

an eco-urban poetry journal
sprout



CARE



ISSUE 4

an eco-urban poetry journal
sprout 

Issue Four:

CARE

Kirby Manià and Dimitra Xidou, Executive Editors

Emmalee Barnett, Managing Editor

David Maddox, Founder and Editor-in-Chief, The Nature of Cities

© 2024 SPROUT: An Eco-Urban Poetry Journal

<https://sproutpoetryjournal.com/>

The Nature of Cities © 2024

The works featured in this issue are copyright © 2024 by their respective authors and may not be reproduced without permission. SPROUT is copyright © 2024 by the editors.

All rights reserved.

Cover design: Emmalee Barnett

Cover image: “Strolling through the Royal Botanic Garden Bamboo Collection”

Photo: Yvonne Lynch. Edited by: David Maddox

SPROUT logo: Emmalee Barnett



Table of Contents

Editorial	4
<i>Kirby Manià and Dimitra Xidou</i>	
Future Folk Tales: Doves	8
<i>Lea Marshall</i>	
He took care of it, for them	9
<i>Erica Bartholomae</i>	
Kramat	10
<i>Elizabeth Trew</i>	
Sleepwalking (Fairview Park, 8th November)	11
<i>Jessica Foley</i>	
An Baile Bocht	12
<i>Jessica Foley</i>	
Protégeons ces Espaces Verts	13
<i>Innocent Mwendu Tuyisenge</i>	
Let's Protect These Green Spaces (English Translation)	14
<i>Innocent Mwendu Tuyisenge</i>	
Wellspring	15
<i>Thomas Ellison</i>	
Pledge in Late Summer	17
<i>David Capps</i>	
Meditations	
Stewardship as Care	20
<i>Lindsay Campbell</i>	
Care: Contested Word and Contested Space	21
<i>Tom Grey</i>	
Meditation on Jessica Foley Poems	23
<i>Dick Gleeson</i>	
Contributor Biographies	26



CARE: Editorial

Each time our editorial team gathers to publish an issue of SPROUT, we reflect on the role of poetry to comment on the current state of the eco-urban. When we read through the submissions, we feel that our original vision and mandate for the journal is confirmed by the special kind of sustained attention—a specific way of looking—that poetry engenders. Poetry slows the reader down; and, in calling them to still their body and mind—in space—this stillness enables them to look afresh and anew. To slow down, to look again, is a form of care. After all, the act of “paying careful attention” features as one of the denotative meanings of care and certainly revealed itself as a concern within the works submitted to CARE, the theme of our fourth issue. Attunement requires care: to write about anything, demands that we care (in some sense or another) about it. Care is both verb and noun: an act and a thing that is created through action. For instance, a care-home is a thing, but also exists through many acts, and through continued, collective action. Care, then, is how we carry out and show concern, how we extend support to others, and how we work towards more inclusive and equitable spaces. Care is an expression of embodied love for the human, the natural, the urban.

The poems assembled here play with different methodologies of care and explore how care manifests in our actions for others, for ourselves, for nature, and for the cities we call home. Care is indeed an interesting word: to be full of care does not mean the same thing as its tentative linguistic transposition: careful. Moreover, care does not always present positively; if we take its antonym, “carelessness” or a “lack of care”, we see poems that explore acts that are harsh, unkind, or indifferent to the lives of others. Inequities in the economy of care reflect in our societies through structural, environmental, and climate injustices. And this is where the issue takes flight—in this dyadic realm of care—with doves caring for their young (for our readers unacquainted with pigeon knowledge, they feed their babies crop milk) in a city they have come to mourn. We gain our footing in the issue through a poem that suggests care in the urban space is something carried out by its non-human denizens in the face of its imminent collapse. The liturgic quality of Lea Marshall’s “Future Folk Tales: Doves” carries a warning that our current urban practices are not sustainable. Taking care of something then takes on a more ominous meaning in Erica Bartholomae’s poem, “He took care of it, for them”, where a snake is killed in front of a crowd of onlookers. The poem shows how care can be a double-edged sword: by protecting one group (exercising care), another entity is harmed (the snake). Its “triangular head” (a South African Puff Adder, perhaps?) hints at its venomousness, but the threat it presents is undone by the



fact that it takes twelve people to ensure its “head was smashed in”. Taking care can be selective and should not be confused with giving care.

The tone of the issue soon shifts as we segue into an offering from another South African-based poem: Elizabeth Trew’s “Kramat”. Set in Cape Town, we’re offered a more balanced sense of care, where the eco-urban exists in harmony with each other, with “Wildflowers and stones” (along with five holy sites)—on the neighbouring mountain, Lion’s Head—“encircling, protecting the mother city”. There is gentle consonance between the gardener tending beds of “day-lilies and African iris” amidst the “purple gorse and a kestrel in flight”. However, the present sense of peace that surrounds this holy site should not obscure its history: this place commemorates those “who gave their faith to slaves at the Cape”. This line subtly, but powerfully resurrects the history of slavery in the Cape Colony—a period and system that signified the total abnegation of care towards those rendered subaltern. We are called to remember that care might be abundant in this scene now, yet a harsher time came before.

In Jessica Foley’s contributions to CARE—“Sleepwalking (Fairview Park, 8th November)” and “An Baile Bocht” (Irish for “poor town”)—her poetic eye, sharp, zeroes in on Dublin, and her keen attention offers the reader insight on a city “at tension” with and in itself. In “Sleepwalking”, Foley describes tents pitched along a boundary edge of a local park. Tents could easily be viewed as a symbol of multiple crises converging—housing, homelessness, migration (to be clear: the crisis here is not migration, but rather, the xenophobia and racism that has been given space to grow by those who know exactly how to tend and exploit fear and suspicion of “the other”)—and while it would have been easy (too easy) to follow this thread all the way down to the November 2023 Dublin riots, Foley instead, gives us “gather, share, eat”; these are words that shed light on care (as a function of depth and volume), and deep caring in action. This poem also provides the opportunity to reflect on what it means to be a mother and the practice of motherhood in urban spaces—something that has been explored by previous SPROUT contributors, including Anna Rowntree’s “In the Shade of Some Newly Planted Thing” (see Issue 3: SHADE) and also picked up in Lindsay Campell’s meditation. Meanwhile, in “An Baile Bocht”, readers encounter love (both the word, and the emotion conveyed) for the first time in the issue: “I love the sound of traffic — / I love the sound of leaves”. Foley’s attention brings us back into dialectical tension with the city—to love Dublin, it is necessary (or is it?) to make space for both sounds (of leaves, of traffic), to love both. To pursue this idea further, we invited Dick Gleeson, the former City Planner for Dublin, to meditate specifically on Jessica’s work for this issue.

In Thomas Ellison’s “Wellspring”, through simile, we experience a careful, delicate, and well-earned shift from one thing to another, and, just like that, the world is blown wide open (meaning: this is poetry, doing what poetry does): “the bird is like a door, / spilling light into a room, / preening its feathers, / noticing the bloom, / then transposing it there”. As this poem draws to a close, the connection between light and water is shown to us as “spilling liquid on the roots / splashing light on the leaves”. In both instances, these acts of spilling and splashing offer the reader new insight on care—neither haphazard nor wild, this is language that (at)tends. We close the issue with David Capp’s “Pledge in Late Summer”: set in summer, it ruminates on the image of trees being like two lovers holding hands, before shifting focus on to repeated attempts to break into the community garden shed (a collective symbol of care and caring); one can’t help but think of the lovers, again, as hinges, as a way to fully appreciate the significance and detrimental impact of the break-in for the community: taking what is harmoniously in unison but “prying...until / there are two pieces”.

From its inception, as a creative project of The Nature of Cities, SPROUT intended to be a space of convergence where transdisciplinary conversations about the eco-urban through poetry could take place. We are delighted to include in this issue meditations from Lindsay Campbell (Research Social Scientist, USDA Forest Service) who reflects on the reciprocal nature of care through the concept of stewardship; from Architect and Research Fellow, Tom Grey, who writes on care as a complex and contested thing; and lastly, from Dick Gleeson (former Dublin City Planner), who, as mentioned above, provides us with a focussed meditation on the two Dublin-centric poems from contributor, Jessica Foley.

We thoroughly hope you enjoy this issue as you help us bear witness to the different types of care that are invoked and evoked within. Ultimately, we—as editors—regard the role of curation as its own form of care. We view this issue (and the journal as a whole) as a space to engender care. Care is involved in the simple act of compiling an issue: selecting the works that demand more eyes to read them; configuring how a work sits on the page and deciding which works are arranged alongside it, thereby inviting poems to speak to one other by virtue of their placement; and then, finally, by inviting meditators to reflect upon these conversations—who apply care to their reading of the poems, sharing their disciplinary insights with the reader. Placement, dialogue, the telling of a collective story—these are all elements that combine to produce a text-based introspection of care.

SPROUT, Executive Editors
Kirby Manià and Dimitra Xidou

Future Folk Tales: Doves

Lea Marshall

Sometimes she saw the doves peering
into her window, nesting on the fire escape.
On her walks they bobbed down alleys,
soft brown and slow, meeting her eye
before lifting to power lines, wings whistling.
A low, round song like the pulse of lungs
or gills. They fed milk to their babies, carried
gentleness with them everywhere. Toward the end
she heard them in a dream: we're mourning doves.
We came to the city for a reason.



He took care of it, for them

Erica Bartholomae

Night, nearly nine, the heat still oppressive
crickets screeching, voices in the street.
Someone standing in the slood,
hitting something with a garden tool.
An audience, egging him on
under the street light, the fear palpable.
It took ten, maybe twelve people
to make sure its triangular head was smashed in.
One held a torch, another a drink
another the hand of a frightened child, “moor hom”
others held more tools, spades, a rake in case.
“Maak hom mooi dood”.
The sound of metal on the river-rock clad gutter.
It’s beautiful body rose up on the metal edge of a Skoffel
draped but not yet limp, it writhed “Groot”
its pale belly swollen fat contorted “jinne”
it’s once thirsty head mangled “n Mannetjie”
he kept hitting it until he stopped,
the sweat glistening, falling into his eyes.
He let it fall on the white line “die duiwel”
taking great care to lie it long
and scraping his tool fast on the tar
made sparks fly, showing off its length
he announced “Dis nou dood”.
They stood far from that dead but still moving serpent
telling stories of others, not as big or bigger.
But this, this was now a new story
they all cared about.

Afrikaans Translation

Slood – storm water drain; Moor hom kill him; Maak hom mooi dood – kill him nicely; Skoffel – hoe; Groot – big; Jinne – slang expression; Mannetjie – young male; Die duiwel – the devil; Dis nou dood – It is dead now

Kramat

Elizabeth Trew

Wildflowers and stones on the lion’s hill
and a kramat – one of the holy sites
encircling, protecting the mother city

in memory of Auliyahs* to Allah who gave
their faith to slaves at the Cape:
*bring your gifts to all each day
and make every day your last.*

Inside the square white building
I inhale sweet incense burning
in a room of peace.

Outside, a gardener tends beds
of day-lilies and African iris,
a painter on his ladder repaints a wall.

Stepping stone to stone
on the lion’s back-bone
I come to your place

ashes, white stones and flowering bush.
Today, purple gorse and a kestrel in flight.

*Auliyah – Arabic for friend and protector.

Sleepwalking

Fairview Park, 8th November

Jessica Foley

Tents along the farthest edge, pitched into the boundary. All in a huddle, manufactured ropes and pulleys for awnings, made shelter for clothes to dry in the damp, for sore bodies to gather, share, eat. I push

past, baby tucked in, skin blistering with chicken pox, gums pulsing with milk teeth, cutting. This park is flanked by the steady hum and clatter of traffic and diggers. Major road works to make public space.

Cars and people will be put in their place. The trees are golden, graciously giving up their leaves to preserve their roots, and survive the year. We are here, walking, round and round. Falling, one by one,

or in clutches, as the wind decides. Trains ease along the tracks, slowing to the southern border. Signals and beeps and hammerings vibrate on the western and northern flanks, as the Tolka carries herself

to the sea and back again, pushing and pulling between the park and the sagging street. Sometimes I meet another mother walking, carrying or pushing sleep like me. The roar continues. I read headlines in the palm

of my hand. 50,000 pregnant women, to bear and birth in a trap. No homes, no hospitals, no hope but for each other. I can hardly bear the sleep loss, but how is she, there on the other side of a wall, of history?

Twenty-four, 7 months on, sleeping on her sisters floor with dozens more? Indifference playing out its supreme violence, as I stammer along, watching the baby sleep —

An Baile Bocht

Jessica Foley

By lick light, men cut the big tree at the bridge. They are fixing roads and, like the signs say, traffic calmer.

I didn't sleep last night, Oh, I slept so well!
Overheard condition of a stranger's conversation, a dog whistle, a gull cry, an ordinary moon rinsed over the incinerator, once begrudged.

At our impromptu picnic,
my daughter sighs; *I love the sound of traffic* —
I love the sound of leaves. Three years only,
and she's learned to love this town.

I hope we won't feel sick tomorrow,
from all this walking tonight.

Protégeons ces espaces verts

Innocent Mwendo Tuyisenge

Dans les rues de ma ville,
Où le béton étouffe le bruit,
Les arbres se dressent, fragiles,
Comme des gardiens de la nuit.
Ils murmurent des secrets anciens,
Des histoires de temps révolus,
Et dans leur ombre, je deviens
Un être en quête de salut.
Car la nature en milieu urbain,
Est un refuge pour nos âmes,
Elle nous rappelle notre lien
Avec la terre, notre dame.
Ses soins et sa gestion,
Sont essentiels à notre bien-être,
Ils influencent notre création,
Et notre sentiment de paraître.
Alors protégeons ces espaces verts,
Qui nous rappellent notre humanité,
Et cultivons notre sentiment d'appartenance,
À cette nature qui nous a tant donné.

Let's Protect These Green Spaces

(English translation)

Innocent Mwendo Tuyisenge

In the streets of my city,
Where concrete stifles the noise,
The trees stand, fragile,
Like guardians of the night.
They whisper ancient secrets,
Stories of times gone by,
And in their shadow, I become
A being in search of salvation.
For nature in urban areas,
Is a refuge for our souls,
It reminds us of our connection
To the earth, our lady.
Its care and management,
Are essential to our well-being,
They influence our creation,
And our sense of appearance.
So let's protect these green spaces,
That remind us of our humanity,
And cultivate our sense of belonging,
To this nature that has given us so much.

Wellspring

Thomas Ellison

Lifting weights like lifting liquid,
sloshing in a metal vessel,
drawn from a well, fed
by a well-hidden channel.

Lifting feathers along an artery,
untying the city's sirens,
silence woven through the trees,
then sealing in the silence.

Now I hear the song
I have not heard before,
I cannot see where from
the bird is like a door,

spilling light into a room,
preening its feathers,
noticing the bloom,
then transposing it there.

Another lifts a ladle
of grubs and pulses
into mouths of those unable
to feed the musical impulse,

shoots of green-kissed
cocoon of leaves,
thick, brown boots, laced
with young, green reeds,

the white-rumped deer
weave between the trees,
like traffic lights
all on green, then disappear,

to carry some peace of this
interwoven haven forward
into the plate-glass urban
wellspring of the city,

spilling liquid on the roots,
splashing light on the leaves.

Pledge in Late Summer

David Capps

Summer stands upright:
distinct trees communing
by their shadows.

Once, I saw two lovers
holding hands, arched
between their arms:
the blue sky in outline
of a calf's skull. Maybe
the trees are like that.

A slight breeze ripples
over golden surfaces
of plane leaves. The wind

chimes thinning air. Later,
someone will try again
to break into the shed
of the community garden,
prying the hinges until
there are two pieces.

Anyway,
to go on believing in people
who share the same dreams.



Stewardship as Care

Lindsay Campbell

The word ‘stewardship’ is difficult to translate in some languages. A number of us wrote about the word’s meaning in different languages in a TNOC global roundtable. So, despite my rusty French, I attempted to read Mwendo Tuyisenge’s poem—and loved the meter and rhyme—in the original language. But my eyes zoomed in on the words “Ses soins et sa gestion”—“its care and its management”.

Lately, in my own work on stewardship, I prefer to reflect on care—for its reciprocity—we care for nature, and it cares for us. We see this in the beautiful moments that are captured in this selection of poems—such as Capps’ parallelism of lovers’ hands and trees’ shadows and a glimpse of blue sky. Indeed, trees—those icons of urban nature—feature in many of these works. And they are intermixed with bird song, traffic lights, and sirens in Ellison’s reflection on the “wellspring of the city”. The poets locate their caring relationships in, for, and with the city. Marshall’s mourning doves remind us that “we came to the city for a reason”. In Foley’s works—being a mother, walking the streets, impromptu picnics, and a child’s love of nature and city root us locally—all while we remain disorientingly networked to disparate global sites through the news cycle and our electronic devices.

These poems connect us deeply in place—places that require care and maintenance—as Trew describes tending a garden, repainting a wall. They even capture the spectacle of stewardship. In Bartholomae’s work, it is the killing of a snake in front of onlookers; in my experience, it has been the impromptu street theatre of sidewalk tree care. Overall, these works resonated deeply with me as a social scientist, a steward, a mother, and an urban dweller—thank you for affirming that the city is nature—and nature is the city—and all of it requires care.

Care: Contested Word and Contested Space

Tom Grey

Care is a complex word. Nowadays, it typically means looking after or attaching importance to something; however, in old English, it also referred to sorrow, grief, or trouble. A lot depends on the who, when, where, and why of care; therefore the meaning of care is contested [1]. Tronto warns that care is “fraught with conflict”, and can involve power struggles between the caregiver and the care receiver [2]. Puig de la Bellacasa [3] argues against “normative moralistic visions of care” warning us not to be too “nostalgic for an idealised caring world: caring or being cared for is not necessarily rewarding and comforting”(pp. 198-199).

Then you take cities, with all the vying for limited space, time, and resources, not to mention the mistreatment of nature along the way, and it is unsurprising that our cities, towns, and neighbourhoods can be places of conflict—what Puig de la Bellacasa [2] refers to as “the inescapable troubles of interdependent existences”. Caring for people, places, and nature is complex and contested and I think this comes through in many of these poems.

First, you take the mourning doves, so-called because of the sad sound they make; Marshall doesn’t tell us why they have come to the city, but there is a melancholy here. Then you have Bartholomae’s snake that finds itself on the wrong side of the care equation, perhaps killed by the carer of the frightened child. Probably well-intentioned and with a request to “kill him nicely” but nevertheless this becomes a good illustration of what Nussbaum [4] identifies as the “conflicts that emerge when we think clearly about the daunting task of taking all animals seriously” (p. 317).

Trew beautifully depicts a peaceful religious site, while subtly introducing the slaves of the Cape, reminding us that many such shrines emerged from hardship and cruelty, and can still be contentious today. Conflict appears in both Foley poems, quite obviously in her slightly tormented Fairview Park walk where she forces us to think about violence in Palestine, and later in “An Baile Bocht”, where her “poor town” presents us with contradictions—destroying trees and “fixing roads” versus loving the “sound of traffic” and loving “the sound of leaves”. Mwendu Tuyisenge writes a plea for the care of urban green spaces suggesting how nature is under threat in our cities, while Ellison’s “Wellspring” juxtaposes natural and manmade elements, and asks us to bring nature into

our “plate-glass” city. Finally, Capps paints gentle scenes of air, water, and leaves, but there is an interesting conflict between those who will try to break into the community shed and those “who share the same dreams”. Back to contested space!

The thread of conflict, contested space, and the tension that I see in the above poems can be driven by care, for instance, Bartholomae’s poem illustrates van Dooren’s [5] point that “care for some individuals and species translates into suffering and death for others” (p. 392). Problems can also arise when we don’t care about the same things—we may not share the same dreams. Cities present “wicked problems” [6] that require meaningful collaboration and co-creation, and yes, for this to work we certainly need to care more about people and place. But we also need to fully acknowledge that “caring is a complex and compromised practice” [5] (p. 392), and care is far from harmony or purity; it can be messy, full of contradictions, include difficult decisions, and can be hard. It may also mean caring less about ourselves: caring less about material things, harmful traditions, personal comfort, control, power, or self-interest. And, instead, caring more about our connection and relationship to other people, nature, and places, over time.

Works Cited

1. Fotaki, M., G. Islam, and A. Antoni. *The Contested Notions and Meaning of Care*. Routledge, 2019, pp. 3-21.
2. Tronto, J.C.. “An Ethic of Care.” *Generations: Journal of the American Society on Aging*, vol. 22, no. 3, 1998, pp. 15-20.
3. Puig de la Bellacasa, M. “‘Nothing Comes Without Its World’: Thinking with Care.” *The Sociological Review*, vol. 60, no. 2, 2012, pp. 197-216.
4. Nussbaum, M.C. “Human Capabilities and Animal Lives: Conflict, Wonder, Law: A Symposium†.” *Journal of Human Development and Capabilities*, vol. 18, no. 3, 2017, pp. 317-321.
5. van Dooren, T. “Care.” *Environmental Humanities*, vol., 5, no. 1, 2014, pp. 291-294.
6. Rittel, H.W.J., and M.M. Webber. “Dilemmas in a general theory of planning.” *Policy Sciences*, vol. 4, no. 2, 1973, pp. 155-169.

Meditation on Jessica Foley's Poems

Dick Gleeson

In Jessica Foley's first poem, "Somnambulism (Fairview Park, 8th November)", we share the view of a tired exhausted mother walking her sick child through Fairview Park on Dublin's northside. The title "Somnambulism" indicates her mental frame, an altered state between sleep and waking, nerve endings raw. The opening line is a thunderclap, heralding a darker political dimension to park biodiversity: "Tents along the farthest edge, pitched into the boundary. All in a / huddle".

In the contemporary life of the city, parks are thoroughly appreciated. They are places of sanctuary and beauty where we seek sustenance from nature and where we step away from the stress of the everyday. Like the hard-paved urban square, parks also form part of the network of public space: democratic and accessible, and nurturing a sense of civic and public life. Being detached and often secluded, parks also present dimensions of risk. Dublin has a diverse legacy of parks at different scales yet, not all are distributed evenly across the city.¹

In "Somnambulism", the mother seeks relief in a park walk, for her child suffering torment from chicken pox and teething, and for her own spirit burdened by tiredness. The park has strong boundaries, a river, a busy road, a rail-line, and she is conscious of the impinging hum and clatter of these city infrastructures. Within the park, however, nature exerts a power: she observes "trees are golden, / graciously giving up their leaves to preserve their roots and survive". Her mood is pensive, the seasonal leaf-drop, prompting thoughts of us humans also dropping one-by-one or in clutches—perhaps a reference to COVID.

She meets another mother walking, "carrying / or pushing sleep like me". Her empathy and her immersion in care for her child forges thoughts for other mothers and pregnant women trying to survive without a home and access to adequate hospital care. She compares her own situation, hardly able to bear the sleep loss, with how "She, / there on the other side of a wall, / of history [copes]...sleeping on her sister's floor with dozens more". Deep political questions mix with cold anger in the line "indifference playing out its supreme violence".

While the physical location of the poem is set in an urban park, "Somnambulism" explores how we shape our internal world and broker a relationship to the external reality.

In stable societies with progressive social policies and ethics of equity, alignment between these two dimensions is often more likely. In this case, a tired mother is arrested by the politically incongruous presence of an encampment of asylum seekers. Her instincts for care and compassion question this disruptive and awkward disconnect. It leads her to address realities in the broader society by questioning who shapes our political and social realities, who designs and provides supportive infrastructure, and who gains access. Who cares?

Implicit in "Somnambulism" is the backdrop of a city going through change and challenging times: the harsh bite of a housing crisis, the lack of investment in cultural infrastructure, the reality of urban quarters of privilege co-existing side-by-side with areas of neglect and poverty. Disruption opens up opportunities for change and regeneration. However, in response, city leadership needs to inspire hope and belief built around equity, inclusiveness, and accessibility.

The second poem "An Baile Bocht" (meaning poor city or town), is more playful and lighter, the title being the Irish name for Ballybough. Here the view of public authority is more neutral and perhaps a little cynical: "By lick light, men cut the big tree / at the bridge ... an ordinary moon rinsed over / the incinerator, once begrudged". The primary mood of the poem is one of delight in the sensual sounds and visual images of a night-time city and in the humour found in overheard scraps and child utterings as a mother enjoys her little one becoming a citizen and a true Dub.

An underlying theme in both poems is the notion of care and the question of how we shape our cities in ways that best respond to human needs. Cities are complex systems: constantly changing, with many forces at play. A laissez-faire mind-set is not good enough and will merely enable the most powerful to prevail and subvert the focus on civic responsibility. The vision for a city must harness the collaborative leadership of bottom-up and top-down, and be driven by a value system that seeks to shape the city for the citizen. Building and designing an accessible ecology of physical and social infrastructure must be at the heart of this ambition.

1. For more on parks in Dublin, visit: <https://www.dublincity.ie/dublin-city-parks-strategy/4-resources-and-services/41-parks>

Contributor Biographies

Erica Bartholomae

As a rehabilitating people pleaser, prone to big feelings and at times excessive daydreaming, Erica turned to poetry to help her cope, change habits, reflect, reframe and perhaps reinvent her life. Erica has been writing poetry for three years now but has only recently understood the importance of a poem reaching a reader. She loves slow roasted parsnips, those colour separation dots printed on the selvedge of patterned fabric, the smell of lemon verbena and a child's curious questions.

Lindsay Campbell

Lindsay K. Campbell is a research social scientist with the USDA Forest Service Northern Research Station. She is based at the New York City Urban Field Station, a partnership between the Forest Service and the NYC Department of Parks & Recreation. Her current research explores the dynamics of urban politics, stewardship, and sustainability policymaking.

David Capps

David Capps is a philosophy professor and writer living in New Haven, CT. He is the author of six chapbooks: *Poems from the First Voyage* (The Nasiona Press, 2019), *A Non-Grecian Non-Urn* (Yavanika Press, 2019), *Colossi* (Kelsay Books, 2020), *On the Great Duration of Life* (Schism Neuronics, 2023), *Fever in Bodrum* (Bottlecap Press, 2024), and *Wheatfield with a Reaper* (Akinoga Press, forthcoming). His latest work is featured in *Impost*, *Bombay Gin*, *The Classical Outlook*, and *Midnight Chem*.

Thomas Ellison

Thomas Ellison sometimes writes poems and makes music. Originally from near Leeds, England, he is currently in Berlin.

Jessica Foley

Jessica Foley (she/her) is a poet and visual artist living in Dublin. She is the founder and facilitator of *Engineering Fictions*, a conversation and writing workshop designed to support transdisciplinary curiosity, creativity, and listening.



Dick Gleeson

Dick Gleeson is a professional urban planner and collaborative urbanist, and a committed advocate for sustainability. During his tenure as Dublin City Planner (2004-14), he championed the “6 Urban Themes” as a way to think holistically and apply a systems approach to shaping cities. He had responsibility for strategic forward planning of the city, and championed systems thinking, sustainability, and urbanism. He believes planners must be proactive, embrace complexity, and have the agility to step from the strategic to the local. He has led interdisciplinary teams on the review of the Dublin City Development Plan, the Dublin Docklands SDZ, and managed Dublin’s Urban Advisory Plan from 1996-2004. Dick Gleeson believes in the power of the public realm to underpin a rich public life and thinks accessible “Infrastructure” both hard and soft, is the key component to the quality of urban life. He is an active member of IC70, an interdisciplinary group looking at the 7 major Irish cities to 2070.

Tom Grey

Tom graduated from DIT Bolton Street in 1998 with an honours degree in Architecture. He moved to New Zealand in 2003 to complete a two-year Masters (Sustainability of the Built Environment) at the University of Auckland. With over 10 years in architectural practice working on projects in Ireland, the UK, Croatia, the US and NZ, Tom joined TrinityHaus Research Centre in TCD as a Research Fellow in 2009. Since then he has undertaken a variety of urban design and building design research projects exploring the relationship between the urban built environment and health, inclusion, resilience, sustainability, and climate change. All of these projects are underpinned by people-centred design, Universal Design, co-creation, and stakeholder engagement.

Tricia Knoll

Tricia Knoll is a Vermont poet who lives in the woods. Her work appears widely in journals and anthologies—and seven collections. *One Bent Twig* (FutureCycle Press, 2023) contains poems that highlight trees she has planted, loved, or worried about due to climate change. Her book *How I Learned To Be White* received the 2018 In Human Relations Indie Book Award for Motivational Poetry. Knoll is a Contributing Editor to *Verse Virtual*. Website: triciaknoll.com

Lea Marshall

Lea Marshall’s poetry is forthcoming in *RiseUp Review* and *The Ecopoetry Anthology Volume III*. She was a finalist for Shenandoah’s Graybeal-Gowen Prize for Virginia Poets, and her poetry has appeared in *A-Minor*, *failbetter*, *BOAAT Journal*, *Linebreak*, *Unsplendid*, *Hayden’s Ferry Review*, *B O D Y*, *Diode Poetry Journal*, *Thrush Poetry Journal*, *Broad Street Magazine*, and elsewhere.

Elizabeth Trew

Elizabeth Trew was born and grew up in Cape Town, then left and returned to South Africa after decades away. Her poems are published in numerous poetry journals and anthologies. Her debut collection, *My Mother the Seal* (Hands-On Books) was published in 2023. A former adult education teacher in cities in England and in Johannesburg, she volunteers at a shelter for girls in Cape Town. She is a keen mountain walker and draws inspiration from the natural world.

Innocent Mwendu Tuyisenge

Innocent Tuyisenge is a young Congolese man who volunteers with non-profit associations such as Amani Institute ASBL and IPDD ASBL. The 24-year-old literature buff lives in Goma in the eastern region of the Democratic Republic of Congo. His collection of poems has garnered a number of awards. He won first prize (the Alphonse de Lamartine Prix) at the Jeux Floraux du Béarn, a poetry contest held in Pau, and second prize (Business Pitch) at the Innovation Fair in North Kivu. He was the DRC’s 2021 winner of the Blog4dev competition, an annual writing contest organized by the World Bank. He won the prize for poetry at the third staging of the Art for Peace competition organized by the Kizito Mihigo Foundation in Rwanda, and was awarded the Jury Prize at the Grand Prix Martial Nsinda de la Poésie Francographe 2023.

The Nature of Cities

www.thenatureofcities.com

Founded in 2012, The Nature of Cities' motto is "many voices, greener cities, better cities". TNOc is a "boundary organization" interested in ideas at the nexus of science, design, planning, policy, and the arts. We create global (virtual and live) forums that explore the role of nature in creating communities, cities, and regions that are better for both people and nature.



an eco-urban poetry journal
sprout