

Final Project: A Poem

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Final Project

This semester was an awakening on how I view the world we live in. Between the field trips, class discussions and the book “Who Really Feeds the World?” by Vandana Shiva, I was inspired. Throughout the course readings, I found myself having conversations with others about what I was learning. Sometimes heated as there are farmers in my husband’s family. But I felt the need to have these discussions. I admit there were personal feelings of guilt for being a part of the industrial farming circle. Has it changed my whole life? No, but I’ve taken small steps towards making the changes I really want to make.

This brings me to my final project. I think I’ve said more than once that I don’t view myself as creative. Because of this, I was initially going to write a research paper. The more I thought about what I was going to write about, the more I felt the need to at least try to be creative. The weekly chapter summaries had given me creative ideas and I decided to follow through on one. I decided to write a poem. Now, the last time I wrote a poem would have been in grade school and was done on construction paper.

That all being said, the poem I decided to write about was about the book “Who Really Feeds the World”. The poem itself follows the chapters with each verse representing what my view was on each chapter (minus the closing section). The reason I chose to write on the chapters of the book was because of how inspirational each chapter was for me. Each chapter helped me understand the realities of industrial farming and how much damage they are causing the planet.

I hope you enjoy my poem.

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An Awakening

My blindness was my ignorance and Shiva was my awakening
For Food corporations were gods and to me
Claiming to feed the hungry unwavering
This book I will share, and it is my plea...
That maybe one day, we will all see

The soil they deny to tell us is poisoned,
They cover it up with the cheap food we eat
So, as long as our pockets are full,
our planet will continue to remain weak

The bees and butterflies
Our ecosystem needs
The corporations do not care
And the pesticides they continue to feed

What is worse is the assault on us, we are treated as ignorant
And let's be honest, there are many that still are
But that is no excuse for intentional harm
This is our time to stand up and question them hard

Lies were spread that organic was only for the wealthy
And our poor families were stuck to believe that this was true
For the information peddled was given by the corporations

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And all we thought we had was this one view

Small-scale farming is a new concept to me

It was touring with this class that

I never understood how big they could be

And I wonder how many more we would see

If corporations would just let them breathe

Corporations' greed keeps getting stronger

And they've all pleaded with governments to remove their borders

Now all that's left is a country's slaughter

And it's people now in constant torture

Our women hold so much knowledge

and this can be seen back in Indigenous traditions

Now it's the patriarchal corporations that have silenced our women

And our women's value has been diminished

It is the big corporations that are killing our planet

They are pillaging the earth for their own selfish greed

The way we are going shows a further distaste for our climate

The destruction of our environment is going at full speed

We are stuck in this roundabout

And I'm afraid we will never get off

So, I'm hoping this poem creates just one sprout

One sprout who will take what they've learned and begin to doubt