

re:seed

no.2



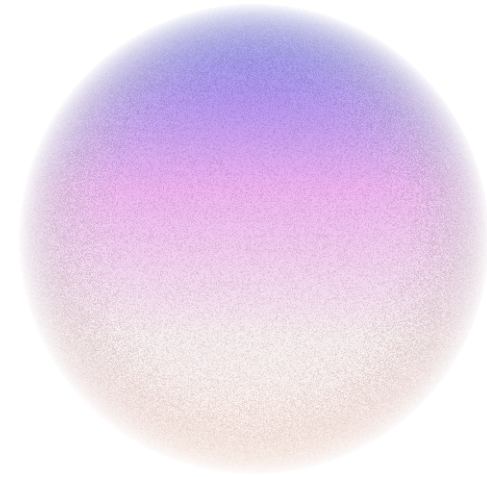


Hi friends!

The past few months have been a wild ride! It's been hard for us to feel inspired, connected, or clearheaded. Summer gives way to fall and all the excitement blurs to hazy memories of long days that have provided us with some of our fondest memories.

This issue feels chaotic and disjointed mirroring how our lives have felt since our last issue. We are surrounded by the mundane and the mythological at once as we face record heat waves, fires, hurricanes, flooding, and drought that tempt us to compartmentalize every public and personal crisis. This is a collection of inexpressible emotions we struggled to materialize and express centered on the grief we feel in response to the climate crisis.

Also woven in this issue is what grounds us: reminders of systems and thoughts connect us back to the roots of what is meaningful and everlasting. We start with the moon as a continual source of guidance and inspiration. We also looked to the plants and beings that energize us on a daily basis. We share this offering with us in the hopes that it sparks your own search for what rituals you can begin or return to.



solastalgia

noun.

a sense of losing one's home while still being in it;
ecological grief

individual and collective pain for lost landscapes,
ecosystems, species, or places that carry meaning +
for the knowledge and identities that they hold

*intensified for indigenous and rural communities whose
culture and sense of the future is more directly tied
to the land*

8/20

There's this thunderstorm in my head that has been growing for quite some time. The kind you can feel building through out the day; tall clouds rolling in with the air hanging heavy and dense ; the anticipation of a sudden downpour. The breeze picking up, rustling the tree leaves to expose their silvery undersides.

Maybe not so coincidentally this storm materialized as an actual thunderstorm one night. All day it had been building, one notification at a time until eventually I needed to shelter in the face of the eminent downpour. And as the thunder shook the windows of my house, I felt the power of the thunderstorm in my head as well.

It feels extraordinary in so many ways to be alive right now in this age and in this moment. Summers once were a time of retreat and unwinding for me. Weeks spent hiding in the trees and tumbling down streams in the shadows of mountains.

The heat I use to dread feels all too familiar and with my older eyes I see far more than I once did. My ears, once filled with the voices of birds and insects, now strain to hear their music.

And it all feels so silently stolen that this grief feels like second nature. That beauty can only exist in the presence of decay. The scarcity mindset is so overwhelming and frontal that it's hard to materialize a life that isn't underscored by extinction and inequality.

This grief will be a part of us until our own bodies fail us.

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8/26

*(a bus is moving forward as clouds and trees
flash by brake lights)*

*It's as if I can not finish a thought
before the words turn sour
and lose their meaning.
Nothing makes sense, all is inconsequential
and worthless.
This expression
this overflow of emotion into a dead end.
What is receiving?*

*Pounding into nothingness,
There are papers scattered everywhere
and it really doesn't concern me.
My window to the world is always moving
and there is always something else to see*

*How do these plants feel, are they secretly
mourning too?*

*When will we discover their feelings?
Will we be able to handle them?*

*What does it mean to be beautiful in a
decaying world?
How will vanity save us?
How am I part of this?*



*I despise the sight of concrete
I despise this manufactured world
I despise billboards with lights
and chicken nuggets that look like dinosaurs
I despise these overpasses and these tunnels
I despise this metallic pace of life that
hurtles us toward our grave at a faster rate
I despise the wheel and the trauma it dumps
with each new revolution
I despise perceiving
I despise feeling
Vanity in the face of decay*

9/01

The more I learn, the more the veils are lifted

*The harder it is to accept myself as part of
this world*

That I am the heir of enemies of the land

*Cliffs like that remind me that now more than
ever*

I need to be embraced by those who love me

*I want to know I have a community that has my
back and will share my burdens*

*I want to see my own goodness reflected back in
the work I do and the friend that I am*

*I hope people can feel the deep love I have for
them*

*I hope they hold the knowledge that I will try
my best to meet their needs*

Grief and uncertainty can drown out connection

*Blur a sense of being a drop in an ocean of
shared realities*

9/20

sometimes you are on top of the hill

the light shining brightly on you

*you are being guided forward on a well lit
path*

and sometimes you are in the valley

hidden from illumination

battling to stay upright

*then needing multiple stops as you slowly
make it uphill*

*when looking down, your shadow a servant of
time*

*when you look up, celestial bodies that spin
with or without you*

*in a city where you can't make out a single
star, the moon catches your eye*

*its light and movement, magnetic and
constant*

*Patience becomes a matter of waiting for the
day to start*

*so you can receive your birthright, a new
beginning*

it will all be in your field of vision soon

*a clarity that will align with you no matter
where you are*

forward to A Sand County Almanac

"There are some who can live without wild things, and some who cannot...

Like winds and sunsets, wild things were taken for granted until progress began to do away with them. Now we face the question whether a still higher 'standard of living' is worth its cost in things natural, wild, and free. For us of the minority, the opportunity to see geese is more important than television, and the chance to find a pasque-flower is a right as inalienable as free speech.

These wild things, I admit, had little human value until mechanization assured us of a good breakfast, and until science disclosed the drama of where they come from and how they live. The whole conflict thus boils down to a question of degree. We of the minority see a law of diminishing returns in progress; our opponents do not.

Conservation is getting nowhere because it is incompatible with our Abrahamic concept of the land. We abuse land because we regard it as a commodity belonging to us. When we see land as a community to which we belong, we may begin to use it with love and respect. There is no other way for land to survive the impact of mechanized man, nor for us to reap from it the esthetic harvest it is capable, under science, of contributing to culture.

That land is a community is the basic concept of ecology, but that land is to be loved and respected is an extension of ethics. That land yields a cultural harvest is a fact long known, but latterly often forgotten.

Such a view of land and people is, of course, subject to the blurs and distortions of personal experience and personal bias. But wherever the truth may lie, this much is crystal-clear: our bigger-and-better society is now like a hypochondriac, so obsessed with its own economic health as to have lost the capacity to remain healthy. The whole world is so greedy for more bathtubs that it has lost the stability necessary to build them, or even turn off the tap. Nothing could be more salutary at this stage that a little healthy contempt for a plethora of material blessings.

Perhaps such a shift of values can be achieved by reappraising things unnatural, tame, and confined in terms of natural, wild, and free.

— Aldo Leopold
Sand County Almanac
4 March 1948



exerpt

A Wild Love for the World

"Many indigenous societies work with grief or loss within the collective body of the community. Socially triggered emotions and thoughts are often better accessed in group or social settings. Relational practices help mitigate tendencies to isolation and powerlessness and generate creative responses to large scale challenges like climate disruption. This may include fixated mental narratives and "frozen" emotions... Just as grief work is a process by which bereaved persons unblock their numbed energies by acknowledging and grieving the loss of a loved one, so do we all need to unblock our feelings about our threatened planet and the possible demise of our species. Until we do, our power of creative response will be crippled. Our despair, when shared, delivers us to a new kind of humanity. It gives us new eyes to be able to look at what is happening in our world together.

We must be led by our unshakable love for Earth, a profound sense of belonging to our home planet. This living planet is our larger self. By widening our sense of relationship with all of life, we open to what Joanna refers to as the ecological self which is a gateway to liberation from the limited views of the small self. This work is not to be done alone but rather in groups with other deeply concerned Earth citizens. This is a critical point: This work takes all of us waking up together. It cannot be done alone, one person at a time.

Waking up together means welcoming an intuitive realization that you can't achieve by argument, persuasion, or thinking it through—you are delivered into it, held within its hands, like birth and death. Grief and despair work is conceptualized as a spiral that maps the journey to Gaian consciousness in four stages. The first is gratitude, in which we experience our love for life. Next is honoring our pain, in which we learn how to suffer the pain of the world with others and with the world itself. Then, in seeing with new eyes, we experience our connection with life in all its forms through all the ages. Finally, in the last stage we go forth into action in the world as open human beings, aware of our mutual belonging in the web of life, learning through feedback in our social and ecological domains."

– A Wild Love for the World Anthology

Words by Joanna Macy, Stephanie Kaza, Donald Rothberg

excerpt

Finding the Mother Tree

But nothing lives on our planet without death and decay. From this springs new life, and from this birth will come new death. This spiral of living taught me to become a sower of seeds too, a planter of seedlings, a keeper of saplings, a part of the cycle. The forest itself is part of much larger cycles, the building of soil and migration of species and circulation of oceans. The source of clean air and pure water and good food. There is a necessary wisdom in the give-and-take of nature—its quiet agreements and search for balance.

There is an extraordinary generosity.

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One of the first clues came while I was tapping into the messages that the trees were relaying back and forth through a cryptic underground fungal network. When I followed the clandestine path of the conversations, I learned that this network is pervasive through the entire forest floor, connecting all the trees in a constellation of tree hubs and fungal links. A crude map revealed, stunningly, that the biggest, oldest timbers are the sources of fungal connections to regenerating seedlings. Not only that, they connect to all neighbors, young and old, serving as the linchpins for a jungle of threads and synapses and nodes. I'll take you through the journey that revealed the most shocking aspect of this pattern—that it has similarities with our own human brains. In it, the old and young are perceiving, communicating, and responding to one another by emitting chemical signals. Chemicals identical to our own neurotransmitters. Signals created

by ions cascading across fungal membranes. The older trees are able to discern which seedlings are their own kin.

The old trees nurture the young ones and provide them food and water just as we do with our own children. It is enough to make one pause, take a deep breath, and contemplate the social nature of the forest and how this is critical for evolution. The fungal network appears to wire the trees for fitness. And more. These old trees are mothering their children.

The Mother Trees.

When Mother Trees—the majestic hubs at the center of forest communication, protection, and sentience—die, they pass their wisdom to their kin, generation after generation, sharing the knowledge of what helps and what harms, who is friend or foe, and how to adapt and survive in an ever-changing landscape. It's what all parents do.

How is it possible for them to send warning signals, recognition messages, and safety dispatches as rapidly as telephone calls? How do they help one another through distress and sickness? Why do they have human-like behaviors, and why do they work like civil societies?

After a lifetime as a forest detective, my perception of the woods has been turned upside down. With each new revelation, I am more deeply embedded in the forest. The scientific evidence is impossible to ignore: the forest is wired for wisdom, sentience, and healing.

– Finding the Mother Tree
Suzanne Simard



Start Here

meditation Me the Tree

(do outside standing on grass
but can also be done inside with
the power of your imagination)

- ◉ stand up and position yourself with your arms out and your legs spread open
- ◉ take 3 deep breaths - in through your nose, out through your mouth
- ◉ continue to breath however is normal and natural for you
- ◉ close your eyes and imagine that your hands are branches, your core is the trunk, and your feet are the roots reaching into the ground
- ◉ keep breathing and feel stillness take over you. Then slowly begin to move your arms
- ◉ feel the wind blowing through your leaves
- ◉ wiggle your toes and your roots in the soil

- ◉ flex your stomach and feel your trunk strong and holding you up
- ◉ imagine your veins head to toe moving water and nutrients to where they are needed
- ◉ you are an ecosystem of your own and also part of a larger whole
- ◉ thank every part of your body head to toe
- ◉ thank every part of your larger body too - the ground you are rooted in, the air you breath, the water you drink, the food you ate today, the many hands that cared for it and the many hands that have cared for you

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Start Here

meditation Location Visualiza- tion

- ◉ sit down somewhere comfortable and close your eyes
 - ◉ take 3 deep breaths - in through your nose, out through your mouth
 - ◉ visualize the small space you are in right now
 - ◉ zoom out and visualize the neighborhood you are in on a map and name it
- (you can say whatever names feel right or come to mind for each of these)
- ◉ zoom out and visualize the city you are in right now on a map and name it
 - ◉ zoom out and visualize the region you're in and name it

- ◉ zoom out and visualize the country you're in and name it
- ◉ zoom out and visualize the continent you're on and name it
- ◉ zoom out and visualize the hemisphere you're on and name it
- ◉ zoom out until you visualize the planet
- ◉ zoom out and witness our solar system
- ◉ keep zooming out, taking deeper breaths and visualize our galaxy.
- ◉ Keep zooming out until you feel your universal
- ◉ take a few more breaths and return to your space

an inner calender

When your days are dictated by when work starts and ends, reclaiming your time could mean marking your calendar with rituals that provide a sense of awareness and ownership of your own cycles.

The moon is an ancient guide whose phases reconnect you to your own rhythms and carry you through any season. This can enable you to better understand yourself so that you can plan ahead and either have more compassion for yourself in times when you wane, and take advantage of your full energy in times that you wax.

Being aware of your inner calendar, whether guided by the lunar, solar, or other calendar allows you to observe and understand the patterns that manifest repeatedly in your life. Rituals allow you to set a foundation made of intention, meaning, and power. You could have a morning ritual, a pre-bed ritual, a post-hard day ritual. Anything that requires you to reset with a clear mind and an open heart. This can help you make peace with where you're at and provide a model for you to adapt, rest, meditate, and receive. Use this lunar calender to stay in dialogue with yourself over the next year.

We all deserve freedom from rigid structures that were built before our time and without consideration of our needs.