

Water poems

By Katalina Salas

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Nopales and Grandpa (~23 years old): story of the love
my grandpa had for nopales and the La Semilla
fundraising dinner.

Grandpa que haces?

He often grabbed fruit off trees, and I worried he'd eat
something bad

Walking around in his chanclas

Curious, drawn to plantas

A trait passed down to my mom

Now to me

Excitement and joy, when I brought Tigger melons, Kijari
melons, and Boule D'ore melons from the farm

Melones, sandias, chiles, tomates, calabazas...

Connecting in ways I had never planned to

Nopales became special for us one dinner

Pride in sharing his recipes

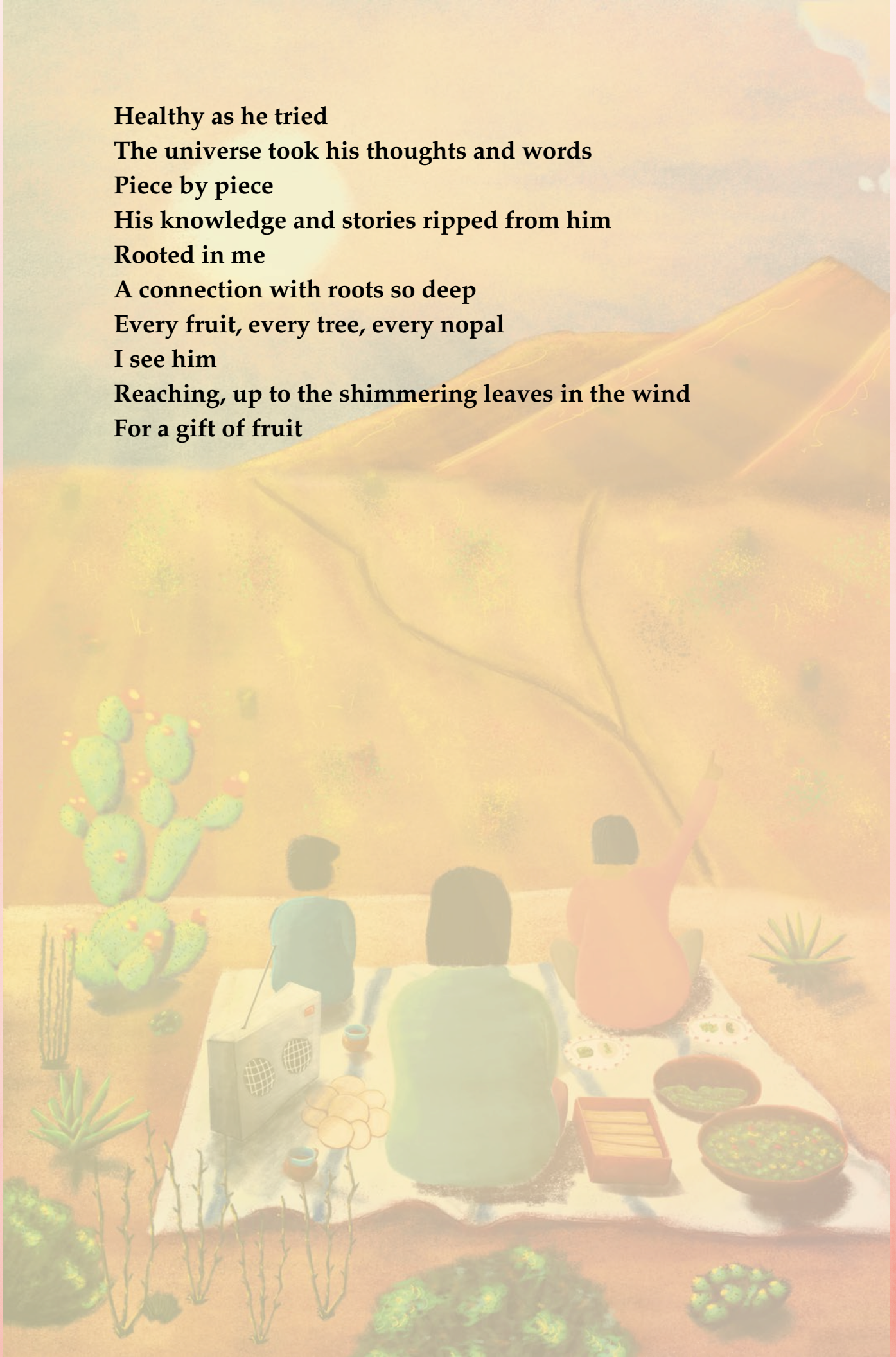
Thinly sliced nopalitos, tossed in eggs and fried until
golden

Green smoothies, his favorite new snack

Pina, greens and chia...

But don't forget the nopales

Healthy as he tried
The universe took his thoughts and words
Piece by piece
His knowledge and stories ripped from him
Rooted in me
A connection with roots so deep
Every fruit, every tree, every nopal
I see him
Reaching, up to the shimmering leaves in the wind
For a gift of fruit



Models and People (~25 years old): the story of connecting science to people and respect of water.

Where does your water come from...

Often silence

Once she flowed

Lavish

Raving

A Rio Poderosa y Fuerte

Bejeweled with green elders and tall whispering grasses

Now meticulously calculated, fought over, and sporadically shared

The data shows there is little hope

Snowpack 1 – 18 inches

It slowly trickles down from San Juan Mountains in Colorado

It is caught by the concrete walls often filled with motorboats

Elephant Butte, holding 279,398-acre feet

140,000 man-made water wells

To aid in the thinly spread river water to be shared by ~900,000

We pump and extract, our aquifers are getting deeper

80-300 feet below the surface and deepening

unless we change

Can we change?

Can we...

CHANGE... but we must

If we continue our Rio once mighty now even more sacred and scarce will disappear.

We think long metallic pipes from miles away or engineered membranes can save us

but why??

Can't we change?

Change

To give back the Agua to the river, the water that once carried the silvery minnow down to the wetlands.

Agua for the Alamos that once lined our valleys

Agua for the children and abuelos to share stories to is it carries life down stream

Where does your water come from...

If we can't change it will be no longer from our beautiful Rio

