

How did you come  
to be

Here

on this land?

What do you understand  
your responsibilities to be,

in being

Here

in this timeline?

What embodied wisdom  
do you carry

from your lineages,  
that might offer us hope,

in these times?

How do you know a place?

|                                      |  |                                       |
|--------------------------------------|--|---------------------------------------|
| Through story,<br>or soil,           | Attune with<br>Maple   | Fir                                   |
| we carry places,                     | Breathe birch's softness into                                    |                                       |
| Intimacies                           | with land,   | muscle                                |
| Language                             | soften   |                                       |
|                                      | memory   | get heavy                             |
|                                      |  | open                                  |
| What are you carrying?               |  |                                       |
| What are we carrying?                | White pine in wind,<br>invites the possibility of movement, when |                                       |
| Can we put it down?                  | movement   | feels                                 |
|                                      |  | impossible                            |
| What happens<br>when we put it down? | Bending,<br>bowing   |                                       |
|                                      |  | softening like                        |
| down                                 |  | needles in wind,                      |
| down                                 |  |                                       |
|                                      | whispering   |                                       |
| Let it land                          |  |                                       |
| land                                 | lullabies  | for each fallen angel,<br>each martyr |
| land                                 |  |                                       |
| What happens                         | Like queen anne's lace, bowing<br>and<br>at the side of the road | bending                               |
|                                      |  |                                       |
| in the body                          | Like the sun's warmth<br>through Poppy petals                    |                                       |
|                                      |  |                                       |
| when we                              | A practice in<br>bending   |                                       |
| land                                 |  | to the earth                          |

When we,

LANDBACK

A return

This will not begin with me  
This will not end with me.

We are called into collectivity

The space in between

what was and what  
is now

“Solidarity must be a moving from  
expressing to practicing”

Fred Moten

What are we grieving?

What are the rips

that cannot be  
unripped

the rips

that cannot be

unripped

GRIEVING < perseverance > WISDOM

GENERATION  
Tare  
Tear  
Tears  
Years  
Ears

FAMILY  
Lines  
Lives  
I'ves  
Haves  
Lost  
Losts

EXPERIENCE  
Wept  
Swept  
Slept

Sweet  
Delete  
Dreamt

SIGHTS  
Shined  
Pined  
Blind  
Blood  
Bloom

## Poetry

is not enough, and yet,  
Sometimes it is the only thing

Tare

Tare  
Tear

Tear  
Rip

Rip

In the shadow of missiles,

Bones baking in the sun

Hunger beyond imagining

How can you believe in God?

believe in God?

## Poetry

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How can you  
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believe in God?

"Hope is a discipline not an emotion or a sense of optimism"

Mariame Kaba

In our speechlessness,

and in our wailing

In our ripped clothes, and

in our raw skin

In our deepest ruin

May we have the strength to remember,

that breaking waves do not compromise

the ocean

That this ruin

is a practice

of communion

Water as witness Water as witness

Sky as witness Sky as witness

Land as witness Land as witness

Heart as witness Heart as witness

Water as witness  
Sky as witness  
Land as witness  
Heart as witness

Water as witness  
Sky as witness  
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Heart as witness Heart as witness

deep

soft

deep

bursting

soft

breath

bursting

remember  
give into it all— the grief that is

remember

but you are still  
here, it whispers  
a reminder of  
love resistance

breath

remember  
give into it all— the grief that is

four hundred eighty days, and counting—  
Palestinian resistance

but you are still  
here, it whispers  
a reminder of  
love resistance

unwavering صمود (sumuud)

four hundred eighty days, and counting—  
Palestinian resistance

we move again, still  
remembering

unwavering صمود (sumuud)

we move again, still  
remembering

Water

finds

their way

Like water,

you too  
will find your way

Face deluge

with dignity

rise

i  
miss our sun,

our figs,  
persimmons,  
pomegranates

ruby red

mulberries

watermelon

انجیر

انار

توت

dates

mulberries

watermelons

هندوانہ

mangoes

raspberries and  
strawberries

ଆମ

ଆମ

ଆମ

mango

guava

Jaboticaba

blood oranges

café do pé

Goiaba

where we come from

we share everything

How can we be like wind?

Flutter

swell

sway

Gust & gale

storm

Destructive force, making way

for other ways

Rest

Resist

Rest

Protest

Rest

Cook for someone you love

Run them a bath

nourish

Hold hands against barricades

Against rising tides

Sing together

Sing together

On translation

Farsi

Fig انجیر  
pomegranate نار

Mulberry توت

watermelon هندوانه

Hindi & Punjabi

आम Mango  
आम Sapodilla  
आम Papaya

Brazilian

Jaboticaba  
café do pé  
Goiaba