

INC 5.2 POETRY CALL



#BreakFreeFromPlastic

WE DEMAND
A STRONG
PLASTICS
TREATY

POEM No. 01

Terese Teoh • Singapore

Endless loop
No More!

now discussions have become plastic
bags clogging the drain,
these rooms are shedding microplastics
when you listen to them again.

can you hear me?
i have whispered, i have shouted.
i have been loud, i have been quiet.
i have been polite, i have been curt.
what does any of this even matter
when still i am not heard?



can you see me?
i have stood up, i have sat down.
i have been bruised, i have been bullied.
i have been weeping, i have been running.
what does any of this even mean
when you keep going in circles.

Loops are endless
nightfall snaps to daybreak.
under the silent sunshine
and shooting stars that do not lie;
I remind --

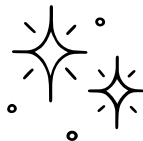
i am not a vessel to pay taxes
i do not eat to survive.
i am just a creature swimming in a plastic
sea, wondering when you would listen to
my final cry:

We demand a treaty that is effective
Not a dull attempt to please those who
make money out of this crisis
we demand nothing less than
a strong plastics treaty!

POEM No. 02

Delphine Lévi Alvaré • France

Dans les forêts, les plaines, et les mers,
Des voix résonnent, sages, sincères.
Communautés du monde entier,
Défendent leur droit d'être intégrés.



Pas de traité sans notre regard,
Pas de justice sans notre part.
Cessons de laisser quelques-uns décider,
passant leur profit avant notre santé.

Pour la Terre mère, et tous ce qu'elle porte,
Et que nos droits ne restent pas à la porte
La majorite doit maintenir la pression
pour que le consensus ne detruise pas l'
ambition.



From the forests, the plains, and the seas,
Voices resonate. Wisely, sincerely.
Communities from around the world,
Demand a treaty that protects us.

No treaty without health,
No justice without fixing the cause.
Stop allowing a few to decide,
To put their profit above our lives.

For Mother Earth, and all that she bears,
And that our rights do not rest
unconsidered
The majority must maintain the pressure
So that consensus does not destroy
ambition.

POEM No. 03

Centella • Mexico

Ellos fueron.
 Ellos lo inventaron para una guerra que no era nuestra.
 Ellos los dispersaron y con sus fórmulas mágicas nos engañaron con la promesa de una vida mejor.
 Ahora, la guerra tóxica es contra nosotros.
 Contra nuestros cuerpos y territorios ahora colapsados por plásticos.
 Que los verdaderos culpables sean frenados y juzgados.
 Que se escuchen nuestras voces ya.



*They invented it for war, for a war that wasn't ours.
 They dispersed it.
 They deceived us with magic formulas,
 with the promise of a better life.
 Now, the war is against us.
 Against our intoxicated bodies and territories.
 Now we shout for this plastic orgy to stop.
 And for the true culprits to be stopped.
 Hear our voices now!*



POEM No. 04

Collective Poem • Tanzania

Wenye viwanda wakijitetea, faida ndio hoja,
 Lakini afya ya dunia si biashara ya muda mfupi.
 Wananchi wakiathirika – chakula, maji, na hewa,
 Plastiki ikivunjika, chembechembe zatutafuna.

Dunia imeathirika - Kwa Plastiki kuzagaa
 Si Ulaya Si Afrika - Athari zimetapakaa
 Sasa ni muda muafaka - Plastiki kukataa
 Mkataba wa Plastiki - Ni maarubaini wa Tabia nchi

Watawala wakikutana, Uruguay hadi Geneva,
 VWaweke mkazo kwa watendaji wa kweli sheria.
 Waweke mkazo kwa watendaji wa kweli,
 Wasiwe mateka wa makampuni ya fedha.



*As industries defend—profit is their plea,
 But Earth's health isn't short-term currency.
 Citizens suffer—our food, air, and stream,
 As plastic breaks down, it eats through our dream.*

*The world is harmed—plastic floods the land,
 From Europe to Africa—the damage is at hand.
 Now is the time—to take a strong stand,
 A plastics treaty—can help Earth withstand.*

*When rulers gather—from Uruguay to Geneva,
 Let them back those who act, with just endeavor.
 Let them prioritize the ones who lead sincerely,
 And not be held hostage by corporate treasury.*

We demand a strong plastics treaty.

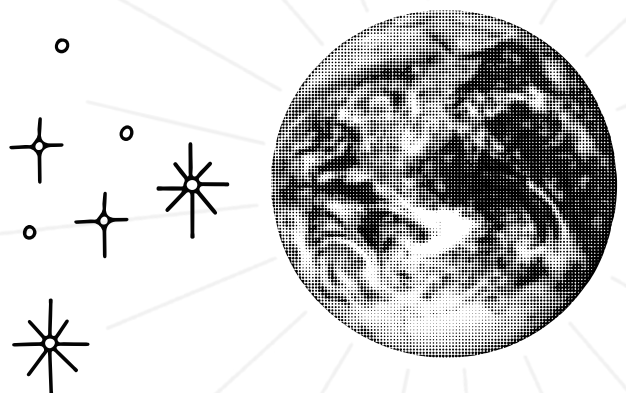
POEM No. 05

Artis • USA

The words i speak come from a collective voice
 made up of people overlooked to the point they had no choice,
 but to cry out
 This message is almost involuntary, forced out,
 an audible response to trauma, like ouch!

we must fight and address our feelings at the same time.
 cos with plastic in our air, our water, soil and blood
 we're all on the frontline.

the time has come to confront injustice now
 when decision makers seek to throw the whole world out
 have they lost their senses?!
 we're here to take this process beyond consensus



cos the law is on our side
 and civil society has the right
 to keep ambition alive and safeguard a future
 in which the whole world can thrive.

