



uprooted
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Uprooted

*An environmental magazine, created by
UCC Environmental Society*

UPROOTED is an original digital collection of creative works put together by UCC Environmental Society which centres around the theme of the climate crisis and the beauty of our planet. The climate crisis is the greatest threat we have ever faced. It's an issue that has been around for decades and one that will not be solved overnight.

This compilation is made up of a mixture of uplifting and hard hitting pieces, some that will inspire you and some that will anger you.

The Earth We Built

Rebecca Doocey

We spun the earth's beauty into gold,
Gold we believed glittered brighter than the sun,
And we became shackled to the illusion,
That the most important things are material,
Rather than having enough air to breathe.
So, when the smoky hands of our own corruption,
Grasp tightly around our necks at night,
And the gold we crafted finally dims to null,
We will beg for the beauty that we were born from,
To free us from the manufactured cage our world has become.

She has shed beams of sunlight atop your skin,
Conducted the leaves as they dance through the wind,
Laid blankets of snow that muffle all sound,
Showered dew drops that tickle bare feet on the ground.
Despite all you've taken, she's shown you her beauty,
But still, she will fight with an unyielding fury.

She will crack the concrete beneath your feet,
Breath fire, fill the air with a prickling heat,
Cast tornados at will and watch your lungs fill,
With ash and black smoke, her laughter is shrill.
You have stripped her of all, left her barren and bare,
Her revenge ridden wrath will reap death and despair.

Anonymous



Turn Away

When the world is full of barbed shadows,
Turn away,
When the sea runs dry and the fish drown in an ocean of air,
Turn away,
When the last tree burns, choking on amber tears,
Turn away,
When the forest dies and the winds fall limp,
Turn away.
Keep turning,
Spin until the colours blur and bleach,
When nothings left but ash and grey,
You'll discover the cost of turning away.

Aoife Hughes



Were it be my heart,
is open

Would creatures settle inside,
like nesting birds
and industrious ants,
or wondrous bees
and scuttling crabs?

Were it be my mind,
in wisdom,
quietened and allowed
the heart to reign,
in solidarity and gratitude,
with warmth and partnership.

Were it be my feet,
had wondered over the earth

Would I wonder at these beasts,
life and souls,
creatures who cohabitate here?

Would I reach high
touching the sky, touching the clouds,
communing with the birds
in the realm of air.

Tanya Bernal Coates

Place

If the streets could talk
As you wait for your bus
Crying, running, chasing, rain.
But also laughter, umbrellas, ice-cream drops.

On the bus to get away,
Village to village, forgotten fields
No more farmer, no more calves.
Bumps in the road. Every pothole is familiar to a child
who lives off a driveway adjacent.
He expects the jump as they part the drive.
It is familiarity it is home.

My desire to get away compels
The bus too fast. I can't remember the façade of the
houses down to the sea. Suddenly, the bus stops, you
don't see time when you're thinking. I smell the sea air.
Step out.

Bury your head in the sand

Ruairí Weiner



When Did We Make Lights Brighter Than Stars?



When did we make lights brighter than stars?
When did the sun become dull against burning neon?
What happens when we've spoiled the soil,
brought timber to cinder
and running water runs dry?
Grasping at her green ground,
Don't you see her lush blanket has blades?
Tread gently or not at all.
Because no one will inherit the Earth.
The Earth is inherent to herself.

Emily Linehan



Uprooted was awarded Best Small College/Society Publication Of The Year at the National Student Media Awards 2020.

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