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Comments: Here is a poem that illustrates how our world nears Apocalypse and how we continue to spur it on. I urge you, with the aid of this poem by Franny Choi, to resist the world ending, to resist cutting off our limbs. We as humans are connected with these forests, these trees, so by cutting them, you are also limiting our own ability to move and breathe. Please do not move this project forward. Please listen, as this poem reminds us how we have stopped listening to the hum of the trees. It is unjust.

"The World Keeps Ending, and the World Goes On"

BY FRANNY CHOI

Before the apocalypse, there was the apocalypse of boats:  
boats of prisoners, boats cracking under sky-iron, boats making corpses  
bloom like algae on the shore. Before the apocalypse, there was the apocalypse  
of the bombed mosque. There was the apocalypse of the taxi driver warped  
by flame. There was the apocalypse of the leaving, and the having left-  
of my mother unsticking herself from her mother's grave as the plane  
barreled down the runway. Before the apocalypse, there was the apocalypse  
of planes. There was the apocalypse of pipelines legislating their way  
through sacred water, and the apocalypse of the dogs. Before which was  
the apocalypse of the dogs and the hoses. Before which, the apocalypse  
of dogs and slave catchers whose faces glowed by lantern-light.  
Before the apocalypse, the apocalypse of bees. The apocalypse of ?buses.  
Border fence apocalypse. Coat hanger apocalypse. Apocalypse in  
the textbooks' selective silences. There was the apocalypse of the settlement  
and the soda machine; the apocalypse of the settlement and  
the jars of scalps; there was the bedlam of the cannery; the radioactive rain;  
the chairless martyr demanding a name. I was born from an apocalypse  
and have come to tell you what I know-which is that the apocalypse began  
when Columbus praised God and lowered his anchor. It began when a continent  
was drawn into cutlets. It began when Kublai Khan told Marco, Begin  
at the beginning. By the time the apocalypse began, the world had already  
ended. It ended every day for a century or two. It ended, and another ending  
world spun in its place. It ended, and we woke up and ordered Greek coffees,  
drew the hot liquid through our teeth, as everywhere, the apocalypse rumbled,  
the apocalypse remembered, our dear, beloved apocalypse-it drifted  
slowly from the trees all around us, so loud we stopped hearing it.

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poetrymagazine/poems/151513/the-world-keeps-ending-and-the-world-goes-on>