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

An application of The Fundamental Theorem of Arithmetic to construction of a poem by JoAnne Growney
The Disposition of Art

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