

Seed Broadcast



*agri-Culture
Journal*

Cultivating Diverse Varieties of Resilience #23

SEEDBROADCAST

We would like to thank all who generously contributed to our 23rd edition of the bi-annual SeedBroadcast agri-Culture Journal. The next edition will be in the Spring of 2026. We invite you all to consider sending a submission. This could be a drawing, photograph, story, recipes for climate change, poem, action (what can we all do to keep the seeds alive), or an essay, with relevance to the essence of seeds, seed saving practices, climate change, and food sovereignty.

We are looking forward to hearing from you. Each of you holds a unique wisdom and it is this wisdom we hope to share.

You can keep up with our actions and encounters with other seed lovers at our website www.seedbroadcast.org.

“From Latin America, we call on Ukraine and Russia to make peace. Only in peace can we save life in this land of ours. There is no total peace without social, economic and environmental justice. We are also at war with the planet. Without peace with the planet, there will be no peace among nations. Without social justice, there is no social peace.”

Gustavo Petro, the new President of Colombia

We want to thank our fiscal sponsor LittleGlobe, our supporters Robert Rauschenberg Foundation Climate Change Solutions Fund, the Puffin Foundation, Native Seeds/SEARCH, Albuquerque Museum, Kates Fund for Women, our SeedBroadcasting cohorts - especially the farmers that have allowed us into their fields and lives.

To our partners in Seed: Climate Change Resilience:
Tse Daa K’aan Lifelong Learning Community in Hogback, New Mexico.
Beata Tsosie-Peña of Santa Clara Pueblo and the Española Healing Food Oasis
Ron and Debora Boyd of Mer-Girl Gardens, in La Villita, New Mexico
RAVEL Lab at the University of New Mexico
Sarah Montgomery of Garden’s Edge
Albuquerque Museum
Rowen White, Sierra Seed Coop
Native Seeds/SEARCH
UNM Art & Ecology
Richmond Grows Seed Lending Library

To our partners for Earth Optimism:
Experimental Farm Network
Ujamaa Cooperative Farming Alliance
Steam Onward
Share a Seed
Smithsonian Folk Life X Earth Optimism

To all those gracious humans that shared their poignant seed stories, Ana Ruiz Díaz, Toña Osher and Chris Wells for building our relationship to community actions and seed activists from Meso-America, Rachel Bordeleau for graphic design, Bill Mann, HawkMoth Farm, Rick Ferchaud for endless hoeing and digging, the many individuals for their continued support, and to the amazing anonymous donors that continue to support our work. And huge thank you to the soil, microbes, birds, sun, wind, rain and to our seeds that continue to inspire and give us hope. Thank you for joining with us in keeping these seeds and their stories alive.

"Something essential happens in a vegetable garden. It’s a place where if you can’t say “I love you” out loud, you can say it in seeds. And the land will reciprocate, in beans."

Robin Wall Kimmerer

Please include a short bio. Images should be at least 300 DPI 4” x 6” with captions and photo credit, if needed. Include your mailing address as we will mail you a stack of printed copies to distribute in your own locale.

THE DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS IS
APRIL 13TH, 2026
Send submissions to seedbroadcast@gmail.com

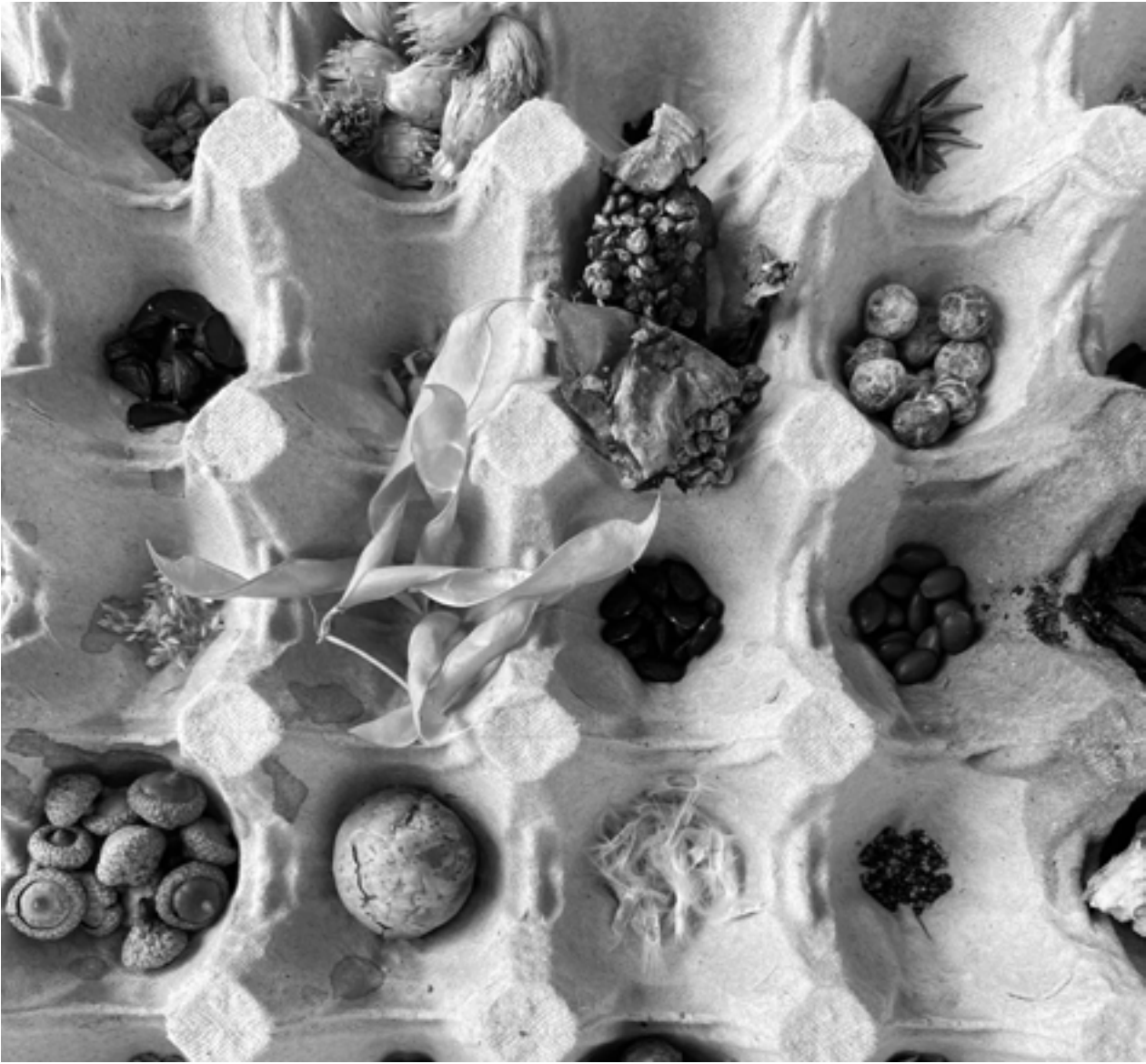


PHOTO CREDIT: SEEDBROADCAST

It’s that time of year, the light is shifting, the darkness, you can feel it in your bones. Cooler air circulates conjuring up the much-needed moisture. The thunder and lightning arrived late this year; they came with the winds, at last bringing the monsoon rains. A relief to the parched earth, but the heavy downpours bounced off the soils flooding some of the Northern New Mexican acequias and the scorched lands of summer fires.

The beauty and the grief.

The trees greening and humming with the Flickers red feathers. Hawks circling looking for prey, coyotes coming close to the bedroom door, skunks hiding in the irrigation pipe. All is moving, recalibrating to grow into seed, to burrow underground, to shed those greened leaves and to migrate.

Harvest is upon us, apples dropping, corn husks turning golden, the delicate white flowers of buckwheat now gray-black seed, the time of abundance and reciprocity, leave some for the critters, share some with the neighbors, save the seed for next year. Can we?

During this seasonal change we can feel untethered, the seasons come and go, revive and dissipate, breathing in and out.

We breathe together.

We have always moved with the revolution but now all has shifted, has turned upside down. The rains coming late, and stronger, the summers hotter and longer, it’s hard to tell the truth of the complexity engulfing us. The plants were unhurried this year, slow to produce but they nourished us as much as they could.

As we eat the carrots, boil the potatoes, grind the grain do we remember to give thanks, do we remember that the seed we planted turned herself inside out for us. It’s a collaboration, a relational life force between us and the world around us.

We at SeedBroadcast have been learning from the incredible capacity of our seeds, are dedicated to what they teach us and in return offer our kinship to keep their nurturing stories alive and in good health. We believe and are acting on keeping the seeds alive.

Might you?

We too are seeds...

"When we sow a seed, we plant a narrative of future possibility."

Sue Stuart-Smith

23rd Edition SeedBroadcast Journal

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SEED=FOOD=LIFE

SEEDBROADCAST holds the belief that it is a worldly right to be able save our seeds and share their potential, to be able to grow our own food and share this abundance, and to cultivate grassroots wisdom and share in her radical creativity and resilience.

We seek to reveal the culture that has been lost in agriculture and believe that seeds are witnesses to our past and hold potential for our future. Seeds have their own story to tell and it is up to us to listen before it is too late.

SEEDBROADCAST encourages communities to keep local food and culture alive and vibrant through working together in creative and inspiring ways. We spend time with people on their farms, in their gardens, at seed exchanges and at community gatherings to dig deeper into the, often, unheard stories of local agriculture. Our traditional farmers, avid gardeners and local organic food growers, native plant aficionados are inspired by the seeds they sow and save, they take notice of what grows and what does not, they learn from the seasonal shifts, experiment with when to plant the first pea and when to harvest the seed for next year.

This vital knowledge base of plant and human connection is what we seek to cultivate, disperse and nurture. We are all connected.

We strive to live in reciprocity with all of our living breathing beings and to not only take but to sincerely give back.

What if we were to ask ourselves everyday “What can we gift?”

Our gift, to all who are willing to open their hearts to the necessity of listening, to those beings that have faced and are facing extinction and relocation and to learn from their fearless resilience.

We continue to take time to slow down and to reflect on how to best take meaningful action for change. We are continuing our conversations and networking with farmers, seed savers, backyard gardeners and activists, and teaching and mentoring as much as possible.

And we are always in the process of tending our own fields and gardens, learning as much as we possibly can from the seeds and soil and trying new ways to keep the seeds alive and vibrant.

This issue is dedicated with deep bow of gratitude to all the peoples of the world who are facing rapid changes to their homelands, with the ongoing fires, floods, hurricanes and erratic weather patterns and violence that are threatening their survival and the survival of their seeds, lands, plants, animals, and cultural belonging.

“It was a single poppy seed...she rolled it between her fingers and raised her eyes past the straining sails, to the star-filled vault above. On any other night she would have scanned the sky for the planet she had always thought to be the arbiter of her fate - but tonight her eyes dropped instead to the tiny sphere she was holding between her thumb and forefinger. She looked at the seed as if she had never seen one before, and suddenly she knew that it was not the planet above that governed her life: it was this minuscule orb - at once bountiful and all-devouring, merciful and destructive, sustaining and vengeful. This was her Shani, her Saturn.”

Amitav Ghosh, Sea of Poppies

PLEASE HELP US GROW! SUPPORT SEEDBROADCAST WITH A TAX-DEDUCTIBLE DONATION!

With the increasing demands for SEED Action now, we need your help to ensure that we continue to expand our collaborations and activations. Your support will keep the SeedBroadcast agri-Cultural Journal free and accessible, nurture seed stories and keep them alive and percolating and allow our partnerships with Native Seeds/SEARCH , and community activist organizations to deepen the focus on food and seed sovereignty and climate change resilience. These are times of rapid climate and environmental crisis that are causing devastation to our mother earth so we need to continue to sustain and deepen our efforts. Your donation will help us to build the capacity to dig deep, sprout tall, and shout out for more action to plant the seeds of our ancestors across the land.

TO MAKE A TAX DEDUCTIBLE DONATION TO SEEDBROADCAST GO TO:

Online donation:
<https://seedbroadcast.org/donate>

Or contact our fiscal sponsor Littlelobe for other payment options:
Phone: 505.980.6218
Email: info@littleglobe.org

- Your donation will support the on going activation of Seed: Climate Change Resilience and community engagement.
- Your donation will help us to keep activating local food and seed resiliency through community partnerships.
- Your donation will help keep the agri-Culture Journal free. Available online <https://seedbroadcast.org/projects/agriculture-journal> and at various locations around the nation.

SeedBroadcast has been and continues to be funded by in-kind donations of time, labor, and money from collective SeedBroadcasters.

SeedBroadcast has received generous grants from the Kindle Project Fund of the Common Counsel Foundation, McCune Charitable Foundation, the Robert Rauschenberg Foundation, the Puffin Foundation, Kates Fund for Women and anonymous donors that support our continued projects. All of these funds are essential for the successful operation of SeedBroadcast.

SeedBroadcast thanks you for your support and BELIEF in the power of Seeds, Stories, and acknowledging the vital aspects of culture that is held within traditional forms of agri-Culture!

GOLDEN MEREDITH MAINES

The unbroken golden thread
yellow sweetclover
salsify
of interdependence
prickly pear blooms
buffalo gourd flowers
holds us together
threadleaf groundsel
grindelia
year after year,
mullein
snakeweed
a warm abundance
chamisa
bahia
of subterranean seeds,
cottonwood
aspen
burying themselves...

...to carry our spirits through another winter.

(Inspired by Stephen Harrod Buhner's lecture
at Schumacher College on "golden threads,"
as shared by author Janisse Ray.)

MEREDITH IS AN HERBALISM
STUDENT KEEPING A PHENOLOGY
JOURNAL IN THE PECOS VALLEY.
SHE HOPES TO TURN HER HOME
INTO A COMMUNITY SPACE FOR
RESILIENCE-BUILDING CLASSES.

JEANETTE HART-MANN IS A FARMER, ARTIST, ADVOCATE AND TEACHER COMMITTED TO THE TRANSFORMATIVE POTENTIAL OF TRADITIONAL ECOLOGICAL KNOWLEDGE, EMBODIED LAND-BASED PRACTICES, CREATIVE ENGAGEMENT AND ECO-SOCIAL RELATIONSHIPS. HER PRACTICE IS ITERATIVE, EMERGENT AND INTERDISCIPLINARY. SHE INTERMINGLES FARMING, FIBERS, SEEDS, AND ECOLOGICAL RESTORATION WITH VIDEO, SCULPTURE, PHOTOGRAPHY, INSTALLATION, AND WRITING. SHE IS LEAD FARMER AT HAWKMOTH FARM, ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF ART & ECOLOGY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO, CO-DIRECTOR OF RAVEL, AND CO-FOUNDER OF SEEDBROADCAST.

OPEN WITH JEANETTE HART-MANN



GUNJAN KOUL (SHE/HER/HERS), IS THE FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR OF SEED & BLOOM, A PROGRAM ROOTED IN NATURE-BASED THERAPEUTIC AND CULINARY ARTS EDUCATION FOR INCARCERATED STUDENTS. HER WORK CENTERS ON CULTIVATING JOY, CREATIVITY, AND BELONGING AS PATHWAYS TO HEALING, WHILE BUILDING BRIDGES BETWEEN CARCERAL AND FREE COMMUNITIES.

CHOSEN SEEDS

GUNJAN KOUL

An exploration of how imagining seeds - real and invented - can nurture joy, creativity, and healing within carceral spaces through the Seed & Bloom program.

This piece reflects on how imagination can take root even in the most constrained places. Through the Seed & Bloom program at the Penitentiary of New Mexico, I have witnessed how dreaming about seeds—real or imagined—can open space for healing, creativity, and joy inside carceral settings. What follows is a story about one student’s imagined seed and how it continues to shape the work I do today.



I remember sharing the “Chosen Seed” exercise with students a few years ago.

It was 2021, and I was looking at them through a screen, zooming into a classroom at a youth detention center for young women in the Bronx, New York. The exercise invites participants to imagine a seed of their own creation. It can be blue with polka dots, neon green with black stripes, hot pink—anything at all. Once a design is chosen, the next step is to determine the superpower of the seed. In this scenario, the seed would not produce a fruit or a vegetable. Instead, this chosen seed would flourish in ways that grew ideas from which actions could follow.

Until this exercise, one student had been hard to reach. Understandably, she was in a lot of emotional pain and reluctant to participate, especially at such a distance during an already confusing and charged time in the pandemic.

Her chosen seed was neon green and blue. It grew ridiculously long stems, all at the same speed. From these long “stem-arms,” pre-paid cards could be plucked by families and used to purchase food. This special plant, evolving from her chosen seed, would be able to sense when families were more likely to stay indoors due to the cold. In the spring and summer, the cards would hold \$120 per family, per season, to use for fresh food like fruits and vegetables. In the fall and winter, the cards would adapt to hold \$240 per family, per season. The stems would always remain the same, only the cards would change.

Inside of the hour we had for class, and among so much noise and chaos in the room that this child had to endure, she was talking about access to a simple need: food. In this carceral space, in the center of a food desert, in this cage, this student was imagining a chosen seed that could truly feed and nourish her urban community.

I often think about this student and her wish for a seed so powerful. I think about how what she wished for was something that served ideas far bigger than herself. I think about how her situation has evolved since that time. I hope that she is somewhere safe, that she is thriving as a free, newly established seedling in this world.

I thought about her last night, while packing bins for a Seed & Bloom workshop at the Penitentiary of New Mexico (PNM). Seed & Bloom is a horticulture and culinary arts program for individuals incarcerated at PNM. I created it in May 2024, after eight years of work in carceral spaces.

There are three program areas.

1. Nature-based activities rooted in therapeutic horticulture. These include tending to our indoor plants and hydroponics towers where we grow flowers and vegetables inside the prison. They also include sitting under the tree in the courtyard with our students, reading poems, expressing ourselves with the help of hand puppets, or creating bottle gardens from upcycled water bottles.

2. Our Seed & Bloom farm. We have grown almost 300 pounds of fresh food in four newly restored greenhouses. Our food is sold through the Santa Fe Farmers Market Institute's Tianguis Móvil truck, which visits communities across the city with the goal of expanding access to fresh and healthy foods.

3. Culinary workshops. In these, we prepare meals, invite students to look at grocery store prices in real time, and reflect on questions at the dinner table. These often center on food memories and sensory experiences the kitchen offers. The workshops are two to three hours of teamwork, problem solving, creativity, beauty, and cooking. They are opportunities for our students to turn on a stove for the first time ever, or for the first time in over a decade... and to crack an egg, to identify ginger root for the first time, or to have their first taste of horchata.



For others, it might be tasting a dish requested by a student for his 31st birthday: menudo. The last time he had the dish was when he was 15 years old, which was the last time he was in the free world. Once the cooking is finished, we gather at five tables adorned with tablecloths and student-made floral bouquets. A gratitude blessing is offered.

At the maximum-security facility, we have different rhythms. We see two different groups here, and we begin by visiting our garden beds. The walls around us are white and high enough to block the view of the mountains. But in the garden, we have cosmos and marigolds and sunflowers—purple, orange, yellow, and green.

We head inside to the classroom where we tend to our hydroponics towers and indoor plants. Sometimes we look at postcards of complex images and write stories about them—what's the story we each see? We share what we write aloud. One card showed a blue shirt on a hanger, with a pocket that revealed a room through a window frame. A light was on in the room and there was a plant growing. Other natural objects hung out nearby, but they lived outside of the room and away from the shirt. Our stories had to include all of the objects on the card.

You can imagine that people who will be incarcerated for the rest of their lives, and who have described time as irrelevant, can hold so many complexities around an image like this. We discuss our scenarios for the card while we prepare our lunch, usually chicken wraps with fresh vegetables, fresh fruit, and yogurt.

I think about how Seed & Bloom is the dream of my own chosen seed. The superpower of the program is that it brings joy into spaces that are designed to keep it out. It offers recreational solutions for reentry, sharing the kitchen and the garden as realms that offer comfort in the free world, and showing how goals for those spaces can come in all different sizes. Other times, it helps create new memories in cages that have held the same humans for nearly half a century.

Chosen seeds are living in all of us. We all have the capacity to dream them into existence. To have them anchor us, or to free us, and to help us flourish and even fly.

VARIOUS MEDICINAL PLANTS OF NEW MEXICO

SUSANNA CARLISE



Echinacea is Indigenous to the United States. It has been used extensively by Native Americans in Native American culture, it has been used to treat poisonous bites and stings, toothaches, reduce inflammation, sore throat, colds, and more. In a way, this botanical miracle was used as a cure-all and has been used to treat ailments more than any other medicinal plant. Today, we now know that Echinacea is believed to have active substances that can heighten immunity, relieve pain and inflammation, and have hormonal, antiviral, and antioxidant properties. Some recent studies also suggest that compounds in Echinacea can be used to combat the herpes simplex virus (HSV).



Dandelion exists in the records as a healing agent in ancient Greece and Rome. By the 10th century the Arabs also were using it for its diuretic properties, liver health, to detoxify the blood and for digestive issues. Native Americans use it to treat kidney disease, skin problems, swelling and heartburn. Today is used in many cultures for inflammation and antioxidant properties, promotion of liver health, regulating blood sugar, digestion, reducing cholesterol and lowering blood pressure. It also is known to reduce suppress the growth and spread of cancer cells in the breast, liver, colon, prostate and stomach tissues. And it may support healthy bones.



Peony was used by the Greeks for Epilepsy, and to promote menstruation. European herbalists have used it as an antispasmodic and to soothe the nerves. The Chinese have been using it for hypertension, chest pains, muscle cramping and spasms and fever. Nowadays it is still the most widely used herb in many cultures to treat menstrual cramps and irregularities. It is believed by some to kill cancer cells, act as an antioxidant, fight ulcers, stomach pain, and insomnia. It also is presumed to relieve stress and anxiety, helping in endorphin production, and helping blood circulation by its anti-coagulant effect.



Mullein was valued for its therapeutic properties by the ancient Greeks, Romans, and Native Americans. The Greek physician Discorides mentioned mullein in his seminal work, "De Materia Medica," recommending it for pulmonary diseases. Native Americans used mullein for respiratory issues, wounds, and skin infections, appreciating its soothing and anti-inflammatory properties. Today it is a popular remedy for respiratory conditions like coughs, bronchitis, asthma, and tuberculosis. It also is used for ear infections because of its pain relief and antibacterial properties. Its anti-inflammatory and antiseptic properties make it useful for treating wounds, burns, and skin infections. It is also known to help digestive issues such as colitis and diarrhea.



Calendula has been used since ancient times by the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans and is still used today to aid the skin as a healing agent for wounds, cuts, sores, burns insect bites and rashes. During the Civil War, Calendula flowers were packed into open wounds for healing. Surgeons also used them for dressing wounds. Today Calendula is mainly used to treat skin conditions and minimize scarring. A calendula tea also may move the lymphatic fluid to cleanse the lymph system of metabolic waste and toxins.



Artichoke Thistle's medicinal properties have been known for thousands of years. Traditionally it has been used for stimulating digestion and treating muscle and joint pain and rheumatism not only in Europe, but also by Native Americans and the Chinese. It also has been claimed to be antimicrobial, boost the immune system, act as an antioxidant, lower blood sugar, improve gut health, reduce inflammation of liver, and gallbladder, and also manage liver diseases, improve cardiovascular function. It exhibits anti-cancer properties.



Hollyhock is used in traditional Chinese medicine for bronchial complaints, treatment for coughs, colds and sore throats. It is also used for digestive problems by soothing irritation and aiding with constipation. The plant was imported into Europe during or before the 15th century. Today it is used worldwide for pain, stomach ulcers, wound healing and lowering blood sugar. It also is believed to soothe irritated and inflamed tissue in the gastrointestinal, respiratory and genitourinary tract.

SUSANNA'S EXPERIENCE OF LIVING IN THE WILDERNESS AND NATURAL WORLD FOR MOST OF HER LIFE CONTINUES TO EXPAND HER FASCINATION AND APPRECIATION OF ALL LIVING THINGS. CURRENTLY SHE IS FOCUSING ON THE HISTORY AND POWER OF MEDICINAL PLANTS BY COMBINING HER PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS.

EMERGENCE - MIRACLE BIRTH

SARA WRIGHT



When my ‘good neighbor’ sent me the photo yesterday morning I could see the outlines of the butterfly, so my little dog Coal and I walked up to see for ourselves. It was hot – very hot though only around 9:30 AM. The capsule was already twisted and turning though not even the lightest breeze was in evidence. The outlines of the monarch were clearly etched through the now blackened but still translucent chrysalis.

Standing under the porch overhang that the caterpillar had chosen for transforming, a miracle was in progress. Before our eyes the capsule split as the butterfly emerged head-first, feelers extended and waving from the bottom of a rapidly shrinking chrysalis that had so recently been lime green tipped in gold. The wings were still quite small, but the butterfly was already pumping fluid into them readying for first flight. As the wings expanded before our eyes I cried out like a child exclaiming in my joy and excitement – “oh a miracle, a miracle”, and of course it was, the birthing of new life.

Now she* was drying her wings and had become motionless. Such a bittersweet late summer sienna or burnt umber brightening to flaming orange. This is the intrepid monarch that will hopefully make the arduous trip to the mountains of Mexico for the winter to journey north to lay the first eggs before dying in the spring. The only monarch that lives approximately nine months. Completing the Circle of Life. Oh, how we wish her safe journey to Mexico and beyond.

I have witnessed this miraculous ‘becoming’ throughout my life having watched many monarchs make this transition but yesterday was spectacular for another reason.

My neighbor had never seen this process before – and her wonder and disbelief matched my own filling my heart with even more joy (yes, I still feel a sense of disbelief/wonder at every butterfly emergence I have been privileged to witness). Sharing this birthing with my friend will stay with me forever...

When Coal and I finally left the monarch was hanging motionless under the searing heat of the sun star. I calculated when I would return for first flight.

Observing nature’s processes throughout my life I had learned that it takes a while for the butterfly to finish pumping fluid into her wings. During this period, she remains motionless upside down, allowing her wings to dry.

But not this time!

Just after I left my friend went into the house for a moment and when she returned the butterfly was gone!

SARA IS A WRITER, ETHOLOGIST AND NATURALIST WHO IS MAKING HER HOME BETWEEN ABIQUIU, NEW MEXICO AND MAINE. SHE HAS INDIGENOUS ROOTS. NATURE IS HER MUSE AND INSPIRATION. SHE WRITES FOR MANY PUBLICATIONS MOST OF WHICH FOCUS ON NATURE, AND ECO-FEMINISM - THE BELIEF THAT WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE EARTH IS ALSO HAPPENING TO WOMEN.

Wow! Immediately I thought about the intense heat. Insects are cold blooded and can't take either too much heat or cold and my guess is that Nature had speeded up the process of emergence so the butterfly wouldn't be harmed.

One more lesson for the resilience of Nature in dire extremes: Supremely adaptable, these insects are intelligent and know just what to do to maximize chances for their survival. Literally, wisdom lies in butterfly intelligence, DNA, and the Butterfly Field that surrounds and informs each species.

The story began a couple of weeks ago when I discovered a caterpillar on good neighbors' milkweed, the only one I have seen this summer, despite the fact that I have a field full of these plants. When I showed the creature to my neighbor's grandchild, she discovered another tiny caterpillar working on a different plant leaf...

We all have been keeping watch ever since. At first the caterpillar was predictably munching away every day increasing in girth and length and then suddenly, disappearance.

By this time ki* had grown a whole lot. I assumed that this gorgeous black, yellow and white banded creature had decided to pupate. Where? Only the caterpillar knows where to go. We had no idea.

Meanwhile, the baby disappeared almost immediately. A week or two passed and then my friend discovered another medium sized caterpillar on the same milkweed. I had taken enough pictures to recognize that this one was not the original caterpillar but a second one who was much smaller. The infant?

When my friend's daughter discovered the bright green capsule under their overhanging porch we wondered if it was the original caterpillar we had been watching from the beginning. I'll repeat, only the insects know just where the best places are to pupate, one reason is it critical not to try to move any chrysalis you find.

Just after the newly hatched monarch flew away my neighbor saw another It must be said that none of us have seen more than a few. Monarchs all summer.

As of yesterday, no sign of the second caterpillar so who knows where that one will end up pupating if ki hasn't already. Of course, birds, wasps, ants etc – too many predators to name - could have eaten that caterpillar for dinner. We did see a tussock moth munching down the milkweed leaves where the others were seen, but this fuzzy orange character is part of the milkweed ecosystem who feasts on the same plant.

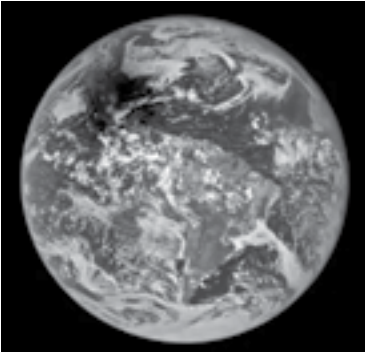
We know so little about the mysteries of our intelligent, interconnected web of life. In my opinion our job as humans is to leave butterflies and all other wild creatures alone.

Becoming an Observer, allowing nature to teach us is the way to develop relationship and intimacy with all our non - human relatives - one by one (We even share 20 to 40 percent of our DNA with these insects). Learning from nature is a joy that will sustain a person throughout her lifetime. This has been the way I have lived my life, and it has served me well as a naturalist, ecologist, ethologist.

One stark truth is that Nature routinely demonstrates her willingness to communicate through actions and is only too pleased to converse with those who indicate their curiosity or others like me that simply love her...

*I say 'she' but actually have no idea if this monarch was male or female – the primary difference between the two is that the male has a spot on ki's hindwing and I never thought to look.

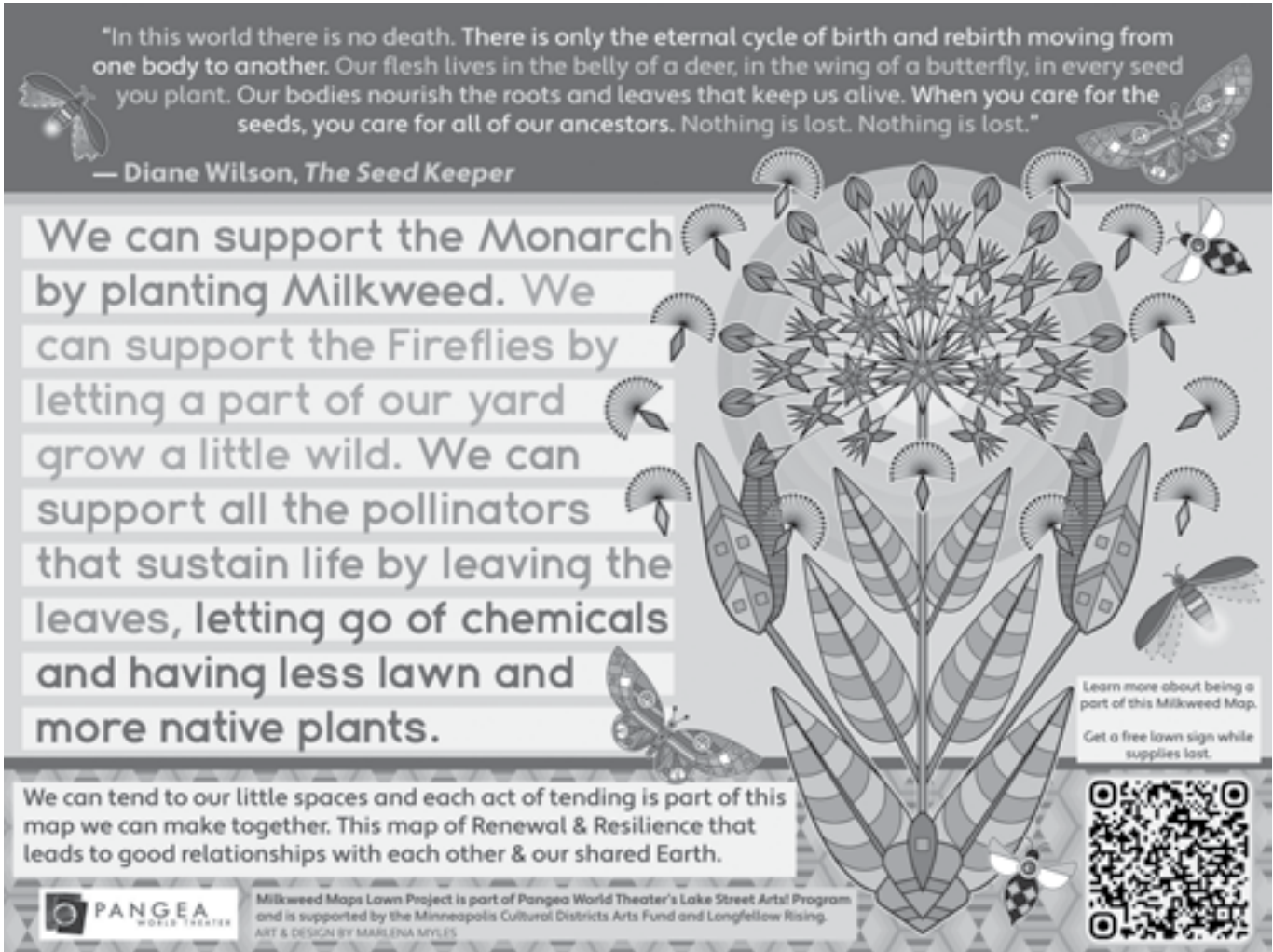
* Distinguished author, speaker, activist, scientist and Native Elder Robin Wall Kimmerer coined the word ki to personalize what otherwise would be an 'it' in nature. English automatically 'its' any species other than our own effectively separating humans from non -human species. Like Kimmerer I ask – would you describe an encounter with another person as an it? Here is an example: I remember my grandmother; it was old and wise? (Butterflies are no more of an it than humans are).



Postscript:
It wasn't until I finished this story that I realized that women made up every facet of this birthing story from beginning to end. I also thought about the ceremonial Butterfly Dance that the Hopi and Cree do to celebrate the Harvest. The women become butterflies, and some seem to spread their wings as they dance with their shawls. These Indigenous peoples are honoring not just the Harvest but the precious pollinators that support the web of life.

MILKWEED MAPS

PANGEA WORLD THEATER



Milkweed Maps Yard Sign Project is a simple way to connect all the small acts we can take to tend to our shared Earth.

Designed by the Dakota artist Marlena Myles, <https://marlenamyl.es/>

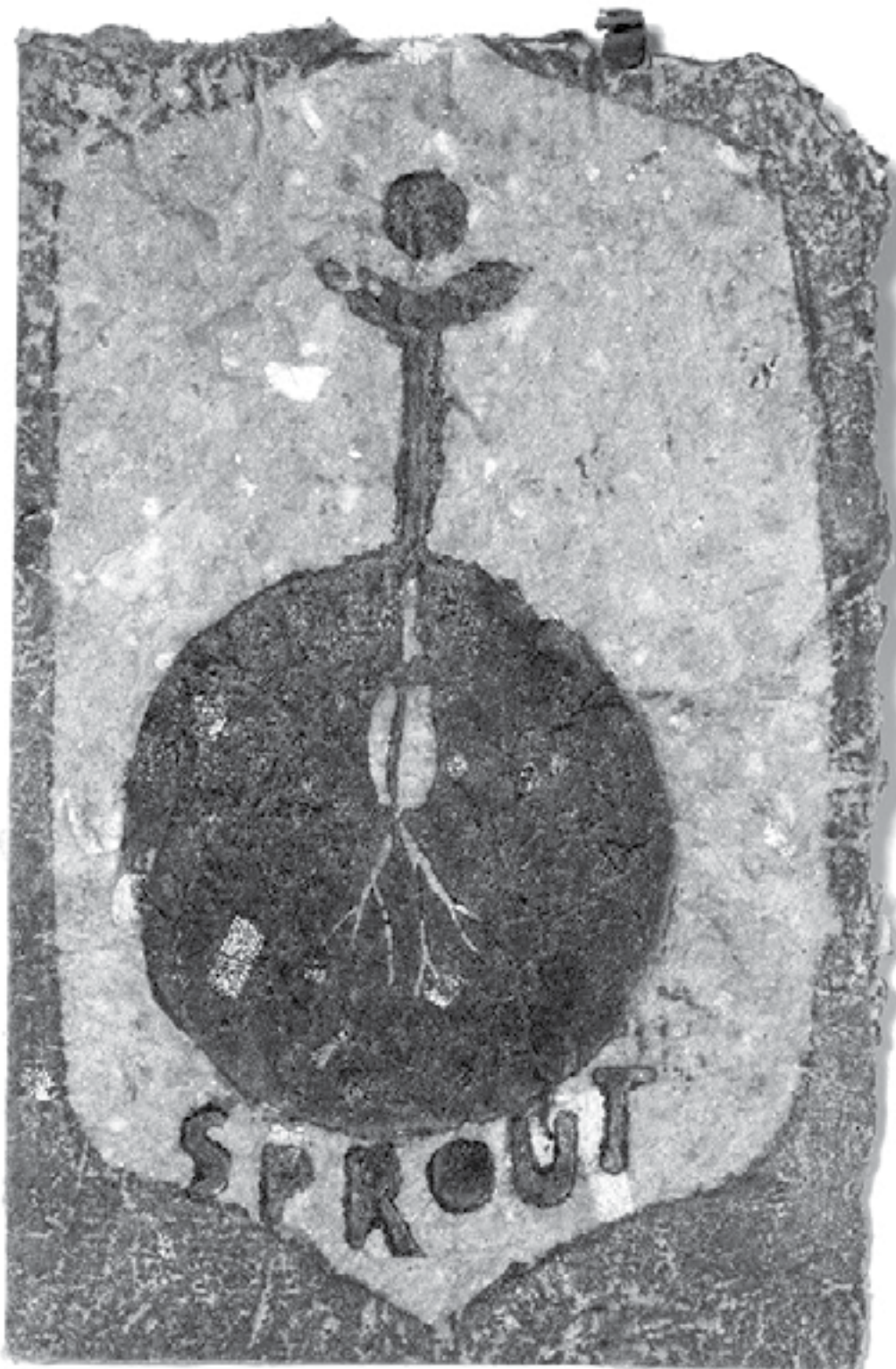
This work of art yard sign encourages Milkweed and pollinator friendly planting for the Monarch Butterfly and letting the leaves and plants winter over to support Fireflies, Bumblebees and more. Each small act we take stitches together a map of renewal and resilience for all of us. Add to this map. You can download and print the sign, or you can order a yard sign from us for \$35.00 including shipping. Take a picture of the sign in your yard or the balcony of your apartment where you have a potted flower, your community space or wherever you are tending to the Earth.

Tell us how you are adding to the map. We will begin posting these photos and stories on our website. We will also post resources with information about native plants, milkweed and leave the leaves. Times are hard on so many levels and the solutions and exciting innovations to heal our relationship with earth, air, water and all creatures are being blocked at a national political level. We need to keep this vision and action alive. Together let's do what we can and keep dreaming, acting and being in community.

This project is part of Pangea World Theater's Lake Street Arts! multi-year collaboration Going to Seed with Diane Wilson, Chrissie Orr, Mudluk Pottery, Ikidowin Youth Theater and many others. Join Us. Inquire about ordering a yard sign and send your picture and story to ellen@pangeaworldtheater.org

LAKE STREET ARTS! (LSA!) WORKS TO DEEPEN THE PRACTICE OF PLACE KEEPING THROUGH THE ARTS. ELLEN MARIE HINCHCLIFFE IS THE CURATOR/ PROGRAM DIRECTOR FOR LSA! AND WORKS IN COLLABORATION WITH PANGEA'S ARTISTIC DIRECTORS AND OUR MANY COLLABORATORS, TO BRING PROGRAMS, WORKSHOPS, PUBLIC ART AND PERFORMANCES TO LAKE STREET. LAKE STREET ARTS! (LSA!) TENDS TO THE COMMUNITIES WE ARISE FROM AND UTILIZES THE ARTS TO CREATE VISIONS FOR A MORE JUST, JOYFUL AND LIVABLE MINNEAPOLIS & SHARED EARTH TO EMERGE. LET'S DREAM TOGETHER.

SPROUT JAI KNIGHT



New life emerging
from the hard shell.
Opening up.
Witnessing a sprouting seed,
is witnessing the magic
of earth and our placement
within the universe.
We can sprout seeds
with intention...
perhaps that intention
is to provide sustenance
for yourself and your family
through deep observation,
care, and attentiveness.
A sprout requires
the right environment to grow,
a balance between light and darkness,
moisture and air.
This fragile sprout
is a precious reminder
of how important
it is to be gentle
with a new life.
We have the ability
to facilitate an environment
that can support life.

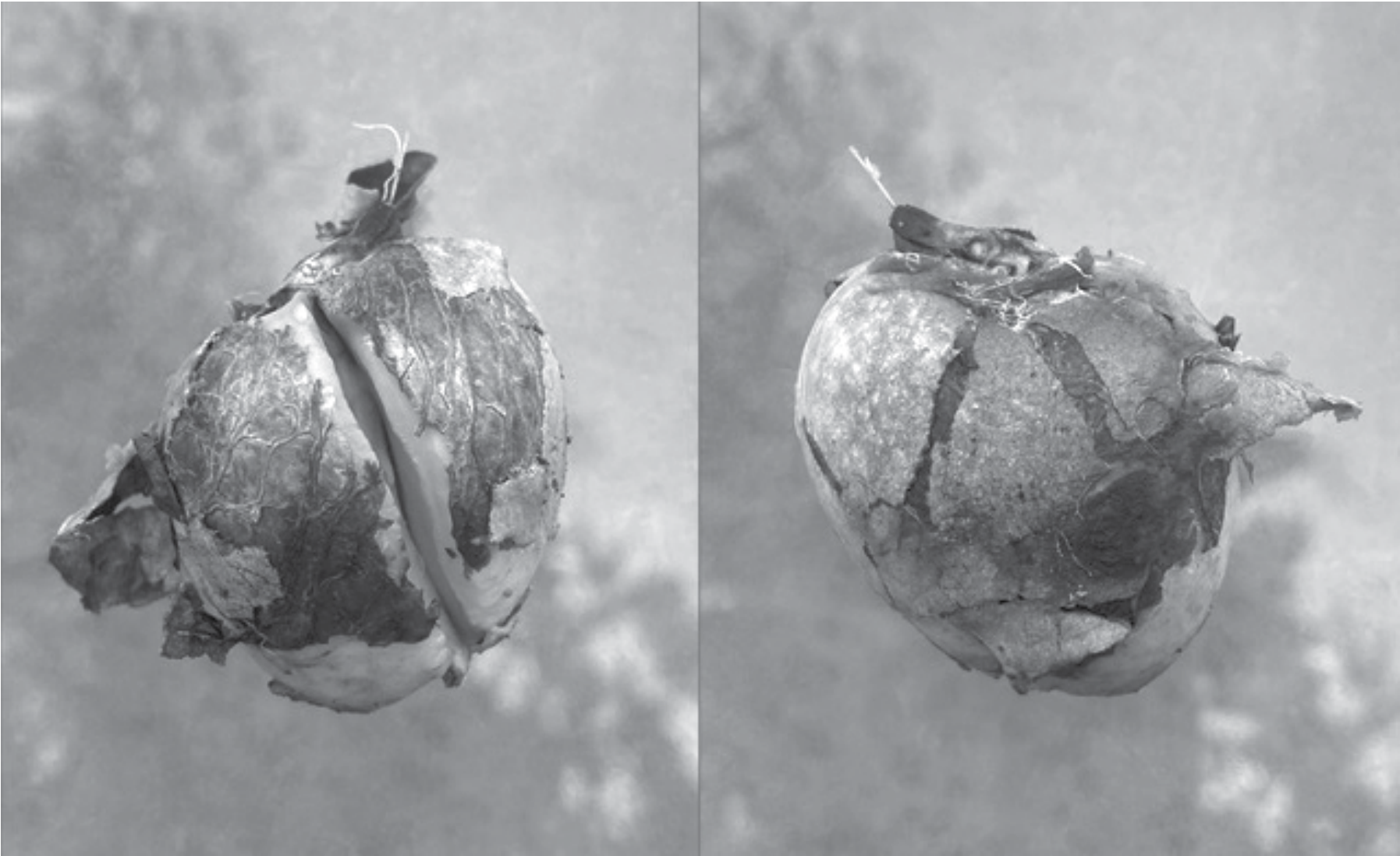
SPROUT (HOUSE ORACLE CARD)
BLOCK PRINT WITH WILDFIRE CHARCOAL INK ON HANDMADE
PAPER

JAI IS AN INTERDISCIPLINARY ARTIST, LAND STEWARD, BIRTH DOULA, EDUCATOR, AND RITUALIST CURRENTLY PURSUING THEIR MFA AT ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY. THEIR WORK EXPLORES THE INTERSECTION OF SPIRITUAL PRACTICE, ECOLOGY, AND COLLECTIVE HEALING. JAI IS THE AUTHOR OF HOUSE ORACLE BIBLIOMANCY, A COLLABORATIVE SOCIAL AND ECOLOGICAL MEANING MAKING PROJECT. THEY HAVE BEEN SUPPORTED BY THE CALIFORNIA ARTS COUNCIL TO MENTOR AND OFFER A WORKSHOP SERIES ON EMOTIONAL TRANSFORMATION THROUGH SCULPTURE AND HAVE PARTICIPATED IN RESIDENCIES AT A-Z WEST, UTE AIR, AND LOOKOUT ARTS QUARRY. JAI HAS WORKED CLOSELY WITH LINDA SIBIO'S CRACKED EGGS PROJECT USING INTERDISCIPLINARY ARTIST IN BEHAVIORAL HEALTH CENTERS, HAS TAUGHT WORKSHOPS AT ARCOSANTI, ARIZONA, AND COLLABORATES REGULARLY ACROSS DISCIPLINES TO CREATE SPACES TO SUPPORT HEALING.

JAIMESCHMIDTARTS.COM

SQUIRREL KNOCK

CHRISTY JOHNSON



SQUIRREL KNOCK (PERSEA AMERICANA MILLER), PHOTOGRAPHIC DIPTYCH, 2025

CHRISTY JOHNSON (MFA, MA, UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO) IS AN ARTIST, EDUCATOR, AND ACADEMIC LEADER WITH EXTENSIVE EXPERIENCE IN HIGHER EDUCATION, ART IN THE PUBLIC REALM, AND ESTABLISHING LINKS WITH LOCAL, REGIONAL, AND GLOBAL PARTNERS FOR CREATIVE COLLABORATIONS. AT PITZER COLLEGE ART GALLERIES, SHE CO-DEVELOPS CROSS-COLLEGE/CROSS-INSTITUTIONAL INITIATIVES, INCLUDING THEMATIC ARTIST RESIDENCIES AND COLLABORATIVE PROJECTS WITH THE COMMUNITY ENGAGEMENT CENTER, THE MELVIN L. OLIVER RACIAL JUSTICE INITIATIVE, THE ROBERT REDFORD CONSERVANCY FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, AND THE ROBERT J. BERNARD BIOLOGICAL FIELD STATION.

HER INTERDISCIPLINARY PRACTICE INCLUDES ARTISTS’ BOOKS, PUBLIC ART COMMISSIONS, INSTALLATION WORKS AND MUSEUM INTERVENTION. SHE HAS PRIMARILY CHOSEN TO WORK BEYOND THE CONTEXT OF THE GALLERY, EXPLORING NEW PLATFORMS, CONTEXTS AND SITES FOR HER PRACTICE, AS WELL AS RELATIONSHIPS TO DIVERSE AUDIENCES. JOHNSON HAS RECEIVED NUMEROUS RESEARCH GRANT AWARDS, MOST NOTABLY FROM THE ARTS AND HUMANITIES RESEARCH COUNCIL, UK FOR THE PROJECT FEAST, WHICH WAS LAUNCHED AT THEUCRCALIFORNIAMUSEUMOFPHOTOGRAPHY AND IS FEATURED IN THE PHOTOGRAPHY CULTURES READER: REPRESENTATION, AGENCY AND IDENTITY EDITED BY LIZ WELLS (ROUTLEDGE, 2019).

A MEMOIR IN SEEDS

CHRISTINA MEADOWS

I owe seeds my life.

I battled demons in my adolescence. A product of my disconnection to people, and my own mind and body. I managed through most of college with their weight. Eventually, I found a sense of grounding in anthropology – the study of human culture, language, and deep history.

When I studied abroad in Thailand, I learned about the practice of seed saving. One woman in particular taught us about her commitment to growing fruits and vegetables, year after year, through joy and dedication. I came to learn how whole civilizations were connected in this way, across time, through nourishment.

When I returned to the US, I dove into this seed world. People in Appalachia, like in Thailand, were also saving local varieties of tomato, squash, beans, corn. Though grown in vastly different cultures and climates, their intention was singular– preserving a collective inheritance.

This newly realized connection to culture and nature, across time and space, gave me life. Further from depressive thoughts I was spared a terrible fate. Seed saving began to represent an act of hope and possibility. Something connecting me to a universal power in an ever uncertain and devolving world.

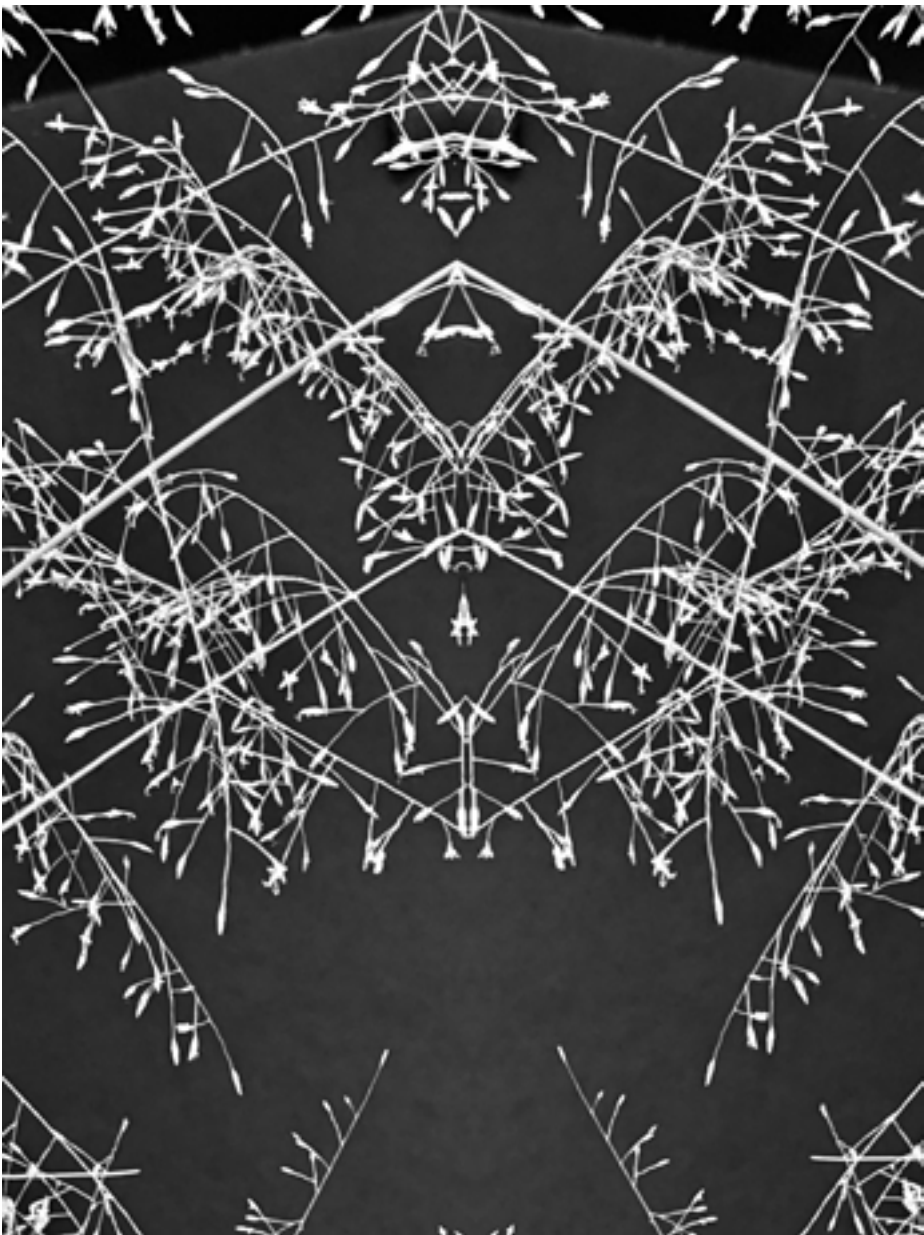
The news of the suicide of a seed saver, thus, rattled me. His life’s work was improving varieties in mountainous regions. How could someone so wholly dedicated to this act of hope take his own life? We weren’t close enough for me to fully understand. I can only conjecture.

I’ve since realized that seed saving on its own isn’t enough. We saved seeds from the beginning to connect communities. A seed needs sun, soil and water to thrive, generation to generation. It also needs community. Seeds in fact are an artifact of our solidarity as a species, over tens and thousands of years. A saved seed is an artifact of generations who loved each other long enough to preserve, and eventually adapt over time, particular varieties.

We are seeing this connection erode around us. But connection is our inheritance; it’s what we must reclaim first. Then the sun, soil and water can do what they always have.

CHRISTINA MEADOWS WRITES ABOUT GRIEF AND HOPE DURING THE CLIMATE CRISIS. HER INSPIRATION COMES MOSTLY FROM GARDENS, MOUNTAINS, AND RIVERS BOTH AT HOME AND FAR AWAY. SHE IS BASED IN COLORADO.

SECOND NATURE NANCY SUTOR



Sand Lovegrass, Eragrostis, Trichodes, is a native bunchgrass with delicate panicles and narrow flat leaf blades. It is useful as an ornamental grass and can stabilize open fields and meadows. Its wide spreading root system is helpful to stabilize soils. It is highly palatable to livestock and wildlife, and its drought tolerance and long growing season make it a welcome part of the New Mexico plant world.



These photographs are mirror images of the delicate flower and seed heads of the Sand Lovegrass abstracted to create symmetrical patterns.

Reminds us of the Agri and Cultural mission of SEEDBROADCAST.

To be inspired by the seeds we sow and save. The vital knowledge base of plant and human connection is what we seek to cultivate, disperse and nurture. We are all connected.

We strive to live in reciprocity with all living beings and sincerely give back.

The exquisite beauty of nature can get our attention, to pay attention and be part of it all.



NANCY SUTOR LIVES IN AGUA FRIA VILLAGE.
SHE IS AN ARTIST, GARDENER, CURATOR,
EDUCATOR, COMMUNITY MEMBER AND
TREE HUGGER.

NANCYSUTOR.COM
NANCYSUTOR/FACEBOOK
NANCYSUTORARTIST/INSTAGRAM

OF THE LAND

IRENE TERRONEZ

The dignity of the land
Emerges
As my foot falls
onto the desert earth

perhaps my ancient feet
absorb the wind rain and sun
my hips and arms turn
like a balsa wood plane

I step carefully
Over granite boulders
My shoulders brush pinon trees
I have found my rhythm

The air is clear and dry
A hundred feet ahead
A motherly mountain lion crosses my path
She turns and looks at me with
Mellow lemon lime eyes
I stand alone and Very S T I L L
May I look like a brown dried out
five foot pine tree I am at once of the land



UNDER GROUND

Should I die
 Under the Cottonwood tree
Tell them I was waiting
 For the river to flow
And
When the garden dies
Tell them that this was the year
 Beige butternut squash
Grew like pregnant women
In my tiny garden
 Without much water

In our desert winter
May we be lucky enough
 To watch masses of giant snow flakes
 F a l l i n g
And in the summer the joyous wait
 To hear fledglings emerge from their shelled seeds
 Their mother's womb

Again the bicycle
Progresses its spirit of all
Seeds
They fall to the ground
Another cycle
Another underground stream

TEARS AND RAIN

If enough of us cry
Can mother earth
Change it to rain?

A light wind over Pueblos
May bring lightening filled messages
make less
Of what you don't need
black tops and grey concrete
Suffocating
The honor of our mothers and fathers

When do we treat the corn with respect?
We eat hundreds of seeds
For nourishment existence

Crying cleanses us
Brings us closer to our spirit selves
Just as dirt becomes much more than what is
To be swept away
Communal sharing
Of grief for what may still be salvaged
May save us all

IRENE TERRONEZ IS AN ARTIST AND “RUNNER” EXPANDING HER CREATIVE LANDSCAPE. SHE HAS EXHIBITED IN U.S. GALLERIES AND MUSEUMS AND INCLUDED IN HOW TO (MULTIPLE PERSPECTIVE ON CREATING A GARDEN, A LIFE, RELATIONSHIPS AND COMMUNITY. SHE HAS “GROWN” A HOUSE (STILL IN PROGRESS) FROM THE EARTH AND INCLUDED POETRY IN THE MUD WALLS SURROUNDING HER LIVING SPACE.

ANNE IS A RETIRED ALBUQUERQUE
PUBLIC SCHOOLS ART TEACHER.

GRAMA GRASS
ANNE HAYES



GRAMA GRASS SEEDS
PHOTO BY ANNE HAYES

PIXELS TO PAINT, SEEDS TO SUPERMARKETS: GENETIC ESTRANGEMENTS IN THE AGE OF AGRITECH

ADDISON KERWIN

On June 4th, 2023, I spent the day cutting two-by-two-inch holes, centering each square along twelve-inch intervals. Over eight hours, I sawed hundreds of strawberry slots with a serrated Johnny’s knife, careful to avoid the drip tape beneath. The blisteringly hot black poly woven tarp—stretched across a quarter acre of Rhode Island soil—scorched my palms and knees as I worked. Around noon, the podcast playing from my phone went quiet, its delicate circuits apparently tapping out at 95 degrees—a frustrating but validating reminder of the day’s heat.

I had spent the week before rototilling and raking the soil, stretching out 150-pound rolls of tarping, and hammering down 400 stakes to secure the fabric in place. But it was only after this preparation that the real work of growing strawberries began.

Strawberry plugs take a full year to mature and produce fruit. They first need to be tenderly planted, and even with a delicate hand, many will succumb to transplant shock. The surviving plants face a precarious year, where they will struggle against weeds and lay vulnerable to unforgiving New England winds, snow, and rain. If they survive to produce fruit, birds, insects, and small mammals will hover, awaiting the moment when the small berry begins to turn to a dark red.

So, when, a year later, I picked the first fruit, that harvest carried its own sweetness, born from the precarity of the fruit’s arrival and the invested energies—human and nonhuman—that brought it into form. It was small, around three-fourths an inch, and a deep red, almost plum.

Sunbaked from the warmth of the day, the fruit tasted vivid, saturated, singular: truly ripe.

I have been thinking about the seismic gap between this strawberry and the aggressively hybridized supermarket versions, bred for shelf-life, uniformity, firmness, and size. To increase the prevalence of these traits, an accompanying sacrifice is made, evident in the taste, texture, dryness, simple flavor profile, and orangey hue of the berry. Maybe I take too harsh a view; the work I put into the strawberries I grew certainly creates bias (though, who’s to say that a sunburn, sweat, patience, and twelve months of anticipation aren’t all components of flavor, found somewhere on the tongue between the sweet and sour tastebuds). Still, when I was walking the fruit aisle recently, staring bitterly at the sad little plastic cartons of berries, I felt indignant: not just because I missed the taste of a fresh strawberry, but because I pitied the disfigured berries trapped in plastic. The humiliation! Such a delicate and intricate fruit, ballooned out, drained of color and flavor.

Strawberries are far from the only sufferer—through artificial selection, genetic modification, and now, CRISPR—seeds of almost every mainstream crop carry the evidence of pressure from a globalized, capitalized, and industrialized food system. For thousands of years, farmers have been using artificial selection to create and shape plants, saving the seeds of the tastiest and hardiest crops to plant the following season. Now, though, traits are being selected and created for entirely different purposes—like genes that enable crops to be sprayed with poisonous chemicals or survive long truck rides without rotting or bruising. These seeds are deeply estranged from their original genetics, historical lineages, and the peoples that originally domesticated them.



BIODIVERSE AGROECOLOGICAL FARM WITH CHICKENS AND BUTTERFLIES

This separation extends beyond seeds to animals as well: the bodies of poultry, for instance, whose genetic stories, like the DNA carried within a seed, have been distorted by the demands of industrial farming. Meat birds have become sites for engineered cruelty—like broiler chickens who grow so rapidly they develop crippling leg issues.

My painting grapples with this genetic dissociation and violence, exploring how seeds and bodies have become increasingly modified for the pursuit of—when distilled—economic gain. Interestingly, however, the composition itself took shape by accident; I had decided to make AI images to help envision sustainable, biodiverse farming futures. Instead of creating idyllic visions of utopic gardens, the machine generated scenes of perversion, ducks with pig snouts, cows with hooves instead of noses, and plants with mangled and discolored fruits. I had wanted a projection of what a sustainable food future could look like, and instead, I received an exaggerated visual representation of the distortion and ecological harm currently present in domesticated animal breeds and plant varieties.

This particular painting is based on an AI-generated image made from the prompt, “Biodiverse Agroecological Farm with Chickens and Butterflies.” By translating the eerie scene from pixels to paint, the nightmarish forms are no longer products of a glitch. The scene becomes distinctly and intentionally human-made, a reflection of our own creations, a mirror of the ways we have re-figured the creatures that feed us.



ADDISON KERWIN IS A YOUNG FARMER-ARTIST WHO BEGAN PAINTING AND GROWING FOOD IN ATLANTA, GA, AND HAS SPENT SEVERAL SUMMERS ON A THREE-ACRE FARM IN JOHNSTON, RHODE ISLAND. SHE GRADUATED IN 2024 WITH A DEGREE IN SCIENCE, TECHNOLOGY, AND SOCIETY, FOCUSING ON FOOD SYSTEMS AND SUSTAINABLE AGRICULTURE.

MIGUEL, MIXE, IS AN ASPIRING ARTIST
AND PERFORMER WHO LIVES AND
WORKS IN OAXACA CITY, MEXICO.

AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE

MIGUEL VALENZUELA



THE MORNING AFTER A STRONG EARTHQUAKE IN
OAXACA MIGUEL CREATED THIS DRAWING WITH
SEEDS HOVERING OVER MEXICO.

SOMETIMES I WILL DREAM

EMILY ROMERO

Sometimes, I will dream
of kissing someone I have not kissed
(& probably won't ever kiss)
& remember it
and it feels
so close
to
waking life
that I cannot clearly describe it for you;
this closeness.
Maybe it might be like
how a dormant seed
decides to sprout
(or the conditions arise
to support its growth)
& its presence
is so
baffling
to creatures like us,
who are enamored
of the illusion of control.
As we are reminded that there are
many things & events
that happen in their own time;
Be it nature's clock or the will of gods
or goddesses or the mysterious:
who's to say
who
writes
their destiny or ours?

EVEN IN

Even in
the most unexpected
and forgotten of places,
the tiniest seed of hope
may lie dormant
or may sprout;
to water it would
almost
be something unthinkable;
the surroundings are too rough and
untended, yet, to overwater is
to shock and overwhelm it;
can a balance be found?
Can a chance be taken?
How does nature find a way?
I begin to scatter them
everywhere.

PLANTING SOMETHING

Planting something
from seeds is
like
patience practice
and
dancing with the unknown.
Nothing may happen!
Nothing may become something!
Something lovely may grow!
Something may grow and be stunted,
something may grow and thrive,
something may grow, live its
lovely life, and then
face the big compost pile
in the earth and the sky.

OH QUIET NIGHT

Oh quiet night
filled with cricket song
is hardly quiet;
is a different kind of quiet.
Late spring or early summer is
the time.
Perhaps they are singing to
the little seeds
and telling them
that it might be a tough job,
being a little seed and
gathering resources
and gathering resolve
to exist as something
they’ve not yet been,
yet to trust their inner knowing.
Perhaps the crickets are way-finders,
guiding the little seeds in their rooting,
sprouting, and growing.
Perhaps this is my worldview now
and perhaps I will also listen closely
and see what may happen,
as I drift into dreams and into waking life;
watering myself with song.

EMILY ROMERO IS HERE TO EXPLORE HER CREATIVE APPROACH TO LIFE AND TO HELP OUT, WHERE AND WHEN SHE CAN WHILE TRYING TO PRACTICE SOME BALANCE. SHE IS HERE TO EMBRACE THE PRESENT MOMENT WHILE LEARNING FROM HISTORY AND LOOKING FORWARD WITH THE SHARED GIFTS OF EXPERIENCE AND IMAGINATION. SHE IS A PROUD NATIVE NEW MEXICAN AND ENJOYS INTELLECTUAL PURSUITS BUT SHE TRIES TO REMEMBER THAT IT'S ALSO IMPORTANT TO NOT KNOW, TO LISTEN, AND TO WONDER.

MONARCHS IN DECLINE

SARA WRIGHT

Yesterday I briefly attended the well-advertised (thousands of people) Monarch Festival. Held at our local land trust my purpose was to watch a young neighbor participate in the final parade.

In the time I spent there I saw adult women dressed in butterfly wings and monarch shirts, both children and adults wearing butterfly antenna created out of pipe cleaners (bought at the festival), children with butterfly tattoos, stenciled monarch caterpillars on clothing. The list goes on. The merchants, and there were many, had a good day and the organization made lots of money.

This is surely a children’s festival! It is also a delightful place to meet friends and to buy many products. There were so many creative projects for young people of all ages to engage in, and I so enjoyed seeing the paintings (thank you Rebecca) for your brilliant art-work.



What disturbed me is that children are allowed to tag butterflies along with the adults and all are being inculcated into the belief that tagging butterflies is about ‘saving’ them when at best the science on this subject is controversial.

I volunteered for this land trust for four years and wrote 50 articles for them during the same period but have made the decision to stop participating because of monarch tagging.

This monarch tagging practice extends well into September and is lauded as a success story. Children who tag butterflies are contacted when one is found dead.

When these folks tag the monarchs that make the arduous trip to the Mountains of Mexico to spend the winter and are found dead it is not a success story. Local people are hired and paid to find the deceased insects. The monarchs that have died are unable to finish their journey north to lay eggs in the spring, and are the only monarchs who live nine months. Their circle of life has broken. Virtually everyone must know by now that these butterflies are in steep decline.

Western science continues to research the effects of tagging questioning how the paper tags attached to the hind wing of a butterfly effect the actual life of a monarch.

Good field research takes years but there is enough scientific evidence out there to suggest that these butterflies’ lives are being threatened by this practice.

Because I have discussed the effects of tagging elsewhere on this blog (and through many publications throughout the country) I will not repeat what I learned, except to add that incoming research is indicating that tagging poses even more threats to the monarch butterfly than originally believed.

Unfortunately, only researchers like I am, are willing to dive into more scholarly articles to find out what is really happening.

Although the land trust is bulging with an overly stuffed garden of flowering plants, I saw only one monarch land on a Mexican sunflower as we were leaving.

I stopped to take a picture amazed that the butterfly stayed so long perched on this one blossom. It wasn’t until I looked at my photos later that I understood why. This monarch was wobbling, wearing a tag, and was no doubt attempting to recover from the trauma of being caught

A fitting end to my story.



SARA IS A WRITER, ETHOLOGIST AND NATURALIST WHO IS MAKING HER HOME BETWEEN ABIQUIU, NEW MEXICO AND MAINE. SHE HAS INDIGENOUS ROOTS. NATURE IS HER MUSE AND INSPIRATION. SHE WRITES FOR MANY PUBLICATIONS MOST OF WHICH FOCUS ON NATURE, AND ECO-FEMINISM - THE BELIEF THAT WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE EARTH IS ALSO HAPPENING TO WOMEN.



Postscript:

I live on land that supports all pollinators and butterflies as well as birds and wildlife. I do not cut my ground covers and have a field full of wildflowers that is only cut once a year. I leave my leaves where they fall. These hands off practices are now called re -wilding. Many of us believe that nature knows more that we do about how to deal with the present challenges facing this planet.

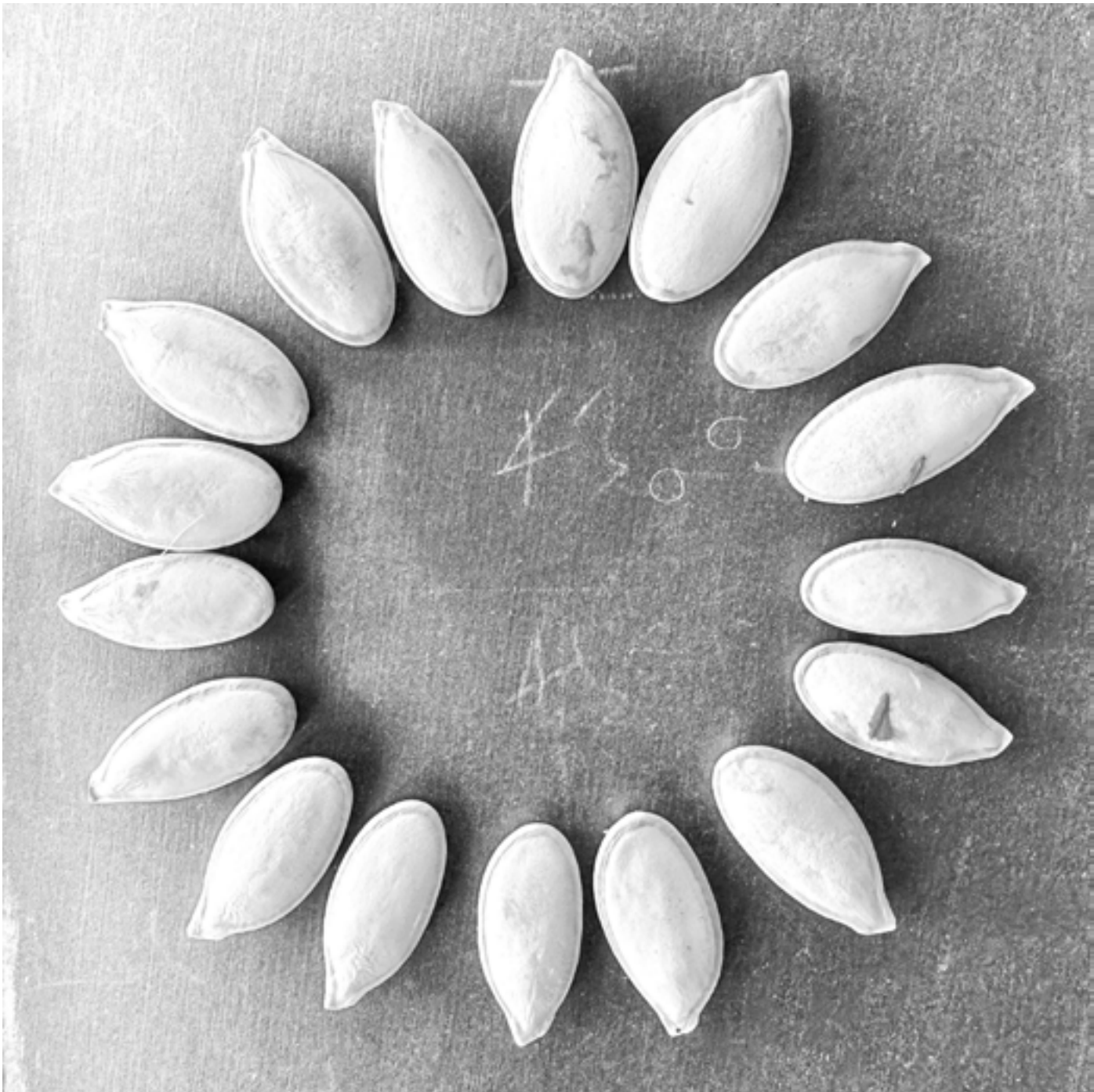
My point here is that this land normally supports all kinds of butterflies including monarchs under natural conditions. This year the butterfly decline has been severe. Instead of trying to ‘save’ a species by making the assumption that humans know more about how nature operates than a planet that has already survived 5 extinctions does, we may be interfering with processes we know almost nothing about.

Scientist, author, speaker etc (and Indigenous Elder) Robin Wall Kimmerer suggests that instead of assuming we know what we are doing when we save non – human species perhaps we need to begin to learn about butterflies from butterfly behavior. For example, we might ask the monarchs what they are trying to tell us about what they really need for their survival. Providing huge gardens with flowers while using pesticides/ herbicides, mowing our lawns, polluting our air and waters, continuing our present logging practices etc has not stopped the decline of monarchs. This should give us a clue that we need to put our energy elsewhere.

Just yesterday I asked a young friend (10 years old) what she would name this festival if the choice was hers. She thought for a moment and replied, “something about community and people”... hmmm... I think she is on the right track.

PUMPKIN MEMORIES

IREN SCHIO



During my recent visit with my son and family in Southern California, I had the pleasure of making pumpkin soup and pies with my 8-year-old grandson.

He eagerly selected and cut open a pumpkin he and his mother grew in their vegetable garden.

After scooping the insides clean, we separated and cleaned the seeds from the pulp and dried them in the sun.

They looked so inviting to play with and arrange, so we did.

As I am getting older, I look for simple playful moments like these, shared across generations.





IREN SCHIO LIVES AND WORKS IN ABIQUIU,
WHERE SHE LOVES TO HIKE, GARDEN AND
PURSUE HER ART.

TRAVELING KIT IN SEARCH OF TINAJA

BASIA IRLAND



MAUDE SOAKING IN A TINAJA AFTER A LONG HIKE.
ZUNI, NM.
PHOTO BY JOHANNA COOPER.

Traveling Kit in Search of a Tinaja, is a sculptural Repository calling our attention to surface waters in arid environments. This portable archive, a kit to assist on a long journey in search of water, was created from a concern over desertification in the American Southwest. In Albuquerque, New Mexico, where I live, the Río Grande sometimes dries up completely, becoming nothing but a river of sand. Coupled with rising temperatures, water bodies are literally evaporating back into the sky.

For this reason, I became interested in tinajas, (Spanish for clay jars), which are pockets of surface water in depressions of carved rocks made over thousands of years from the scouring movement of sand or gravel during arroyo flows. A tinaja can support animal and human life, and it contains its own ecosystem of small aquatic desert organisms that can cope with long periods of drought, even up to a hundred years, by shriveling up until there is no water left in them. In doing so, their internal structures become crystalline. Anhydrobiosis is essentially dehydrated life. The organisms become virtually dead but can come back to life whenever a small amount of moisture falls on their bodies. This phenomenon has been compared to long-dormant seeds that, when finally planted in moist soil, begin to sprout.



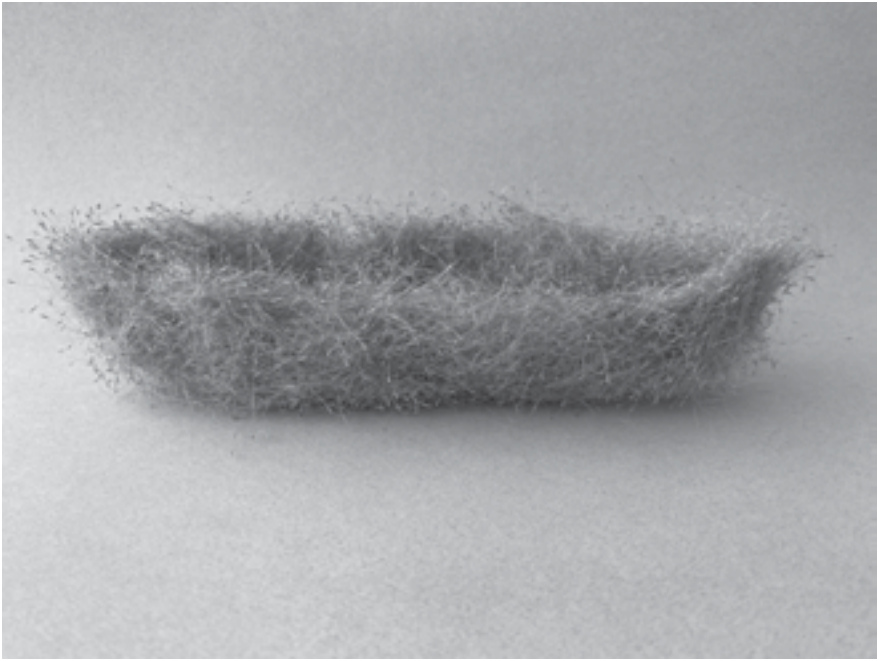
DRAWERS' CONTENTS.



MEXICAN FEATHER GRASS GROWING IN
IRLAND'S YARD.

(With thanks to Paula Wilson and Mike Lagg for their help with the process and to Chrissie for her photograph.)

This Repository and 24 others are included in a recent book by Patricia Watts, founder of ecoartspace, titled, "Basia Irland, Repositories; Portable Sculptures for Waterway Journeys."



MEXICAN FEATHER GRASS SEED BOAT.



DESERT CANTEEN.



BASIA WEARING “TRAVELING KIT IN SEARCH OF A TINAJA.”
PHOTO BY CHRISSIE ORR

FULBRIGHT SCHOLAR BASIA IRLAND IS AN ARTIST, AUTHOR, AND ACTIVIST WHO CREATES INTERNATIONAL LARGE-SCALE WATER PROJECTS FEATURED IN HER BOOKS “WATER LIBRARY” (UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO PRESS), “READING THE RIVER: THE ECOLOGICAL ACTIVIST ART OF BASIA IRLAND” (MUSEUM DE DOMIJNEN, THE NETHERLANDS) AND “WHAT RIVERS KNOW: LISTENING TO THE VOICES OF GLOBAL WATERWAYS” (TEXAS A & M UNIVERSITY PRESS, 2025). A MONOGRAPH, BASIA IRLAND, REPOSITORIES: PORTABLE SCULPTURES FOR WATERWAY JOURNEYS, IS AUTHORED BY PATRICIA WATTS. IRLAND IS PROFESSOR EMERITA, DEPARTMENT OF ART, UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO, WHERE SHE FOUNDED THE ART & ECOLOGY PROGRAM. HER WEBSITE CONTAINS EXTENSIVE DOCUMENTATION, INCLUDING COLLABORATIONS WITH SCIENTISTS, PROJECTS ALONG THE ENTIRE LENGTH OF WATERWAYS, EPHEMERAL ICE BOOK SERIES, PORTABLE REPOSITORIES, WATERBORNE DISEASE SCROLLS, ESSAYS ABOUT GLOBAL RIVERS, AND IMAGES FROM HER LARGE MUSEUM RETROSPECTIVE IN THE NETHERLANDS. HER ART HAS BEEN FEATURED IN OVER SEVENTY INTERNATIONAL PUBLICATIONS.

BASIAIRLAND.COM

ON KEEPING MAM'S GARDENS GOING

ELLEN MARIE HINCHCLIFFE

Playing in the dirt
I never really knew
Until I took over
For you
What it means
To tend the plants
Come to know
The geography of green
Growing
The absolute leap
Of faith
Each time you push
A seed to soil
Dare to fall in love
With color and abundance
Only to watch flowers fall back
Death's hollowed husks
Mark each grave
A bed
For winter's silent head
Then comes a warm breeze
You pull back
Skeletons
And start again
Laboring towards
The same
Endless
End.

(From Fierce Shimmer- Poems for Mama)

ELLEN MARIE HINCHCLIFFE IS A QUEER MAMA, POET, PERFORMER AND FILMMAKER. SHE IS WHITE WITHIN THE OPPRESSIVE SYSTEM OF WHITENESS & IS A DAUGHTER OF EARTH. BOTH REALITIES INFORM HER WORK & LIFE. HER WORK INCLUDES: THE PERFORMANCE COLLABORATION WITH GABRIELLE CIVIL- MURMURATIONS, THE ENSEMBLE PERFORMANCE LIFE BORN OF FIRE, THE BOOKS FIERCE SHIMMER- POEMS FOR MAMA, WALK TOWARDS IT- AN ANTHOLOGY OF RESISTANCE RELEASED ON INAUGURATION DAY 2017 AND THE NEWLY RELEASED BOOK OF POEMS, UNRULY SPELLS (2025). ELLEN IS A LONG TIME DIY ARTIST- SELF PUBLISHING/PRODUCING AND SHE ALSO WORKS WITH PANGEA WORLD THEATER CREATING PLACEKEEPING CONNECTIONS/ STORY CIRCLES/ PUBLIC ART AND PERFORMANCES ALONG LAKE STREET. ELLEN LIVES IN MINNEAPOLIS TWO BLOCKS FROM THE HAHAWAKPA/MISSISSIPPI RIVER WITH HER HUSBAND JUMA B. ESSIE AND THEIR AMAZING DAUGHTER.

MORE AT WWW.FIERCESHIMMER.ART



THIS YEAR'S SEEDS

RACHEL BORDELEAU





RACHEL BORDELEAU IS AN INTERDISCIPLINARY ARTIST AND EDUCATOR WHOSE WORK CENTERS ON PLANT-HUMAN RELATIONSHIPS AND PLACE-BASED ENTANGLEMENTS. HER ARTWORK IS RESEARCH-BASED AND GROWS FROM LIVED EXPERIENCE, OFFERING STORIES ABOUT LIFE AND DEATHCYCLES, INDETERMINACY, AND CHANGE. SHE IS A MEMBER OF THE SEEDBROADCAST ARTIST COLLECTIVE AND RECEIVED AN MFA IN ART & ECOLOGY FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO. HER PRACTICE IS CURRENTLY ROOTED IN ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO.



“A seeds whole purpose in life is to sacrifice itself to grow one more time. They need to hear their languages again, to see their people again.”

*Jessika Greendeer Dream of Wild Health
Member of the Ho-Chunk nation*