

## *wind*

-- november; tomales point --

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perched upon the tip of the world, the peninsula to myself. the smell of salt is intense, the cool ocean air brought with it the breaching humpbacks to the shore. the wind whips off the breakers and grabs at my clothes and hair as it passes as if to remind me that it's still there. i've never been here and yet i feel right, i feel at home.

skies full of hunting raptors and screaming gulls, trails full of elk, waves crashing against the cliffs. i sit for a while longer, breathing deeply, emptying my mind, trying to keep myself in the present moment. the minute i'm no longer there, this place starts to feel a little less like home and a little more like a lost memory.

there's an old dairy farm here, it was open for over a hundred years, all the buildings are still standing, relics. the indigenous communities that lived here were present for much longer, yet their impact is invisible. why are we now obsessed with permanence? why must something of us outlast our physical selves whether it be a legacy or a farm?

what connects us to other across time? the closed nature of the earth system? the wind that i feel right now is the same wind that those dairy farmers felt, the same wind that the Coast Miwok people breathed, the same wind upon which that hawk rises over the cliff. the world connects us. the elements. we are immersed in the same world as everyone else, connected through space if not time, but so many feel the need to leave a mark. a fear of impermanence.

what was that? an oystercatcher, landing on the rocks in front of me he reminds me to breathe, listen, feel. ah, here it is again- that feeling. that calm acceptance of fate, the inflow and outflow of breath, of the wind, of the universe.

as i hike back through the cypress groves, i look to the tops of the trees to watch the leaves wave, wishing me farewell and well wishes. it's all here. i need nothing else, just the wind to feel my ancestors, just the wind to know myself.

## *rain*

-- december; los gatos --

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The rain, a gentle patter on the roof  
A soothing sound, a reminder of truth  
That everything changes, everything grows  
And the rain, it falls, to help it go

The land, dry and thirsty, longing for more  
The rain, a lifeline, a much-needed pour  
It nourishes the earth, revives the plants  
Brings new life, new hope, new chances

The rain, a reminder of the life  
The ups and downs, the highs and lows  
It comes and goes, a natural flow  
A force to be reckoned with, a force to know

The rain, a blessing without disguise  
A gift from above, a surprise  
It brings renewal, a fresh start  
A chance to heal, to mend the heart

The rain, a symbol of hope  
A promise of things to come, a new scope  
A chance to grow, flourish, and thrive  
To build a better future for which to strive

So let the rain come, let it pour  
Let it wash away the pain, the loss, the hurt  
Embrace the hope it brings, the new beginnings  
And let it nourish our souls, our hearts, our beings

For in the rain, we see a glimmer of light  
A chance to start anew, to set things right  
To create a better world, a brighter tomorrow  
Where love and hope and joy can all follow

So let the rain fall, let it flow  
Let it wash away the doubts and the woe  
And let it bring us hope for a better future,  
Where anything is possible if only we nurture

The seeds of change, the seeds of hope  
And let them grow, until they can cope  
With all the challenges that come our way  
And let the rain be a symbol for our foray

Into a better future, full of love  
Where anything is possible if we rise above  
The doubts and the fears, and embrace the rain  
As a symbol of hope of a future without pain

# *home*

-- december; big sur --

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what are you looking for?  
home  
it's not there  
it's not fair

my home is gone.  
burned away  
gone with the smoke  
that burns my lungs  
home

where do you feel it?  
home  
it's not here  
it's not near

my home is gone.  
it's somewhere  
under the interstate  
next to my ancestors' bones  
home

how will you know?  
home  
it's not clear  
it doesn't appear

my home is gone.  
it's all dried up  
droughts and fires rage  
making a desert of a rainforest  
home

where did it go?  
home  
it's not there  
it's not fair

my home is gone.

but i'm there now  
and yet i've never been  
i think i'm finding it  
home

what happened to it?  
home  
it's not okay  
it's gone astray

my home is gone.  
burned away  
and yet, here i stand  
i've found it yet again  
home

why can't you return?  
home  
it's not simple  
it's not so simple

my home is gone.  
underneath the ocean  
and yet, here i stand  
i've found it yet again  
home

what is it?  
home  
it's not a where  
it's not a when

my home is here.  
i carry it with me  
through the pain  
i've finally understood  
home

my home is here.  
i carry it with me  
when i miss my brother  
he's right beside me  
home

my home is here.  
i walk upon it

when i miss my grandmother  
she's right beneath me  
home

my home is here.  
i live within it  
when i listen to the sound  
of birds and wind and the leaves  
home

my home is here.  
i live within it  
when i feel the touch  
of soil beneath me  
home

my home is here.  
i live because of it  
when i nurture it,  
it grows  
home

my home is here.  
i live within it  
when i see the sunset  
on the horizon for the last time i'll know  
that at least i was home