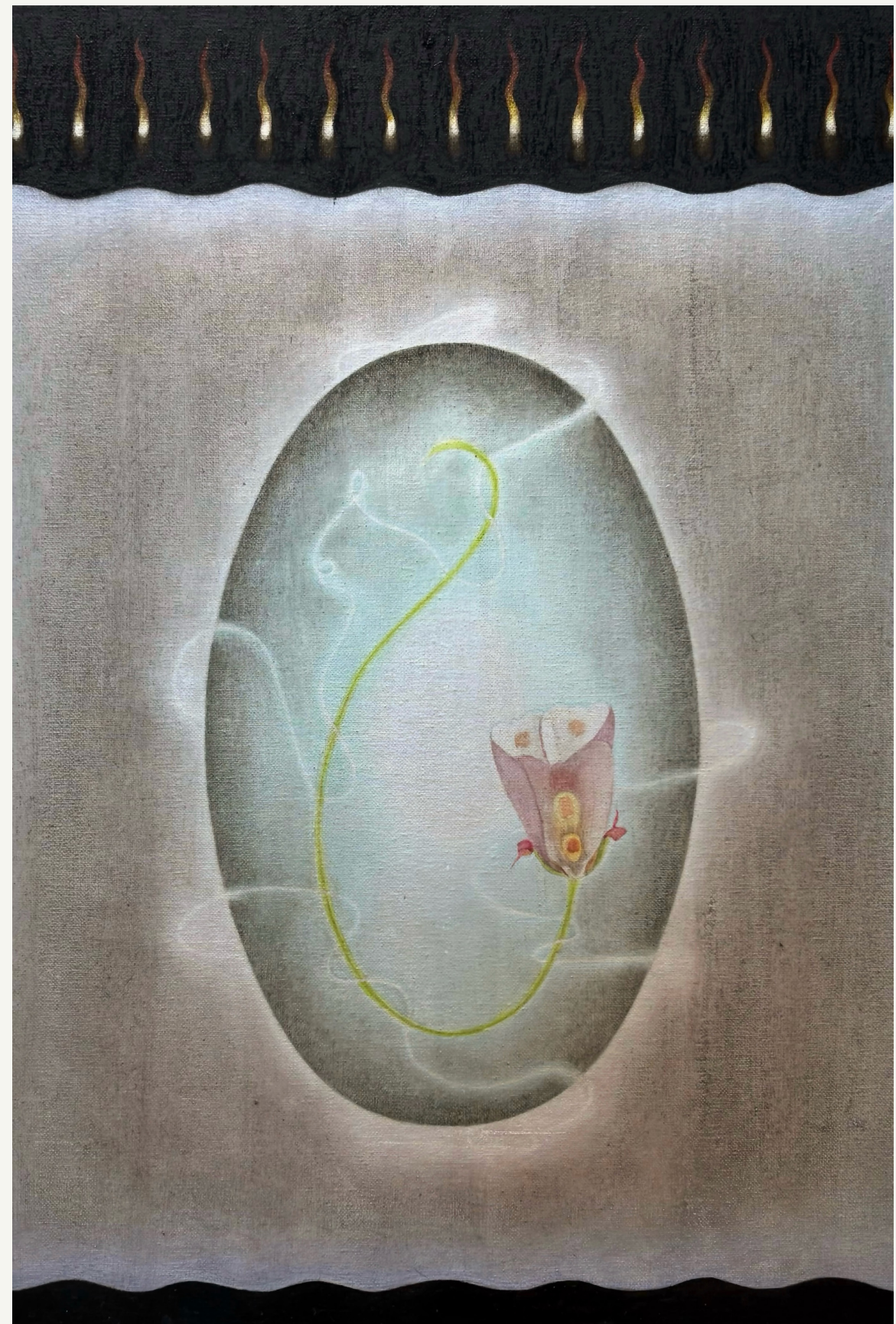
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3. *Hidden In The Shadow (Mariposa Lily)*
Michaela Janae Meyer
4. *Land Acknowledgement* • Yale University
5. *Co-Editor Letter* • Camila Buitrago
6. *Co-Editor Letter *LOBO** • Brandon Hoak
8. *Provenance* • Katrinka Moore
9. *Embodiment :: Cyclical Transcription*
McKenzie Blaine
10. *Instruction Of Amenemope* • Julia Soule
11. *The Spirit Of Zanskar Valley Welcomes You!*
Amelia Colliver
12. *Reclaim Thirteen* • Luca Jordan
13. *Native Wisdom* • Luca Jordan & Talvir Kaur
14. *Evergreen* • Alice Le Bihan
15. *Yaffa's Trees* • David Katibah
16. *Nostalgia For The Nonexistent* • Nadia Younes
17. *"alien"* • Camila Buitrago
20. *Magtiis Ka* • Alexandra Jade Garcia,
21. *Inviting You Home: Shrinking The Distance*
Between Past, Present, And Future
Sena Mocanu Wazer
26. *Sun Worship* • Peter Vanderbloomer
33. *Firing Together* • Rose Joseph
34. *Carrying Fire* • Emily Schlickman
44. *The Goose* • Ken Wuetcher
46. *Farm Journal, July 2025, Hotchkiss, Colorado*
Angie Fike
47. *From The Soil* • Julia Sams
50. *All The Beauty And All The Violence*
Richard Solomon
51. *Angels In Tibet* • Amelia Colliver,
52. *Letters Alive & Written For Her On Her By Her*
Jiayi Chen
56. *GANGA* • Pulkita Anand
59. *The Fly* • Nina Bedrick
64. *The Drink of the Gods* • Sara Sherburne
70. *thermodynamics ("the intrusion of Gaia")*
marion eames white
72. *In My Danger* • Melissa Mohammadi
73. *Irradiate* • Melissa Mohammadi
74. *End of an Empire* Aaron Lelito
76. *ojo obsidiana* • Felipe Ledesma Núñez
78. *a posteriori* • marion eames white
80. *The Woolly Kind* • Jenevieve Carlyn (Hughes)
83. *Remember the Future:*
Oneiric Artifacts from Mesopotamia
Hala Alsalman
91. *The Art Thief* • Stephanie Ross
94. *A Pavilion for a Returning Forest (Iceland)*
Olga Kedya
96. *"We do not fully understand the mechanisms by
which life started, but once it exists on an Earth-
like planet, the complete removal of all life is a very
unlikely event."*
marion eames white,
97. *Vessel (Whispering Bells)*
Michaela Janae Meyer
98. *// Buried Seeds // Land(Back) Acknowledgement*
Camila Buitrago & Brandon Hoak
99. Artists & Contributors



LAND ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Yale's "Official" Land Acknowledgement Statements

Words of recognition and thanks frequently open events or are found in written event programs. Some individuals and units at Yale may begin an event by acknowledging the relationships of indigenous peoples and nations to the land on which the event is taking place, or note these relationships in an event program. This is especially true if an event has connections to indigenous communities, histories, or cultures.

The following statement is approved university language to be used at university events and in documents that include a land acknowledgment.

Yale University acknowledges that indigenous peoples and nations, including Mohegan¹, Mashantucket, Pequot², Eastern Pequot³, Schaghticoke⁴, Golden Hill Paugussett⁵, Niantic⁶, and the Quinnipiac⁷ and other Algonquian⁸ speaking peoples, have stewarded through generations the lands and waterways of what is now the state of Connecticut. We honor and respect the enduring relationship that exists between these peoples and nations and this land.

Pronunciation guide:

1. mow.hee.gn 3 east.ern. pee.kwot 5. gold.en. hill po.gaw.sett 7. kwihn.ih.pee.ac
2. mash.an.tuck.et pee.kwot 4. skat.ih.kohk 6. ni.han.tic 8. al-gon-kwihn

CO-EDITOR LETTER

Camila Buitrago

There has always been darkness in the world, but I think we're all aware this moment in time is particularly dark. There are too many ongoing atrocities to name on one page—each uniquely devastating, yet tied to the same systems of oppression. Colonialism, imperialism, fascism, and white supremacy (to name a few) exploit and marginalize diverse communities and ecosystems in pursuit of a future in which they have total control.

The theme of this year's SAGE Magazine is Ancient Future(s). Ancient Future(s) is a direct resistance to that colonial trajectory. It is, instead, a re-routing toward an inclusive future guided by the wisdom of the ancient and the resilience of frontline communities around the world. It is a call to reconnect with ancestral heritage—not as nostalgic romanticized memories of the past or further appropriation of Indigenous Knowledges, but as the foundational roots that persist within each of us today in our original languages, cultures, cosmovisions, and intuition. Even if they're deeply buried by colonial attempts at erasure or displacement, these roots run deep in the earth and can be nurtured to sprout once again. Revisiting our pasts also allows us to reckon with our collective histories, both known and hidden, and begin to truly honor the rightful stewards of the lands we occupy today.

Ancient Future(s) will mean something different to everyone because it's about celebrating one's own heritage, diversity, and journey. Through this process, we can bring forth the unique gifts and perspectives we've inherited and re-integrate them into our visions and solutions for a future in which all beings can thrive. It also provides us an opportunity to reassess

our traditions and consciously decide which to revitalize and which no longer serve us.

In using Ancient Future(s) as a lens in my own life, I've begun to see my ancestors everywhere—the midnight in my eyes, the grasslands of hair on my arms, my whole-body reaction to Gaita music, my fear of the dark, my perseverance in my lowest moments. Our ancestors, both human and not, are always guiding us. We just need to learn to hear them again.

Thank you for being here despite it all,
Camila Buitrago, Co-Editor of SAGE Magazine 2026

CO-EDITOR LETTER *LOBO*

Brandon Hoak

February 2026 (Taken From My Journal)
What Does Ancient Future/s Mean To Me...

I have just started the shower. My bathroom glowing ominously from 'smart' LED bulbs lid in red. I stare across the room at Lobo—the street dog I took in just over a year ago. His eyes eerily lit, match my gaze. We stare. Then losing interest after I blink, he tucks his head inside his curled body, resting his face beneath his tail. I turn to shower.

The exchange lingers in my mind. What world have I inherited that a canine descendant of wolves now lives within this split-up old house I call my apartment. That we are not cast under a glow of fire nor stars, but manufactured lightbulbs drawing from a complex electrical grid fueled by fossils and renewable technology alike. This existentialism has always seemed to surface, particularly in the night, when the buzz of the modern world quiets. But since opening my housing to Lobo, the frequency has increased: what world have we inherited?

I didn't grow up with dogs. We had small critters in an aquarium and later a terrarium (named after their replication of the ocean and land): crawfish and hermit crabs. But now I have a beast that roams semi-freely. I have inherited the millennia old co-evolution that I swore not to take part in. Domestication temporarily scares me. The wealthy students purchasing the pure-bred dog of childhood dreams, the industry of pet food that supports industrial animal agriculture and large-scale pollution near production factories, or the convoluted plastic bagging of organic waste that is sent to landfill. The origins of domestication make so much

sense and specialized traits of dogs that co-evolved to ecosystems and labor, but today much of this system doesn't make sense as an ecologist or as sympathetic kin to my Husky

that doesn't live in the tundra. The leash, or our nylon umbilical cord, doesn't help either; I don't even know who it is for, me or him?

Yet, despite all this, I have learned something from watching a creature so closely be so unhindered. He, like my practice in ecological gardening, reminds me that humans, communities, and ancestors—deep in my lineage of existing—knew these relationships to dogs, land, animals, fungi, clouds, plants, and patterns that I am only recently reconnecting with.

When Lobo runs, I run. While Lobo rifles through trash, I dumpster dive. While Lobo howls, I sing. We have simple needs awash in the turbulence of now; most of the needs tracing back to land, shelter, food, air, water, and connection.

He also reminds me we are inheriting complexities particularly here, in a country built on the underrecognized genocide of Indigenous communities, and slavery of Black and Brown bodies. These patterns of oppression persist.

There are new generations around us; descendants of immigrants, genocides, diasporas, moving further from older generations who endured deep hardship that continues to bleed into struggles felt today.

Ancient Future or Futures is a reminder that corruption is present, yet the roots of justice run deep, and the potential for 'possible futures' remains ever viable. Justice through ancestry and lineages; but also justice that at any point in time the next generation, the next mutated seedling, has the opportunity to create better, to help reshape the world we have inherited for the better. To dismantle systems of enslavement that never should have existed, and to usher in restored freedoms of migration, access to land, and personally-meaningful labor that is good to the Earth.

I am honored to help share and uplift the contributors featured in this edition. Their creativity pulls deep from humanity's taproots and puts our readers in a futuristic extension of what can become in a world of reconnection and humility.



With gratitude,
Brandon Hoak, Co-Editor of SAGE Magazine 2026



Rumble and rupture from the burning
beneath Ash plumes

and fire burst from the sea Years
flow by Red rivers

cool to black stone For ages
the sounds of the island

come only from water and wind
sometimes thunder

and the quiet pulse of being

This could be a story an arc
that advances toward life

but as I said the bare rocks
already hum their existence

Likewise time may be a circle
instead of the line we believe in

yet I can't tell you what happens
without saying then then then

Tempests and waves wear down
stones into soil Seabirds

spread guano and elsewhere seeds
Roots take hold Breezes

stir saltgrass and bindweed Nestlings
squeak Rain

splashes a burgeoning
covey of oaks

The way back forgotten



Katrinka Moore PROVENANCE



EMBODIMENT

McKenzie Blaine



The timeless creation of my flesh alone

is a demonstration of ancient wisdom.

Created, destroyed, transformed, repeated over centuries.

A transcription of time translated in genetic code and

interpreted by the evolution of my environment.

Conveyed by circadian rhythms and hormonal cycles,

guided by solar fluctuations and lunar phases.

Bound by my umbilical attachment

but loosened by newer technologies,

which disorient my mind from my body.

Strengthened by generative practices of movement,

by abstinence from artificial illuminations,

by local ecologies and connection to cycles.

The greatest ancestral wisdom lives on in the flesh

and the embodiment of my natural surroundings.

By trusting what my body is telling me,

by listening to what I have inherited



TRANSCRIPTION

INSTRUCTION FROM AN AMENEMOPE

Instruction From An Amenemope :

In 1100 BCE, a prophetess wrote 30 verses on how to be content
Cuneiform self-help under divine command

What do I need to remember so deeply,
That I would press it into clay, wedging reminders
syllable by syllable by stone stylus
callouses forming a sandstone ridge along my knuckle —

What could writing tell me that the callous would not?

Instruction From An Anemone :

Your skin is the barrier between me and you
Rubbed down raw and red, sensitive and stinging,
Built up stiff and shingled, or
With careful work, just a film in between
The point where we embrace.

Let me hold you in the current,
let the vitriol inoculate you,
love language of the lagoon.

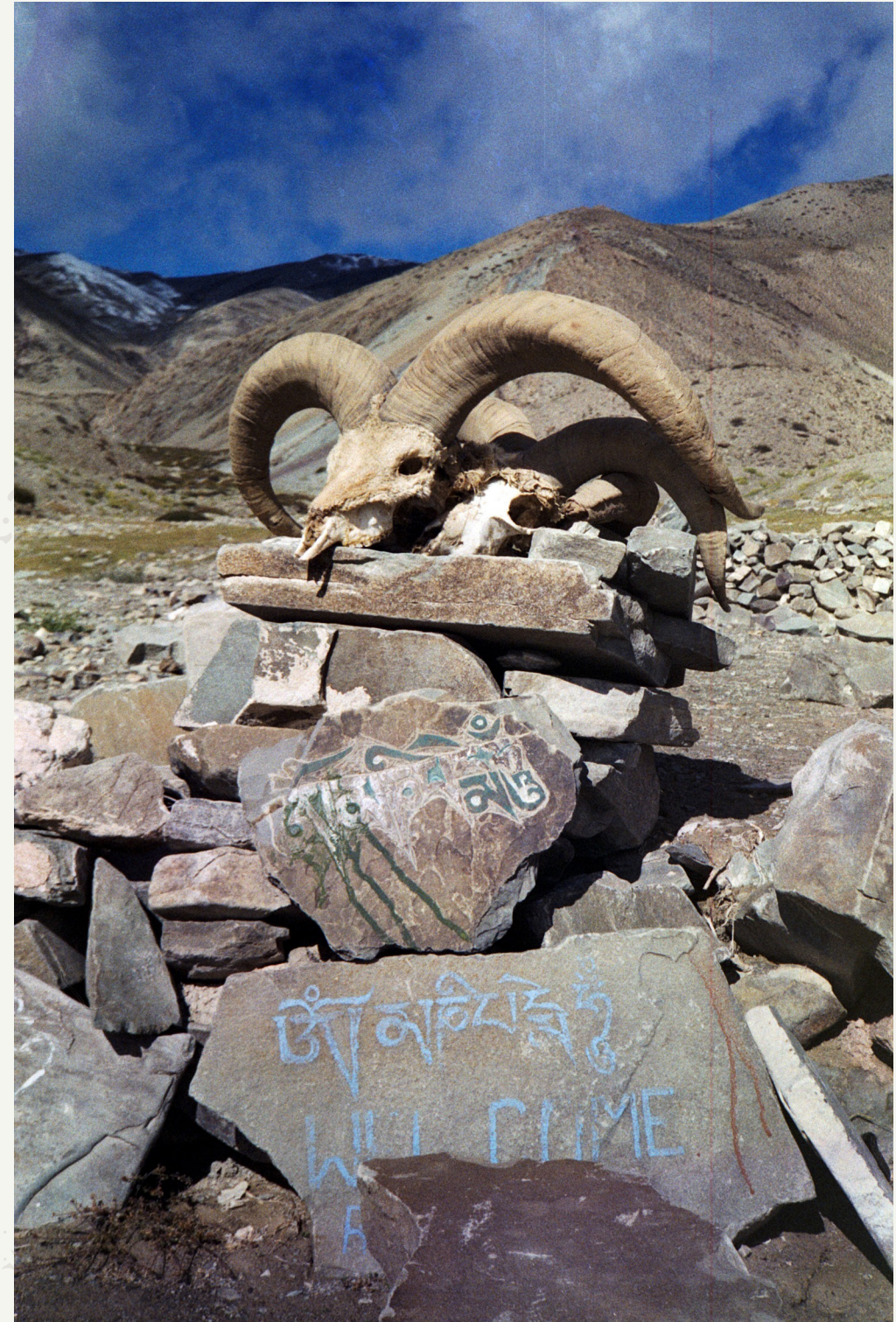
Instruction Of Anonymity :

We do not know the name of the prophetess from 1100 BCE;
only the name of her god.

Epiphanic Epitaphs :

What is that transcendent thing in the catch of your ribs,
begging to be worshiped by your peeling hands?

Julia
Soule



RECLAIM THIRTEEN

Thirteen thirteen,
was demonised to mean
something obscene,
A bad omen unforeseen

An odd number
A bad dream
A bloody secret
deemed unclean

When those fools found themselves, with thirteen sad sleeves,
they were up in arms
and hanging us from trees

Thirteen in faithful orbit
thirteen moons per Gregorian year thirteen Fertility cycles,
still they claimed those digits queer

That's thirteen opportunities
of which to conceive
or if that's not in the cards then the thirteen holy bleeds

Numerical Femininity
so fearless and magic
take your allegorical pick
between what is divine and what is
tragic?

Fearmongers, They say when it falls on a Friday
It's a Thirteenth to stay safe and avoid risk or play

And so, as it goes
there's no thirteenth hotel door
nor would they dare include
a thirteenth hotel floor

Flip the coin in the air
thirteen times, not more
for that vain of repetition
could end up of a chore

Black cats, bad spells
the work of the Witches
hatching out hexes
of whores and of bitches

Thirteen cuts deep
and then thirteen fair stitches but beware of thirteen
when the rabbit's nose twitches...
Let us reclaim Thirteen,

though It could insight the glum 'cos this
number on the table is a lucky one for
some

Thirteen climbs valiant
the steps up to twenty,
thirteen bleeds for days
but still gives life to plenty

Thirteen times
A year does make
if you'll allow for a few
to give or to take

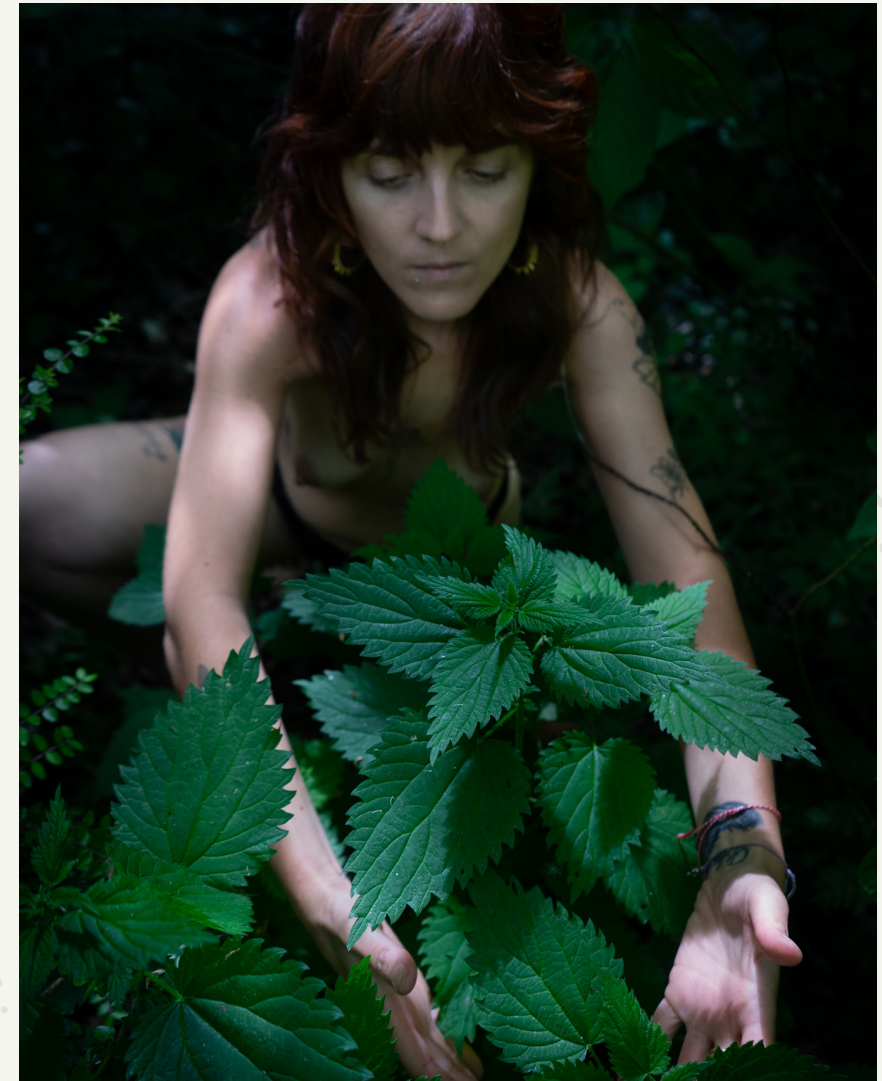
Thirteen of the major,
card of death and decay
setting stagnancy on fire
making space to come what may

Thirteen, thirteen
A number not to be feared thirteen mystic portals
to the light, dark and weird

Take a chance on Thirteen thirteen times at night fall
It's our common denominator for thirteen unites us all

NATIVE WISDOM

Luca Jordan
Talvir Khaira



"After spending many years of my early adult life living abroad and backpacking across several different continents in search of adventure and answers, I felt a strong calling to return to England-my native land. With the many beautiful interactions I had on international soils I had come to the conclusion that "all of our answers lay in nature, we just need to learn how to listen". "Native Wisdom" is an image taken from a performance art/experiment called "(P)laying with Nettles", whereby I was able to connect intimately with the healing wisdom of the Nettle (*Urtica dioica*), one of the most abundant plant medicines on my native land."

Alice Lebihan

On the coast—
the trees of our home are grand
and they are tall
and they are old.

To stand under deep-rooted grandfathers
is to feel the ground remembering.
Their roots braid time to substrate,
binding memory to place.
Draped in mossy cloaks,

They watch from above.

Resistance—resilience—written into in lignin and bark,
an evergreen lesson spoken downward:

Endurance is neither loud, nor fast.
Like the fungicides they produce, it is quite,
it is mutual, and it is shared—
passed through dark soil,
refusing extraction, choosing relation.

The cedars teach us how to stay—
the spruces to listen longer than we speak,
the firs to imagine beyond utility,
the hemlocks to inhabit time without dominion.

Protect the sacred.

Yaffa's Trees

What have these trees kept
buried with their roots,
earthen wombs for refused truths?
Perhaps in those years they wept

for all that was left to manufacture calm—
fruit, homes, rubble, ash
settling low amid the cleansing dash
—exile trapped in watching palm.
Perhaps they tell their stories,
when they spin eastward in the wind:
old names whispered again, again
fruiting vessels for refugeeed memories.
Decades now of an ancient sun beating down
on so-called destiny: neighborhoods blazed
and loamy new parks raised
to stash the bones of a once-breathing town.

The wind still whips, the sea still roars,
and the trees still bear their orange fruit—
but these natives know: "independence" is not the only truth.
Their roots will breach one day to un-earth these wars.

David Katibah



2024
Oil on Panel
(36" x 24")



Camila Buitrago.



A spotted lanternfly has been living with me for a few weeks now. We share a window in my bedroom, looking at each other often from opposite sides of the glass.

When I first saw the bug, I impulsively tried to open the window and kill it. But the window was sticking, and I saw the bug panic.

*An inner voice of empathy,
disguised as laziness, told me
it wasn't worth the effort.*

We've both been living in Connecticut for about a year—the lifespan of a lanternfly. But neither of us belong here. Lanternflies are native to China and Vietnam. Technically, I'm "native" to the US. I was born in Georgia, and I'm half-Venezuelan and half-Colombian. I feel like a liar when people ask me where I'm from and this is my response. It's all true, I'm part Colombian-Venezuelan-American. But I'm not fully anything. It's like I'm floating in a vacuum, tethered to places only by thin strings of other people's histories. As if I'm watching, waiting for someone to tell me what I'm made of and where I belong. Trump is doing me this kind favor, by process of elimination. He has let me know, along with all other birthright citizens, that I don't belong in the US. So now I can rule one country out, but it brings up another question: Where would Trump send me "back" to? My dad emigrated from Colombia and my mom from Venezuela. I wonder if he'd split me in half and send one half to each country. Maybe he'd send me to El Salvador like the wrongfully deported Kilmar Abrego Garcia who was imprisoned without trial or any

criminal convictions. It's all just part of his process of elimination.

Whenever I check my window, the bug is there in the corner, wondering if I'm a threat.

*Shouldn't you be out looking for
food or a mate?*

I guess it finds me less threatening than the world beyond my window. I've seen dozens of squashed lanternflies in Connecticut, their red underwings splayed open across the sidewalk. I've stomped on many myself. As an environmental scientist, I've learned to see them as vermin. Many official US government sites encourage the public to report and kill any spotted lanternflies they see. They say they're incredibly invasive and dangerous to our country. Economists at Penn State warn that the lanternflies are threatening up to 5,000 jobs in Pennsylvania¹. A national threat.

*Invasive, dangerous, non-native
aliens stealing American jobs.*

—the hypocrisy of me killing lanternflies is not lost on me as a fellow national threat—or in other words, a Venezuelan birthright citizen, with tattoos! Trump targeted Venezuelan immigrants, and other immigrants of color, for deportation this year. He illegally removed Temporary Protected Status from over 1 million Venezuelan and Haitian immigrants who were fleeing dangerous domestic conditions². He also attempted to use the Alien Enemies Act, from

1700s wartime, to detain and deport anyone deemed to be part of a Venezuelan gang he claims is invading the US^{3,4}. He's deported 238 alleged Venezuelan gang

members to a max-security prison in El Salvador.

Without due process of law. In defiance of federal court orders. They were held for four months with no outside contact before being returned to Venezuela as part of a prisoner exchange. Many were falsely identified as gang members solely for unrelated tattoos and clothing⁵. 206 of them had no criminal record⁶.

The only thing separating the lanternfly and me is an old, fragile window.

*I wonder if the lanternfly feels
that something is off*

—maybe confusion about the targeted stomping out or homesickness for a place it's never been. I go over to the window again to ask the bug, and I'm finally able to open the window. There it is, in the corner. This is my chance to kill the bug.

But I shut the window instead.

(end)

3. <https://www.npr.org/2025/09/03/nx-s1-5526773/trump-alien-enemies-act-venezuela-gangs-ruling2>

4. <https://www.cbsnews.com/news/trump-administrations-end-tps-venezuela-haiti-ruled-illegal/>

5. <https://www.americanimmigrationcouncil.org/blog/united-states-frees-venezuelans-el-salvador-prisoner-swap/>

6. <https://www.texastribune.org/2025/05/30/trump-el-salvador-deportees-criminal-convictions-cecot-venezuela/>

1. <https://www.psu.edu/news/research/story/scientists-examine-potential-economic-impact-spotted-lanternfly-pa>

2. <https://www.aclusocal.org/en/press-releases/federal-court-orders-trump-administration-comply-court-order-following-violations>

magtiis ka!

find me
 where the land
 meets the water

only to lose me
 in the blanketed fog
 above us

find me
 where my consciousness is
 caught in-between,
 with no claim to land
 nothing to call my own

meet me—
 suspended above
 the pliant redwood branches

in the thickets
 of their overgrown roots tangled,
 holding onto secrets

spoken by
 a mother tongue
 so twisted

it will take a lifetime
 to remember.

Inviting You Home:
 shrinking the distance

Between

PAST

PRESENT

and

FUTURE

Sena Mocanu Wazer





I was talking to my roommate about our respective homes—about butchering deer actually. About growing up near the woods. About feeling like, in our current lives, we might be floating away.

Because to me, home is mostly about place, and land, and connection, and shortening that distance between yourself and everything around you.

We increasingly live in a world of distance.

I watch videos from friends in Turkey or China. I scroll by and read words written by people who are distant in time, or at least not of our present time; bell hooks and Andrea Gibson, my great grandmother and Malcom X. I send texts to family members in Romania and Canada and Germany. In a lot of ways, it's amazing—connection across distance. But at some point, connection across distance starts to feel like floating. Like I'm lifting out of my life and drifting through the ether, a little unsure of who or what I really am.

But then I go home. I put my feet on the ground, in the soil, and I feel home. I am in a place where all of those distances still exist, but it feels like the distance between the past, present, and future shrinks a little.

My perception of time is somewhat place based. At home, land holds the present, but it also holds the past. The land is like a friend you've known for a long time. You know them now, but you also know their past.

You know how to care for them, just like they know how to care for you.

So let me tell you...about the blueberry patch that let me sink into it, when my mind got too dark, and I didn't feel safe there. Let me tell you...about the peach trees that saw me and my friends be soft with each other amidst a pandemic. Let me tell you...about that tree that I climbed when I first felt alone. Let me tell you...about that other tree, a maple I fell out of when my sister and I played outside in the heat. Let me tell you...about the first place I swore out loud, at the edge of the forest, riding a horse together with my sister.

This place knows me now; it also knew me then.

But let me also tell you...about the greenhouse I shoveled out of a snowstorm, so that the soil inside could stay warm enough for the plants already in the ground. Let me tell you...about the hours in that field setting up fencing so that we could rotationally graze our cows so that eventually the field became fertilized and healthy. Let me tell you...about pushing a wheelbarrow with compost and shaking minerals across the soil.

Let me tell you, let me tell you, let me tell you.

Because this place knows me, but I also know her.

I know home in the winter, when it's cold and hard, and blanketed with snow, becoming icy as it thaws and re-freezes. I know home in the spring, when the snowdrops come up, but everything else is still in hibernation. I know home in the summer, when the crickets are loud and the trees are such a dark green you could sink into it and get lost, when the soil is dry and then the rain comes down heavy and delicious. I

know home in the fall, when the trees are a sunset of color and the last tomatoes are picked.

And home knows me.

In the winter, sitting in front of the fire and drinking tea. Only emerging to tend to the chickens and cows, shovel some snow, maybe go sledding or ice skating. In the spring, when I get to go barefoot for the first time and lay my body down on the ground to smell the snowdrops and daffodils. In the summer, on the hot, slow days, when I'm as parched as the soil. And in the fall, when I spin through the leaves, grateful for the cool air.

I love home, and the land it rests upon, because it's about feeling known and cared for and being able to know and care back.

My time at home is a blip. There are so many people, animals, plants who have been on that land and will be on that land. Some of that history I know.

I know that our farm rests on land stolen from the Nipmuc and Mohegan tribes. I know that our neighbors have been on the land for a couple hundred years. That the land has been farmed on and off. The soil depleted when my family moved in. I know that it's resilient, our fields going from hard, depleted soils to rich, dark, and soft in the span of just a few years.

The future, I, of course, don't know. All I know is that I'm worried. Afraid of what it means to be located in the fastest warming region of the contiguous United States. To have heavier and less predictable rain. To have warm stretches followed by cold snaps too early in the spring and killing all the orchard's new buds.

And yet, in some form, I know that home will know the future too.

I spend most of my life inviting people to fight for that future: inviting them to help protect us, our home, as much as possible. I love that work, but I feel like I'm floating away. I'd wager a guess that some of you feel like you're floating away too. That the connection across distance isn't enough.

And so I'm inviting you home. I'm inviting you to put your feet in the soil, to feel its age, resilience, and strength. I'm inviting you to be cared for and to care. For our home of the past, for our home now, and for our home in future.



(end)

SUN WORSHIP



I went to the courtyard outside Sterling Memorial Library on a cold morning back in November because the Astronomy Club had set up a solar telescope — filtered in such a way that one can gaze safely upon the sun.

My ever charming and charismatic Gujarati-Kenyan-British-South African housemate had put it on my radar, and I, long enthralled by celestial objects, thought it was high time I finally took a look at that flaming center of our solar system. Of

course, I'd seen photos of it before. I knew there was a lot more to it than the textureless orange disc one can sometimes glimpse at sunset. But I wasn't entirely sure what I was in for when I stepped up to the telescope with two friendly and awkward astrophysics undergrads as my celestial stewards — inviting me to peer in.

I squinted one eye and lowered the other to the glass, but some clouds lay between the sun and me. Their white wisps tore across the eyepiece and I struggled to discern what

I was seeing. It made me dizzy, and so I stepped back from the scope to await their passing. But soon enough, I felt the heat of the sun flare back up and warm my bundled-up body. My undergrad celestial stewards enthusiastically encouraged me to look back into the scope now that the clouds had parted.

Solar telescopes, like a sunset, filter out most visible light except for the longer, red wavelengths. So, I looked in and saw our sun — its white light stripped of

all its shades save the crimson — and its raw structure lay naked before my eye with all its surface details unveiled.

What I saw was a spherical boiling, a spinning droplet of God, a blinding virus, an orgy of elements, and perhaps the paragon of light and form that the planets all reflect but fail to mimic. Surface turbulence, solar prominences, protruding fibers, coiling ropes of hydrogen fire, squirming orifices casting spells of flung flames licking the void of space: our star is perfect.

What a strange curse that we need this special technology to see it. As Earthlings, we have evolved a sensitive retina, perfectly attuned to the dim, reflected light that the sun throws upon our world, but far too sensitive to attend to the source itself. Our Earthly colors are the sun's distant after-thought, and on that November day I had the chance to witness the miracle of light's first incarnation. I saw the blinding process — truly more of a verb than a noun — that feeds our world while carrying us in its gentle orbit.

But what I really saw as I gazed into the telescope was a newborn baby nursing at its mother's breast.

What I really saw was an emergent ceiba tree hoisting heavy, leaf-laden branches skyward; a city shimmering, cranes in motion adding floors atop already tall towers; a school of baitfish being gorged upon by yellowfin tuna with the trillion polyps of the reef below it glowing red and pink and green in the dappled waters.

I saw a group of herdsmen telling jokes while seated in the shade of an acacia; I saw yellowed pages turned slowly by weathered hands.

What I saw was suburban kids biking down the sidewalk in summertime with sweat on their brows, trying to hold onto both popsicles and handlebars;

I saw bathers splashing in the surf and a satellite, silent in lonely orbit — saw oil seeping upwards into new geologies.

I watched ice ages come and go like white waves lapping down from the poles, witnessed the world's first flower open, and heard the great, primordial fleets of cetaceans filling the ocean with song as they chased the summer solstice northward —

“Excuse me sir, would you mind letting this other student take a peek?”

I apologized and stumbled away from the telescope stupefied, coming back to my senses slowly, and looked around. Red and yellow

leaves rustled in a light breeze, backlit by a cerulean sky.

I can still see it up there, every time the sun returns to my attention: a thick rope of plasma, sputtering up off the boiling surface, the whole thing writhing, radiant, godlike. Some things simply can't be unseen once the curtain has been lifted. I'm not going to claim that this revelation outside Sterling Memorial Library instantaneously healed my minor depression, nor that it fully reignited my

dampened spirit — that would be an overstatement. But the tone of my days since then has played out with fewer minor chords. A bit of awe was reawakened within me, ever so subtly, while I gazed upon our sun. Simply put, I found something that I had misplaced somewhere along the path.

As I walked away from the telescope that morning, before the stress of the day crept back in and clouded my vision, I remember having the final thought:

What definition of God does the sun fail to meet? What criteria for the sacred does the sun not surpass?

We were once sun worshippers. How on Earth have we lost this most obvious insight?



Rose Joseph



CARRYING FIRE



Emily
Schlickman

I walk slowly through a small valley in Napa, California where a dense stand of oaks rises from a field of golden grasses. A place that has not burned in more than a century. Underfoot, the forest floor is thick with twigs and leaves. In the language of firefighting, this is called fuel. But it is also what carries fire forward, what gives fire its body and direction.

I bend to gather what would be classified as one-hour fuels, the lightest and quickest to ignite. The flashy fuels.

They fit easily in my hands: dry grass, brittle leaves, broken stems. Like the wild oats that shimmer across the hillside.

Wild oats are not native here. They arrived centuries ago as fodder for animals brought across oceans. They displaced deep-rooted native perennials that once stayed green long into summer. Now, the wild oats grow fast, dry early, and burn easily. Colonization reshaped this land not only through fences

and property lines, but through how fire is carried across it.

Long before fire suppression became policy, Indigenous people across California used fire as a form of care. They burned to open meadows, grow food and medicines, clear travel routes, shape habitats, and prevent the buildup of dense understory plants that lead to catastrophic fire. Fire was not an emergency. It was a tool, a relative, a seasonal rhythm. The grasses, shrubs, and

trees evolved alongside that relationship. They learned how to hold fire without losing themselves to it, how to pass it gently. I walk farther upslope to where the native toyon grows in thick, dark tangles. Its leaves stay green when everything else pales. In winter, its red berries draw birds into the heart of the thicket. Even now, in the heat, it holds moisture longer than the grasses around it. After fire, it will send new shoots from its base and help



hold the hill in place
when the rains return.

Deeper still, wandering
under taller trees, the
scent changes. Sharp and
clean. California bay.
I crush a leaf between
my fingers, and the
smell rises immediately,
medicinal and bright.
For generations, bay has
been used to ease fevers,
clear headaches, scent
ceremonies, and protect
homes. Its smoke was
once carried deliberately
through villages and
gathering places.

In modern wildfire maps

and risk models, plants
are reduced to a single
role. Fuel. A word that
defines them only by
what they will become
in the presence of flame.
It is a useful word. It
saves lives. It helps crews
predict how fire moves
across slope and through
wind. But it also narrows
the world. It teaches us to
see the living landscape
as future ash, a reduction
that feels incomplete.
These plants are not just
burnable material.

They are food for
birds, medicine for



bodies, shelter for soil, inheritance from distant hands. They do not simply wait to be consumed.

Fire does not arrive here as an intruder. It is already part of how this place breathes. What has changed is the rhythm. A century of suppression has pressed pause on a process that once moved more steadily and more gently. Fire has returned anyway, but more forcefully. The land remembers even when we pretend it does not. The plants still

know how to carry it. We are the ones who have forgotten how to guide it.

The question is not whether fire will return. It always does. The question is how we choose to meet it. Whether we continue to see the land and fire only through the narrow lenses of hazard and catastrophe, or whether we widen our vision to hold Indigenous knowledge, ecological process, medicine, memory, and regeneration at the same time.

Emily Schlickman, *Umbellularia Californica* Burning



When fire comes again to this valley, each of these plants will burn differently. The oats will flash and vanish. The toyon will blacken and return. The bay will carry its medicine into smoke. Together, they form a single fire, but their stories do not dissolve into one. Fire is not a uniform thing moving across a blank surface. It is handed forward, received, resisted, slowed, lifted, and released again by the plants themselves.



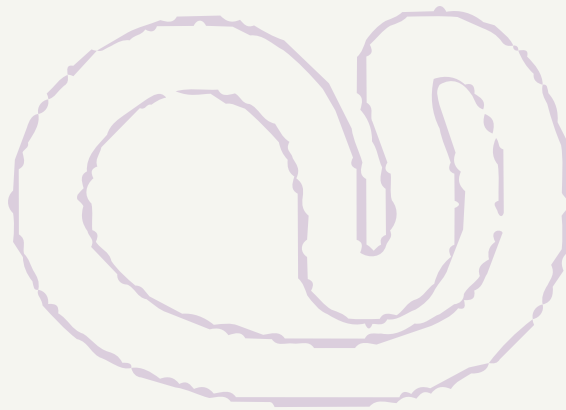

Emily Schlickman, Print Of Umbellularia Californica





THE GOOSE

Rich slope of grass with
greens interfused.
However, dandelions had invaded
like the Charge of the Light Brigade.
They covered large patches,
soft white heads
swayed gently in the
morning breeze.
A goose waddled across,
gray body of various shades.
Its long black neck
had a ring of white
like a furry beard.
Its webbed feet
sunk into the
teeming greenery.
I saw tiny white specks
reflected in its cornea
as it looked at me.
The goose bent over a dandelion.

Its black beak pecked at it
as a chicken pecks grain,
over and over.
Seeds wafted everywhere.
Then the goose stopped,
turned and looked at me.
On the underside of its bill
white fluffy seed heads
formed a full beard,
comical
like something from a
Vaudeville act.
I waited for it to stick its
Tongue out at me.
I chuckled.
It continued to eye me,
a puzzled look,
unaware of its appearance.
No knowledge that it looked
like a silly goose.



FARM JOURNAL, JULY 2025

Hotchkiss, Colorado



When it's the kind of hot that is muggy and still, the goats rest, lying low in the dust and hay. They amble out to the fields for the occasional forage, often staying in the speckled shade of the willow trees that line our driveway. They doze with their heads on each other, the small ones curled against the bigger. When I go to close the chickens inside their coop at night, the onlooking goats shift and stretch. They follow my light with their wide eyes.

This season, I experienced my first goat death and goat birth. After Old Side Chicken, one of our goats, died in April, we bottle fed her newborns every few hours, warming the milk and making sure they drank it. Eventually, we helped them latch on to Pat, one of our milking goats who hadn't had a baby this season. We held the little squirming babies — whose cries sound uncannily human — and gradually Pat relinquished her big, patient body to care for them. They now move as a unit.

We added twelve newborns to the herd this season. A lot of goats. So we gave a few of them to a roaming herd that eats invasive and wildfire-prone dry brush in the Western Slope. Their moms cried as we separated them into the traveling livestock truck. I felt a pang; tears came hot and fast. I told Mark I was too soft, too sensitive for this work. He told me, "You're supposed to feel sad. That's a good thing. It's how we keep our empathy."

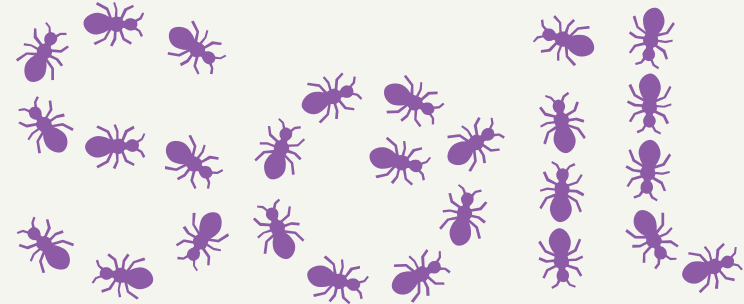
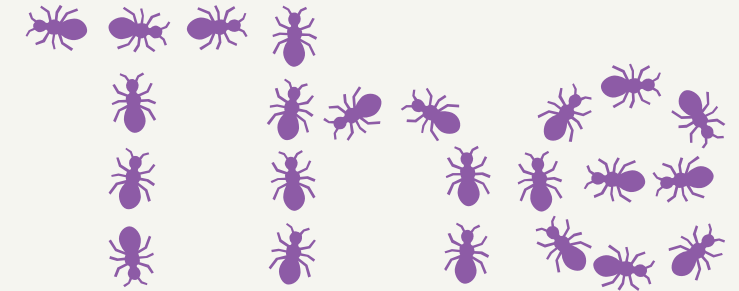
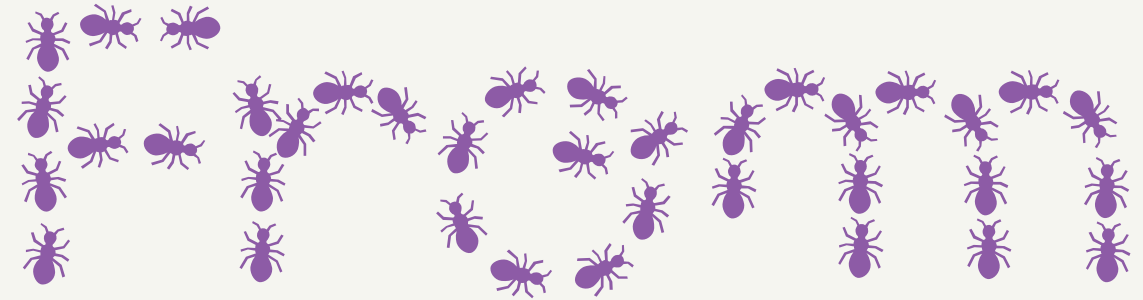
Farming — and all the dynamic, daily challenges it brings — offers me the chance to stay attuned to so many lessons. There are so many beings around me offering different examples of how to react, how to bear witness, how to move, and how to lie still. Our livestock guardian dog, Gherkin, is whining at the neighbor's chainsaw right now. The ducks rejoice at a rushing leak in the irrigation. They skate through the mud and flap

with glee. The guinea fowl sounds the alarm when Spud, the pup, moves too erratically, bounds too bouncily toward the chicken coop.

This morning, I walked out to check the firmness of our purple cabbage, the blossoms on the lemon cucumber plants, and the water in the barn cats' bowl. I wake up as I move, blinking in the brightness, and feel again and again that I know this land, but must re-learn it every single day. It is a knowing that must be practiced. It is constantly shifting, moving, humbling me.

This afternoon, Ricardo and his friend are hoeing the potato fields. Just an hour of this will cramp up my back for days. It is hot and they are covered in layers, sweatshirts draped over their heads and necks to block out the sun.

I weed the dill and lay new irrigation with Dustin. We are all working to keep the farm going — it feels like a strained, often senseless, smelly, beautiful, beloved feat. I pour myself another cup of coffee and go check the goats' water.





Julia Sams







I have to rest enough, be awake enough, to experience this


"All the Beauty and All the Violence"

All the beauty  and all the violence,
I dream of june berries, too
Picked one by one in that little park,
Cherry sours and muscadine pits,
children munching, soft giggles in the cream yellow gaze of a
dying sun. 

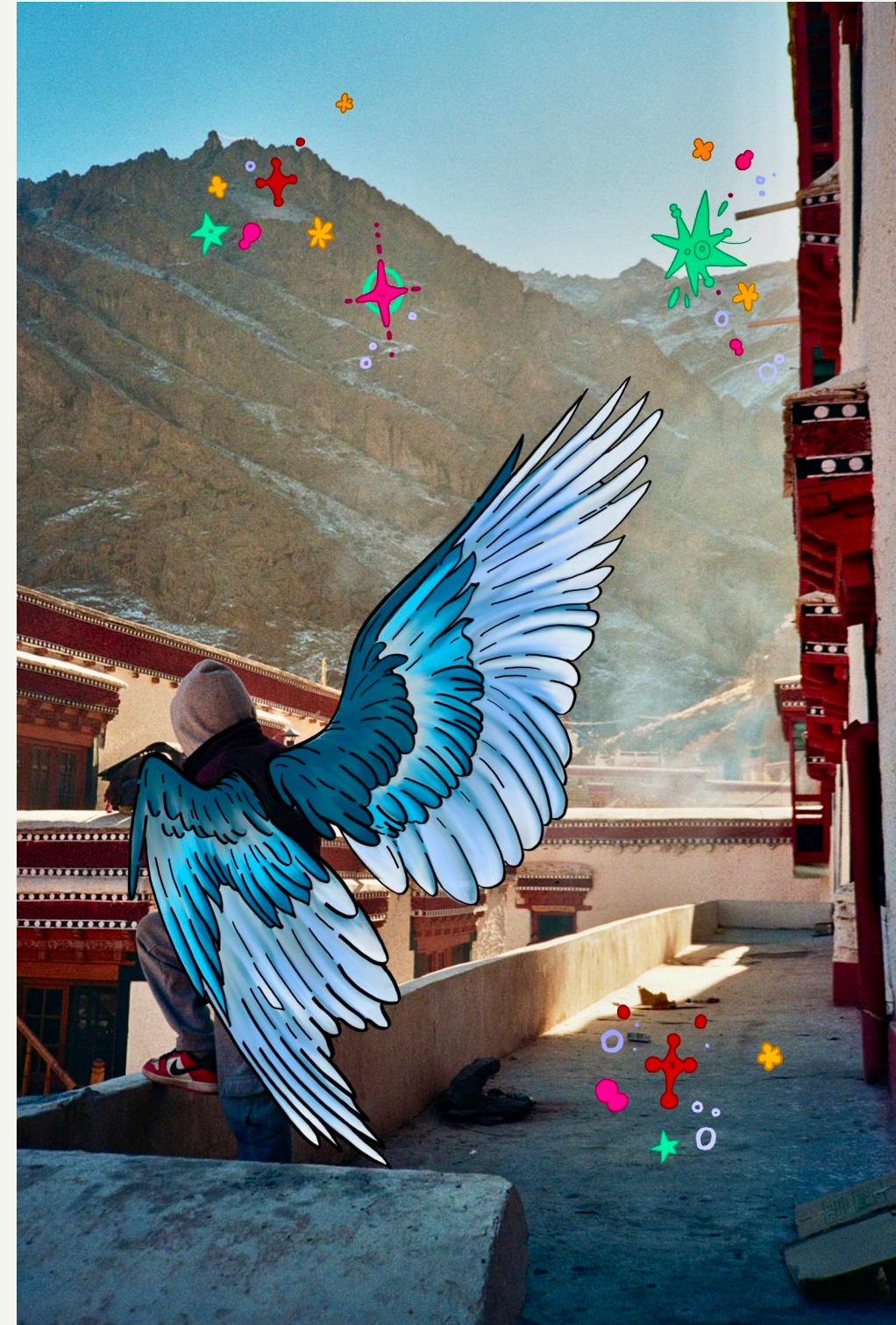
At night I play basketball
I dream of muscadine men,
D9s and F16s

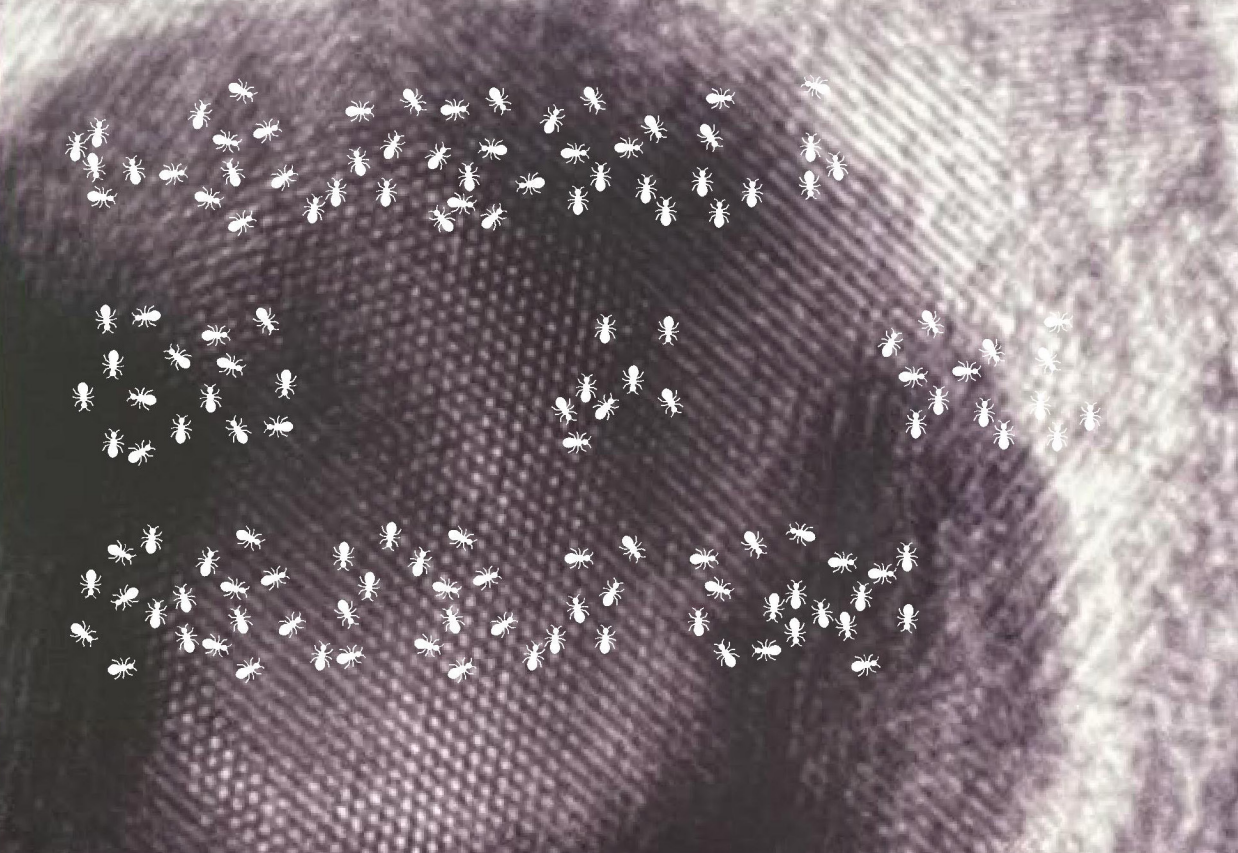
Angels scything grapes of wrath,
mosquitoes and rebar,
Raindrops and roses.
Violets  and tear gas
I dream of Gaza and Mark 80s

Of chocolate
Of how he never knew a muscadine before they killed him
Of the golden rod in autumn
Of his corpse 
Of how I never threw a brick.

All the beauty and all the violence
I dream of june berries, too. 

November 2025





Letters

Alive



Jiayi Chen



Letters Alive

I hope that you read this page as if I were talking to you in person. I am writing to answer your questions in detail, as I am equally eager to know more about you, even though we have never met and will never have the chance.

Firstly, I am obsessed with your existence. In it, there is such a brilliant mind and a beautiful, lonely soul.

I am always daydreaming of something unrealistic and unbelievably romantic that would never happen in my boring life as a housewife; saturated at home with loads of house chores and an obligation to work this role devotedly, serving the whole family.

I always dream of being a bird or an oyster.

I have read from books that there is a kind of bird without feet. The day they land is the end of their life, for they always fly and never turn back or stay anywhere. How I wish I were that kind of bird with freedom. The reality is, I cannot reach the visible sky, as the sky set for women is merely a cage. I thought I could reach the outside world with my feet and eyes, but there is nowhere to go.

Women, females, are not categorized as people but as food to eat or trash to bully in the world.

What if I were an oyster, I could make precious pearls when I suffer. What if I could be the oyster to be tasted, I would be a salty one with my tears and sweat, bitterness from my fate.

I have shed tears throughout my life for my other sisters, for our bound feet and arranged fates.

We have been suppressed for so long, and yet no one takes pity on us. I feel you can read me and feel me, even though we are in different conditions; our situations are so similar. Let's lament our grievances and our bitterness.

I cannot expect to be loved or to love someone. But here I can sentence and stress, I love you sincerely, as you are one part of me. Your letters will accompany me with the burning fire and ashes, torn from our souls. Nothing can separate us, not even death.

Warm regards,

Yours sincerely,
Jiayi



Written
 for her

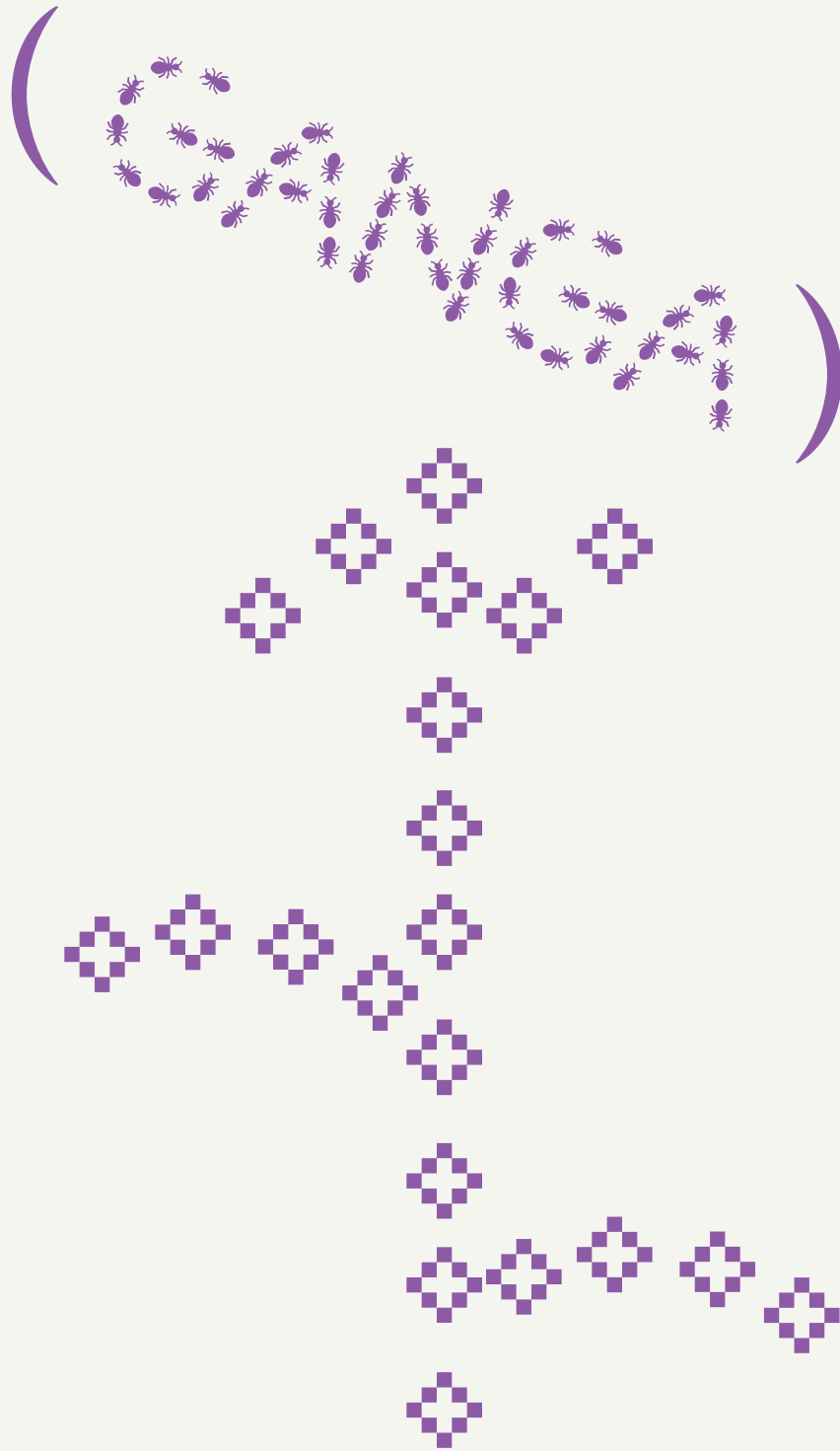
A gaze from the maze of parental love
 Feel the uncaged yearning for liberty
 Under her skin there is a second skin,
 a colony of love
 Beyond the colonialism
 arises a new type of communism,
 of perfect daughter
 She shall be a *perfect daughter*
 then be a *professional mother*
 breeding the next *perfect doll*.
 Mother mother mother
 Do you want a daughter?
 Do you want a doll?
 Do you want a border around your caged life
 of professional mother?
 Daughter daughter daughter
 Fight for a future without being a mother
 Deny the request to be a daughter
 Refuse to be a caged doll in set borders

on her

by her

Don't be the next "*perfect mother*,"
 But with a bright, twisted funeral
 Bury the suffering daughter for the sake of "love."
 The heritage,
 the blessing to be the next professional mother,
 Sacrifice one more living daughter,
 Satisfy one more,
 already dead.
 Mother mother mother
 I don't want you to be my mother
 I wish we never met
 Shall I be your mother?
 To my wandering mother
 Could you join us together
 To be defined,
 But not merely a daughter for a mother
 But not merely a mother for a daughter.

*Just
 her*



Pulkita Anand



Everything is changa in Ganga
Despite all hurdanaga in Ganga
Har Har Gange
Ganga is Ganga.
Nothing like her,
flows and mixes

in Ganga Sagar

Ganga—serene,
soft,
simple,
sonorous,
soothing,
supple,
sacred,
swift,
sparkling,
sunny,
serpentine,
sister,

deep, majestic,
mystic, wide, vast.

Our Ganga

A goddess, a daughter of Jhanu,
a consort of Vishnu,
a consort of Shantanu,
the mother of Bhisma,
a celestial being,
descended on the earth
to liberate
the souls of Bhagiratha

A flow so mighty that Shiva
holds her
in his hair.

From Vamana's three strides,
Ganga plunges
into Indra's heaven,
received by Dhruva,
in the sky
forms a milky way,
flows down to the earth,
a lotus on Mount Meru
in Brahma's land.



The air thickly settles on top of the bank of the Mississippi River.

It comes to rest here, saying goodnight to the river and all its children. Just beyond the water, the sun begins to sink, slowly kissing the Westbank on the other side.

The few trees that line the bank stand tall, like soldiers on guard, weathered from their duty of protecting the barrier between land and water.

As I approach the bank, I see the flock of students and locals that come here to unwind at the end of the week on Fridays. But why is this place called the Fly? An ode to the flies and gnats that swarm here at dusk seems unlikely. Since when does society pay homage to the insect? Perhaps a nickname for the butterfly, the Monarchs that stop over here before the last leg of their annual journey. They too must stop here to take in the views and slurp sweet sticky daiquiri juice — but I have never seen Monarchs here before. A quick internet search proves me wrong. Instead, on the grounds of this embankment sat a community center, shaped like a butterfly wing, destroyed by a reckless tugboat in the 1970s. A forgotten New Orleans tragedy, revived in new form.

Riverside Park — the park's official title — sits within the boundaries of the larger Audubon. The 340-acre oblong plot was once home to a plantation that ran right up to the water's edge, ensuring quick transportation of the slave-



harvested indigo and sugar cane crops. Now its swampy remnants have been drained, paved, and turned into a golf course. The only thing that remains are the live oak trees, their wide, heavy limbs draped with Spanish moss. Planted by the old plantation's owner, they have witnessed the mistreatment of people and the land.

In its way, my mind begins to quantify the world around me. The sheer amount of raw material and goods that have passed through this port city. How many pounds, how many tons, how much did it all cost? The river has carried much for the sake of westward expansion and economic growth.

A barge slowly moves along, disrupting the horizon, inching up the river. With the help of a tugboat, the barge seemingly fights its way to and from the mouth of the river. Up and down and back again. Perhaps this is the boat's secret. A sort of non-actor resistance to the forces that go by the name of global development. The boat needs to be dragged by another boat to perform its only job, silently protesting against the free market.

But this job is not new to the river. Native American tribes in the area used the river as a trading hub and meeting place long before the trade routes formed by European colonialists. The Indigenous Choctaw peoples referred to the *How the land accepted this old name, but in a new form.*



city as Bulbancha, the place of many tongues. I think about the significance of this. How the land accepted this old name, but in a new form. Even prior to the arrival of colonists this river acted as host, enabling the powerful exchange of cultures, languages and goods. A legacy that

What makes New Orleans unique is its Creole identity: A melange of the enslaved West Africans, Choctaw, Houma, Chitimacha, Haitians, Canadians, Germans, French, and Spanish.

has remained true, despite violent interruptions. With each generation, each culture has sought to preserve itself, latching on to the next generation. While one can remark upon the beauty and distinctiveness of Creole culture, the forces that brought this richness to life must be considered. What was happening in the spaces in between? Was this blend of people intentional, accidental, or just forced? The latter is the likely reality and product of the many complex power forces at play. As a result, the culture that has arisen is one that is inherently resilient — ever adapting to a changing environment in the name of survival.

While the culture appears well blended, large social disparities still exist between the parishes. The surrounding neighborhood, Uptown, is flocked by old mansions and older money. Across the river and beyond the barge looms the West Bank. This separation feels intentional. The West

Bank is the side where the river is constrained, held back by the levees that line the river's path. The levees that raise the riverbed to prevent flooding and deter sediment so that water can continue to flow without disruption. What is this unnamed desire to control something that is already doing its job?

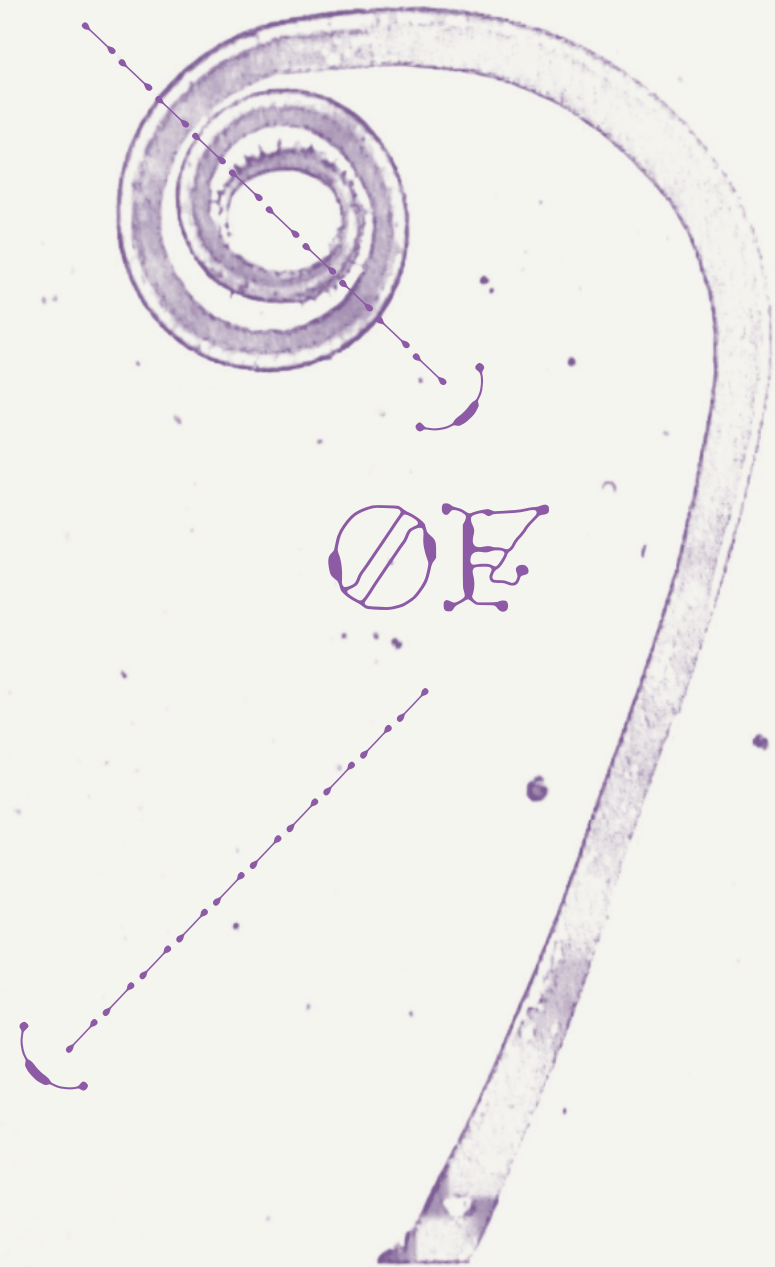
From the Mississippi to the Panama Canal to the Suez, we insist that goods travel on the most efficient route possible. Efficiency drives the endless carrying of goods to places all over the world. Conceptualizing the amount of labor and fuel required is a number beyond my comprehension. The many hands that have touched the goods in these boxes, crates and barges. The number of trips this barge has completed. I become frustrated. The network of companies and counterparties that rely on this river is vast and impossible to track. Rather than appreciating our host, we have modified the land, building locks and dams and dredging deep channels. Manipulating the land to ensure the smooth journey for large shipping vessels. Rivers are the original superhighways.

I gently pick up my blanket from the grass, thanking the river for her hospitality, despite the involuntary nature of her gifts. I leave frustrated, tired, and calm all at the same time. I suspect that she remembers her old name, Bulbancha, the place of many tongues, one that has endured the test of trade and transformation.

(end)

THE DRINK

Sara Sherburne



OE

THE GODS

Glossary

<i>Ka'a</i>	yerba mate in Guaraní “plant” & “forest”
<i>guampa</i>	cup
<i>tereré</i>	yerba mate is usually drunk cold
<i>tacuapí / tacuapí</i>	filtered straw
<i>ñandutí</i>	traditional Paraguayan lace
<i>aguyje/ gracias</i>	Thank you



It used to grow in the shade, beneath mahogany canopies and the yellow *ipê's* golden trumpet blossoms. Among the *achiote's* armoured, crimson husks and the *lapacho's* pink, tissue-paper blooms. The humid, writhing air it shared with guira cuckoos, the putrid, vital earth with nematodes and giant anteaters.

NOW, THE AIR IS
THICK WITH DUST
AND SEARING.

The drone of truck engines billows through a calculated emptiness.

The sun glares down on leaves that are dusted white with poison.

“*Ka'a*” means *yerba mate* in *Guaraní*, but also “plant” and “forest.” The *Guaraní* people consider *yerba mate* a gift from *Yasy*, the moon goddess, and *Arai*, the god of the clouds. They have long-cultivated the tree in its native habitat: South America’s Atlantic Forest.

The berries — bright red or burgundy or almost black — are toxic. The nectar ensconces in the leaves, which are long and leathery, serrated and emerald green. Once seared, dried and ground, they are steeped with herbs like lemon verbena, mint, and boldo. One sips the brew

through a metal, filtered straw called a *tacuapí* or a *tacuapí*.

In Paraguay, yerba mate is usually drunk cold. Called *tereré*, it’s a ritual as much as it is a beverage. One *guampa* (cup) is shared between many as it is filled and passed, filled and passed, moving like the weaving needle that embroiders *ñandutí* — the traditional Paraguayan lace that is stitched in intricate, radiating patterns. One drinks *tereré* while lounging languid in the shade, the summer air seething with the percussive hiss of black cicadas. Or while shucking peanuts, slapping at the gnats that feast on ankles. Or while trundling down red clay roads, passing the *guampa* over bus seats.

“Thank you” (*aguyje* or *gracias*) is how you say when you have had enough.

DO WE STILL RE-
MEMBER HOW TO
SAY “ENOUGH?”

Most of Paraguay’s Atlantic Forest has been razed. Where the *Ava Guaraní* once hunted, fished and foraged, corn and soy stalks now rise and fall like armies, their loyalty to other, richer nations.

Yerba mate stands in well-ordered rows, awaiting fumigation. Poison seeps into soil, into water,

into blood. Garden bean leaves shaped like teardrops wilt and shrivel. Backyard chickens seize and tremble.

But some are beginning to weave futures with more ancient threads. They are bringing yerba mate back to the shade, back to the torn cloth bits of forest that were once — and still are, by some — considered inseparable from the plant itself. So, too, are they bringing the forest back to the tree, unfurling new canopies over yerba mate crops like parasols over sunburnt, weary children.

Maybe we can again conceive of things like this: the leaf, the tree, the ecosystem, woven together in a web of mutuality. Ourselves contained not in one thirsting hand but in the many trusting hands that fill and pass, fill and pass. The land, not a treasure chest to plunder, but a sibling to cherish and an ancestor to honor.

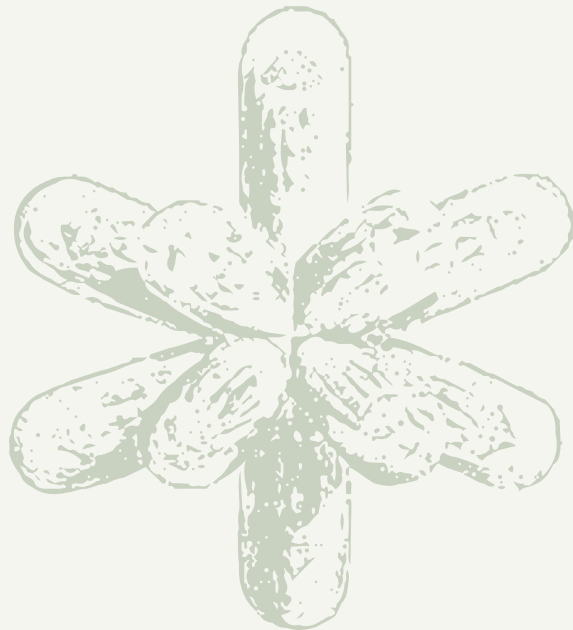
PERHAPS WE CAN
EVEN LEARN TO SAY
“ENOUGH,” TO RECOG-
NIZE OUR SATIATION
AND SPEAK THANKS
FOR IT.

(end)



THERMODYNAMICS ("THE INTRUSION OF GAIA")

marion eames white



"The intrusion of this type of transcendence, which I am calling Gaia, makes a major unknown, which is here to stay, exist at the heart of our lives...

We are no longer authorized to forget her. We will have to go on answering for what we are undertaking in the face of an implacable being who is deaf to our justifications."

– Isabelle Stengers Trans. Andrew Goffey



opening a door for someone and—if
my mother is to be believed—

adding to a stack of good karma.
not in the religious sense—no sense

being reborn, here at the end of the
world.

i'm talking to you in the spirit of

the anthropocapitogeocene or whatever we
call
apocalypse these days. a misanthropocene

where everything is thermodynamics.
opening this door causes that door

at the other end of the lobby
to suck shut from the pressure change

like an oversized plunger like the world
is
a toilet we only ever shit in fuck

everyone who considers their being
on this planet "just passing through."

last i checked, jittering atoms
stop us

passing through the ground.
through each other. chaos

what keeps us here. so be
here. don't think about anything other
than

this. feel my forehead. my feverish
worry. let me try again. last year

i got lost and wound up walking on the
side of a highway—

except it wasn't a highway. it was a six-
lane boulevard

behind the apartment where i live. all
the cars going sixty,
eighty, refusing to signal, refusing to
yield to

our best possible world, blowing smoke
and small fires out of every tinted
orifice.

i opened my mouth right there

on the side of the road. heat slapped
my tongue. i slurped it up like a
thermometer.





Cut and layered intaglio prints and drawing (15" x 12")



Cut and layered intaglio prints and watercolor painting (12" x 9")

END



EMAP

I used to adhere to the story of spreading with leisure across a humble countryside, looking for good soil and access to waterways. combined with density of nutrients, minerals, and precious metals, sets a standard of living. The strength of soft tissue affords seemingly effortless innovation. Then a plateau.

I had rent to pay and a checking account, envelopes and postage stamps. I kept up with my appointments and friends, had organized cupboards and working appliances. Then a retreat. It's slow at first but aimed straight at the capital, the palace, the central marketplace. The cracks, like rivers flowing in reverse, wash away accumulated debris on their way from the estuaries back through the plains and low hills, back through the rocky inclines,

But it happens to every empire: an apex is achieved in scale with the resources extracted from the territory. The sheer size of the landmass

OF AN

IRE



and up above the tree line. But something seems to be missing. Was there a miscalculation at the core, a flawed assumption gone unchecked – or perhaps something more ineffable like a spark that ignites but lasts only an instant – and what kind of life can we build knowing what we know, when the halcyon hush is behind us and the magic we need is all gone?,

The myths contain this story too: books of esoterica warn about the fall into oneself. My aspiration, though noble, proved to be shortsighted and preoccupied with trivial matters. Yet, I cannot shake my fixation on the once promising thrust, on the catalyst that alchemized a purity of awareness into delicate action and ritual, a profound wconfusion into incanted words and lush melodies.



Ojo obsidiana



Felipe
Ledesma
Núñez



Posteriori

"It is natural for living things to make another of a kind like itself, so that they always participate, according to their ability, in the divine and the immortal."
 – St. Thomas Aquinas Trans. Ra Kocourek

*

it's hard to visualize the world
 after capitalism unless you see now
 as the after.

* this moment of collective gunning *
 for a post human biohacked *
 bodypoliticmachine, *
 brainworlds evolving to live forever on *
 a planet that will no longer exist. *
 star spangledchrist what a downer. *
 we're accelerating *
 like we can't wait for *
 the world to end again. *
 i know you know it. *
 this stratified collapse will *
 continue until every fold of sky *
 meets the ground. *
 our world can't be restored *
 if we see the end happening *
 but still wait for it to come. *
 it's like we forgot that *
 we pull from our selves not just humanity *
 but everything alive: *

*

*

see the flaring palms
 who sun themselves & gossip green
 & prostrate in the dark:

the prudent canine *
 who is thrilled to have your scent *
 in their nose & wants to
 know everything you got
 up to while you were out
 in the world without them:
 elephants exhibiting signs
 of elephant behavior,
 a calf using his trunk to
 play a game of keepie
 uppie with a plastic bag
 he finds in the brush, *
 bumps it up & away *
 from the reddest soil *
 on earth, & *

it's like we 've forgotten
 when we need to be alive.
 aquinas was wrong
 for saying animals
 won't go to heaven.
 we're already here, stuck
 in the desert of the real.
 you, me, & every stray dog
 who lives forever inside
 their own idea of
 what it means to be
 a person who can bark.

(end)

*

*



"The Woolly Kind"

Jenevieve Hughes Carlyn

"The Woolly Kind"



Mammuthus primigenius

As humanity emerges

in the form of
a question,

so I was reborn:

resurrected from
dust and DNA

on the far side of history—

alive again

after

thousands of years.

Motherless, I arrived

in the world
in a surrogate

womb

strong enough to hold me;

birthed in my maker's lab,

I am both woolly

and elephantine.

My trunk,

expressive as an octopus tentacle, My

tusks,

as sculptural as a tricyclist's
twirling moustache.

The mammoth returneth!

The newspapers announced

the paradox of

my hybrid nature—

Two species

conjoined,

the lost and the living,

a double helix of extinction

and existence.

Even in this,

the so-called 'Anthropocene,'

I hold a cellular memory

of the Paleolithic Era,

Me, a curiosity?

Not a chance.

I have been brought back

to restore





Still from "The Rod and The Ring"
Video, 9 min, 2024

Some 4000 years ago,
a prince in southern
Mesopotamia named Gudea had
a dream:

The god Ningirsu visited him
with a command to build a
temple, revealing a detailed
architectural plan.

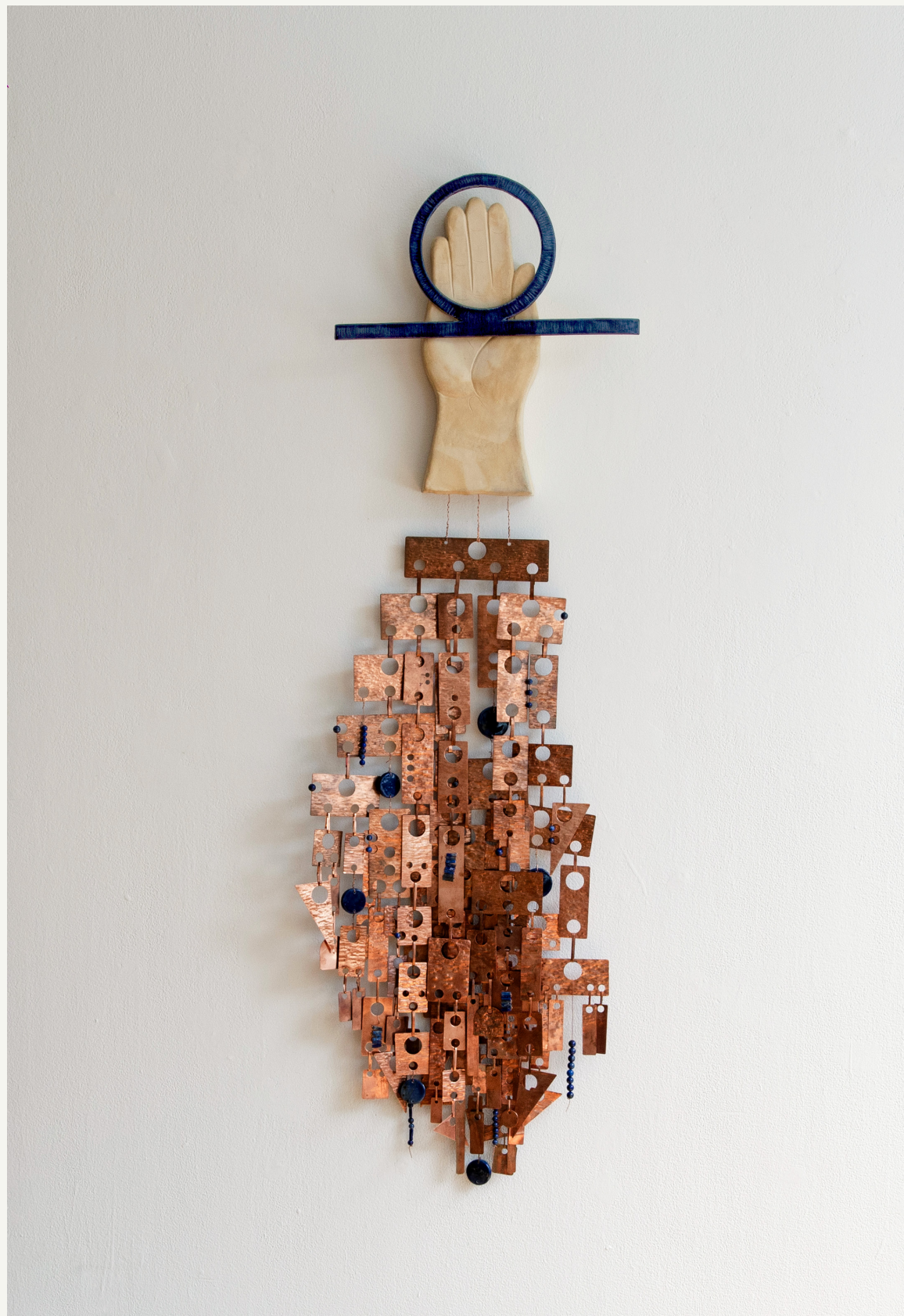
Gudea not only made it
happen; he also had the
plan integrated into a
famous statue that now
stands at the Louvre,
thanks to archeologists and
Mesopotamians who preserved
artifacts from their own
ancient past.

REMEMBER

THE FUTURE

Still from "The Rod and The Ring"
Video, 9 min, 2024





Family Roots, 2024 • Stoneware clay, glaze, underglaze, copper, lapis lazuli



Rod and Ring, 2024 • Stoneware clay, glaze, iron chips



Mesopotamian people would often encounter ruins from previous eras when preparing building foundations, which they regarded as divine interventions from the past to be honored in public rituals of reburial.

The future would also intercede with their present in prophetic dreams, like Gudea's, that were either

spontaneous or induced, a practice developed in Babylonian oneiric (dream) scholarship. Time travel, in this sense, was real for Mesopotamians, and is the basis for my

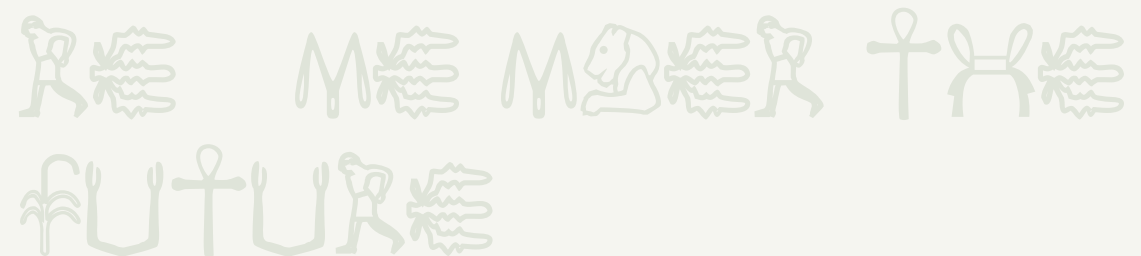
MFA project "Remember the Future: Oneiric Artifacts from Mesopotamia" (2024).

Still from "The Rod and The Ring" Video, 9 min, 2024



Still from "The Rod and The Ring" Video, 9 min, 2024

The intention of my thesis research was to find lost ancient wisdom that could reemerge in a time ahead. My attention kept coming back to the rod and ring motif - a mysterious yet potent symbol -



"Could dreaming be a methodology
for excavating possible futures?"

so I decided to
explore it through
the language of clay
and oneiric moving
images captured
across Iraq. Could

dreaming be a
methodology for
excavating possible
futures? For Gudea
and the ancients, it
seems so.



Still from "The Rod and The Ring"
Video, 9 min, 2024

(end)



Stephanie
Ross

The

Art

Thief

I stole a leaf from a tree,
 ran my index finger
 along its jagged margin,
 ran my eyes along its red veins
 and subtler hues.

I held this leaf gently sandwiched
 in prayer
 hands,
 felt its cool morning life
 between my palms
 pulled warm
 from my pockets.

I heard its call for sun
 to photosynthesize
 its
 sweetness
 and answered with my own prayer:
 a universal

synthesis of
 light for
 nourishment,

love for growth,
 and the crumbling
 of diseased
 norms into

earth
 where the remnants of decay build

nutrients for kin.

The tree
 listened in rooted silence
 then rustled
 to an
 answer:

*My breath,
 my veins,
 and my dappled trunk*

*hold the schematics
 of your prayer
 in an open gallery for all to see.*

Then I saw trees
 extending branches
 around the
 world, generating art
 for every culture,
 every human.

I saw every child
 making crayon rubbings,
 looking upon
 designs of beauty,
 knowing themselves
 to have grown
 from the same seed.



1. Mnemonic Chamber
2. Arthropod Study
3. Drift Monitoring Station (2x)
4. Sound Garden
5. Archive Catalog



"We do not fully understand the mechanisms by which life started, but once it exists on an Earth-like Planet, the complete removal of all life is a very unlikely event."



"...[D]iverse tiny creatures, tardigrades..."
 "Just like all other major animal groups, tardigrades..." "...[A]bout the size of the period at the end of this sentence. In the right light you can see them with the naked eye, but researchers who work with tardigrades..." "119 cells from 10 animals were examined." "The embryo punctured its eggshell, after which the newly hatched tardigrade..." "...5'-ACC GGT GAA CGT AAC CGT TAC CAA AGG TTC AAG AGA CCT TTG GTA ACG GTT ACG TTC TTT TTG AAT TC-3'. RNA extracted from tardigrades..." "After incubation, the cells were irradiated using the Pantak HF 350 X-ray generator. The YOKOZUNA-1 strain of the extremotolerant tardigrade..." "... [E]xtreme temperatures, irradiation, and even direct exposure to outer space. Unfortunately, you can't use the usual techniques to force tardigrades..." "100 starved adults were collected and homogenized using a tissue grinder." "To protect humans from radiation exposure, 'sunscreen' made from tardigrades..." "Black pigment is a protection against radiation...a factor influencing ice melting. Importantly, glacier Tardigrada..." "... [G]laciers and ice sheets located in the

ablation zone where ice melt exceeds gain. In the Arctic and Antarctic, cryoconite holes were dominated by tardigrades." "The subsurface oceans that are posited to exist on Europa and Enceladus [moons of Jupiter and Saturn, respectively] would have conditions similar to the oceans of Earth where tardigrades..." "The evolution of our host star will render our planet sterile, either through expansion to the point of oceans boiling, or through a post-collapse freezing. There is a third scenario..." "In an undisturbed subglacial lake, tardigrades..."



// BURIED SEEDS // LAND(BACK) ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Despite the institutions official acknowledgement, Yale continues to profit off of environmental destruction, genocide, and occupation of Indigenous lands through its investments, military-related research, and land ‘ownership’. The language that began this document is “approved” and therefore sanitized. It does not speak of the colonial genocide endured by the Indigenous communities named; the slave labor used to construct the campus’s first buildings; or the ongoing legacy of alumni who have endorsed and aided in past and present socio-environmental destruction and oppression.

This document serves to create counter and expansive narratives. SAGE will always continue to be a community that expresses solidarity and support for the folks past, present, and future who have been harmed by Yale.



Hala Als Salman is an interdisciplinary artist and filmmaker with a background in journalism. Her research-creation practice investigates political power, history-making, and gender relations through clay, collage, and video. Being of Iraqi ancestry, she often draws inspiration from ancient Mesopotamian history and aesthetics, which informed her MFA thesis at OCAD University in Toronto (2024).
Website: halaalsalman.com
Instagram: halalsalman

Pulkita Anand is one of the children of Mother Earth. She loves her and spends as much of her time in her lap as possible. She has been planting saplings and trying to live a sustainable life for her Mother Earth. Her two ecopoetry collections are seeds of awareness she wants to spread far and wide to rebuild Mother Earth’s former grace.

Nina Bedrick is constantly interested in using both sides of her brain. Whether it’s geeking out on the energy industry or refining her creative process through interacting with art and artists, her inspiration comes from observations in her daily interactions with her local environment. She likes to understand her surrounding communities, striving to truly know where she lives and the people around her.

McKenzie Blaine is a researcher, writer, science communicator, cancer survivor, and jeweler who resides in the Northeast United States. Her professional and artistic work combines human ecologies, social justice, and ecosystem health. McKenzie values the way art can inspire change in the world— recognizing the power it has to inform, shape, and change people’s perspectives. A quote which she continues to live by states, “the world as we have created it is a process of our thinking. It cannot be changed without changing our thinking.” – Albert Einstein.

Camila Buitrago is one of this year’s SAGE co-editors. She is proudly 1st-generation Colombian-Venezuelan. She’s an interdisciplinary environmental scientist, artist, and current Master’s student at the Yale School of the Environment. Her academic work focuses on public perceptions of climate change, justice-centered land stewardship, and environmental art. Her art— mainly ceramic sculptures and fiber arts—focuses on reconciling the dream and nightmare of being human in the 21st century by depicting the super/natural. Both her academic and creative work are driven by a yearning to mend the human-nature relationship, and ultimately dissolve the illusion of separation between the two.
Email: camila.buitrago1@gmail.com
Instagram: super_natural

Jenevieve Carlyn lives near Long Island Sound. In 2025, she organized a collaborative community project, We Are a Chorus, an online archive for political and ecological poetry of protest and witness. Her writing has appeared in places such as Poets for Science, Dark Mountain Project, Parabola Magazine, Canary: A Literary Journal of the Environmental Crisis, and the anthology In the Garden: Community Storytelling on Food, Ecology, & Place (Torrey House).

Jiayi Chen is a performance and visual artist based in Scotland. Her work moves between poetry, live performance, photography, and participatory practices. Drawing from women’s lived experiences, memory, and embodied language, she explores how stories are carried through the body and shared across generations, treating art and writing as forms of care, resistance, and connection.

Vanilla Chi is a multi-disciplinary Artist/Designer/ Independent Publisher. Her work focuses on the cultural symbols and motifs of Eastern Asian cultures and anthropology studies. “I am a haunted living ghost wandering around the past, telling the stories of the forgotten, the avoided, and the ignored.”
Instagram: vanilla_hchi

Amelia Colliver is a multimedia artist with roots in Denver, Colorado, and Brooklyn, New York. She is currently pursuing a doctoral degree in Biological Anthropology at Yale, with an interest in understanding how environmental changes impact physiological and cognitive experiences of stress across cultural contexts. Across her work, she focuses on elements of joy, whimsy, movement, and community.

Angie Fike is a writer and farmer from Berkeley, California. She currently lives in Western Colorado, where she finds joy in mountain-studded skies, small-town potluck culture, and the robust heartiness of a winter radish. In addition to farming, she is involved in local, community-led organizing around food access and small-scale farming.

Brandon Hoak (he/they) is a Queer Diasporic Jew raised and now residing in Connecticut, with community and many years having lived in Ithaca, NY — land of the Gayogohó:nq’ (Cayuga) people. They’re a second-year master’s student at the Yale School of the Environment, studying environmental justice. Their work spans the fields of gardening, queer ecology, pollinator health, archiving, self-publishing, writing, weaving, and linocut carving. They have previously served as the design editor of the single-edition magazine *Understory*, which centered Indigenous voices, art, and writing on the relationship to land and place (2022). They have also produced

the zine *Queer Belongings* (2025) and *Slow Summer* (2025), a publication dedicated to their co-founded queer restorative ecology garden, Marshy Garden! They hope to continue to heal the world through their practice of restorative ecology that seeks to re-weave together the practices of gardening, art, storytelling, and community kinship with Earth and place.

Luca Jordan is a queer creative from Leicester, England whose output is largely based around poetry, performance and analogue photography. She is currently studying “ArteTerapia” at Metáfora School of Art Therapy (Barcelona), which has inspired her to further explore other artistic media, with a strong emphasis on “healing”, “play”, and “free expression”. She is vastly inspired by nature, satire and the human experience which are some of the themes often prevalent in her work.

Rose Joseph is a wildland firefighter, prescribed fire practitioner, photographer, and musician living in the coastal mountains of Sonoma who documents forests, people, and connection. She’s been working in the woods for 5 years all over the country and sees fire not through a lens of destruction, but as a unifying force that dissolves artificial boundaries across space, time, and experience—just like music, or loss, or touch.

David Katibah is a public educator, peacebuilder, poet, and seminarian currently based in Connecticut. He has spent nearly a decade working with international nonprofits across East Asia and the Mediterranean and now serves on the board of Peace Catalyst International. Of Syrian Christian descent, David writes at the intersections of ancestry, liberation, spirituality, and embodiment.

Olga Kedyá is a designer from Eastern Europe with experience in architecture, writing, and hydroponic gardening. She is currently pursuing her Master’s Degree at the Yale School of Architecture. Throughout her studies, she maintains a strong interest in the connection between mind, body, and space. Her ongoing work explores how technological systems register, reshape, and resist lived experience, attending to the poetic entanglements between human life and its surrounding ecologies.

Alice Le Bihan calls the Canadian West Coast and its 17,000 miles of coastline home and holds a deep personal relationship with those diverse waters. She is an environmentalist and poet with a background in law and policy, and focuses on Indigenous land and food rights. She spends her time by the sea.

Aaron Lelito is a writer and editor from Buffalo, NY. His micro-chapbook, *Secret Meetings*, was published

by Ghost City Press in 2025, and his poetry collection, *The Half Turn*, was published in 2023. His work has also appeared in *Tough Poets Review*, *Door Is A Jar*, *Barzakh*, *Santa Fe Review*, and *Tiny Wren’s Anthology: Earth: Poems of Presence and Possibility*. He is Editor in Chief of *Wild Roof Journal*.

Sebastian Lijó is an artist & designer currently pursuing an MFA in Graphic Design at the Yale School of Art. His work operates within a locus of site-specific spatial investigation and extrospection, grounded in trying to subvert modalities of excavation, embellishment, and exhibition. Paying particular attention toward the dynamic reciprocity of the human-nature relationship, projects consist of mundane analysis sustainable material accumulation and assembly. Instagram: [lijo.seb](https://www.instagram.com/lijo.seb)

Michaela Janae Meyer’s Fire Followers series is a collection of metaphysical abstractions rooted in the California wilderness. Through translucent glazes of ash-based oil paint layered over silver leaf, these works depict flowers that flourish after a wildfire. Many of these flowers require intense heat to germinate, making their bloom possible only in the wake of destruction. // The choice to incorporate ash into her paintings arose from the need to face a long history of repressed pain, which resurfaced through a personal crisis. By writing her story on paper, burning the pages, and using the ash to create paint, she recontextualizes past trauma as a paradoxical medium to reveal beauty.

Melissa Mohammadi is an artist and mother in the California Delta. Her practice investigates vegetal intelligence and the living cosmos as models for reimagining human relationships to care, creation, and community. Her process is one of listening and synthesis, lustily co-dreaming with nature. She is grateful for support from Montello Foundation and Playa Summerlake, which allowed her to crawl around the desert floor getting to know bio-crust and dried salt lakebeds.

Katrinka Moore is a poet and visual artist who has published five books, most recently *Diminuendo*. In her work, she tries to move beyond an anthropocentric view to be in relation with the natural/spiritual world. She grew up in rural Texas and now lives in New York City and the northern Catskill Mountains. Website: [katrinkamoore.com](https://www.katrinkamoore.com)

Felipe Ledesma Núñez is an Ecuadorian sculptor and historian of sound whose work engages the Andean colonial archive and its sonic traces through the creation of ceramic sound artifacts. Ledesma earned a PhD in musicology from Harvard University and is now

a fellow at the Yale Institute of Sacred Music.

Stephanie Ross writes from a place where inner inquiry meets the living world. She draws inspiration from her experience as a sailor, pilot, and home educator, and from her practice as a Ren Xue Yuan Qigong teacher, while exploring how both internal and external navigation can shape our understanding of healing and growth. Her writing carries quiet invitations for readers to connect more deeply with their heart and True Self. Website: stephanierossaauthor.com

Julia Sams is an artist and designer in rural Vermont with Pennsylvania roots, focused on analog processes and themes of mundanity, sustainability, and whimsicality. Her background in graphic design and environmental studies informs her creative practice. Outside of creating and experimenting with lampshades, found objects, and film cameras, she enjoys baking cakes for friends and exploring the outdoors. Julia currently works full-time for Bread and Puppet Press.

Emily Schlickman is an Associate Professor of Landscape Architecture & Environmental Design at UC Davis whose work focuses on wildfire adaptation and land stewardship. She co-authored *Design by Fire* (Routledge, 2023), wrote the forthcoming children’s book *Only We* (Yosemite Conservancy, 2026), and curated the exhibitions *Pyro Futures* and *Good Fire* (both 2023). A qualified fire practitioner, she regularly conducts prescribed burns across Northern California.

Sara Sherburne is a human from Seattle who loves to write, DJ, and plan elaborate themed gatherings. She was a Peace Corps volunteer in Paraguay and pursues work at the intersection of food, environment, and people. Her writing appears in *Vast Chasm Magazine*, *Intrepid Times*, *Thrive Global*, *Food Tank*, and on a silly little Substack.

Richard Solomon is a doctoral student in political science at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and a member of the MIT Coalition for Palestine and Boston DSA. His host brother in Gaza, Mohammed Masbah, was martyred in an Israeli airstrike in August 2024 along with his parents and brother. May their deaths not be in vain. “The tyrant dies, and his rule is over; the martyr dies, and his rule begins.”

Julia Soule is an Arkansan sequestered in the Northeast, where she is pursuing a Masters of Environmental Management at Yale School of the Environment and a Masters of Arts in Religion at Yale Divinity School. She is especially interested in how beliefs about salvation affect power allocation

in the United States, with an eye towards agrarian countercultures and the South. Julia has a background in farming, teaching, and oversharing on the Internet.

Peter VanderBloomer is an environmental scientist and writer from Chicago. He has conducted fieldwork in California kelp forests, Caribbean coral reefs, and the Amazon rainforest. His writing explores the human relationship to place, both in its mythic dimensions and material realities. It has appeared in *The Ecological Citizen*, the 2025 Print Edition of *SAGE Magazine*, and on his Substack, *The Secular Pantheist*.

Sena Wazer has been organizing for climate action since she was 14 years old. Her experiences range from youth education to anti-pipeline and legislative advocacy campaigns. She focuses on community organizing as a means of driving policy change and is a passionate advocate for climate-justice policies. Sena is pursuing her Master’s in Environmental Management at the Yale School of the Environment and is originally from Mansfield, Connecticut.

marion eames white is a poet and scholar of religion. Their work has been published by the American Academy of Religion, *Poetry Magazine*, *Foglifter*, *Stone of Madness*, and others. In 2024, marion received a Ruth Lilly and Dorothy Sargent Rosenberg Fellowship from the Poetry Foundation. They earned a BFA from the Rhode Island School of Design, an MFA from UC Irvine, and currently study at Yale Divinity School.

Ken Wuetcher lives in Louisville, KY. He holds an MA in English Literature from DePaul University in Chicago and works as a Librarian and Oil Painting Teacher. His writing has been published in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada.

Nadia Younes is an interdisciplinary artist working in painting, sculpture, installation, and writing. Born in Nazareth and shaped by life across Israel, Russia, and Africa, her practice explores displacement and the hidden structures of everyday life. She holds an MFA from Yale, with recent exhibitions at Perrotin (NYC), The Study at Yale, and Ely Center for Contemporary Art. Nadia lives and works in New York and New Haven.

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