

### **Egypt's Food Future: Climate Smart Crops**

In Egypt there is an energy,  
an agricultural awakening.  
The value chain is shaking up the dust.  
Change is coming fast, and it must.  
Hot stepping a dramatic tango  
with the tastebuds of the past -  
but millions of people  
have to climb aboard the challenge fast.

Food production is adapting  
to meet the changing skies,  
soil less farming,  
agroponic, hydroponics,  
changing crops, changing lives  
keeping communities alive.

From rice, wheat, maize to  
millet, quinoa, penicam  
We must prove the value  
of the plan, diversify.  
But we have to keep  
the farmers on our side.

Deep dive into the delta  
and learn the impacts as they strike.  
Collect the data, use the science  
App the answers -  
give the farmer's finger tip solutions,  
increase varieties and choice.  
Hold their hands of the growers and suppliers through this complex revolution,  
and invite them to the table  
with a voice.

*Liv Torc, Hot Poets*

--

### *Poem written in response to showing of film: The Last Glaciers*

The Alps cry red tears,  
loom out of the broken sky,  
claw at the clouds like a lion  
clinging to a cliff face.  
Our face, our cliff.  
We hang like Paralpanists  
over a precipice.

The mountain squares its shoulders,

mankind squares his back,  
like a twat.  
The ice superhighway slips  
and we fall... forwards.  
Majesty moves into memory,  
diminished by a desire to conquer,  
deflated by a flag.

These pinnacles of our planet,  
fierce fear forgers,  
exhilaration utopias,  
that feed, water,  
protect, empower  
billions of people.

Magnificence melting  
like an ice cube on an engine.  
The beauty we spoil  
while searching for rainbows  
in a lake of oil.

It's time, high time, beyond time  
to listen to the sad song  
of the sky sentinels.  
Secret keepers.  
Land libraries.  
Historian in hiding.  
Breaking like bubbles of air  
to reveal the truth of our trajectory,  
that we have stolen  
our own destiny.

We are melting with the mountains,  
Taking livelihoods,  
taking life.

Our existence hangs  
on a frayed rope  
balanced on a burning knife.

The Alps cry red tears  
our rivers boil to blood,  
The Earth's glaciers turn  
from white to grey  
to mud.

*Liv Torc, Hot Poets*

--

## Dragon Slayers

We farm in a dangerous world,  
the sky is full of dragons,  
they burn the ground, flood the fields  
salinate the soil, spoil the seeds.

Circling in the troubled clouds,  
they flash their monsoon eyes,  
catching the small-holder farmer's eye,  
make her anxious for her livelihood and land,  
keep him stuck in a paradox  
between saving the planet  
and putting food inside his children's hands.

These dragons have many faces,  
sometimes they are strange and new,  
hard to trust,  
sometimes they land smirking on silent claws,  
irrigate, hydrate,  
tend the crops into an avalanche,  
excess upon excess.  
So much stock it becomes a mountain  
and you can't sell a mountain.

And the money matters,  
finance slays dragons.  
It throws itself like a fire blanket over fear,  
wielding the shield of insurance,  
it gives farmers, it gives women,  
permission to join aboard the climate mission.

Productive investment,  
sustainable obtainable solar water,  
new seeds, adaptable crops, climate data,  
a chance to thrive,  
keep their communities alive  
in the uncertain future.

If we can offer safe, trusted finance  
to the farmers on the ground,  
not just the men but make it easy  
for the women too,  
be patient as they learn and grow  
let them share with us  
the vital things they know.

So they can teach us  
how to fight our own dragons  
with arrows that fire straight  
into the heart of a system  
working for global climate aims,

with real strategic worth.

Uniting us top down to bottom up,  
in the fight to save the Earth.

*Liv Torc, Hot Poets*

--

*Poem written in response to Resilience frontiers session: 'Transformative Financing'*

**Rain becomes the river,**

runs to the sea,  
magics to mist,  
cocoons in clouds,  
falls back to the land,  
to rivers and on.

How to make money  
move like the rain?  
Regenerate forests,  
farmland, the ocean,  
adapt, future proof  
the world  
AND make a profit.  
Make growth synonymous  
with sustainability.

Risk has many faces,  
inclines a farmer in Senegal  
to play it safe.  
Risk is a small jacket.  
It's hard to move in it  
but tradition doesn't know  
how to read the changing skies.  
The rains don't dance the same.  
The sun has switched its dialect.

When money opens the door  
to insurance,  
to software,  
to data that maps the shifting clouds,  
the farmer can reduce the risk,  
move more freely in her skin,  
consider Earth's needs  
as well as those of her children's bellies.

On the macro  
ocean scale,  
global money flows  
and grows  
in uncountable digits.

Less stream,  
more waterfall.

Science and economics  
are putting their heads together,  
navigating with a new compass,  
listening to the elders,  
listening to the young,  
listening to the signals of change,  
re-writing rules.

They are reimagining  
the purpose of finance,  
cutting the weeds.  
Greed for greed's sake  
is a mistake we can no longer afford.

Investment principles re-written  
for a warming world,  
balancing profit  
with sustainability,  
growth with climate accountability.

Money as plant,  
as water, as DNA  
in the global ecosystem,  
matching local knowledge  
with big data, harvesting,  
mapping biodiversity.

The biological signal  
of a coral reef,  
a pond.  
What does it provide?  
What does it need?  
Helping the land,  
the people,  
the animals to breathe.

Banks have to change face.  
Sit in the forest,  
talk to farmers,  
catch up with the pace needed.  
Then shift the mindset.  
Transform, become adaptable  
Reset the future norm.  
To keep the air breathable,  
the land fertile,  
the seas clean.  
Banks need to see  
and be seen  
to earn trust.  
Remember themselves  
as intermediary,  
invest in carbon sequestration,

divest from contamination.  
Financial frameworks  
that grow community.  
Blockchain re-building autonomy  
and climate change immunity.  
Regenerate,  
reinvent,  
reimagine value,  
renew.

Rivers running  
for everyone.  
Not just the few.

*Chris Redmond, Hot Poets*

--

*Poem written in response to Resilience Frontiers session: 'Communities as a Living Organism'*

### **For Those Who Don't Know What To Do With A City**

Listen, it breathes and sings.  
Notice the music in every curve of it -  
a chair knocking on a floor,  
a petal falling. Think  
*If I was 8 years old*  
*what would I want this to be?*

Each window is a battery,  
each wall a garden.  
When you walk, your footsteps  
power the streetlights  
but stopping is one of the best things  
you can do. The light  
gets thick and time is suspended.

Each day starts with a moment  
of silence and gratitude  
for Mother Earth, where people feel  
the grass beneath their feet,  
touch the soil. People care for plants,  
flowers; food grows on the corner of every block.

Once the streets were soot filled and deafening.  
Today you can smell jasmine and honeysuckle.

For those who don't know what to do with a city,  
Think about its origin and go back to that. Make it  
together. A city should spiral outwards  
from the hearts of its people. Think beehive,

ant hill, a tree full of crows nesting,  
roots and wings, colourful things  
that bring joy. Walk  
into it. Look at it from the sky.  
Use your imagination.  
Why not?

*Chris Redmond, Hot Poets*