



Means to End



Means to End
are the collective
thoughts of Dr. James
Eflin's Fall 2004
Earth Science class,
expressed in haiku.

Inside you'll find short
essays and haiku about coal,
cod, and clever subject lines.



The Black Rock

This semester, we studied a rock that changed the world. It didn't come crashing to earth in a meteor. We didn't discover it suddenly. We'd been digging it up for thousands of years. But suddenly we found a use for it. We found a way to convert millions of years of stored solar into instant heat energy, which we converted into whatever we needed it to be. It didn't come without consequences, however.

In the century since we began consuming coal at breakneck speed, we've learned quite a bit about its properties, and its side effects. Even in the face of irrefutable scientific evidence that burning fossil fuels is hazardous to the environment and hazardous to our health, we continue to burn this rapidly dwindling resource.

Now we've come to a crossroads. We can no longer afford to treat coal, and other fossil fuels, as an inexhaustible resource. We must accept the fact that the coal will run out. Our dependence on the energy that fossil fuels produce must fuel our pursuit of alternative energy sources. So, in a way, coal wrote it's own history the first time a person realized that the black rock would burn twice as hot and twice as long as a piece of wood of the same size.

Do you need to breathe?
I really did not think so.
More coal. Burn it all.

Subbituminous,
Lignite maybe anthracite
Same but different

Black, sooty substance
Not just for naughty children
A revolution

Find me in stockings
Find me in a burning stove
I am everywhere

Icy hands and face
Come, come near to the fire
Warm you heart and soul

Cough, cough oh black lung
You are filled with black substance
gasp, gasp I am hung

Simply coal you say?
So much more, a life saver
No need to repay

Emitter of heat
Saver of so many lives
Warm me through my feet

Revolution now
World will be changed forever
Through coal, that's how

-Kyle and Carrie Trulen



The Fish that Beat 1000 Men

There's no way to describe the fervor with which fisherman of the mid-20th Century worked to exterminate a single species of fish. Perhaps they had other motivations when scouring the ocean for the great fish, but in the end their actions can only be viewed as reckless. How could the fisherman have ever thought that the oceans could never be emptied? Had we not yet realized that species could become extinct? I doubt

that is the real reason. Ignorance alone cannot be blamed for the actions of these foolhardy seafaring gentlemen (and women). No, there was something far less sinister at work. What these men failed to realize are the simple economics of the ocean. It is similar to a savings account, except the balance was inherited. If you withdraw from the bank continually, and if more people access the account and do the same thing, it stands to reason that the interest (that is, the reproductive cycle of the cod) will not be able to keep up, and eventually the account will run dry. These men cannot be blamed for this, though. The real fault lies with the appetite of the ever-growing population, whose hunger for fresh marine life grows continuously. Some day, the fishing lanes will be open again.

Open up your mouth
Catch the world while I catch you
You're just "fish" to me

With eggs of millions
We will walk over the sea
on your backs. Won't we?

Just for filleting?
Nay, explorations survived
New worlds discovered

I swim in the sea
I am caught by you, fisherman
My fate: salt. Enjoy!

What am I good for?
Another fish of the sea?
Oh no, so much more

Splish, splash my happy life
Then you catch me and take me
Split, slice, wretched knife

Beloved offspring
You are so very numerous
Fill the world, be king

What am I to you?
A slimy, scaly creature?
Sustenance, who knew?
-Kyle and Carrie Trulen

Cod

There is a preferred.
It's not the Pacific but
Atlantic instead.

-Ashley Boyd

An Ode to Cod

Creator of wars,
Absent temporarily
Or forever more?

The "Cannery Shed" (in reference
to the song "Cannery Shed" by
Gordon Bok)

Candidly expressed
Through song, the daily drudgery;
A lifestyle for some.

-Tyler Peterson

Oh, Atlantic Cod—
You once roamed the vast ocean.
Where might you be now?

Winter is looming..
The storms are rolling inland.
Time to cast ashore!

On this cold fall night
Away from the city lights,
The stars light the sky.

A fisherman's crew
Braves the turbulent waters
For that last big catch.

The seas are lonely—
Once teeming with life and hope,
Dead silence now sounds.
-Hope Geer

Fish it, dig it up
No more resources?
Blame it on the government
-Kyle and Carrie Trulen

cod, coal hist'ry shows
were very important, we
studied them til snow
-Drew Bailey

Iron becomes steel.
Waiter, I'll have the cod meal.
Is Darwin for real?
-Justin Schneider

This fall we explored
how people affect the earth--
land, sky, and oceans.
-Brooke Barger

coal cod steel and time
we've mastered these paradigms
with clever subject lines

-Ty Henkalin

The Trip
The few greet the sun;
Deceitful clouds of brown await
And a fiery tour.

-Tyler Peterson



I hope you enjoy this
keepsake, so you will
never forget that which
was Honors 297.