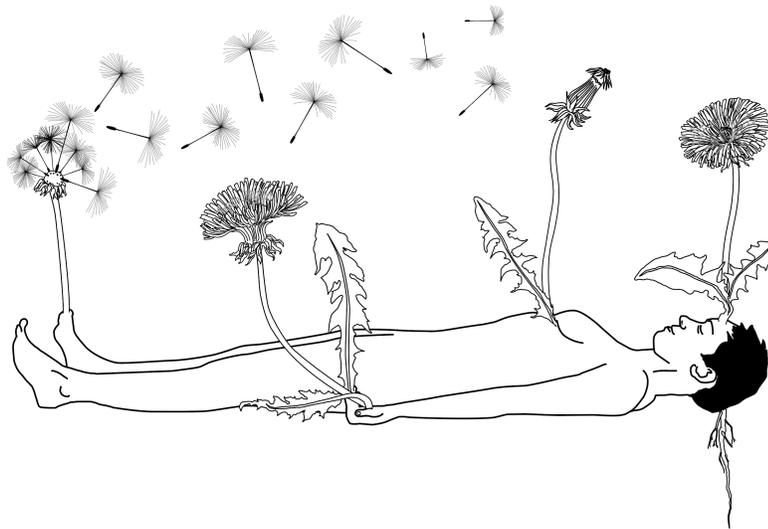


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# The Dandelion Memorial Reader

from our friends and allies in the biosphere

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## WELCOMING SALVO

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Welcome. Agents of the biosphere! Welcome! Tonight we come together - to acknowledge, to celebrate, to mourn, to recognize the lives and deaths of the human species. To share our memories to express our feelings to get things off our chests our wings our tentacles fins and our minds.

Those incredible humans.

We are gathered today to speak a few words about the humans.

We invite the gathered assembly together with the great earth to remember the humans tonight, this festive night, as we rest together in this refuge in anticipation of the most sun-filled fortnight of the year, the time our blossoms fade back and our roots soak into the deeper moisture, drawing up nourishment to receive the seeds we mix into the wind, and that we receive from the death-eating species.

Tonight, at this time, now, we invite each of you in the front row, in turn, to step onto our tuffet to say your words about the humans. We will drink a toast of our juices to each remembrance, and chime into the memory of their noises between each set of words. And when you four have said your piece, we will give you seeds to plant in the remnants of our moisture [and listen to the sounds of the humans from the past ].

*[After the front row's toasts:]*

We invite the meadow edge species to move into the space opened, participating in the great cycle of succession.

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**TEXT SUPPORT FROM OUR PAST HUMAN ALLIES**

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We beings always did have our champions. Small groups of humans have always thought the larger-than-human world has feelings. But eventually their views were drowned out by a ghastly vast HORDE of humans who thought of us “things’ that were either useful -- or useless; industrializable, enslaved, or entertaining. For hundreds of years!

In the young 21st century, neuroscience started finding cause to grant “consciousness” to select species, based on some amusing criteria - including whether or not an animal could recognize its face in the mirror, or lie. Octopi, parrots, crows, dogs, apes and whales and dolphins were awarded this special status. Most humans never understood us dandelions. We didn’t correct them, we just managed to get all up in their business.

There were of course more radical voices, like neuroscientist Christof Koch. He had a very open view as to consciousness. Take bees. Koch said that

“Bees ...do very complicated things. We know that individual bees can fly mazes. They can remember scents. They can return to a distant flower. In fact, they can communicate with each other, through a dance, about the location and quality of a distant food source. They have facial recognition and can recognize their beekeeper.

Their brains contain roughly a million neurons. By comparison, our brains contain about 100 billion, so a hundred thousand times more. Yet the complexity of the bee’s brain is staggering, even though it’s smaller than a piece of quinoa. It’s roughly 10 times higher in terms of density than our cortex. They have all the complicated components that we have in our brains, but in a smaller package. So yes, I do believe it feels like something to be a honey bee. It probably feels very good to be dancing in the sunlight and to drink nectar and carry it back to their hive. I try not to kill bees or wasps or other insects anymore

I am talking about the potential for sentience in individual bees. Would we exclude them because they can’t talk? Well, lots of people can’t talk. Babies can’t talk, impaired patients can’t talk. Because they don’t have a human brain? Well, that’s completely arbitrary. Yes, their evolution diverged from us 250 million years ago or so, but they share with us a lot of the basic metabolism and machinery of the brain. They have neurons, ionic channels, neurotransmitters, and dopamine just like we have.”

There was a time, the Golden Age, we call it,  
Happy in fruits and herbs, when no men tainted  
Their lips with blood, and birds went flying safely  
Through air, and in the fields the rabbits wandered  
Unfrightened, and no little fish was ever  
Hooked by its own credulity: all things  
Were free from treachery and fear and cunning,  
And all was peaceful. But some innovator,  
A good-for-nothing, whoever he was, decided,  
In envy, that what lions ate was better,  
Stuffed meat into his belly like a furnace,  
And paved the way for crime. It may have been  
That steel was warmed and dyed with blood through killing  
Dangerous beasts, and that could be forgiven  
On grounds of self-defense; to kill wild beasts  
Is lawful, but they never should be eaten.  
One crime leads to another: first the swine  
Were slaughtered, since they rooted up the seeds  
And spoiled the season's crop; then goats were punished  
On vengeful altars for nibbling at the grape-vines.  
These both deserved their fate, but the poor sheep,  
What had they ever done, born for man's service,  
But bring us milk, so sweet to drink, and clothe us  
With their soft wool, who give us more while living  
Than ever they could in death?  
And what had oxen, Incapable of fraud or trick or cunning,  
Simple and harmless, born to a life of labor,  
What had they ever done? None but an ingrate,  
Unworthy of the gift of grain, could ever  
Take off the weight of the yoke, and with the axe  
Strike at the neck that bore it, kill his fellow  
Who helped him break the soil and raise the harvest.  
It is bad enough to do these things; we make  
The gods our partners in the abomination,  
Saying they love the blood of bulls in Heaven.  
So there he stands, the victim at the altars,  
Without a blemish, perfect (and his beauty  
Proves his own doom), in sacrificial garlands,  
Horns tipped with gold, and hears the priest intoning:  
Not knowing what he means, watches the barley  
Sprinkled between his horns, the very barley  
He helped make grow, and then is struck  
And with his blood he stains the knife whose flashing  
He may have seen reflected in clear water.  
Then they tear out his entrails, peer, examine,  
Search for the will of Heaven, seeking omens.  
And then, so great man's appetite for food  
Forbidden, then, O human race, you feed,  
You feast, upon your kill. Do not do this,  
I pray you, but remember: when you taste  
The flesh of slaughtered cattle, you are eating  
Your fellow-workers.

– From *Metamorphoses*, book 15, lines 59-477, Ovid

When a plant is wounded, its body immediately kicks into protection mode. It releases a bouquet of volatile chemicals, which in some cases have been shown to induce neighboring plants to pre-emptively step up their own chemical defenses and in other cases to lure in predators of the beasts that may be causing the damage to the plants. Inside the plant, repair systems are engaged and defenses are mounted...but which involve signaling molecules coursing through the body to rally the cellular troops, even the enlisting of the genome itself, which begins churning out defense-related proteins ... If you think about it, though, why would we expect any organism to lie down and die for our dinner? Organisms have evolved to do everything in their power to avoid being extinguished. How long would any lineage be likely to last if its members effectively didn't care if you killed them?

– [No Face, but Plants Like Life Too](#), Carol Kaesuk Yoon

Treat each bear as the last bear.  
Each wolf the last, each caribou.  
Each track the last track.  
Gone spoor, gone scat.  
There are no more deertrails,  
no more flyways.  
Treat each animal as sacred,  
each minute our last.  
Ghost hooves. Ghost skulls.  
Death rattles and  
dry bones.  
Each bear walking alone  
in warm night air.

– *Treat Each Bear*, Gary Lawless

Ask the questions that have no answers.  
Invest in the millennium. Plant sequoias.  
Say that your main crop is the forest  
that you did not plant,  
that you will not live to harvest.  
Say that the leaves are harvested  
when they have rotted into the mold.  
Call that profit. Prophecy such returns.  
Put your faith in the two inches of humus  
that will build under the trees  
every thousand years.  
Listen to carrion – put your ear  
close, and hear the faint chattering  
of the songs that are to come.  
Expect the end of the world. Laugh.

From *The Mad Farmer Liberation Front*, Wendell Berry

*Men think they are better than grass.*

– WS Merwin

O bliss of the tiny creatures, that live  
their whole lives in the womb that brought them forth!  
O joy of the gnat, which still leaps within ,  
even when it weds: for womb is all!  
And look at the half-assurance of the bird,  
from the manner of its birth almost knowing both worlds—  
as if it were the soul of an Etruscan, released  
from a dead man sealed in space  
that has his reclining figure for a lid.  
And how confused is any womb-born creature  
that has to fly! As if frightened  
of its own self, it zigzags through the air  
like a crack through a teacup. The way a bat's trace  
crazes the porcelain of evening.

And we: Spectators, always, everywhere,  
looking at, never out of, everything!  
It overfills us. We arrange it. It falls apart.  
We rearrange it, and fall apart ourselves.

Who has turned us around like this, so that  
always, no matter what we do, we're in the stance  
of someone just departing? As he,  
on the last hill that shows him all this valley  
one last time, turns, stops, lingers—,  
we live our lives, forever taking leave.

– from *8th Duino Elegy*, Rainer Maria Rilke tr. by Edward Snow

Gray whale  
Now that we are sending you to The End  
That great god  
Tell him  
That we who follow you invented forgiveness  
And forgive nothing

– from *For a Coming Extinction*, W.S. Merwin

We all want to see a mammal.  
Squirrels & snowshoe hares don't count.  
Voles don't count. Something, preferably,  
that could do us harm. There's a long list:  
bear, moose, wolf, wolverine. Even porcupine  
would do. The quills. The yellowed  
teeth & long claws.  
Beautiful here. Peaks, avens,  
meltwater running its braided course, but we want  
to see a mammal. Our day our lives incomplete  
without a mammal. The gaze of something  
unafraid, that we're afraid of, meeting ours  
before it runs off.  
Linneaus was called  
indecent when he named them. Plenty  
of other commonalities (hair, live young,  
a proclivity to plot). But no. Mammal.  
Maman. Breasted & nipples  
& warm, warm, warm.

*We all want to see a mammal*, Elizabeth Bradfield

That bees are improper  
because they have a queen  
no king. That crows plant

acorns, twist them into soil,  
properly spaced, to serve  
as future roosts, and manta rays

wrap divers in the dark  
blankets (mantilla)  
of their wings.

That dolphins  
love us, that deer love us,  
and the kit brought in and given milk

is just as happy. That we can know  
what it is for a fox  
to be happy.

\*

Two men bought a lion  
at Harrods, reared it  
in their small apartment.

Released it (reluctantly) to savannah.  
And then, years later,  
sure that it would know them,

went and called its pet name  
into the grasses.  
It ran toward them.

That they would be mauled.  
That perhaps they should  
be mauled. But it

tumbled them, licked their faces:  
Everyone was crying.  
We were crying,  
even the lion was nearly crying.

*Misapprehensions of Nature*, Elizabeth Bradfield

A polar bear once said that "After the death of all living creatures, all our unfulfilled wishes and spoken words will go on drifting in the stratosphere, they will combine with one another and linger upon the earth like fog. What will this fog look like in the eyes of the living? Will they fail to remember the dead and instead indulge in banal meteorological conversations like: 'it's foggy today, don't you think?'"

*Memoirs of a Polar Bear*, Yoko Tawada

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**CONTRIBUTIONS FROM OUR FRIENDS**

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Dear departed Ill-Dressed (sorry, that was our name for you): We, the Best-Dressed (whom you—unaccountably and inelegantly--called “penguins”) are sorry you were not able to remain long enough to solve your problem. Clothing is, as we understood long ago, crucial to earthly thriving—second only to styles of movement: walking, sliding, diving, swimming (a few of you mastered a few of these skills, but you sadly treated them as exceptional skills—with medals, etc.—instead of essential modes of planetary habitation.) We are very happy, however, that you were with us long enough to discover bow-ties, and tap-dancing. We only wish you had evolved enough to design clothes—and dance—with us.

NOTE: IF POSSIBLE, THE SPEAKER OF THIS TEXT SHOULD WEAR A BIG BLACK BOW-TIE

– Una Chaudhuri

SSSSHHHHHssshhhssshh. You're dead, now.  
Gone. Hush. Hush. You can finally enjoy what this  
planet was about: beautiful sounds. Birds. Waves.  
Wind. Thunder. Ripples. Splashing. All the sounds  
your WORDS, your endless words, drowned out.  
Can you hear it? Yes: Silence.

– Una Chaudhuri

They came,  
They grazed  
They went away,  
the fuckers.

– Curtis Fox

When I think of how things were when we first met! We were so young and we had so much in common...we both loved long walks, wild game, mud, lunar cycles, late night howling. It was a partnership — founded on a mutual admiration, balance, reciprocal lack...I loved your hands, your thumbs, the feel of your long fingers on my head, when I gave in. I can only imagine how much you needed me, my speed, my recklessness. But our story had an arc—as these stories tend to do...gradually, what started out with so much fierce promise shifted...Love and respect deflated into boredom, control and a cruel disabling codependency. I wish that I could say that I never reminisce, but the truth is, you taught me way too well to hate the wind and dread the rain, to panic at the eternity of silence that lies ahead without your voice. I wish that I could say I love you—but the truth is when the reality of the open door set in, I felt all my desperate brown-nosing boil inside me to a blinding rage, and I burst out into that darkness, wild, snarling, with your bleeding flesh between my teeth.

– Abigail Simon

*Author's note: I trained a machine learning-based document classifier to recognize the difference between texts written about nature and texts written on any other topic. This poem is rewritten version of the Wikipedia page for "Humans" using only the twenty-five sentences deemed most "natural" by this classifier. I found it more plant-like in view than the original.*

The spread of humans and their large and increasing population has had a profound impact on large areas of the environment and millions of native species worldwide.

There is also a distinction between anatomically modern humans and Archaic Homo sapiens, the earliest fossil members of the species.

As of 2010, almost 2 billion humans are able to communicate with each other via the Internet, and 3.3 billion by mobile phone subscriptions.

With a population of over seven billion, humans are among the most numerous of the large mammals.

In February 2008, the U.N. estimated that half the world's population would live in urban areas by the end of the year.

Both overall population numbers and the proportion residing in cities are expected to increase significantly in the coming decades.

Humans are apex predators, being rarely preyed upon by other species.

Currently, through land development, combustion of fossil fuels, and pollution, humans are thought to be the main contributor to global climate change.

If this continues at its current rate it is predicted that climate change will wipe out half of all plant and animal species over the next century.

Like all mammals, humans are a diploid eukaryotic species.

By comparing the parts of the genome that are not under natural selection and which therefore accumulate mutations at a fairly steady rate, it is possible to reconstruct a genetic tree incorporating the entire human species since the last shared ancestor.

Compared to other primates, humans experience an unusually rapid growth spurt during adolescence, where the body grows 25% in size.

Humans are one of the few species in which females undergo menopause.

As a result, humans are a cosmopolitan species found in almost all regions of

the world, including tropical rainforests, arid desert, extremely cold arctic regions, and heavily polluted cities.

Most other species are confined to a few geographical areas by their limited adaptability.

Similarly, skin color varies clinally with darker skin around the equator—where the added protection from the sun's ultraviolet radiation is thought to give an evolutionary advantage—and lighter skin tones closer to the poles.

Light skin pigmentation protects against depletion of vitamin D, which requires sunlight to make.

All the common alleles found in populations outside of Africa are found on the African continent.

Human species do not share the same patterns of variation through geography.

During sleep humans dream.

Dreaming is stimulated by the pons and mostly occurs during the REM phase of sleep.

The nature of thought is central to psychology and related fields.

It uses information processing as a framework for understanding the mind.

These fields have also overlapped in the forms of marines, paratroopers, aircraft carriers, and surface-to-air missiles, among others.

– Allison Parrish

*Among the Rocks we have a saying, "Mountains rise, Mountains erode". It was bound to happen, even if they couldn't see it, didn't want to see. They looked at our strata, saw layers of extinction, billions of clever, industrious, beautiful species gone before they could even make note of it, and yet they thought they'd persist. What hubris, those humans. You may wonder why I was chosen to speak on our behalf. Why not the Crust? Why not Magma? Even Musgravite? Surely my heart must be hardest when it comes to the humans. They cut me. Mined me. Sandblasted me. Ate off my back. But my memory is long, and eons after their bones have decayed and their names have been lost from the faces of their graves, I will stand and know that I'm the marker of their dead. So it's right that I'm here. I won't say they were our favorite. I won't say we'll miss them. But I will say our goodbye. To them I say, "we won't forget you. I'll stand, out of respect. There, in the place where you rest, until the Waves overtake me, the Plates break the land, or the Sun ends the Earth."*

– Nicholas Hubbard

A punk song:

*Nah nah nah nah, we miss your blooooood!*

*Nah nah nah nah, we miss your blooooood!*

*Heartbeat, stinky feet, slapped us down, made us drown*

*On your skin, prick went in, we sucked and squeezed, spread disease*

*Nah nah nah nah, we miss your blooooood!*

*Nah nah nah nah, we miss your blooooood!*

*Short life, bit your wife, filled us up, like we're a cup*

*Tried to zap , repel or trap us,*

*who's dead now? thanks for the cows*

*Nah nah nah nah, we miss your blooooood!*

*Nah nah nah nah, we miss your blooooood!*

– Nicholas Hubbard

## **Mower Apocalypse**

by some dandelions

There were expanses of water meadow here  
Before they came and cut the meadow clear  
Purslane, daisy, hollyhock  
Thistle, stinging nettle and dock  
Cow parsley, brooklime, sorrel, vetch, agrimony  
Elder, ivy, knapweed, poppy, betony  
In the time before,  
The motors roared  
Before scythe sliced  
Before the exodus of mice  
We kept our heads down  
Close to the ground  
As the blades sliced overhead  
All the tall comrades dead  
While we shorties survived.....  
They call it expanse of lawn  
We call it annihilation porn  
To think they cut the meadow clear  
And installed a designer bee-friendly, decorative chamomile-lawned,  
outdoor-garden-room with year-round artificial-wicker, marble-topped,  
fire-pit, water-feature  
here...

– Marcia Schofield

There once was a tidy old fellow  
Who balked at those flowers so yellow  
So he sprayed them at once  
'Cause he was such a dunce,  
Don't you know life's much better when mellow?

– *A limerick: The basest form of poetry*, Oliver Kelhammer



1. Beneath the loom unbraided lives  
lie in congeries of loose ends.  
Who can tell what part of the whole we hold  
up  
or how the whole will hold up without us.

2. Once we were land-based, but  
the waves wove our way forward, one way  
for many waves.  
The only way forward waved us on,  
wore us down.

3. The heart of the house  
is a shipwreck, the agile sea laps  
its algal decks, the ship logs  
reveal we're lost.  
We proceed down a path we perceive to be  
the wrong path  
as quickly as we can.

4. The waves were like childhood friends  
calling us through closed doors.

5. We set out casually,  
that day, forever, sea faring, far off, we  
thought  
leave-takings were taken easily  
and easily taken back.  
To return. Never to return. Never to set out.

6. Infants slip through cribriform waves.  
Without differentiation they sink into the  
abyssopelagic  
infinite, every day, *diel*, dies, the earth's  
largest migration is vertical, every day, *diel*,  
the depths  
whisper the sun down in the sky  
and the larval copepods molt and rise  
toward lack of light.

7. Copepod means "oar feet" and each is  
born  
with a head with a tail and nothing in  
between,  
a beginning and an end without  
interruption.

8. Midnight folds over midnight, over lower  
midnight, *and the way up is the way down*.

9. Where the waves lay their hands fevers  
cool,  
fires calm.  
Be still, they say, it's dark,  
they promise, all is  
water, water is  
amniotic, rest, they say, settle  
into the spell of recurring births, nothing  
is lost, they say, nothing  
will be the same,  
they promise.  
The waves are the cradles are the same  
and different, like the infants.

10. Depth is impervious to loss.  
Only ghosts travel through closed doors.

11. The tenderness of the threat turned our  
fears  
into flowers, a shipwreck of flowers,  
a wedding of shipwrecks, faces we  
remember  
smiling in our childhoods  
visit us in mourning and celebration,  
together again, the wet petals  
swim downward through schools of smooth  
sting rays in the artificial reef.  
Tunnels tunneling through tunnels  
to escape the inescapable narrowing,  
narrowing until  
a quantum –  
bathed in apothic pitch.

It's always dead midnight in the deep sea,  
where time is depth and light is anathema  
to life.

12. The ghost holds a ring of keys  
that unlock the sleeper's  
dreams. In dreams ends  
begin and beginnings rush past us.  
A gust of wind passes through the static fir  
trees to meet  
its fate in silence out at sea.  
The ghosts weep in beds the wind slept in  
for an instant before abandoning forever.

13. Bearded in waves our smiles sink  
into the infinite, we are infants and  
our new hands grasp  
for bits of land, because  
there is nothing to stand on  
in the next world.

14. Now we are wards of the wave, a ways  
out past the break waters, we look  
shoreward one last time,  
but the shorebirds look away, their gaze

fixed on the far interior, the house  
where the heart rushes home to, the  
hearth,  
the still-life with squid penetrating  
shipwreck.  
I'm afraid nothing will be familiar next time.

15. The land is shear by the shore, you can  
see  
right though the ground to the grave.  
Our ancestors are animal bones, teething  
into the cliff.  
Though voluble the meaning of their  
speech  
slips like photons through purse seine,  
providing light without clarity in the middle  
sea.  
The bluff breaks in the storm, the teeth  
release  
wide swaths of earth, the ancestors  
set out, seafaring, far off.  
Even the past is imperiled.  
It stretches out behind us helplessly like a  
train  
behind the child bride.

– *Requiem for Humans*, Kendra Sullivan

words words

words words words **words** words words

words words words words words words words words words words words .



dandy lion

Ruth Ozeki

no, really,  
I was here first.  
I've always known how big  
the sky is and how small  
the world.

but your envy knows no bounds.  
with your metal wings  
(you call those wings?)  
you fly higher than me,  
now,  
fouling my pristine clouds  
on your way to wherever.

and oh, you! still amazed at my endurance:  
days aloft, 5000 miles in one flight,  
my yearly round trip longer  
than the full circumference of the earth  
fueled by a few ounces of mollusks and bugs  
and, mmmmm-mm, those horseshoe crabs,  
older than all of us, their soft eggs  
a tasty treat on my way north.

you never could leave well enough alone.  
you've netted me and tagged me and followed me  
everywhere;  
you count us -- we are numbered,  
like our days --  
and now you know that every year  
brings bigger storms  
and fewer crabs  
and further we must fly  
to find a cool,  
quiet place to land,  
dance, lay,  
hatch chicks.

and all because you  
wanted to fly, too.

– *Song of the Red Knot*, David Gochfeld

[spoken in a slightly slower and reverberating tone/voice, as you might imagine noises echoing down in the deep seas]

Dearly Beloved:

We are gathered here today in memory of those funny and awkward creatures we called “½-parts” or “danglers.”

It was sad, really, we knew their lives must empty. The danglers. Cling-ons. ½-parts.

Yes, we decided ½-parts was the best description. ½ of their parts down here, ½ refusing to join. Half of their bodies dangling down, unable or unwilling to come down on their own. They couldn't breathe right and made funny noises and flailed about when we'd pull them down to play with us. It was awkward.

We invited them here many times. We were hospitable. At first, they seemed nice enough. The weirdest thing about them was their breathing. Well, not the weirdest thing. They were so awkward. Not comfortable in their own shells and skin, on their own.

They always had to come with lots of noise, lots of things, lots of shiny metal stuff. Then they just sent the stuff and stopped coming altogether.

It's pretty peaceful now.

But the ½-parts will be missed. We're not sure which parts we'll miss but we suppose we should say that they'll be missed.

Seems rude not to.

It'll certainly be less exciting down here. There's no down and up now, it's all ours again. So that's nice.

Amen.

– *From the perspective of sea beings, Yanoula Athanassakis*

All in all, your time with us was brief. But lasted.

We were an unlikely collection: a brick from here, some wood from there, furniture and other things from all over. And the parts which made the things up, from all over too.

Of course, when something arrived-- a refrigerator, a tile, a book, a computer-- it took some getting used to. Proximities, temperatures, intangible things: shifted. Often too quickly to settle in.

Those of us who have been together longest-- the walls, the pipes, the molding, long-term piles of dust-- initiated newcomers and the passers-through. Those of us who were less mixed-up from the get-go-- floorboards, wool throws-- had an easier time. We had and still have our old molecular companions. We did what we could for the food processors and stereos. They often didn't stay, gone with you individuals.

Regardless of what we were as your objects, we had in common a time before you, when we dealt mostly with the weather, seasons, other animals and their patterns. We didn't know we wouldn't return. But then again, we didn't know we'd be here.

If nothing else your time was exciting. The stairs recall the stretch of your feet on each step, a gentle bend, each with a weight and rhythm. I was touched by a series of lovers, some almost predictable, but, as you know, not.

All of the plants inside have died, for the most part. Some reach in from the ground below, but the pace with which they've joined us is distinct from the unpredictable introduction of an entire organism from a far-off elsewhere. Mourning you also means mourning: our rubber plant, our orchid, our sculpted succulent.

Without you we have returned to slow predictability although as new amalgamations. Not to thank you, but thanks to you, changed irreversibly, quickly, and not to change again, as far as we know. All there is to really say is: you were unlike the ants, you were unlike the particles of drifting dust, you were unlike the occasional storm.

*– Elegy for Humans, From a bedroom door in an apartment in Brooklyn (on behalf of all of the components which comprise the apartment), Sarah Rothberg*

Thank god for humans. We are moving north to virgin territory. Our mantra - expand. For centuries our tiny warriors were slaughtered by the millions by that unseeable devil - known by humans - as Jack Frost. To battle the unseeable devil, the humans brought forth our ancient brothers and sisters, mothers and fathers from deep in the earth under our feet. The humans burned the black skeletons and released a blessed great warmth. The ancients force the unseeable devil to the north. Each year, more and more of our tiny warriors spring to full planthood. We don't know the future, but it is very, very promising that we will finally make that trip to Disney World - perhaps in an a instant of merely a hundred years.

PS. We have heard a horrible rumor that the humans are trying to steal the rays of the sun and stop releasing the warmth of our ancients. But fortunately, the great human known as TRUMP has pledged to keep warming the air forever. (At least that what we heard on FOX, our favorite cable network)

– (*Tropical Plants*), Glenn Weiss

Kudzu.....Does not care about anything and only wishes to be ignore until it is too late. It is a free and happy killer that reaches for sky. The official response on global warming from the Kudzu mafia is "no comment". Of course, this is Kudzu's official response on everything.

– Glenn Weiss

The fried chicken you're eating in your car  
at 3:30pm on a Monday  
is probably breakfast, and you need the not  
quite caffeinated tang of ketchup and  
the grease plus gas and a four thousand pound  
machine to get you going where you're going,  
the room where you'll discuss that poem  
you haven't read that exemplifies the pastoral  
--and this is pastoral, right, the fly that rides  
in the oily air of your car, ricocheting off  
the dash into the armhole of your shirt,  
finding the place where your armpit skin loosens  
from your skeleton, then bobbing out  
to find your food. To kill the fly, you have  
to wait to get to campus, where you'll smash  
the fly against the windshield, except I know,  
you won't, would never, kill the fly, you're the honey  
hearted type who'll release the fly to fly  
far from your car, far from the poultry aisle  
with the air-chilled organic chicken thighs,  
but not quite high enough to look down on  
the Edwards Plateau, its hawks and aquifers,  
limestone and middle managers, its guns  
and parking lots and kids in pickup trucks  
that roar louder than the river that floods  
each spring and takes a few cars under  
--but the students swimming in the river  
(with smallmouth, largemouth, and Guadalupe bass,  
sunfish and wild rice) will never die,  
will never lack for water, that thing without  
which you would wander like a goat, bell  
ringing, past the riverbed of hot stones,  
over to the larger road, and onto  
the interstate, and then off the shoulder into  
the bluebonnets in the median, which  
is me, the median, talking to you about the flowers  
the color of water in a child's drawing  
of water that bloomed a month too early this year  
of little rain. You're traveling at seventy  
miles per hour and before you hear me  
you'll be gone.

– *The Highway Median Speaks*, Cecily Parks

Dear humans:

What can you say about someone you know for only a second? A fleshy tap, a fly on an arm? You served only to remind me, lovingly and violently, of the fortitude in slow movement; to show me the breadth of my becoming.

We will speak again soon, in dust.

– *Valle de la Luna*, Agustina Zegers

This number we  
Insist on keeping  
Open on the vast  
Calendar of the unburied  
Unborn?  
Wind  
Through which hair  
Is still  
Blowing  
Paso  
Umbilical  
Paso  
Nada  
Tele-  
Pathos: Passage  
From cadáver  
To corolla

– Lynn Xu *From* **TOURNESOL**

We were so convinced you would outlive us, survive us, party on without us.

Because it was *us* who everyone said was collapsing and dying in swarms: a little bit of natural selection but a lot of off-gassing from you.

Literally. Figuratively.

Not *all* of you. Of course. But a huge swath of *you*.

Then the economies of scale broke, shattered, crushed under the weight of all that cultural capital and capital capital.

So much stuff.

It's very green here now. So much green.

Poking out of all that brick and glass and metal and concrete and plastic.

Yet, there remains so much of that, too.

But still.

So much green.

And the flowers, they are really delicious now. They taste like the memories of our ancestors.

We were hoping to make better tasting memories with you too.

– *Just Bee*, Stefani Bardin

We live lives measured in seconds, but we are reborn infinitely by our mother and father, sun and moon. We watch you on the long approach: squinting at us, running towards us limbs akimbo in disorganized glee. We become one in a dive, moving through one another in a blink! You, born again in our salt wash and we, in our cresting lunge towards dissolution on the shore. In Shock and joy we fulfill ourselves.

We squint at you from the horizon. Your spastic fluorescence and lotioned sheen mark our own end and rebeginning. What glittering display will flag our progress as we bob...and surge...and sigh? What tired backs will we float? With whose tiny feet and grapefruit bellies will we dance? What lovers' kiss will we hide in our folds?

We tangle in the torpor of your forever chemical compounds. But we will persist, surfacing from the depths into rolling arms and crashing foam symphonies.

– *FROM THE WAVES*, Nancy Nowacek

## **marginal revolution**

Did you know when you were writing  
your poems, for prizes  
of Pulitzer MacArthurs,  
that you were inventing  
dandelions?

Isn't a poem a fistful of seeds,  
a dandelion head, high on weed,  
and thinner  
than air?

When a poem is uttered  
don't the words dangle and come  
untethered, airborne, wind-drunk, head-spun?

What happens when a word  
lands or sinks in blades of grass  
on your highway shoulders,  
those asphalt margins  
of turmeric and chalk?  
Don't you know that the sides of roads  
are littered with poems,  
--yes you, with your dreams  
of Pulitzer MacArthurs--  
each one growing

like the body of a dandelion?

– *From the Dandelions*, Viplav Saini

My name is Crufty. I have NO relation to Tufty the safety squirrel, I'll have you know. My great great great great great grandparents moved back to north america from the united kingdom - hardly united, no longer a kingdom either, I'll have you know. In fact, and rather thankfully, "united" is a retired concept. Finally. Went away with all the other human whimsies – like culture, nature, wilderness, city. We squirrels, on the other hand, we *really* know how to b-b-b-b-b-blur a boundary! My ancestors came back to north america on a large piece of wood, maybe a raft, with my sister squirrels. It is rather ironic, since my very very very VERY long ago ancestors were relocated to the united kingdom *also* on a floating raft by a rich man for his green square. After that we were despised by the humans for killing their native red squirrels with a pox. How ironic, once again. The large floppy square that the humans used to read said we were "a sleek, North American import, swaggering across parks, raiding bird feeders, all fat haunches and bulbous black eyes." It really only liked the red squirrel, those fragile weaklings, because it, looks "exotic: so dainty and alertly pretty, with fine tufts of hair above its ears." Sheesh. Good riddance. We Gray squirrels got tired of the speciesism. And to be honest, the leftovers and tree diversity are better in America. I'm trying to keep this sh-sh-sh-short. I know I'm supposed to say something n-n-n-n-nice. Well ok. Here's something - I remember not having to do much to get food from humans. They loved holding up their squares and grinning madly, while we stood on our back legs and scrambled for the nuts they threw our way. They liked to make clicking and squeaking noises at us - that was hard to ignore. And they left behind some pretty good rubbish, and since we don't hibernate and it isn't cold any more in winter we can rustle up some crinkly squares of crunchy stuff to eat when the tree nuts are sleeping. I may not think much of humans, but I did appreciate that they mostly didn't think of us as rats.

This missive was sent by so many someones:

“If i had a voice i would sing”

Rejoice, rejoice.

Those Dear Humans;  
They called it landfill.  
We call it supermarket.

We miss your sandwiches at the beach.

With love from the Seagulls.

from **An Ostrich**

They called me Pantless Thunder Goose.  
BOOM.

From **The Wind**

I saw you everyday and yet you were a small corner of my world.  
However,  
I loved your smells, your combative ways against it all, your playing with  
grand sails in the sea.  
And I loved how you would try not to submit. And yet you did finally.

From **A Crow**

My familiar foes, tempting me and sometimes  
providing me with food so easily  
accessible, yet out of reach.

They liked to play games and  
trick and deceive and finally  
It caught up with them. I can't  
say whether or not I'll miss  
them.

From **A Tornado**

I wish to take this moment to extend  
my sincere apologies for the role I  
have played in your demise.  
It was not my intention to destroy you  
and your dwellings the times that I  
did. I just get so upset; can't  
stop swirling. I'm stronger  
than I wish sometimes.

I only exist in response to my relatives  
in the atmosphere and the oceans -- I did not intend  
to become more frequent nor more  
powerful.

If only you'd built more steady  
structures.  
If only you'd listened to your own  
sonic warnings.

– Sarah Peters

From **A House Cat**

I can't speak to all humans, but at least to the ones around me,  
brood parasite -- cared for my kind more than other humans who looked  
different or lived far away

Had plenty, but never relaxed, and rarely shared -- Now  
I'm not the sharing kind of cat, but I would relax more.

Poor kids, never got out.  
Life won't be that easy for me now.

– Siddharth Iyengar

From a **Nematode**

Dear humans, since before you were born I  
inhabited the world beneath your feet. I have  
infested and digested what you left behind,  
and will continue to do so now that you are gone.

– Emily Stover

From **A lawn**

This was always a dysfunctional relationship. I was needy, demanding.

Humans were fickle; one minute careful curators, another minute irresponsible vacationers, who left me unprotected.

I tried to leave many times.

No other place would have me.

New, of course, that's over.

I miss the humans in spite of their failings. And I welcome all of you.

Especially, at last, the dandelions.

From **An ear of corn**

You left me roasting in the oven at 350° today for too long, and today I left you roasting at a temperature of an-additional-2° per-year on average.

Ears are the only “variety” left– there is no more nose, eye, or chin left alive, and even my toothy kernels are beginning to fall out.

You used to make paper dolls out of my husk, and now that’s all your skeleton is good for either–I hope to get out the old sewing machine to dress you for a memorial puppet show.

– Naomi Klionsky

From **A silver carp**

Well, I feel awkward  
to have it imagined that  
I should be speaking here  
without my school.

So I want you to know  
I swim with my sisters—many fishes,  
many carps, including those common carp  
Minnesotans were so excited about.

Do you know they welcomed some  
in the reflecting pool at their Capitol monument  
while they built electric coil dams  
to keep others of us from immigrating?

So on this occasion of humans  
shuffling off *their* mortal coil,  
it seems like perhaps a good moment  
to unthink fears of invasion.

– Valentine Cadieux

From **A Potato**

My apologies to the Irish,  
We needed to develop more of a relationship so they would have known  
to plant my brother and sister varieties.  
How would they have known? We were far from our Peru Homeland.  
Thanks to humans we have been in every corner of the world.  
Those humans were curious & enthusiastic...  
they enjoyed and captured the moment  
however were short sighted. We need all kinds on the earth.

From **A Cow**

I will eat the grass as it grows, now, unfettered by all but us grass-eaters.

Why did they feed me corn? And wheat?  
And drugs to counteract their treatment of us, amassed in hollow  
shelters?

Anon.  
Exeunt, humans. They all exit..

Some of my habits and ways are still  
Formed by them –I guess we co-evolved.  
I'm not sure what's in store for me, without my masters.  
The fields are open;  
The sky draws close, and the shoreline  
even closer.

From **A Turkey**

We understood more than you might think  
saving a species only to eat it  
Honoring us, only to imprison us. We do that too. We wish the humans  
well.

Save us from the eagles!

From **A Tick**

Humans, I will miss you.  
I speak for many of my kind  
to express sorrow at your passing.  
We will be waiting a long long time  
on this stalk of grass  
for someone as delicious or warm  
or disturbing as humans  
to pass by -- oh dear, oh deer, oh mammal,  
eventually I will miss humans, but  
that particular human  
and its butyric acid -- thank you.

From **An Apple Tree**

Thank you Johnny Appleseed  
your sisters and brothers,  
the orchardists of the world,  
the careless core flingers  
who encouraged us to migrate  
out of the Kazahk hills  
everywhere, even here, where  
the arboretum folk have  
made us sweet enough for  
Even minnesotans

We won't miss Alar and  
the thousand other insults, the  
dwarfing & the crowinding,  
the ridiculous names and  
the godawful PATENTING,  
but it was a good run with you,  
and I'm just glad everyone else likes to eat us, too.

From **An Earthworm**

Thank you, humans, for spreading us  
far & wide. We have seen so many places  
& encountered so many other species with  
your assistance.

You gave us a sense of worth as soil aerators  
& fertilizer makers & fishing bait. That  
said, we will carry on without you as  
we always have, turning waste & death  
into what can create new life.

From **A Moose**

Humans moved too late to even  
make a tribute of me.

From **A Rusty Patched Bumble Bee**

When humans were placed on the enlarged species list  
I couldn't believe it.

When we were first placed on it, it upended our daily work, family, hive  
dreams --

But we worked together to be standing here now

I had hoped that the humans would see this as an opportunity to decide  
to thrive within this world

Their passing shocks me and also re-energizes my own fight for  
success

From a **Hedge (osage orange)**

I'm here to recognize the other species that humans  
turned from common creek trees to national pests.  
Thank you people, we'll take it from here!

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## FROM THE FUNERAL PARTY

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**Landfill:** I am a landfill! And I am getting really full of things that aren't going away, and it makes me sick. Sick sick sick. Please, be careful what you throw away.

Dandelion: Now that there's no more humans, aren't you recovering? A recovering landfill.

Landfill: No, no it's.... It's so sad."

**Almond:** As you all know, humans really loved me, they liked to eat a lot of me. But as we know what they couldn't decide is if I was really good for them, or if they would eat too many of me, then they would like, get fat, and as we kinda know about humans is that they never learned about moderation. And that's why we're here today. We're here because humans just didn't know how to enjoy only a few almonds. That's my toast.

Assembly: Moderation!

**Banana:** I owe a lot to humans I guess, I was just another fruit and then they took me in their arms and did magical things with their science and I became this creature that took over supermarkets everywhere and was loved by all but now, I am also weaker. I get destroyed by single insects, hungry, hungry fungi.

They're gone and I owe my fame to them but at the same time I know that I too, soon, will fall because of humans' myopic focus on delicious uniform bananas. But I give them that and I appreciate all they did do. So let us remember them, brilliant in their fruit enthusiasm.

Dandelion: To the banana's big moment

**Splenda:** Humans were the ones that brought me into this world, they are very much my parents; we spent a lot of time in greasy diners over stale cups of coffee, hanging out in my little pink packets, it was great. And without them, I'm not sure what I'll have in me, and if, you know, some raccoon will learn how to make more Splenda or if they'll just decompose. So. I don't know how long I'll be around or if I'll hang out in the water system but... here's to humans and here's to all of us.

Dandelion: Here's to all of you. Cheers.

Dandelion: Tornado speaks

**Tornado:** Hi. I am a tornado. To dear friends of departed humans, I'm sorry. Actually, hashtag sorry not sorry. I really miss the days where I could fling around your cows and take the roofs of your houses. All the same, I was really glad when you learned to adapt to me, and you figured out how not to die when I came by, and I am

also glad that I was not part of your demise. So I'm sorry to see you go, but, you know, even if I can't, if you never came around and I couldn't fling around your cows, I would fling around buffalo. So, how's that?

Dandelion: To having human playthings. (Such interesting members of this congregation today.)

**Petri Dish Culture:** I will miss humans because they used to feed me that sweet agar. But, they did keep me trapped in very small glass ceilings, so, I won't miss that, and they also kept trying to label me good or bad, and I just wanted to live free! So I guess I won't miss them that much!

Dandelion: To crashing glass ceilings.

Petri: Yeah, to crashing glass ceilings!

**Turkey:** Before you ask, I'm a domestic variety, not the kind, smart cousins in the wild. But the humans I owe a lot to, they sort of bred me into existence, they housed me -- sure, they were tiny houses and cramped, but they kept us alive, because now, the humans are dead and all those turkey houses are crumbling and my cousins, whenever it rains, they can look up to the sky with their mouths open and drown themselves. So they will probably die out too along with the humans. It's too bad when a turkey loses wild cousins. But that's okay! You know, we had a good run. We were just there to, you know, feed them, I guess -- I found that out afterwards, that sucks. But you know what, it's all right, it's all right -- we'll move on, the world will become a better place, and I'll toast to the humans, and their houses that kept my brothers from drowning themselves!

Dandelion: Ah, to the humans' houses!

Lawn: I did want to start by thanking the dandelions, for being so organized. [Dandelion cackles]. I really had nothing against you. And I'm a little bit happy that the humans are no longer throwing chemicals on me that would kill you, and the bees and the other things that really loved living on me, but I do miss the occasional haircut. So, um, to the human barbers.

Dandelion: Yes and to non-human haircuts

Ash Tree: Gonna be honest with you I'm gonna miss those wacky humans. All their sporting events and cheering and crowds -- I mean without them life just doesn't have a lot more meaning. So I guess I'll just go out there and grow wild. Hopefully evolve sentience, all right?! All right?

Dandelion: To sentient ash trees! Don't underestimate yourselves.

**Vat of Beer:** Alas poor humans, they loved me so, I did my best to drown their woes.

Dandelion: Lovely vat. Lovely. Short and sweet.

**Meadow:** I am -- a meadow! And it's with mixed emotions, without humans. The bad is there's no one to come and frolic and run and play, and the good, well, there's no one naming their children after me and then calling their name and I'm going "what, what!" So, alas poor humans.

Dandelion: That is an advantage.

**Ocean:** Hi everyone, I'm ocean, uh, you all know me pretty well I'd say -- humans and I go way back, in fact, we all go way back, I mean, most of you all came out of me [assembly laughter], but um, humans didn't treat me so well, in fact I'm pretty salty about it, so I'm just, I'm gonna say, it's been good but I'm glad that they're gone.

Dandelion: Here's to going! Thank you ocean for your salty bitterness.

**Glacier:** Um, I, hello everyone, I brought a short poem, that's dedicated to humans, it's called "From a Glacier."  
Oh little girl, with your red cloth dictionary,  
Oh beautiful girl squinched into the corner of your big chair,  
lampshade cocked like an ear,  
and all the light tipped toward you.  
What dream was that, inside you,  
that lifted your heart like a latch.  
That lifted you, spirit, spirit and frame,  
as a lock who is all in its gates.  
And where are you going now, dreamer,  
our boat leaves in an hour.  
And that feeling, you never named it.  
Name it. Name it.

Dandelion: To naming it.

**Vulture:** So, everybody, I am vulture, and I come here with very mixed feelings about all of this. I don't believe that the humans respected me in their time. I became sort of this slanderous word that people used, for each other, and yet, I appreciated so much what humans provided to me: vast amounts of carrion on roads, everywhere. The world has not tasted so sweet since they were gone. Uhm, and they tasted so very very good themselves when they did stupid things and fell off cliffs. So, here is to humans,

Dandelion: And to carrion.

Vulture: And to carrion.

Assembly: Hear hear!

**River:** Hi I'm a river. And I remember giving life to humans. Nourishing them with my water and my fowl, cool breezes lofting off of my surface to cool them in the summer. To humans.

Assembly: To humans.

**Rat:** Good evening! I'm a lowly lab rat. I remember fondly that sweet taste of sugar as I ran -- as I finished the maze. Every time, and just that delightful taste of sugar. And that terrible feeling of that ear growing out my back [assembly laughter]. I will miss the random organs I had to produce for humans.

Dandelion: To the perils of sugar [assembly laughter]. Dear rats.

**Bumblebee:** I've been with the humans for a very very long time, and there were humans who made houses for the bumblebees, and there were humans who sprayed us with chemicals and killed us. We were blamed for many terrible things, but those were things my friends the wasps did, it's not bumblebee action! Um, but now that the humans are gone, I think that there are probably many many more flowers for me to pollinate, and many less pesticides to kill me. So -- but good wishes to the humans!

Dandelion: To reluctant good wishes.

**Horseshoe Crab:** I am the proud and noble horseshoe crab. I come from a long long lineage of other horseshoe crabs. My ancestors have been around since prior to the dinosaurs. So I was really surprised when I got this notice in the mail the other day saying that the humans were gone. I was like wow, what've you been here, like, 50 thousand years or something? That's crazy! You came, you burned bright, but then you took off! To humans.

Dandelion: To humans, and speed.

**Potato:** There's two things, I think, about humans, one is that we really travel a lot together. Humans took me and my species all over the world, they cultivated us, we proliferated... and that was great. But, they also fried us in hot oils, and pushed us through contraptions like a waffle frying machine, and a spiralizer, and that was not the best part about our relationship with humans. So, we're grateful for becoming a well-traveled species, and we're happy to travel our travels, uh, without humans.

Assembly: To humans.

**Elephant:** Uh, hi everyone, I'm an elephant, here to talk to you for a moment about the humans. I must say, I'm really enjoying my time roaming around without fences and borders and things that try to keep me in very small spaces, and I can't say that I really miss being shot at, or seeing my relatives on peoples' walls, but I, I also think that, I do miss some humans that treated me with reverence and admired my girth, much as I admired theirs.

Dandelion: To girths.

**Zika Virus:** I have to say, I really miss the humans. They were amazingly hospitable hosts, I traveled lots of places, I reproduced a

lot, I did lots of really great mutations with them, and, and now I'm kind of stuck with some other hosts which are ok, but not humans. So, cheers to the humans.

Dandelion: yes.

**Sugar Maple:** Well I don't know what to think about humans not being around, frankly. It's a general conundrum I have. I do feel sometimes bad that they reduced me to maple syrup, you know, that's all that I was worth, for them, but, they also kind of in a strange way rescued me from, I don't know, the dark--

Dandelion: Obscurity

Sugar Maple: Yeah, of nature, right? And gave me something to hold on to, so I did not want them to go. But they are not here. I guess I'll mourn a little bit. But maybe not, because I don't know whether I'm capable of mourning these worths humans gave me, so, I'll be nothing to gain I guess?

Dandelion: To ambivalence

Maple: Yeah, to ambivalence. Cheers.

**Rose:** If you had been eaten alive, sepal by sepal, then you wouldn't be where you are. Five Cheers.

**Black Bear:** Actually I'm a black bear from Tofte, Minnesota. I'll miss the humans. I'll miss the Tofte dump; we used to hang out there. I'll miss the gamblers; we used to eat their leftover foods. But I'm not gonna miss the hunters that would get us or the wildlife taggers that put a tag in my uncle's ear. And I won't miss the loggers; I'm looking forward to the trees growing.

**Salmon** (Courtney Tchida): For a millennium or more, we peacefully co-existed. And then they forced my ancestors to perform acrobatics, to jump dams, just to get to our spawning grounds. So now that they are gone, we will populate the streams once again, where we always have been.

**Wolf:** Look: the humans were real dicks to us. I mean, it's not like they needed us, but they, they would hunt us. So you know, frankly, I don't miss em, and we all do better when we all do better, and they were screwing us over, so, good riddance.

Dandelion: It's ok to be bitter. it's ok. Not everyone has to be nice at a memorial.

**An Ear of Corn:** Hey I'm an ear of corn. Wolf, I understand what you're saying. You say, you think humans were dicks to you? Humans would chop me up, harvest me, and use me to sweeten Soda. It's terrible. I didn't really care for humans that much. But honestly, I mean, they did water me, plant me, and I'm not really sure if me and all my friends will really grow any more, so, hear hear, here's to the humans, they'll be missed.

Dandelion: Here's to the humans' success.  
Corn: Here's to my continuing existence.

**An Ear of Wheat:** Hello everyone, I miss the days of being made into bread by humans. I hope some day, I can be bread again....

Dandelion: Is that a pun?

**Pigeon:** So the humans they were mostly really great to me, they often fed me in parks, and like kinda just let me do my thing, I didn't love 'em when they put out little spiky things so I couldn't perch wherever I want to, so it wasn't the greatest sometimes they'd shoo me out of places but overall they were alright, I got along pretty well and I kinda just did my thing, so you know. It's a little too bad, I kinda miss those breadcrumbs, and sorry to see them go I guess.

Dandelion: To breadcrumbs! Assembly: To breadcrumbs.

**Eagle:** Humans were not eagles, and I guess that wasn't really their fault. But, you know they tried, they did a bit of flying, you know, they did okay, they probably coulda eaten some more pigeons and tilapia, woulda done better. Hark, now, they weren't eagles, so.

Dandelion: To tilapia!

Eagle: That's how it goes.

Dandelion: To not sharing. Assembly: To not sharing!

**Sugarcane:** So humans, right? Super into all the things they did. Like, planted fields and fields of me, like, burned shit down, like, humans, super into it, like, lotsa tea, like had wars for that stuff, I mean, I like leaves, I have leaves, but like, war? Come on, man. Humans. Super into things, they were really into things, I mean, tea is good, I like tea, tea and I get along, but you know. They could have like, chilled out a little bit, they may have lasted longer.

Dandelion: To lasting longer. Assembly: To lasting longer.

**Tilapia:** So, my family got to do something that not all tilapia got to do, they got to be city dwellers, they lived in an aquarium in a warehouse in the middle of the city and it was kept that way by plants growing in a garden in a window and that's pretty cool that's something not every fish can say, and I'm glad, you know in a way that-- I had the whole ocean and they just had a little box, but they did get to experience something that I will never know about. So, to industry!

Assembly: To industry!

Dandelion: To post-human aquaponics!

**Garlic Mustard:** I never met a human that didn't have a strong opinion about me. Some of them loved me, some of them hated me. They sure did have a lot of opinions. That was fun I guess. To humans.

Dandelion: To humans!

**Snapping Turtle:** I will remember humans most for their obsession with getting us to latch onto things, and latch onto other things. I suppose if we'd latched onto them a bit harder, maybe at least some pieces of them would still be around for us to remember...

Assembly: To pieces. Turtle: To pieces.

**Parrot:** Hello! So, as a parrot, my voice, I got my voice from humans, from mimicking them, sometimes mocking them. I didn't want a cracker, I only wanted a cracker if it was gluten free, ya know? Anyway, so. Now that the humans are gone, I don't have to mock them, I don't get to mock them. I have to, no I GET to, find my own voice.

Dandelion: To voice!

Parrot: to voice, to finding your own voice.

**Common House Cat:** Uh, hello. Are any of you, uh, apex predators? Apex predators? ... I don't know if I was an apex predator-- I'm a cat, I'm a small house cat, common. I was very common, you guys. But, the thing about humans, they weren't apex predators, but they were at the top of the damn food chain, having no real right to be there, you know, they weren't fast, they weren't vicious, their teeth were for chewing plants, bottom of the food chain, humans. But there I was, living with Meghan. Mostly on a couch, sometimes in a windowsill, dreaming for this day, this day, where I could become, well, I'm not gonna become an apex predator, but maybe I could be like a foothill predator. Are there any coyotes? Coyote! (pointing to a coyote in the assembly), you can be a different foothill predator, with me! Just -- far away, far away. We'll have a go at it, it'll be great! We'll see what we can do, I'm gonna catch some song birds. Cheers.

Dandelion: To tasty songbirds.

Cat: To tasty side-songbirds.

**Spider:** Humans, now that they're gone, I have to admit, they left a void, for centuries us spiders have lived with them, cohabitated along with them, in their homes, they've just shared all of their memories with them. We were alongside them while they were in their kitchens cooking dinner, we threw them surprise parties every morning in the shower, it was a great time and we loved it, and now in their memory, we hope to carry on their traditions, we will have those parties in the showers, we will cohabitate in the darkest corners of their homes, in their memory, so that they may live on. To humans.

Dandelion: To humans!

**Bat:** Humans... are nothing if not well-intentioned. Sometimes nothing but intention. They wanted to make the world a better place, and they sprayed and they sprayed and they sprayed for mosquitos, and I went hungry, and I will miss much about the humans, but I am fed and happy now. To humans. May we remember them as they're gone.

Assembly: To mosquitos.

**Lion:** Humans hunted me, and now they're gone, I feel like I'm king of the jungle, so now I'm finally on top.

Assembly: To prey!

**Coyote:** Lion has already said that now we will be on top of the food chain, of the hierarchy, as it were, humans used to be afraid of me as I howled and howled at the moon, which is currently, beautifully, overhead. And they would limit where I was able to go, they would limit where I could be, if it was in the back yards, if it was in the fields, where their flocks where. Now I can roam wherever I want, and no one will be afraid of me recognizing our beautiful moon. Aroooooo.

[assembly howls in toast]

**Mosquito:** Of all the species on the earth I am one of the few who truly miss you. You were delicious.

Dandelion: To deliciousness. "

**Grain of Rice:** Even though I am small, as a grain of rice, I was made to feel very big by humans. They saw beyond my smallness and transformed me from grass into food, and I ended up feeding 40 percent of the humans. I will miss them.

Dandelion: Thank you dear nourishing rice.

**Codfish:** Ah, codfish. I appreciate that the humans treated water as a lifeless coddity, ruined it to the point that it could no longer support the many more, and therefore led to their demise, leaving the water for me, where it works just fine, as I am an ocean-dwelling animal. Um, I also appreciate them over-fishing my competitors that were prettier or more delicious than I, so that I can survive strongly in my own environment, without so much competition.

Dandelion: To survival!

**Fox:** appreciated that the humans made a viral hit youtube saga speculating what I say, and even though they got it very very wrong, it was still a catchy tune. So, to humans.

Dandelion: to catchy tunes!

**Polar Bear:** Well I never got the hairless thing, but I was impressed by it; adaptability is important. Humans hunted me to my near extinction, and they rode through my territory, but there were those who were able to recognize their mistakes, and for that I am thankful.

Dandelion: For learning from mistakes.

Polar bear: yes

**Mushroom:** Humans; what can you say? We did good work together in Italian restaurants, and I will very much miss working with them. They did teach me something about coming together with others of our friends to create something bigger than myself, and much better, and with a bigger flavor. So, here's to humans.

Dandelion: And their delicious taste.

**Earthworm:** I cannot bring myself to honor this invasive species. I would like to instead honor the hundreds and hundreds of my brethren and sistren who have died impaled on hooks, drowned in lakes, streams. Hear hear, to the lowly earthworms, may we now rule the earth

Dandelion: Thank you earthworm.

**Bubblegum:** I have not to eulogize the humans, but to ask why. Why was I left beneath this movie theater seat. Why did they allow global catastrophe to wipe them out before I could get removed. Instead I have sat here for eons, countless eons, until I developed sentience. Mine is a cold and lonely existence. Why, humanity, why.

Dandelion: To why.

Dandelion: Welcome Round Up, we've had a fraught relationship.

**Round Up:** Yeah, I'm glad you got over that. I feel like the dandelions are a big reason why humans brought me into existence, and, we had a lot of good times together, well me and the humans, not the dandelions, so -- to the humans, it's been a while and I miss them.

Dandelion: Thank you Round Up, let's put our differences aside.

**Orangutan:** It's really hard to find out that some really close relatives are gone now, and no longer there... they gave me some great opportunities, things I'd never thought I'd be doing-- like standing behind a metal cage for them to look at me, co-starring with Clint Eastwood in slapstick comedy movies... I don't miss them. To humans.

Dandelion: Thank you Orangutan. Drink to humans.

Dandelion: Welcome rainstorm, we thought you'd be coming tonight.

**Rain storm:** While I'm not here this evening to join us thankfully, I'm thankful for all the times I got enjoy with humans who were on earth. Most notably ????, Rachel DandelionAdams, and Ryan Gosling, one of my most favorite memories with humans on earth. May you take that memory with you tonight, and enjoy love.

Dandelion: To love! Thank you rainstorm.

**Sparrow:** I'm really gonna miss the humans; I had some beautiful times. They fed me breadcrumbs in the park -- I especially will miss the 75-plus-year-olds in the community, they really took special care of me, so I will miss them. To the humans.

Assembly: Awww. "

Dandelion: Welcome plastic! I hear there's a lot of you around still.

Plastic: There is.

Dandelion: We're glad you could join us tonight.

**Plastic:** Well thank you kindly. I am plastic. How many of you have used me throughout the times? Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes (counting assembly hands)? I win, you did not, sorry, thank you.

Assembly: Cheers.

Dandelion: You can stay now.

**Acidophilus:** Thank you for having me, I am a bacteria that once lived inside the human intestines, and female hoohaws, and I evolved with them over hundreds of thousands, maybe even millions of years, and I witnessed the mass annihilation and destruction they did to this planet. I'm not sure if I'm still around or not; if I am I'm living in milk products or yogurt which I hope are still around. The pigs and goats do enjoy when ??, it's complex -- cheers to humans.

Dandelion: To the microbiome! Thank you acidophilus. I bet a dandelion yogurt would be pretty interesting.

Dandelion: Welcome pluto, you've come a long way.

**Pluto:** I have. Well this is a bit awkward. I see human friends here, high fructose corn syrup -- your number one consumer, plastics -- god they love you, pigs -- your closest relative, a walleye, a few of them love you in this really weird state no one talks about.

Unfortunately I had a fraught relationship with the humans. They named me after their god of death and then spent endless years talking about whether I was a planet, or a body floating in space, and at the end of the day it just kind of stressed me out. So I say to the humans and their endlessly meaningless words, their categories, and to their gods: cheers. [Dandelion says something hard to understand @ 1:14:37: We're so glad that a planetary deity could come to join us.]"

**Pig:** Hello, I'm a pig, um, in many ways I have a lot to thank for the humans, I probably wouldn't, my population wouldn't be as big, you know, if not for them, and however, that was partially because of them liked to, you know, eat me, which is a little bit distressing, so, again, mixed feelings, as a lot of, you know, folks here have, so-- cheers!

Dandelion: To genetic diversity, which now thanks to pigs we have more of! Thank you pig!

**High Fructose Corn Syrup:** Cheers to human beings. Human beings loved me. They were addicted to me because I was so sweet, but I also contributed to their demise with heart disease, obesity, diabetes, and bad teeth. Multi-national corporations loved me like Monsanto and ADM, because to produce me they had to grow large fields of corn, GMO corn, and use these large amounts of pesticide and weedkiller and RoundUp, they contributed to the erosion of the soil and the destruction of rivers.

They loved me so much -- they made lots of money off of me, but because of them I contributed to their demise.  
So here's to the human beings.

Dandelion: And their demise.  
Assembly: And their demise.

**Walleye:** Hello everyone, I come from Lake Mille Lacs. People ask me what I remember about the humans, the thing I remember most is the tasty treats they always used to dangle in front of our faces. But those treats always seemed to come with strings attached. So, even though the dark shadows of their boats won't darken our watery skies anymore, for better or worse, we'll never forget the humans. To humans.

**Nemotode:** Good evening, thank you all for coming. I am a nemotode, and I would like to give a nemo-toast. Due to a wonderful invention by the humans, I was able to discover on Wikipedia what I am to them. And I was able to find out that there's a lot of similarities that we have together. One is that we were able to adapt well to the environments we were presented with. And also like me, humans were able to, er, humans were able to give parasite to those environments. And ultimately I was able to survive but they were not. So, to humans.

Dandelion: Well done nemotode.

**Grand Canyon:** Thank you... I'd like to offer a toast to the humans this evening... as the Grand Canyon, I had a rather on-again off-again relationship with humans, who alternated between appreciating me and changing me, this is I guess the way it goes, to the humans.

Dandelions: Thank you Canyon.

**Volcano:** I have a thing for mass extinction. It's funny, because I didn't actually know about these human things until today, so it's really weird. I've been around for a long time, first as magma, so, I haven't been able to know you guys for very long, in fact I didn't know you existed because you're very small, so, uh, but, cheers to my lush habitats that I established for humans.

Dandelion: To lush habitats, we appreciate those!

Assembly: L'chaim!

Dandelion: we look forward after you've quieted down to inhabit some of those soils.

**Gold Ingot:** Humans fought over me, they sought me out, they cherished me, even the smallest nugget was worth a trip all the way across the US to wear some blue jeans and play in a creek. They used me to enshrine their most prized humans, they used me to set up locations that people would travel to from all over the world, and I'm gonna miss the way they cherished me. Thank you. To humans.  
Dandelion: Thank you Gold we appreciate you.

Dandelion: Welcome to extended gridlock, we've missed you!  
**Extended Gridlock:** Hello. I just want to recognize that without humans I could never have existed. And even though they didn't really like me, they definitely needed me, and I also needed them. We have a bad relationship, but, I think I'm sad to see them go because now I'm kind of meaningless to humans.

Dandelion: We appreciate all the places the humans just left you hanging out when they stopped.

**Housefly:** Buzz buzz, buzz buzz buzz. [does a dance, then bows].  
Dandelion: (raising glass), buzz!

A Chihuahua: I'm gonna miss yipping, and having my monkey slaves feed me.

Dandelion: To nourishment:

**Carp:** So, I'm actually happy to see the humans leave, and I'm very happy to no longer live in threat of becoming gefilte fish and swimming in a bathtub. So, here's to you.

Assembly: L'chaim!

**Zebra Mussel:** Thank you! So, I just wanna thank humans for being so incredibly careless. Your carelessness has allowed us and me to travel to places that I would never have been able to travel, had you not let me stick to your boats, and just not even thought about me and taken me all over the world. So thank you humans.

Assembly: L'chaim.

Dandelion: As a fellow traveler, I appreciate that sentiment.

**Coal:** My name is Ebony, and I am a lump of coal. The priests of my kind know a story, that when we come to the end of our days we will be shoveled up and sent to the great fire. And there in the great fire we will create something called Power, and power machines, and make something called Light. I have never bought these stories-- I think they are lies! The humans have taken away my parents; they have shoveled up my loved ones, they have taken us, century after century! And so today I stand before you in celebration: Good riddance to the humans!

Assembly: [cheers]. Hear hear!

Dandelion: Thank you coal, I appreciate you staying in the ground!

**Stream:** So I just wanted to say, all of you have walked, battled through, swam through me. Some have bathed in me with improper soap, but some were good and used the biodegradable form. And we've had fun but it's time for me to choose my own path. Thanks for your guidance, but I now know where I need to go.

Audience Members: (cheer, then toast) You're drinking dandelion juice!

**Fossil Fuel:** Oh humans, for some of you I was really great. For many of you all I brought was pain. My only regret was that you never used me as a bridge to a more sustainable future.

Audience: (agreement noises)

**Landfill:** I am a landfill and I miss the humans. They were my creator. Without them I could never have existed. They used so much stuff. I loved their garbage. And honestly with them gone, I cannot continue my existence.

Audience Member: All the plastic will stay there...

Dandelion : It is a continued existence.

**MSG:** I am monosodium glutamate and I had a very strange relationship with the humans. I occur naturally, but they treat me like I'm some strange foreign substance. And I give their food a savory taste, but they say I cause headaches, their skin to break out, I make them sick. I've supplied people for millions of years across Asia, yet Americans fear me. I have to ask, what is it that you really fear about me?

Dandelion: To articulating fears!

**Cobra:** All I have to say is that I hold no grudge for those, my capturers, that revered my beauty. I wish I was respected more than admired. I truly mean no harm, but I've never known better. My life is my own, I have to protect it.

**Scorpion:** So as the scorpion I am one of the most resilient animals and so are humans and I respect that. But as a scorpion I am also one of the most toxic animals, and humans are way more toxic than I ever was and that's messed up and I don't miss that.

Dandelion: To an end to toxicity!

**Moose:** Hello my name is Moose and I am Moose. I will miss huffing the exhaust from humans cars .I will not miss being hunted

by men with large guns and small penises. I will not be a replacement moose.

**Almond:** Hello everyone. I am the lonely almond. I am going to miss humans. I am going to be missed being consumed in croissants and tiny italian cookies. I am not going to miss being turned into swill for lactose intolerants, but I think we're all a little bit at fault. I single-handedly caused a draught in California but I just want to say it's not too late and now I can thrive in forests

Dandelion: To trees!

**An ear of corn.** You left me roasting in the oven at 350 degrees today for too long. And today I left you roasting with the temperature of an additional 2 degrees on average. Ears are the only variety left, there is no more nose, eyes, or chins left alive, and even my toothy kernels are being to fall out. You used to make paper dolls out of my husk and now that is all the ??? is good for either. I hope to get out the old sewing machine to dress you for a memorial puppet show.

Audience Member: The bitterness! A bitter ear of corn

V: A bitter and dried ear of corn. To bitterness (toast)"

**Banana:** I was there when the last banana was consumed by humans and I will not miss them. I will not miss the long hours on trucks and boats to end in an old grocery store to be consumed. In fact, I am a little relieved that I outlived humans who looked like they had it in for me for a while.

Dandelion: To banana, not a crop species, unlikely as it might be.

**Cheese:** I would like to say that I really appreciated hanging out in your house. You may know me from such places as Cub foods and Trader Joes and maybe even Milennial's refrigerators somewhere. But i would also like to say we've had very good times. We've paired very well with different foods, including the tostito chip. The tostito chip was amazing but we may have overdone some things together. And we may have probably put ourselves out there in too many different foods and maybe we should have just kept things simple and maybe just enjoyed me as myself. But I would like to say there is always room for cheese, and if there is a pairing, keep it simple.

Dandelion: To simple cheese!

**Bird:** I'm not very prepared so I'll just say I will miss looking at humans out of both sides of my head. I will not miss being shooed away from my grocery store (bird feeders). Goodbye humans.

Dandelion: I will miss chasing you around the trees.

**Chimpanzee:** (chimp noises) I am chimpanzee. I don't miss the humans they thought they were so smart with their cellphones and their disposable diapers and their rendering plants, their sport utility

vehicles, their automobiles, their tankers, their methane gas. I don't miss them and (chimp noises) and I'm glad they're gone, and I hope they rest in peace--i mean distress. Rest in distress.

Audience: Rest in distress.

**Mosquito:** Well I am bzzzz the mosquito and I have to commiserate with some of my fellow sisters and brothers that have been up here, the dandelion, the portabello mushroom, and the squirrel. I am very happy that the humans are not here anymore. They were trying to eradicate me and get rid of me because I sucked their blood. And you know, although I want to commiserate and say that I miss them, I also have to say I'm conflicted in that I enjoyed their blood, they had the best blood but we're going to be a more popular species now, all the mosquitos. So all in all I think I'm more on the side of you... so to the humans that are gone.

Audience: To the humans that are gone!

**Tornado:** I'm Erin the tornado from silence to the whispers of the wind, from my eye to chaos, moving in slow then with force destructing along the way. Handpicking things to be untouched, humans have nothing on me. To humans with nothing.

Audience: To humans with nothing, truly

**Coyote:** Humans thought they had families, but as they chose to ship their elders off as we chose to defend and let them live with us as a family we all knew in times' end that humans eventually would die off while the coyote prosper.

Audience: To every lasting coyote  
Audience: To family

**Pigeon:** So humans always make me think of my buddy Mike when we were young we'd play this game where we'd all gather in a little circle and wait for one to lock up and the last one to fly away lose..or won depending on how you want to look at it. But humans are always really predictable, they play by the rules. Now that they're gone, predatory birds, way up. You stick around last, you get eaten. Owls, hawks, they don't play by those rules. Us pigeons we play the long game. When was the last time you heard of pigeon pie?!-- it's pigeon pot pie! I lost my buddy Mike to a barn owl the other day. To humans, we will miss you. To Mike.

Audience: To Mike

**Ore:** I for one am happy that humans are dead. They released poisonous gases, and that sucked. It really sucked. They are still around. The gases, not the humans, the humans are dead. The radiation also isn't great, that's around. I really don't like that. But it is nice that they're dead. The humans are dead.

Audience: The humans are dead.  
Dandelion: I like it, the ore is so environmental, I love it.

**Walleye:** You know, it was really nice having humans around. I appreciated the spread that they gave us, it was nice to get out of our little ponds and get to bigger little ponds. But I'm not going to miss getting poked in the face all the time, and then just getting eaten or thrown back in the water. So here's to the humans

Audience: To the humans

**Tick:** Sure, humans may have burned us, flushed us down the toilet. But they had so many dogs and children, bloodbanks for us to feast on. But most importantly, they changed the world. They warmed it up tremendously so I was able to brave the winter and raise my offspring, and have immense families of ticks. Thank you humans.

Audience: Thank-you humans

**Horseshoe crab:** I was around way before humans, and way before everyone else here. I've seen species come and go, but they have been always actually alive in our memories, and so will the humans. After all they tried to survive, like all of us. They tried to survive in a different sense, they tried to create another social environment. But we will never forget them and they will still be alive in our genes, or souls.

Audience: Never forget

**Polar Bear:** Well as you all know I had to move to land and there I starved and scavenged. The humans also had to migrate and starve and scavenge. But had they only paid attention, to the signs all around them, the changing climate. Had they only done something. To attention

Audience: To attention

**Killer Whale:** The humans were so arrogant. I think they think they knew everything, but they didn't even really know anything about the deep sea where I live. The Mariana Trench, and all the stuff that lives down there. It was like they knew so little it was almost like a second outer space. On earth, so I don't know. I won't miss them much because I didn't see them much. But it's a little bit warmer, I guess. To humans

Audience: To humans

Dandelion: Please come forth, crow, share the wisdom of your carrion ways.

**Crow:** Well I have feelings today. the world is certainly a quieter place without the humans. No planes, no trains, no automobiles, no deforestation, no automobiles...it's quiet, it's very quiet. And that's sad. But on the other hand I have a feeling that the humans didn't really like me any way.

Audience: Awww

Crow: So...I'll just feast on their carcasses and drown my sorrows that way

Dandelion: To feasting on their carcasses

**Bumblebee:** It's a sad, sad day. The humans are gone! This is their memorial. They were so awesome, they gave us little white boxes all over the place. They were fantastic. And then...all those pesticides...was a lot. I don't I keep on thining those little white boxes, they came., they smoked us out, made us sleepy, took our stuff. I don't know, were they just little white prisons? But. They're gone. Hey! Cheers!

Audience: Cheers! Cheers to the bumblebee

So as you know we're all here to celebrate the lives and the ending of lives, of the humans...and...sorry we're just trying to keep this intimate so that we can really share. So that it feels like we're in a safe place. I know, some people are going to say things and other creatures are going to be like, ""no..."" and we have to hear everyone..."

"????: And...what should I say about the humans. We had a bad rap with the humans. We only had the Victorian era when we really in common name and culture. they would ingest us for fun. And put us under microscopes for discussion, but really they didn't realize that we could really help the soil. And sadly the last humans that figured that out are now gone. But our only solace is that our species lives on, and in fact many of you brought one of my family members with you inside today, so thank-you. Cheers to the humans.

Audience: Cheers to the humans

"????: They would feed me a little bit... it was a very intentional relationship. I guess if I were to sum up my feelings in one word, I guess it would be neglect. They brought me in...and then they just left me there in that lab. And now I'm out. I guess the phrase is...I need to show imperative.

Zebra Mussel: think we all felt the impact of the humans on us in one way or another. They affected the world...in many ways, and brought lots of art. They brought me lots of places I wouldn't be otherwise. And I think that's why I survive today. But...they also brought a lot of extinction. Some of them did not think about that. Maybe that's a lesson to us too, someday one of us may be extinct as well. Humans will be missed.

I just want to say that I do feel...but for a lot of time that was not true. And so for that...and so looking back on my life with humans---  
[sharp cutoff]

"Stream (?): I would like to make a toast to fewer antidepressants making their way into waterwas i nminute amounts. Oh, the shawl.

Dandelion: The shawl....we share, we compete, so is life

"

**Fox:** I would like to raise a toast to...the human species, now defunct. Which in its wake left smoggy skies, but also quite abundant carrion and kill. I ate like a king. A king of fozes. in those days shortly after the plague. There was plenty, everywhere. but there was also the smog and ashes. And now the animals in the forest are rising again, and I will have to go back to my home and hunt. [raises glass]

Audience member: Sorry for you fox.... you have to do a little work...  
Dandelion: To Chernoble, and the return of all the animals. Cheers.

**Antibiotic:** I'd like to make a toast to antibiotics, for fighting really hard against antibiotic resistance...because antibiotic resistance is a big problem....so yeah, antibiotics

Audience: Antibiotic Resistance!

**Antibiotic:** Yeah, antibiotic resistance!  
Audience: Hear Hear! Salud! Bonjour! Esta bien!

**Acid Rain:** I'd like to make a toast to all the humans of the past...that I fell upon, in my days of storms. They really made me dirty. And I'm sorry that I rain acid now.

Dandelion: To acid rain!  
Audience: To acid Rain"

**Mississippi River:** We gather here today, for a toast. For the human species, for they are not here anymore. Surely, they tried to damn me. but, in the end, they are the damned. A toast!

Dandelion: To the damned!  
Stream: To the damned!  
Audience: To the damned!

**Ash Tree:** A toast to the humans, who have climbed me, who have sat below me, who are buried below my deepest roots. That they may live there forever more. May they...yes. I eat their nitrogen, forever

Dandelion: Salud

Ash Tree: To nitrogen!

Audience: To nitrogen

**Bumblebee:** I'll make a toast to our enjoyment, without the humans. And their enjoyment as well, while they were here.

Dandelion: To enjoyment, aww, you're so generous.

**Almond:** I'd like to make a toast to the departed humans, who bred me in such a way that forced me to grow to an enormous size. Who

planted me in such a way that I led to the desertification of large swaths of the United states. Now I can go back to my normal portions and live in harmony with the earth. Harmony with the Earth!

Audience: To harmony with the Earth! Salud!

**Dandelion:** I'm going to share a memorial from the tick, ""Humans I will miss you. I speak for many of my kind to express sorrow at your passing. We will be waiting a long, long time on this stalk of grass for someone as delicious or warm or disturbing as humans to pass by. ..oh deer, oh deer, oh mammal, eventually I will miss humans. But that particular human and it's buturic acids, thank-you

**Pine Tree:** I would like to make a toast to the humans. Even though they are gone now, I greatly enjoyed while they were here. Even though they trapped me down and turned me into wooded structures. Now that they're gone I can be evergreen evermore. Cheers.

Dandelion: Thanks for leaving humans

**Tool:** We were close, we used to hang together but once humans left the trees and followed the ground, they've gone beyond their use of trees. To humans.

Dandelion: They went beyond your usage...to humans.

**Splenda:** Well, to my friends, at the lab. Thank you for leaving me at the lab. Because now I can run it... properly. And to my supervisor.

Dandelion: To Lab work

Audience: Salud

Splenda: Salud indeed

**Moose:** Hey! What can I say about the humans. There's so much that they left me with. I now appreciate your vote, you recently voted me in as mayor of Saint Paul . I get to trot up and down University avenue, because I'm so fit. I'm glad your re-extending my habitat to its original habitat. So thanks for, taking care of me. So yeah...Vote moose in 2018 Thanks!

Dandelion: To moose happiness!

Audience: To moose happiness!

**The Sun:** Greetings those who have convened. The saddest is that they were full of spark and light and sparkle, and used it so poorly. The most wonderful part about humans is that they smell so delicious when I cook them under my radiant rays. To delicious humans

Dandelion: To barbecue

**Zebra Mussel:** You know I think I owe a lot the humans ...to their ignorance and to their lack of planning abilities. So say what you will, but I think they were really what we needed to push ourselves forward.

**Wolf:** I'm just really confused why you all thought it was okay to shoot us from helicopters with assault rifles. I mean we're already dead, so we're all,....yeah. To humans. God damnit. Fuck you

**Elephant:** I don't know why the ASA rides us as elephants in circus. Cute little circus. And also in Africa--in other countries in the world to use as an ivory tusk. And I know you think that's us but the thing is we just live every day we can. To humans.

Dandelion: To elephants remembering...thank-you elephant."

**Dragonfly:** Well as dragonflies, we ruled the earth, a long time ago. And then you guys created Monsanto and we'd fly in the sun, and crop dusters would stun...all that Agent Orange on our bodies then my nervous system was so screwed up I didn't know which way was up, and then I flew up-side-down and that's it, then I died. But now that them humans are gone, we own the sky once more.

Dandelion: To owning the sky!

Dragonfly: Oh shit, here comes some robins and sparrows..they're going to eat me

**Nematode:** Well, I wasn't really sure who I was until, you know, about 5 minutes ago when I did a little research. Some inner searching, really. And all I can say about humans is that I'm happy I grossed them out a little bit, you know, gave them the heebie-jeebies. To humans

Dandelion: To grossing out the humans

Nematode: Yeah, to grossing out the humans

**Petri Dish:** I was good friends with the nematode. Just one thing to say, the humans may have put me in this petri dish, but last jokes on them because I'm still here

Audience: Ow, ow!

Dandelion: Hope you get out of that petri dish

Petri Dish: I'll find a way out---no prob. Nematode friend will find me somehow, or more likely the bumblebee

**Bumblebee:** I'm glad your gone, 'cause now I get to eat more flowers. And sweet, sweet nectar, and all that delicious delicious



**Turkey:** So I'm just going to start out and say I'm glad that the humans are dead. I think they were jerks to us. I did not like, you know, getting eaten. And I thought it was really insulting when Benjamin Franklin was like, ""Oh, let's make this the National Bird!"" Yeah, like we're going to honor you, but we're also going to kill you and eat you. That's just...really fucked up. So let's go eat them now. [laughter] Let's make them the national animal of our new society

**Dandelion:** That's great. To electing humans as the poster child for the Turkey Nations

**Turkey:** Yes

**Dandelion:** how would you make them? In what form? And in what Holiday?

**Turkey:** Well, they eat us in a lot of different forms

**Dandelion:** But mostly at Thanksgiving, right?

**Turkey:** Yes

**Dandelion:** I wonder what holiday the turkey what eat the humans...

**Dandelion:** Thankstaking. Thankstaking. Come on turkey two! A rare occasion. We are very honored you both came.

**Second Turkey:** First I'd like to thank the humans for keeping us warm, and keeping us so close to each other. But I will be glad to have so much more space.

**Dandelion:** Cheers

**Turkey:** To the humans

**Dandelion:** To space. Although, look, you did come together

**Turkey:** Yeah [laughs]

**Dandelion:** What are we at? Alright, welcome. Spider.

**Dandelion:** Some creatures I haven't seen at all. I miss Amanita Mushroom, hasn't shown up. A little sad. I'm sad about that.

**Dandelion:** Everybody comfortable? Alright... I'm going to mix it up. Portobello, we'd love to hear from you. I'm going to organize you guys. "

"Portabello: Alright, well I'm a portabello mushroom and my experience with the humans wasn't too bad. The ones who went foraging were usually the good ones. Although, sometimes I felt they wanted me to be different than I was...spicier...magicker...tastier...So here's to the humans, for being who I am

**Dandelion:** Awww, portabello. A beautiful toast"

"Corn: Well gosh, aww shucks I love the humans! They planted me absolutely everywhere! And covered me in lovely, soothing spray to keep all the little biety insects off me. I thrived! I don't know what I'll do now that they've gone!

**Dandelion:** We'll help you. We'll help you. Dandelions know how to do this. Alright. Excellent. Thank you. Sugar beet. Sugar beet is a good act to follow corn, especially in Minnesota"

"Sugar Beet: Well, I'm grateful to humans for planting me in massive overabundance. Which, you know, spread me everywhere. That was great. Before that, I wasn't really as big, or as sweet. Unfortunately, that's sort of led to a post-human world overabundance and reverse cannibalism (pretends to eat self, Audience laughs). Its a sugar beet community, but you know. Humans, that was weird [Audience laughs]

**Dandelion:** To cannibalism. Stay with the domestic...the dog

**Audience Member:** Domestic! (laughs)

Dandelion: well you guys are domestic! You plants are domestic. Unlike us dandelions."

"Dog: I'm gonna--I'm gonna--I'm gonna miss--I'm gonna miss--everybody!!!! [Audience laughs] A lot! I'm gonna miss everybody ALLL the time! [Audience laughs] I'm miss--I'm gonna miss-- all the legs I got to hump, and the other crotches I got to smell. [Audience laughs] And they weren't all the same! Like they were all different, everyone was so different and I just had to get my face in there, it was AMAZING [Audience laughs] And they were right--eating that much of my own poop WAS NOT GOOD FOR ME [Audience laughs]. But I'm gonna miss everybody so much, I'm gonna miss everybody so much but I'm glad you're all here [Audience laughs] Dandelion: To being here!! At least you have other species to be with....Chimpanzee!"

"Chimpanzee: Alright...so...being a fellow primate with the humans I can't say I'm surprised they're the first of us to go. I never really had, you know, faith in the homo sapiens. But...I will be happy that I won't be in a cage anymore, being tested on, different make-up products on, didn't really like it that much. never my color, or style, but...I'll miss them

Dandelion: Poor chimp...sorry about that. Oh wow, we have some new entertainment that started [Audience laughs]"

"Dandelion: Go visit the Dirt Dandelion everyone front row. Go hang out around the corner, they will help you out some dirt on our sisters or brothers.

Audience Member: Wait! Wait! you guys!

Dandelion: We've lost the portabello....

Dandelion: Come on in!

Dandelion: Wow....Hello! and Welcome!

Dandelion: Well, I'm going to read you, one little vignette from a poor human ally. Who actually wrote about polar bears ""A polar bear once said 'that after this death of all living all our unfulfilled wishes and unspoken words will go on drifting in the stratosphere. They will combine with one another and linger upon the earth like a fog. What will this fog look like in the eyes of the living? Will they fail to remember the dead and instead indulge in the banal meteorological conversations like, 'it's foggy today don't you think?' ""

Dandelion: So I'd like to invite you up to give a toast to the humans. Have you been initiated into what's happening in here? No--nobody talked to you other than me? Just a little bit. So, in short, you were invited to come be part of the memorial for the human species. The humans are gone. They're gone. And you are a bumblebee. You're a bumblebee and I know that because you're wearing an ID tag. Say my name. Say my name. Say my name. So, it would be great--I'm confused about what's happening--I think we need to come in groups, so if you'll just wait a sec, I think you'll have a better experience.

Dandelion: So, the human dumped...so, we've asked you guys to come and say a few words about the humans. Although, some seem to still be here. So apple tree, can we hear from you?"

Apple Tree: Here's to the humans. They planted me in droves. Johnny Appleseed. But it cost the land. Spread my seeds, and propagated me to be the best and greatest fruit. To the humans

"Dandelion: To the arrogance of apples! I love it! Does spider want to speak

"

"Spider: I have to say I'm really going to miss terrorizing those humans, as I would tangle down my nearly invisible web and scare those fellow humans. Thank you to those who didn't step on me and squish me, because I have now outlived you. And I can continue in my terrorizing ways. Cheers

Dandelion: Oh, terrorizing. Thank you. horseshoe crab, you have something to say? Cell culture? Yup, got something to say"

Cell Culture: Now that the humans are gone, I am free to grow...grow spores into oakry, without the fear of antibiotics and antibacterial soaps. Here's to the humans.

"Orca: I would like to honor the humans that did force me to Sea World. Make me do tricks, and go insane. And I'm glad that I don't have to worry about that any more. That sucked. Same with boats. Including the water with noise, I couldn't communicate with my fellow whales. but also, I'd like to acknowledge the humans that understood the struggle of the whales. So...

Dandelion: You had a few friends

Orca: I did have some friends

Dandelion: You did have some friends. But you had more boat propellers than friends, it's true. To having some human friends

"Bumblebee: Thank you everybody. I'm just a drone here to tell you what the queen told me to say so....Sorry for stinging all those humans. I miss them

Dandelion: To conflict...conflicted feelings..."

"Dirt Dandelion: thank-you guys. I'll invite you to visit in the moment, behind the stage. If you wait a moment, Dirt Dandelion has disappeared

Audience Member: Dirt Dandelion is distracted!

Dandelion: [laughs] It's a late night. You three may mime, or dance, or sing. We have some weird musical competition, it's very distracted, it makes me want to read a really mean poem called ""Silence Said"" Silence had her own contribution to this. They're just really loud. Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. you're dead now. God! Hush! Hush! You can finally enjoy what this meadow is about. To beautiful sounds! Words! Waves! Wind! Thunder! Ripples! Splashing! All the sounds--your WORDS!!! Endless words, drown out. Can you hear it?!!! That felt good!!!!!! Dandelions love to be mean. Okay So. We're really here for you to be able to express your feelings about humans, not so much us. So we'd like to invite you up to say a few words, or pantomime about your relationship to humans. ...would you like to start?

:Sure

Dandelion: I have a shawl for you"

"Infester: Hi. I am very sad there are no humans left for me to infest. Where am I supposed to live?

Dandelion: The soil!

Infester :Nahhh, it's warmer..

Dandelion: It's not the same. To warm bodies! Make a toast for warm bodies."

"Dandelion: I do not know what you are?

Wolf: A wolf

Dandelion: Would you like to speak wolf?

Wolf: Nahh, I'm good

Dandelion: [laughs] Okay, wolf is just like, ""It's all fine""...How about you zebra mussel?"

"Zebra Musselk: Thank you. I mean I would like to personally thank all of you for helping me spread from lake to lake. Really unchecked I've had a really good job, taking over a lot of other habitat and it's been really great. Without you and your boats, how could I have

done this? I mean, I am really going to miss humans. Its going to be a struggle. Without them, how are we going to get fourteen million sea turtles to....Without them, I don't know.

Dandelion: Trapped in a lake, forever and ever

Zebra Mussel: Trapped on this tremendous, tremendous barrell, but here's to you humans. You brought us this far

Dandelion: To distribution

Zebra Mussel: Distribution

Dandelion: Cheers. Thank you

Zebra Mussel: Thank you

**Elephant:** Even though it's a complicated history,.., they liked my tusks. They drove me in hordes, its been around the world, but it's almost gone now and its been a mixed bag. I'm not happy that they're gone, but I'm not going to miss them.

Dandelion: To....what's the toast?

Elephant: Memories

Dandelion: Aahhhhh, memories

Elephant: We have long memories

Dandelion: To long memories, you'll have many"

Dandelion: I'm going to invite you to the table....Okay....[handing out name cards, indistinguishable] Okay pine tree, I'm going to wait for some people to come in.

"Pine Tree: Ahhhh, I'm pine tree.

Dandelion: Explain how you're like each other. You're a splendid Splenda. The only reason you're still around is because the humans did you a favor. They designated you, well, a guy named Obama designated you as an endangered species. So people wouldn't kill you anymore.we were ruining your habitats. A lot of people were resentful. You somehow escaped, and even though a lot of them got reversed and a lot of them did get desotroyed. A nd some of them--but not al of them--Sad.

Pine Tree: I'm used to just...sure...uhh, so. Humans and pine trees, you know, we have sort of a...there's a good and a bad. Cause, their heart was in the right place, they loved us, they would move around us, in their homes, they connected us to their rods, they loved the way we smelled...they wrote songs aobut us. But also, they, like, they loved us to the point of wanting us all the time, you know, and there's only so much that one tree or one species of tree can take, and you know, first came the y were always cutting us down, always turning us into furniture, and then hauling us off for cheap. Like, like, why is furniture cheap? We made a bunch of sacrifice for it. And they, they did, you know, give us a nice sort of, like, place to live in their farms and stuff, but you know if that kind of thing of security versus freedom dichotomy. Sorry, the freedom vs security dichotomy. We were in the, you know, when you go to one of these tree farm they got lots of trees, and they have a high standard of living, but until they get sacrificed. So there's a tradeoff, like a ehctics-- bioethics panel, and you know like I'm not going to talk about the politics cause its a funeral, but I think we, you know, really like, needed to have a discussion about that, and now we're going to have a discussion about that. But they're gone. That's not going to happen anymore. We are going to talk to ourselves, or are we going to go back to the way we lived. How are we going to xplore--I've got a lot of complex emotions here.

Dirt Dandelion: To (???)---and the intricate notion of farming yourself. Drink to that"

"I am a -[looks at sign, shows it]--you know who I am. And, that's why we're gathered here, I just have to say. Humans, I mean, I really can't say that I miss humans as a group. Some of them were good, the scientists, conservationists, Obama, there were some really good humans, but the majority of them just didn't really do anything. They were ready to let me go. They were ready to let all of it--everything go. Just to benefit themselves. And so, in a way, it's fitting that now, that they themselves are gone. I hope. that we will move on without them

Dandelion: I feel like you will. Thank you. To moving on. Thank you. Moose, can you follow that moving talk? Moose is too moved, it's okay. You don't have to speak moose. You can sit down...okay. How about you Orangatang? Come on up. Orangatangs always want to talk about themselves. I know, they had a hard time. Humans almost got rid of them"

"Orangatang: Basically we're cousins. The humans were not very--they did some things differently. They made certain decisions, and they didn't all...Orangatangs, we, you know, we don't do certain things like eat mushrooms, get our paw done, even though that [indistinguishable] We're not good at that, and uhhh, you know, sometimes we create islands. We uhh...Making these tools...weapons...It's just, anytime you make something, you assume it's going to be used, [indistinguishable] the point of a tool is to use it. So if you create a weapon, [indistinguishable] then that's what [indistinguishable] and so orangatangs we're just going to go on...orangatanging. That being said... I do miss...the music [laughter]

Audience: Really?

Orangatang: Some of it. Some of it not

Dandelion: To orangatanging! "

"Ash Tree: Flashing, flashing, [indistinguishable--some type of karaoke music thing going on in background]...divided us into ecological zones just out of the pages out of biology. You're on a certain bio degree, there's going to be a certain type of ecology and it's going to be very simple biology...and all the way around the world...you know, actually, ash trees grow in New York State, or the cause of the extinction of the Emerald Ash Borer, seriously, there is an owl...[indistinguishable]...

Dandelion: Don't be sad, you're still here talking

Ash Tree: And ..[indistinguishable]....trees [indistinguishable]...

Dandelion: To trees! To Trees!

Audience Member: YEAH! YEAH!

Dandelion: Thank you, your days are numbered, especially you....I'm with you on that. Better to be dandelions.... [people talking at the same time]"

"Splenda made tell some fallacies

Dandelion: Splenda lies!!

Audience Member: I don't think many truths

Splenda: Well let's just say, I've had it out for humans....I'm an asshole, and I'm alright with that. They're gone. I'm good with that. I'm looking for orangatang next. But you know, I'll be around, like a cockroach now. I will never move anywhere, and I will continue to be chemicals absorbing into anything that wants to choose to absorb me. To splenda!!! Anybody? Any takers? Heyy--no, no one likes me, huh

Dandelion: Well dandelion isn't that interested in eating you, so yeah sure

Splenda: Cheers, thank you, rally! Everyone looks a little scared of me [laughter]

"

Dandelion: So I'd like to invite you to the back house... with our brothers and sisters

Audience Member: Are we supposed to go, like, bare feet?

Dandelion: GJust get comfortable

Audience Member: We got to get the class ready. I like this. I have socks on

Dandelion: I know take your socks ff, its really specialy. You may want to consider it. It's pretty special, we laid this sod just for you. Nobody peed on it

Audience Member: It's fresh

Dandelion: It's fresh. Its pretty virgin. Dandelions haven't quite gotten in yet, but they will soon. Trust me.Oh good, you all have bare feet, almost all have bare feet

Audience Member: Is that what we're supposed to do? Because it feels really good

Dandelion: Yeah, yeah so I'm going to--I'm going to ask you guys to just sit for a sec. Listen to he ghosts of the human remnants, the remains of the humans. List to this [Moana karaoke thing playing in background] Just close your eyes, put your feet on the ground. Feel like your toes are soaking up some moisture. Take a deep breath. Be present with the sound. Got to love and hate the humans

Audience Member: They do funny things

Dandelion: Humans do funny things. So welcome you guys. I know you know a little bit about why you are here. You have an identity, you've come as a dleegate, oyu are represeting river, antibiotics, the rain storm, plastic, the ahmed (?), the Mississippi, the gold ingot, and I'd like to invite you guys to stand up and give a little talk, a little toast, a little triIBUTE to the humans who are gone

Audience Member: Who are god?

Dandelion: Who are gone--not God--did you think I said God?

Audience Member: No I said, thank you God. We have to go into the future.

Dandelion: Yes, we are i nthe future.

Audience Member: Are We?

Dandelion: Yes

Audeince Member:Oh, I didn't know that, but okay

Dandelion: We are. And yeah, the humans are gone. So you as non-humans have a chance to pay tribute to the humans. Or not. You can just talk about themselves. Many people have just come in and talked about themselves

Audience Member: But what are we then?

Dandelion: You're a rain storm

Audience Member: Oh okay

Dandelion:Oh, no one told you while you were out there? You're not a human. Who would like to talk. Who would like to give a toast

"

"Gold ingot: Do I have to go up there?

Dandelion: It would be nice if you did. You'll like it.

Gold ingot: Oh man, Will I?

Gold ingot: I feel powerful. And that's mainly because I'm a gold ingot. I was once currency, and they shared me and spent me. And now, I'm just part of the earth. Pretty, but useless.

Dandelion: To uselessness! I toast uselessness

Gold ingot: Thanks [laughs]; to uselessness

Dandelion: Not everything has to be described as useful. Thank you gold.

Gold ingot: This is interesting (trying drink)

Dandelion: You're drinking some of me

Gold ingot: Oh my.

Dandelion: Not me. What you think is me.

Rainstorm: Am I talking about after the apocalypse? I guess I'd like to say that apparently earth might be cured in about 100 years, but, whatever happens we probably won't be around. We can try to do our best. And fix it. But. I don't know how you take [campfuls?] out of what's going on. And so, I do like standing on grass. It feels good.

Dandelion: You're a rainstorm (quietly)

Rainstorm: Yeah, and I do like the rain a lot. Which is awesome. I guess I'd like to say that hopefully, we'll all get through whatever is going to happen. We'll just use our inner powers to fix them. And outer powers.

Dandelion: To using your powers

Rainstorm: Use your powers.

Dandelion: Cheers! Use your powers rainstorm

Rainstorm: mm-hmmm, a little rain

Dandelion: Thank you. Who likes speaking next?"

"Mississippi: I'm giving a tribute to the humans, who've all died in the Mississippi River. This polluted river, filled with trash and cigarette butts, oil...poor humans, in here. Kinda tragic. But they're all gone now.

Dandelion: It's tragic for you

Mississippi: Why sad for me? They...

Dandelion: No, the polluted part

Mississippi: Oh yes, yes. They bring this upon me. So. What happened happened.

Dandelion: To long suffering

Audience: To long suffering

Dandelion: Thank you

Audience Member: Cheers"

"Almond: I'll figure something out as an almond

Dandelion: You'll figure something out

Almond: I'll figure something out

Dandelion: You are an almond. Almonds always figure something out.

Audience Member: You can do it, Almond!

Dandelion: Almonds apparently always figure something out. We have a giant bag of you back there.

Almond: Oh really? Humans enjoyed me while we--they--were around. A lot. I was featured in every sort of art, and now I'm just sort of chilling and growing everywhere. Hopefully. Just sort of hanging out, I get to not do much, and not get eaten anymore which is nice. Getting eaten wasn't really fun! But you know I'm still going to get eaten by whatever animals are around. But I won't be farmed as much, which is nice. It's more life I guess

Audience Member: To more life!

Dandelion: Not being so controlled

Almond: Not being so controlled, yeah

Audience Member: To almonds!

Dandelion: Any interest?

Audience Member: I guess I could..."

"Antibiotic: I guess I second not being controlled. As an antibiotic, possibly wrongly controlled. So I guess--but I will continue to thrive, post-humans, so to the future

Audience: to the future

Audience Member: They will survive

Dandelion: Will they?

Antibiotic: Well, antibodies, maybe not antibiotics

Dandelion: It's hard to say

Antibiotics: Well, animals need antibodies, but I wouldn't call it antibiotics, because that's more like the medication

Dandelion: Anybody else?

Audience Member: Plastic?

Plastic: I will"

"Dandelion: I am so excited to see plastic. Plastic is going to outlive and outlast all of us

Plastic: I don't know....about everything (??)

Audience Member: I won't be here forever

Audience Member: you're not styrofoam

Plastic: I am ...a creation by the humans. That will far outlive them.

And I am like--the perfect metaphor for their ingenuity and their short-sightedness: To--

Dandelion: To short-sightedness!

Audience Member: Sad, but true

Dandelion: Thank you plastic, all plastic. Are you all plastic? All the time?

Plastic: Yeah.... All of it

Dandelion: Paper? Make note. Okay, thank you all, Dirt

Dandelion...will come around back. Visit Dirt Dandelion. Thank you. And then afterwards you can get your shoes. If there still there.

"

"Dandelion: Comem on in. Welcome.

[Audience talking]

Dandelion@3:19:58 good evening. As you guys all know, we are all here to talk about humans. They were complicated. They were complicated, I mean,,on the one hand they said they liked flowers on the other they would rip us dandelions out by our heads. Our little feet would be hanging there and then they would just throw us in a pile. Like, I smell good, I could be like a rose. But then on the other hand, they did make the world like really warm, so I was able to go all over the world. I mean in the beginning I was just in like North America and Ireland and England, and other places--and then I got to move everywhere. So that was nice. So us dandelions decided to build a refuge and this way we could invite all of you to come talk about how you guys feel about humans., We can toast to their foibles, to their brilliance, to their ability to love, but mostly we're going to just try to remember them, and I'll pass us through this phase. Stream, I invite you up to the tufted truth...(??)

Audience Member: Yeah, right?

Dandelion: Come up and make your toast, to those crazy humans

"

"Stream: Well, to the crazy humans I'm going to start with they were really good to me at first. They didn't try to ruin streams then. They took care of them as much as they knew. And as times went on they got worse, and they didn't necessarily always take care of the streams then. By the 1970's they were burning the streams, which is not good because we don't like to burn. And then they realized that's wrong and they started to try to care for us again, and they tried until the end. but obviously their attempts weren't great as we're still not in great shape. But. To humans

Dandelion: To humans and to better tomorrow's for streams

Stream: Yes

Audience Member: Better tomorrow's for streams

Dandelion: And the blue

"

"Blue: I'll explain a little bit what I am

Audience Member: Who would dye a color blue...?

Audience Member: I remember you as gatorade, I think that's why you were created. So that...I don't know why they did that. I think you were supposed to represent raspberry.

Blue: Well I think I would kind of like to say thank you, because they created me. For their own pleasure. And...maybe they were bored, but I would like to say thank you because without them I wouldn't be here today, so...

Audience: To humans

Dandelion: To inventiveness!

Blue: Yes...

Dandelion: Because otherwise we wouldn't have had you!

"

"Dandelion: Tomato! Or tomato! Which is it?

Tomato: Tomato. Well the humans ate me. So...that was good

[Audience laughs] They grew me in their gardens and...yeah, I'd just like to say thank you for harvesting me..

Dandelion: And now that they're gone...

Tomato: I can thrive, kind of, because...

Dandelion: blue

Audience: To the humans!

Dandelion: Who made you in so many different varieties. "

"Dandelion: Tilapia. So glad you were able to come.

Audience Member: Kinda like a fish out of the water

Dandelion: Like a fish out of the water, but you know us dandelions, we interact with all sorts of folk

Tilapia: Yeah, speaking about my relationship with humans. I thought when it came down to it, who was going to go first it would have been me before them. So it was a bit of a shot to see them go. And I appreciate that they gave me a place in the world for so long, I hadn't been heard of. Suddenly, they made something out of me. So I'm going to miss the attention, and the activity that was created by my relationship

Dandelion: To humans!

Audience: To humans

Dandelion: They were able to make something out of everything"

"Dandelion: Sparrow? Sparrow

Sparrow: The humans. I loved the way they could move so close to the green grass and the earth. I so often wondered how their wings just moved like that! But they were small, I guess I wish I had more time to teach them to fly. Fly like me. so I guess, to humans, my sadness is I never learned to get near the earth quite like them and I always wished I had reason to teach them to fly.

Audience: Hear hear

Audience Member (or sparrow): Wasn't it fabulous

Dandelion: Sun!"

"Sun: I love humans, Half of the year I love them in the Northern Hemisphere and the other half of the year in the Southern Hemisphere. Because every time they see me, they're smiling. And I'm glad that I bring joy into their lives. Here's to humans

Audience: Humans!

Dandelion: Thank you sun, thank you for traveling so far [Audience laugh]

Dandelion: Rat, rat come on up.

Audience Member: you're going to have to drink that--  
audience Member: No."  
"Dandelion: Alright a lab mouse. Lab mouse, what do you have to say about humans?  
Lab Mouse:(lab mouse is a small child) lab mouse  
Dandelion: Yes...  
Lab Mouse: Is ME!!!!  
Dandelion: Yes! Do you like those humans/ Having you in a lab?  
Poking you with needles?  
Lab Mouse: No  
Dandelion: But you miss them now?  
Lab Mouse: No  
Dandelion: A toast to humans?  
Lab Mouse: I don't know...  
Audience: Yes! To humans!  
Dandelion: Good job Lab Mouse. Ope. You need this. Thank you.  
Thank you

"Dandelion: Now I invite all of you to join Dirt Dandelion..  
Lab Mouse: Who's that?  
Dandelion: Come here, to Dirt Dandelion. We want to give you--oh did you want to...? Oh! Potato!  
Potato: I can stay..  
Dandelion: Oh potato I'm so sorry! You're so quiet sometimes and loud othertimes [Audience laughs] I forget that you're there!  
Potato: Yes, I am quiet to you, but then about me and I explode  
Dandelion: Yes, then you explode!  
Potato: Explode, right away, but most of the time I keep to myself, quiet, close to save the humans. I've been so terrible, sending signals, through a couple cities. Right now, I'm trying to be, polite, and so, keep watching me. And just, dangerous, but humans are good and smart, they study me. To know my behavior, and I developed climate, I developed climate, so I'm one of important--  
Dandelion: You are important!  
Potato: Yeah  
Dandelion: And we'll watch for you! Cheers!  
Potato: cheers!"  
"Dirt Dandelion: Now I invite you to join Dirt Dandelion. Thank you guys so much for sharing  
Audience Member: Thank you for sharing with us  
Dirt Dandelion: It's made from beets, and dandelion roots, and dandelion flowerheads. We've taken our babies and--do you guys want to sit? Come up to the front. Parrot come up to the front--you guys okay?--I see snapping turtle. Take this time to feel the grass in your toes. All those things that sometimes those humans just covered everything in asphalt and you never got to feel. Its nice to feel cool, living grass. We had Lawn by here the other day. It's actually a little bit sad the humans are gone, you know how Lawn is. Likes being controlled. But...We are gathered here today. We are gathered here today to reflect upon humans. Their passing was surprising to some, and others was just like ""no"". We've been doing this all day, and its been interesting what different organisms have been saying. I was kind of freaked out that the wind almost cried, he missed humans. It was another wind, a South Wind [to Wind] I never know you feel about these things. ut then there was the ocean who said he didn't really remember them. So...as a dandelion. I have mixed feelings. They would tear me up, by my head, they didn't appreciate me. I'm nutritious, I'm good for their guts, but then did create a great environment that I was able to thrive in. So their passing... while I sorta saw it coming, I kind of am

surprised at the same time and I see it as something that I can do to make my life different. To become more successful. And so we all, we wanted to build this refuge to bring all you guys together, to share thoughts and see what we can learn about humans. And how we feel about them. Because if you were invited to your own funeral, heard what your neighbors and friends and companions said about you...would you change...?

Audience Member: No

Dandelion: I invite parrot up...

Parrot: Well alright!

Dandelion: Onto our tuffet of the truth. It doesn't actually have to be true, but something, to give a toast, a memorial, a poem.

"Parrot: It looks good (flaking about shawl) It goes with my feathers. I'm just going to say what she said. Nahh, that's a parrot joke [Audience laughs] So, you know, humans and parrots, like, we have a lot of good things to say about humans. They took care of us, they loved us, they give us crackers, they took us on pirate adventures. But probably the nicest thing humans ever did for us, was they helped us learn how to speak. In a way, they helped us find our voice. But at the same time, we had grown accustomed to only saying, what the humans had to say...and, you know, since they've been gone, I've been reflecting what do we say now? You know, I literally don't know what to say. And, for us, it's all about the speaking, so...moving forward I realize that we parrots, we have to find our own words. We have to say what we need to say. And that can be--that's freeing, in a certain way. We miss them because they, they aren't going to tell us that we're good boys and all that, but at the same time, you know, we get to carve a new path. So we're sad and excited at the same time. To...to finding something to say [Audience snaps]

Audience: To finding something to say

Dandelion: Thank you parrot. That was beautiful. Rose, come forward

"Rose: (scared noise) : I want to say that Rose is something that someone takes for granted, til you leave. It's a time of love, its a type of respect, but its only given out of fear of losing someone, or wanting to make up for something they did wrong, and not just appreciate them. So, now I want to appreciate, who I am as a rose, and respect myself, and not feel like I'm given as a gesture of guilt. Audience: ohhh

Rose: No longer being just a gesture, a gesture of guilt

Dandelion: Thank you Rose...wind"

"Background: Stay clear of the doors

Wind: They're calling me....Me and the humans, we had, we had a good old time together. I mean I brought them across oceans, helped them make their fire burn. But what I miss about them is coming out some evenings like this and going through their hair and their nostrils, coming in, just breathing life in everybody. Everybody just got some believe out of it, and I miss seeing that joy in their faces. I tried pilates together with wind turbulence and stuff like that using the windmills, but unfortunately this didn't work out. But, I'll remember them for that. Cheers to those guys.

Audience: Cheers to those guys!

Dandelion: Forest?!"

"Forest: To the humans who just used me...for whatever they needed to, The animals that they used, the environment, the wind. They didn't really appreciate it, but now that they're gone I'm ready

to explore and be myself. And hopefully appreciate and utilize all the energy that is around me.

Dandelion: To utilizing all the energy..."

"Dandelion: First Meadow People, if you would then now like to retire to the--Dirt Dandelion over here. We have a gift for you of our babies. Second Meadow, please come to first meadow. You're second, now you're on first

Audience Member: Alex, you can sit here....

Dandelion: Alright, Snapping Turtle  
[shout--snapping turtle snapped?!]  
"

"Snapping Turtle: So this is to the humans, who created the movie ""Finding Nemo"" and turned snapping turtles into these radical elitists who were these rad surfer dudes. Now that that doesn't fully exist, I feel like we can actually be the scientific, intelligent creatures we've always meant to be, and that we're supposed to be.

Audience Member: To being what we're supposed to be

Snapping Turtle: To being real

Lump of Coal: To the humans, who used me, and abused me. But I was always there, I was there for the humans. I'm sorry, I'm laughing about this one specific time with a human I had [Audience laughs] Anyways...

Audience Member: Do tell!

Audience Member: Tell us about it!

Lump of Coal: In all seriousness, the great--the great race is gone. And..

Audience Member: Oh my God,...what?

Audience Member: What:

Audience Member: That was fucked up,..

Lump of Coal: Thank you very much. [Audience laughs]

Dandelion: Thank you very much coal, yes, so emotional. That was lovely coal, I didn't know.

Audience Member : [to Coal] That was very moving, very confusing, just like coal is very confusing

**Creeping Charlie:** I was just given some insight about what this is. I've been curious for the past 30 minutes, but I've just been given some insight. So this is about humans that no longer exist. They took advantage of me. They thought I was pretty, ""Ohh, they look so great in my lawn, but lets kill them"" . Let's spray'em with some pesticides. Let's get rid of them... because I [laughs] I want to keep up the Joneses, so I'm going to kill them all. ""They didn't--they did not see my beauty. And now that they're gone, well now I can grow. And now I can be who I am. And that's what its all about

Dandelion: To Charlie Creeping!

Audience Member: Creepy Chuck! Creepy Chuck [becomes a chant]

Audience: Creepy Chuck! Creepy Chuck!

**Mosquito:** Thank you. I am mosquito. I know I am the most irritating, smallest, creature to the human beings. But I really like my color. Its a really nice dark, black color which everyone likes, you know. Like almost everyone's favorite color is black, which is why I love my color [Audience laughs] I do have a short life, because I do live like a dead ??? because I know that I am going to get killed,

you know. By a snap or by pesticides and spray and everything but I still and go and buzz around the humans. And I love sucking their blood [Audience laughs] So here's to mosquito living a glorious life.  
Audience: [claps, cheers]  
Audience Member: Ay! Glorious life!  
Dandelion: Mosquitos! Thanks for sharing mosquito.

**Zika Virus:** So I am a Zika virus. To the humans, I say ""Good Riddance, I was zik-a you anyways""

**Synthetic Estrogen:** Yeah, well I was created by the humans...to make up for something they could--some of them--could not produce on their own., So they created me and for that I'm grateful. But now that they're gone, I really feel like I've been able to thrive on my own. But nevertheless, thank you to humans, for my creation. So...to humans!

**Fossil Fuel:** I'm a dinosaur. I was born before any of you. I'm better than all of you. You used my bones, my burial place, my sacred bones. And I'm here to come back and haunt you and destroy you. I'm here to cause you pain and suffering and to end your pathetic lives....

Dandelion: Well we're already dead...so, are you talking to humans or zika viruses?

Fossil Fuel: Zika Virus is my friend, humans are my enemy.

Dandelion: I think you already killed all the humans

Fossil Fuel: Zikavirus and me are buddies

Audience: [laughs]

Fossil Fuel: Your art installations are a product of your imagination. And I'm a product of your death

Dandelion: Thanks a lot Fossil Fuels! If you ever thought Fossil Fuels were your friend...then really think again!

Audience Member Wowwww

Fossil Fuel"" Just Kidding!"

Dandelion: Pluto!!! Pluto, thank you so much for coming such a long way.

Audience Member: At long last!

Dandelion: I hope you have words of deep resentment

Pluto: I don't really feel very welcome. I guess I'm not a planet.

Dandelion: You got a little rowdy, you really did. Late night Memorials! What can you say. you've been along a long time. You've probably been toasting and drinking and laughing it up and thining about humans and now's your chance to say a few things about the humans. And about yourself, really. Because that's what happens at funerals, those there really just talk about themselves. So I'd love to hear from all my favorites. I'm partial, as a dandelion, I am very partial to squirrels. Nothing personal really, I like them all.

**Squirrel:** Thank you all for having me. My name is Squirrel. You can call me Mr. Squirrel. It's been a little rough, without the humans, because I used to chew on their backyards and their front yards in their neighborhoods. And they got rid of all the fozes so I had no hunters after me. It made my life easy. I got a little overweight, I'm

not going to lie to you. But uh,...I guess I'm thankful for that because now that they're gone I've trimmed down my figure because I have to actually scavenge for food. so that's been a help I suppose. So I would say to them, thank-you  
Dandelion: To the Good life  
Audience: To the good life  
Dandelion: Sorry you miss them.

**Chihuahua:** So hi, I'm the Chihuahua. And ever since my owner, Francine, she left, its been really really weird. And no one feeds me, so I've just been doing it all by my own. And now I can do anything. Maybe I'll be a wolf now/. So I guess, byeeee!  
Dandelion: Byeeeeee! Let's toast to Byeeee.

**Housefly:** Hi, I'm housefly. I've spent most of my existence flying around in people's houses and eventually they got sick of it and invented the flyswatters. Now, there's no more flyswatters.  
Dandelion: To no more flyswatters!

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*CLIMATE CHAOS READINGS FROM THE MTBOI: DANDELION 2016 ORATION LIBRARY*

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**The song of the Dandelion fairy  
(Cicely Mary Barker, Flower Fairies of the Spring)**

Here's the Dandelion's rhyme:

    See my leaves with tooth-like edges;  
Blow my clocks to tell the time;  
    See me flaunting by the hedges;  
In the meadow, in the lane,  
    Gay and naughty in the garden;  
Pull me up--I grow again,  
    Asking neither leave nor pardon.  
Sillies, what are you about  
    With your spades and hoes of iron?  
You can never drive me out--  
    Me, the dauntless Dandelion!

Another of the virtues that the dandelion has to share with the People, and a virtue that should not be disregarded just because the plant also gives us so much for our physical comfort both as a food and as physical medicine, is the fact that dandelion are just so much fun. ... We used to say that if one whispered a secret one wanted another person to know, but instead of telling the person one whispered it to a dandelion, then blew off all of the seeds with one blow, the other person would hear one's words.

– from *Plants Have So Much to Give Us, All We Have to Do Is Ask: Anishinaabe Botanical Teachings*, Mary Siisip Geniusz

My friends, let's grow up.  
Let's stop pretending we don't know the deal here.  
Or if we truly haven't noticed, let's wake up and notice.  
Look: Everything that can be lost, will be lost.  
It's simple — how could we have missed it for so long?  
Let's grieve our losses fully, like ripe human beings,  
But please, let's not be so shocked by them.  
Let's not act so betrayed,  
As though life had broken her secret promise to us.  
Impermanence is life's only promise to us,  
And she keeps it with ruthless impeccability.  
To a child she seems cruel, but she is only wild,  
And her compassion exquisitely precise:  
Brilliantly penetrating, luminous with truth,  
She strips away the unreal to show us the real.  
This is the true ride — let's give ourselves to it!  
Let's stop making deals for a safe passage:  
There isn't one anyway, and the cost is too high.  
We are not children anymore.  
The true human adult gives everything for what cannot be lost.  
Let's dance the wild dance of no hope!

– *The Dakini Speaks*, Jennifer Welwood

## Mowing

There was never a sound beside the wood but one,  
And that was my long scythe whispering to the ground.  
What was it it whispered? I knew not well myself;  
Perhaps it was something about the heat of the sun,  
Something, perhaps, about the lack of sound--  
And that was why it whispered and did not speak.  
It was no dream of the gift of idle hours,  
Or easy gold at the hand of fay or elf:  
Anything more than the truth would have seemed too weak  
To the earnest love that laid the swale in rows,  
Not without feeble-pointed spikes of flowers  
(Pale orchises), and scared a bright green snake.  
The fact is the sweetest dream that labor knows.  
My long scythe whispered and left the hay to make

– from Peter Shea, related to [the dandelion mowing video](#), Robert Frost: