



## Concrete Poetry

Shrieks  
 and yells surge  
 like the choppy water  
 they're all set to imagine.  
 With a long stick of blue chalk,  
 Monica David draws a huge boat.  
*Race! Run aboard! Find space! Jostle!*  
*Move! Pack yourselves closer! Squeeze in!*  
*I'm a doctor. Researcher. Teacher. Scientist.*  
 'Plan your speeches!' booms Monica David.  
 She draws the lifeboat with bold red strokes.  
 It's tiny—just half the size of the sinking ship.  
 'Who will you save when the ship is wrecked?  
 Convince the others that you deserve to live!  
 Who will you save? Who's going to drown?'  
*Climate activist! Writer! Artist! Child!*  
*Sailor! Captain! Engineer! Farmer!*  
 Mutters. Murmurs. Giggles.  
 Everyone squeezes in,  
 Tight—now tighter.  
 Aditi realizes  
 Again

Any thought of Mahee is left out.