

## After *Windfall*

With this issue, our fortieth in twenty years, *Windfall: A Journal of Poetry of Place*, ceases publication. The reasons for stopping are manifold. Some are structural in the nature of little literary magazines. Printing prices go up, and so do postage rates. Our revenue has dropped. Lately the costs have risen above our capacity to absorb them.

These structural issues aside, we have concluded that *Windfall* has accomplished its purpose in promoting poetry of place in the Pacific Northwest. Twenty years ago we set out to direct people's attention to our local landscapes as a way to circumvent environmentalism's big-picture concern about such issues as the burning of Amazon rainforests, or hilltop removal in distant coal country, or escalating CO2 emissions—which, once understood, typically lead to hand-wringing and no action, beyond perhaps sending a donation to an environmental organization.

Most of us aren't moved to love or protect what we don't know about or see much value in, so we chose to encourage greater attention to the landscapes around us, using poetry to ensure attention to details. The beautiful world we live in can quickly become trashed—by our growth-oriented industries always needing new land to exploit, by the fallout from a system of increasingly inequal distribution of wealth, and by unabated consumption of unnecessary goods. We wanted *Windfall* to help reverse those trends.

*Windfall's* plan has been to increase awareness of unsung or unremarked Northwest landscapes—natural areas and urban neighborhoods with all their inhabitants—rivers and mountains, fish and fowl, minerals and rocks, plants and animals, humans and human-built bridges, streets, and houses—so readers (and writers) might be moved to action before we lose them.

Now treatment of place—not as metaphor, but as a central concrete subject—has become a feature of much poetry. Workshops in the poetry of place have emerged. With poetry of place firmly established as a

kind of writing, we think that a journal of poetry centering exclusively on places has run its course. Since we began *Windfall* in 2002, much has changed. Climate change and its effects have become a dominant concern, and so too has our acrimonious political discourse with large numbers of the populace believing outlandish conspiracies that, among other things, deny climate change and dismiss efforts to address its causes and repercussions.

We need a new kind of poetry to meet the conditions that have evolved—drought, lethal heat domes, wildfires, rain bombs, flooding, infrastructure failure, sea level rise, climate-change refugees, denial of reality. Poetry is always about the personal perspective on larger issues, and this will not change. There is no “place” else to go, when climate change alters every place. We need a new journal of poetry devoted to how climate change impacts our places and our lives. Perhaps some among our readers will rise to the challenge of creating a new literary magazine, likely online, to meet the needs of writers, readers, and landscapes in the Pacific Northwest. We all need to relearn how to live on earth.

