WHO ARE WE?
We are Portland Youth Climate Strike, a youth-led group dedicated to environmental advocacy. As a chapter of our parent organization, Oregon Youth Climate Strike, we strive to continue the work of Oregon Youth Climate Strike in the Portland area.

MISSION STATEMENT
Portland Youth Climate Strike aims to promote environmental and social justice by:
~ Educating the public about environmental/social issues
~ Amplifying youth in the fight for climate justice
~ Supporting the passing of policies that support climate justice
~ Emphasizing the importance of intersectional justice
~ Being an active ally in the fight for racial justice
~ Doing so with an emphasis on BIPOC and LGBTQ+ voices
“Climate change is a threat so inherently tied to power dynamics and capitalism, meaning that BIPOC and low income communities are intentionally and disproportionately affected by the climate crisis. Climate activism matters to me because to be an effective advocate for climate justice, you must always think intersectionally.” - Catie Macaulay, Portland Co-Lead

“Climate activism, to me, is the way to creating the radical future of wellness and sustainability for marginalized communities that I want for the world. A way of ensuring they have a future at all.” - Lena Parker, Portland, Co-Lead

“As a person in the 21st century, we have the privilege of standing up for what we believe in and what we feel needs to be changed. Climate activism is my way of being a part of change and pushing for a better world.” - Jean Lin, Communications, Co-Lead

“Climate activism matters because we have to fight for our future.” - Jacob Glass, Communications Co-Lead

“I believe the climate crisis is one of the most important issues of our time, and I want to play my part in reversing climate change so hopefully future generations won’t have to face this problem. The intersectionality between racial justice and climate justice only furthers the importance and relevance of the issue.” - Daisy Watters, Logistics Lead

“Climate activism matters to me because I believe in fighting for a beautiful and sustainable Earth, free from corporate interests and injustice.” - Andrei Barrett, Creative Lead

“Climate activism matters to me because not only does it ensure a safe future for us all, but it also supports and brings awareness to the injustices marginalized frontline communities face currently.” - Anna Dellit, Policy Lead

“A clean and healthy planet is a basic human right that is being stolen from us. Climate activism is a chance for me to make the world around me a better place.” - Alice Lee, Finance Co-Lead

“Climate justice is at the intersection of racial, economic, and environmental equity. By protecting the earth we also protect current and future generations from forms of systemic oppression.” - Samantha Block, Finance Co-Lead
pollen induced comas leave battered bumbled bodies suspended in stale honey

no nectar left on lily pistons, glutinous saccharine creatures spinning and swimming in pools of gold piss

honey honey honey tickling the lavender under a sickle moon suckling sickly sweet stigma blistered with sugar but how much honey can dead bees make?

how much honey can dead bees make?
Climate Anxiety: The Existential Dread of Living as a Young Person in a Dying World

“I want you to panic.”

I remember hearing these words interspersed between anchors’ words on my podcast, NPR’s “Up First”. The clear, infuriated voice of Greta Thunberg echoed out of my phone and immediately cut through the lull of the daily news. I listened to her continue:

“Adults keep saying: ‘We owe it to the young people to give them hope.’ But I don’t want your hope. I don’t want you to be hopeful...I want you to feel the fear I feel every day. And then I want you to act.”

As I went about the rest of my day, I couldn’t stop thinking about Greta’s words. I thought about the anger in her voice, about officials brushing off the climate crisis and air pollution ravaging the most vulnerable communities. About how everyone I know has some story about where they were during one of the instances of horrific wildfires overtaking our state. I realized that it’s been a fact of our existence that our futures are in jeopardy. I don’t think any other generation has had the conversations my friends and I have, about whether it’s ethical to bring children into a dying world. About where we can live that won’t be underwater by the time we’re 30.

I believe that consciously or not, every young person experiences a kind of existential urgency related to the climate. This type of dread is well documented in a phenomenon called climate anxiety, which has been shown to correlate with high rates of depression, anxiety, and overall stress. We the youth are coming of age in a country where not only are there layers upon layers of systemic issues stitched into the fabric of our nation, but it’s become our burden to fix problems we haven’t even caused.

And on top of that, we’re scorned for our panic around this issue. Adults in power either tokenize and co-opt our work under the guise of “giving us hope”, or simply dismiss us as “overreacting”. This is another form of violence against young people, and specifically womxn and people of color leading the climate justice movement, who have had to fight time and time again for a seat at the table to work on issues that directly affect them. These officials scoff at us, say we’re making up our distress and blowing issues we don’t understand out of proportion. But the fact remains: we are experts of our experiences. And because of our experiences, we have every right and reason to panic.

Greta told adults in power to panic because she wanted them to viscerally understand the underlying dread we live with every single day. It lurks under the surface constantly, manifesting itself in a pessimism about the future, in constant anxiety about the world around us. And if we are going to truly fix the broken world we inherited, the first step is to acknowledge the validity of those feelings. Acknowledge the way we’ve been conditioned by the very people who caused our stress to assume responsibility for stress it. Acknowledge that this is yet another form of environmental bigotry against young organizers who threaten the power structures that sustain the exploitation of our planet. And, acknowledge that by supporting one another, by acting together, by holding those in power responsible - we’re practicing the radical act of taking ownership of our own experience, and of our own narrative.

By Lake Laura Macanley
“Still feel good?”
“Yeah, still good! Just a bit dizzy from the backroads.”
“There’s a place up ahead where we can stop for a see.”
We walked single-file up a dusty path. The trail was lined with splintered tree stumps and peaking beige grass. It was one of those hot days in the hundreds when the wind falls flat, but we still had to go out. It’s not easy to get a permit into the Columbia Gorge Restoration Zone; the waitlist is three months long.
“Right here. I’ll get out the water.”
We got to a little clearing with a few benches. It wasn’t until I sat down and looked up from the path that I saw what this viewpoint was for.
“Woah...”
There’s a straight view, right across the gorge, to the Oregon side. What’s left of it, at least; after the fire burned every tree for 20 miles, all the soil they held on the ridge slid down into the highway and river below.
“It used to look so much nicer. See that, over there?” Mom stretched out her left arm to point at something in the distance. “That was Multnomah Falls. Your dad and I kept meaning to take you there, but we kept putting it off...”
“You didn’t know this would happen.”
“No, we didn’t.” She smiled a little, then took another sip from her water bottle. “But maybe we can in thirty years or so. If everything goes to plan.”
“Is that the timeline at the Forest Service?”
“It’s the unofficial timeline among us rangers. The
Bonneville Administration said recently they’re planning on taking out the dam; that should bump us forward a few years. The administration’s trying to be more cautious.”
“Well, that’s good to know. I can come back here before I die.”
“Yup.”
We didn’t say much for a bit after that, just sat and drank. It was weird; I never understood why Mom loved talking about her job, but not about why she had to do it. Maybe some lingering sense of generational guilt fell over her whenever she had to explain why certain things didn’t exist anymore. Like that time she had to tell me Florida slept with the fishes now.
Eventually, she sat up off the bench and screwed the lid on her water bottle. “Let’s get going again. You still want to carry some equipment?”
I picked up the metal cylinder I’d hauled up the path so far, full with tools she would use to measure just how much dirt was left at the top of the ridge. “Sure.”
“Great, thanks. Let’s get to the point before the sun hits noon.”
She turned around quickly, and started walking up the path, her right hand bearing another cylinder. And just as her pace picked up she looked back, with a warm smile on her face again, and called, “Just think, someday you can take your own kids out here, and you can tell them you were here when Grandma rebuilt the place.”
I smiled back. Maybe she was right.
burden

this was not supposed to be my burden to bear
this earth is not dying
it is simply losing the ability to sustain life
but how could i explain the intrinsic value of a human life to you
how could i explain that through humanity is a celebration of laughter, and
love and pain, but we were not born to be america's profit. we were not born
to die.
they say i cannot lose what i have never known.
but all we have ever known is fear, and this is nothing in the face of the
unknown.
this generation rests on broken backs, you know—
caught between a war of white nationalism and humanity, we are defiant
of a world in which the youth can not breathe. the dreamers cannot dream.
the wreckage of that blue blood, those red hats in what we might be.
that was not supposed be my burden to bear.
you see, one day, i would have liked to have kids.
i would have wanted to see the great barrier reef,
i would have taken those kids there.
and we would have lost ourselves to the tide and flow of an earth both warm &
wild
but i refuse to let this be their burden to bear
my future;
now the product america's greed, encapsulated in the form of capitalism and
whiteness.
for what have i lost that was not taken from me by a white man?
for what cheap american dream did i watch my mother break her back to
afford?
i love you momma.
this country should not have been your burden to bear.
for my people, every colonizer has said, in one hand the profit of a genocide
and the other, the spines of our grandmothers.
for mine, the native american answers, through a story that is not mine to tell,
but should be carved into the hands of every white person who asks for more,
so that they may have to look at it every time they reach for something that
shouldn’t be theirs.
for what are these last centuries but a reflection of pain?
for what can i see when i look towards our future?
america, who the fuck do you think you are?
i am from the generation of the broken and the bone tired.
we are the bone shattering, mountain moving, blood wrought legacy
you left behind.
this was not our burden to bear.
but in these broken and triumphant souls, we will once more shoulder
the burden of a white man's greed.
in this world, we will be the voices of the voiceless.
but dear god, we will not be afraid.
we will be the beating heart of this world as the reclamation of this
land begins.
we will not define ourselves through the long line of cultural genocide
and institutionalized racism you forced upon us.
know that the silence of those you caused suffering comforts you no
longer.
know that we are young, and we are alive, and we will prevail.
and what you did unto us we will return tenfold.
do not scold the children that you nursed on poisoned water and
heroes of the unbreakable sort.
fear us, love us, see us—
for all too soon, you will need us.
and we will not answer to the same hands that broke the backs of our
mothers.
we will not answer your call to the slaughtering of innocents in your
wars.
america;
we owe you nothing.
not our blood, not our money, not our love, and not our future.
this was not our burden to bear.
but you stood and you watched as our house stood burning
and we will not stop to watch when we burn the burden of you with it.

by Lana Perice
Join our fight for climate justice!

Follow us! @PORTLANDCLIMATESTRIKE

Check out our website!

PYCS