On the following three pages

are three poems by JoAnne Growney (japoet@msn.com)

submitted to BRIDGES for pairing with paintings by Allen Hirsh.

Poem titles:

We Are the Final Ones

The Disposition of Art

Square Math Problem

We Are the Final Ones

we breathe dirty air
coral reefs die
we breathe dirty air as we breathe dirty air
storms are extreme

we breathe dirty air and coral reefs die
climate change affects the poor first
we breathe dirty air as coral reefs die
coral reefs die as we breathe dirty air
we breathe dirty air and storms are extreme
we drive instead of walk

we breathe dirty air as we breathe dirty air and coral reefs die drought is a serial killer

we breathe dirty air and climate change affects the poor first coral reefs die and storms are extreme

we breathe dirty air as we breathe dirty air as we breathe dirty air

What will happen to the polar bears??

we breathe dirty air and coral reefs die as we breathe dirty air trash piles grow

we breathe dirty air as we breathe dirty air and storms are extreme coral reefs die and climate change affects the poor first

The Disposition of Art

A poem by JoAnne Growney with "Outgrabe Mome Raths" by Allen Hirsh

my poetry teacher said everything
connects
my physics teacher said nothing
is a vacuum
and the Queen said sometimes
I've believed
six impossible things
before breakfast

the artist said if equations
can predict the weather
then equations
can recycle Fritos wrappers
into paintings

it is true that Stein said a rose
is a rose
but the windmill is tilting and Jabberwocky
is a Looking-glass poem

'Twas brillig Humpty Dumpty said

And in the wabe those slithy toves

and mome raths outgrabe

when I say a rational number can always be expressed
as a ratio of integers
someone always
doesn't understand

Humpty Dumpty chooses what words will mean and will pay a word extra if it means a great deal

a picture means a thousand words

Humpty Dumpty, open your purse

Square math problem

by JoAnne Growney

Quietly the dark creature starts-it drinks a quart of the water
from our reservoir. Then each day
it gulps twice as much as the day
before. If no one notices
this monster's thirst until one-fourth
the water's gone, what time is left
to arrest the vast consumption?

with "The Rising Tide of Industrial Flotsam" by Allen Hirsh