

*Monster*  
Ellen Larson

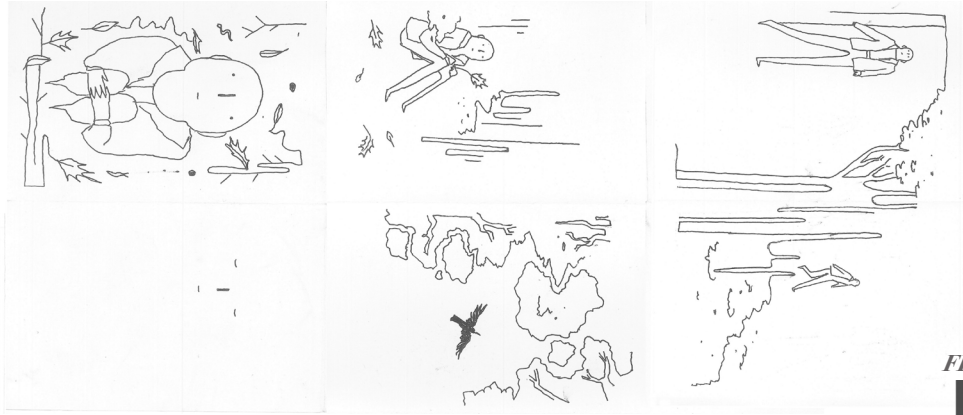
A round brown squirrel  
Running, drunk on rotting fruit  
Only stops for me.  
As he stares, I think  
I am the monster  
Of his story.



*Invasive*  
Megan Kartheiser

Wake up with a plate on my lap,  
Non-descript squares to chew half-heartedly,  
Upon that eggshell plate,  
Like a brush to a makeshift canvas,  
Only to be washed away  
Again and again.  
Then it's plastic bag lunches,  
Sandwiches spread to rigid form  
To be smashed around,  
Eaten in a rush  
Leaving just a polystyrene ghost,  
Jelly still clinging to the side.  
Finally, it's a frozen dinner meal  
Packaged for convenience  
In the box with a button press,  
Ready to be done  
I grit through the shards of ice because  
What difference would a few more seconds make  
When the result is the same  
Full stomach, empty plastic tray  
No matter how I  
Reduce, reuse, recycle  
The guilt will remain.

*Three Meals*  
Blake Olson



Untitled, Anna Weinholt



Unknown, Ana Freeberg

*Sleep*  
Ellen Larson

She brought us here  
To consciousness  
But we refuse  
To give her the time  
Of her days and nights  
Choosing instead  
To lay in bed  
To forget the world  
And let her burn  
Forgetting now  
That we'll sleep  
Ourselves to ash  
And she'll be left  
Whole  
Without us  
And awake

*Mountain Dusk*  
Meghan Krieg



*Confession*  
Ruby Erickson

forgive me  
o Mother  
for i have sinned.

living afraid of that humanity  
i find in You, in

radiant Sister Sun  
whose warm breath would mottle my cheeks

ringed wooden knots sticking out of trunks like  
swollen knees

the burnt orange musk of decay  
that seeps into the air when the edges of leaves brush  
with Death

(mortality comes for all of us)

and the soft, sometimes prickling, always yielding  
lover's  
kiss between ground and calloused feet.

i'm fighting fear. but

o Mother earth, I want  
to know You in myself

hands wetted, browned by soot  
basking in the rich cold of that  
Dust  
to which i shall return.



*Dumpster in Alaska*  
Jorie Van Nest

OPEN



*Home, How Do We Say Goodbye?*  
Jessie George

My Earth. My home.  
Let me say goodbye  
While I've still got the time,  
Do I still have time?

Though the sky fades obsidian  
And the stars pop out from the ebony,  
The flowers will like geodes  
Waiting to be broken the next morn

I cannot find it within myself  
To say goodbye, how can I?  
To a world, I've known for so little  
Only nineteen years, maybe a little more

I loved you, and though I cannot wait for you  
To change, I must become the change,  
I must say goodbye to the world you've become  
And the people who betrayed you

And so, with a heavy heart  
I look to that once magnificent sky,  
And say goodbye to the world  
That cannot sustain me or my future



the quarry

fall 2019

*paddleguy55*  
Sylvie Deters

PULL



*Divesting is Our Moral Duty*  
*Shanthi Chackalackal*

Imagine the outrage if we discovered that St. Olaf was sponsoring a terrorist organization, a drug cartel, or the forces of an enemy state-- parents would be livid, students horrified, donors scrambling to distance themselves from such a morally bankrupt institution. And yet there is very little outcry over St. Olaf's fossil fuel investments, in spite of the fact that the fossil fuel industry poses a threat to humanity even greater than that of terrorism.

If not stopped, the climate crisis will cause not just a rise in average temperatures but also loss of habitat, natural disasters of increasing magnitude and frequency, mass migration as huge swaths of the global south become uninhabitable, famine as those same lands become unfarmable, and outbreaks of new diseases as thawing permafrost exposes previously extinct strains like anthrax. This will lead to economic collapse as even rich countries like the United States struggle to cope with trillions of dollars' worth of expenses from loss of land, property, and infrastructure, population crises, skyrocketing resource prices and political instability.

It is this kind of future that fossil fuel corporations--with St. Olaf's support--are forcing upon the world. The industry plays a double role, both producing the majority of the world's greenhouse gas emissions and pumping billions of dollars into preventing environmental legislation and creating climate denial. Fossil fuel corporations are responsible for the politicization of the climate crisis; when the greenhouse effect was first discovered, both Democrats and Republicans expressed support for climate legislation and some of the earliest research on climate change was conducted by none other than Exxon Mobil. Four decades, several billion dollars, and a plethora of new fossil fuel-funded right-wing think tanks later, Republicans insist that climate science is unreliable and Exxon reaps billions in profits off of products that its own research has shown to be a threat to all life. St. Olaf's continued investment constitutes an implicit approval of the fossil fuel industry and its actions, in spite of the fact that we as an institution claim to value life and further academic integrity.

St. Olaf is not alone in this, nor is it exceptionally reprehensible--in fact, compared to many larger institutions, the small percentage of our endowment invested in fossil fuels seems insignificant. It would be easy to argue that, for a school like St. Olaf, divestment would make no tangible financial impact on wealthy corporations like Exxon Mobil or Shell. But I think this argument misses the point. Campus divestment is not about hurting the fossil fuel industry's finances; even nation-wide college divestment would not be sufficient to bankrupt the most profitable industry in the world. Rather, divestment is about retaining our own integrity and delegitimizing an industry that jeopardizes all we hold dear. Rejecting the industry would be a way of calling it out for what it is: a threat to human life and an insult to academic integrity.

By ending its relationship with fossil fuel corporations, St. Olaf could absolve itself of complicity in a crisis that threatens human life, health, and happiness. People are dying, and more will die--we must not have their blood on our hands. By divesting, our school could help hold accountable an industry that has been knowingly destroying the world for over forty years. We're an institution that values life, learning, and our students' futures--we cannot afford to remain invested in an industry that imperils all three.



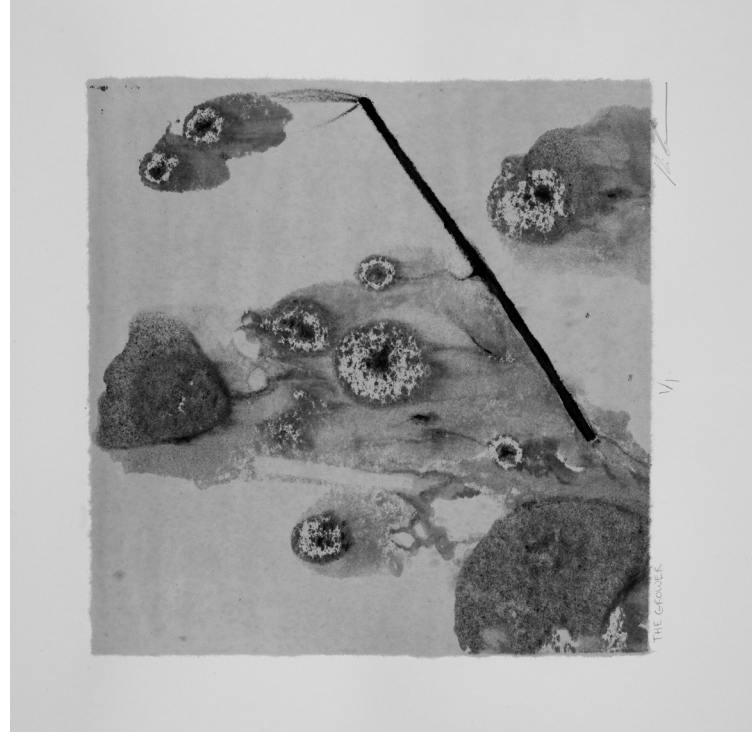
Blue Chameleon's  
*BLUE ORB: A Journey*  
*Through the Water Cycle*

Blue Orb is a concept album that features a cycle of songs expressing environmental issues such as pollution and climate change! The album is framed as a story that follows the journey of four water droplets as they find themselves in various parts of the water cycle. They start and end in their lake home, similar to all the lakes in MN.

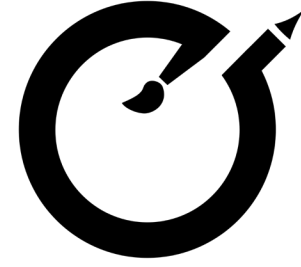
Group Members:  
 Olivia Munson, Hawken Paul, Emerson Clay, Mason Tacke



*Ifrane National Park, 2018*  
*Marcel Hones*



*The Grower*  
*Devin Cuneen*



*The Quarry*  
 thequarrymag.com  
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Curated by:  
 Thomas Hardy  
 Alekz Thoms  
 Amy Imdieke  
 Paddy Mittag-McNaught