

recipes for re-entry

volume 2

Mo
g
Feed & Bloom



A poetry and art zine written by students of Horticulture & Culinary Traditions at the Penitentiary of New Mexico in Santa Fe

recipes for alternative futures

What makes a recipe? Is it a list of ingredients or the hands that are preparing it? Has it been passed down from loved ones or is it for experimenting? Maybe part of it is always using the same cast iron. Maybe it's that the voyage beginning with fresh food and an idea which leads to a first bite is already a kind of poem.

This spring, I had the honor of returning to collaborate with a group of 12 adult men living in custody supported by the Seed & Bloom program. Together, we held discussions about food & foodways and how they are able to map times and places. Poetry can do that, too. Working as a printer and educator in independent publishing for over ten years, I understand poems, like recipes, as a space to time-travel into heart-held memories or to actively write into the alternative futures we see for ourselves and each other. Futures that value softness over hard edges, trust over power. Much of the following work was made under the shade of the narrow-leaf cottonwood in the PNM courtyard while enjoying rose tea or mote con huesillo, sharing some of my own favorite recipes.

recipes for re-entry is a collection of poetic and visual expressions created by the Seed & Bloom students on the joy of sharing culinary traditions while reflecting on the relationships we form while growing food & making meals together. The symbols on the front cover represent each of the authors and artists of the following work. Included alongside the students are Gunjan Koul (the founder of Seed & Bloom, now 1 year old!) and three community partners without whom this work would not be possible: Anita, a landless farmer and organizer; Paul, a local baker; and Leah, a graduate student in the field of social work. Enjoy their offerings & be inspired to eat more poetry.

Con cariño, daniela del mar

Hello Community where we share values and beliefs, towards healthy relationships. Fellowship partners alot with reliance that can't take away the bend that's built by respect, trust, and honesty. In a moment where our mind is held captive by the delusions we tend to perceive. Our Community is the stronghold that relies on the feedback, and love. We serve the outcast whose been neglected by peers through intimidation, manipulation, and persuasion. The community channels different avenues.

Text by Marcus H.

from seed to bloom

The seed was planted
I Joined seed and bloom
The seed rooted
I started to believe Seed and bloom
The bud is poking through the dirt
I started coming out of my shell
There is a stem
I believe in the people of seed and bloom
The flower starts to bloom
My new family starts to bloom
Thank you Seed and bloom Family

FAMILY

IT WAS ONCE BELIEVED, THAT BLOOD RELATION WAS THE ONLY WAY A
FAMILY COULD BE,
SO I WAS LOST,
IN A SEARCH TO FIND WHO WAS RELATED TO ME,
LONLEY AS A CHILD, GREW INTO A TEEN,
I WAS LOST WITHOUT SIGHT, NOT SEENIG A THING,
WITH NO PARENTS TO BE FOUND, AND NO WHERE TO CLING,
WISHING ON A STAR, FELT LIKE NOBODY WAS PRAYING FOR ME,
LIKE A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY,
NOBODY,
NO NOTHING FOR ME,
BUT LIKE A SEED WHEN IT BLOOMS,
BEGINNING TO SPROUT,
OPENING MY EYES, AND ERASING MY DOUBT,
BONDS BECAME UNBREAKABLE,
FLOODING THE DROUGHT,
SURROUNDED BY MY NEW FAMILY,
PLEASE LOOK AROUND, YOU'LL SEE FACES THAT YOU'LL LOVE,
SO PEACEFULL AND SOUND,
ALONE I WAS LOST, BUT NOW I'M SO FOUND,
OUR FAMILY MEANS EVERYTHING,
I'VE FIGURED IT OUT!

Poem by Joseph N.
Drawing by Daniel J.

by "Just" Michael T.

SEED & BLOOM

Seed & Bloom is an innovative prison horticulture program that operates four greenhouses, - with more coming soon - providing inmates with hands-on experience in gardening and culinary skills. Through this initiative, prisoners learn to cultivate a variety of plants, which not only enhances their appreciation for nature but also instills a sense of responsibility and accomplishment.

In addition to horticulture, the program offers training in budgeting and preparing cost-effective family meals, empowering inmates to create nutritious dishes for their loved ones. This dual approach fosters important life skills, promotes self-sufficiency, and encourages family bonding, even while incarcerated.

The positive effects on participants are profound: they gain valuable skills that can aid in rehabilitation and reintegration into society. Moreover, the program contributes to improved mental well-being, reduces recidivism rates, and helps develop a supportive community among inmates, ultimately paving the way for a brighter future for both individuals and their families.

As I sit here on my bunk, I can't help but reflect on how much the Seed & Bloom program has changed my life. When I first joined, I had no idea what to expect. The thought of working in a greenhouse while in prison seemed an improbability to me and something I could only hope to do upon my release. The normalcy of working in the greenhouses, while in prison, has become a place of healing and growth - both literally and figuratively.

Tending to the plants has taught me patience and responsibility. Watching something grow because of my efforts has given me a sense of purpose that I was missing for so long. The culinary classes have been just as transformative. Learning how to budget and prepare meals not only equips me with essential skills but also allows me to think about my family. I've learned how to create healthy, cost-effective meals that I can't wait to make for them when I get out.

This program has shown me that I can build a better future, one meal at a time. I feel more confident and ready to reintegrate into society. I'm excited to take these skills home, not just to feed my family, but to contribute positively to our lives. Seed & Bloom has given me hope, and I am truly grateful for the opportunity to grow, learn, and reconnect with my loved ones.

a coffee cup for everyone

You Can
Have It Cold Or Hot, Sweet or
Bitter. You Can Add French
Vanilla or Hazlenut. It Can
Keep You Warm In The Winter.
You Can Drink it Black
When Your Crudo Or Straight
From Columbia On A Burro
You Can Be In A Hurry
And Need An Espresso Thats
Stout and Duro / Coffee
Gives You That Extra
Pep In Your Step
When Its Time to Do Mo'
When Im Hanging Out With
Friends & Fam I Know Its
Time To Brew Mo /
A Shared Cup Is Brewed With
Love If You Dont
Know, Now You Do Know /
Coffee Is Flexible And Can
Be Drunk In Variations, But
The Best Cup Is Shared With
People /



aunt shirley's biscochitos

Over the last few years, I've joyfully used food as a way to connect to people in my life. I've loved documenting important recipes with various family members. I've learned about myself as I've collaborated with Seed and Bloom and the students at the state penitentiary on baking projects. I've even been lucky enough to make a living as a baker working with a stellar group of people at Bread Shop.

This biscochito recipe hits all the marks on how a recipe can be more than a recipe: it can tell a story and be a way to connect with family and community. For my first class at the penitentiary, I immediately asked my Aunt Shirley for her biscochito recipe. She generously made this recipe for my wedding and made them in the shape of kangaroos (my wife is from Australia). When I asked her to share the recipe for class, she happily said yes. The secret ingredient is a small amount of orange zest that really helps push this recipe to the next level.

aunt shirley's biscochitos

Yields 54 Cookies

4-1/2 cups all purpose flour
2 tsp. baking powder
3/4 tsp. salt
4-1/2 tsp. crushed anise seed
Zest of one and a half oranges
1-7/8 c. lard
1-1/8 c. sugar
1-1/2 large eggs
1-1/2 tsp. Pure vanilla extract

for the topping:

1-1/2 c. sugar
3 tsp. Ground cinnamon

instructions:

1. In a medium bowl, sift together flour, baking powder, and salt. Whisk in the crushed anise and orange zest.
2. In a separate bowl, combine the sugar and lard. Then, using an electric mixer, beat the lard and sugar until light and fluffy - about 3 minutes. Add the egg and vanilla and beat to combine. Gradually mix in the flour mixture and stop as soon as mixture is combined. Dough will be crumbly and more like a pie crust dough than a normal cookie dough.
3. Using your hands, work the dough into a ball, like you would a pie crust, incorporating all the loose pieces of flour mixture. Then wrap in plastic and refrigerate dough for 30 minutes.
4. Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Line baking sheet with parchment paper or silpat. In a small bowl, combine the sugar and cinnamon for topping.
5. After the dough has cooled for 30 minutes, take a large handful of dough at a time and work it in your hands, kneading it until it is soft and smooth. If it feels crumbly when you try to roll it out, just knead it a little more until it comes together - the lard needs a little extra help. On a lightly floured surface, roll out dough to $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thickness. Cut out cookies with whatever shape you prefer. It's easiest to use a cookie cutter about 2-3 inches across.
6. Place cookies on a lined baking sheet and bake until just barely golden and set, about 10-12 minutes (be careful not to over cook!). Let cookies cool for 10 minutes on the pan (they will crumble if you take them off any sooner). Once cooled, you can carefully dunk them in the sugar/cinnamon mixture so they're evenly coated. Place them on a cookie rack until completely cooled.

rose color

What Color am I

Am I Red

If I am Red I would have to love

Am I Yellow

If I am Yellow I would be a good friend

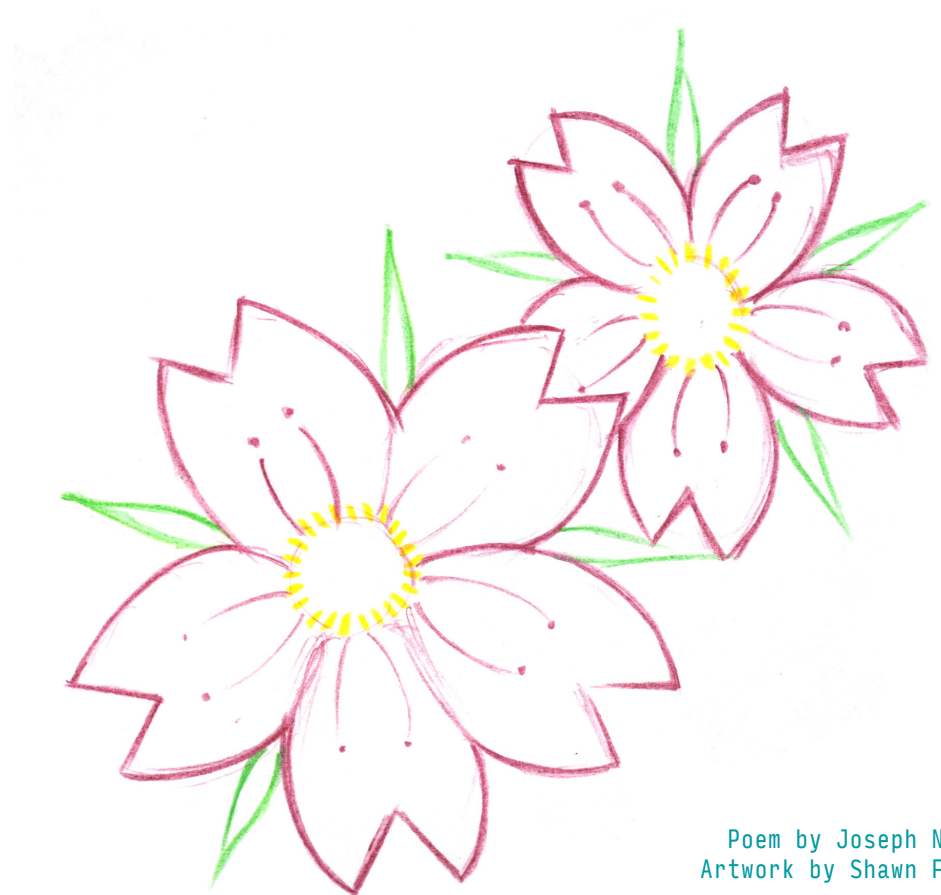
Am I White

If I am white I would be morning

What is my Color

What can't a rose be more than one color
Why can't I morn, Love and be a good friend
So If my rose had a color it would be them all
Because I could not Just be one color. There is
no way to only be one of them when I can be all
of them at all times at anytime.

What color are you?



Poem by Joseph N.
Artwork by Shawn F.

Food is where the family is,
And family is where the heart is!



grits – not just breakfast!

For me, having a Grandmother from the south, grits have had an integral seat at the dinner table. Breakfast grits can be dolled up the same as oats, with even more possibilities.

Lunch grits simmered with lard and cheeze added makes for a filling meal at the mid-point of any day. Dinner grits with a porkchop can feel like the perfect compliment to the savory pork.

My Grandma is the only person I know who incorporates grits into every meal. The grit for me has a nostalgic feeling. When I see grits my heart immediately feels the meal was made with love. Its going to be wholesome. I'll never doubt a meal with a side of grits.



the recipe for starting the seed & bloom farm

(chronicled from January - June 2025)

step one:

start with a pinch of serendipity— I met Gunjan in the fall of 2024 because Gunjan was interested in having food safety trainings for the students to prepare for future sales once the farm was established. I am both a farmer and a farm food safety trainer, so we were put in touch. When we met up to plan the workshop, we quickly realized we have A LOT in common. To start, we are both Indian women in our 40s in the agriculture field; we both were part of the Rikers Island Greenhouse program in our pasts, we both spent part of our adult years living in New York City and Washington, DC, we both spent our childhoods going to the same Hindu temple in western PA, and both of our fathers are named Ashok. Okay, if that's not a sign we should build something together, then I don't know what is! The food safety training happened, and along with it, the beginning of a friendship and the fruition of the Seed & Bloom farm.

step two:

fold in A LOT (more than you think) of ratchet

straps— My farm partner Ash and I began planning for the greenhouse build. It would require us to bring an abundance of tools ranging from shovels, ladders, hammers, drills, a circular saw, PVC pipes, lots of wood, and a full tool box. We ratcheted our tiny '96 Toyota Tacoma every Friday for 6 weeks, packing it to the gills and journeyed up to Santa Fe from Albuquerque, stopping along I-25 to tighten the straps along the way.

When we arrived at the Penitentiary, we were met each time by the S&B students eager to begin the day. Together we unloaded all of the tools into the PNM vehicle while the Corrections Officer took inventory. This became a ritual each week, shaking hands, saying hellos, loosening ratchet straps and unloading in the morning and re-loading and tightening straps again at the end of each day before we headed home.

step three:

stir in several dozen handwarmers— Did I mention that the greenhouse build began in January? The mornings were colddddd, often in the 20s. One of the students told Ash and I that we looked like the family from the Alaskan Bush People tv show because of how we were dressed. What a compliment! We wore several layers and stocked up on hand warmers that everyone shared and kept in their pockets. It took us 3 weeks of failed attempts to get the greenhouses skinned with plastic because of the high winds. Each week we warmed up with hot coffee and breakfast, talked through the plan for the day, and got started, addressing challenges and questions as they came up. Questions like: Replace the warped wood or make it work? Is this rabbit netting really going to keep the critters out? Does anyone have an extra star bit? Who has the hammer? Remind me how to turn this generator on again? Are you drinking water?

step four:

mix in plenty of kendrick lamar's "squabble up" (OG to substitute bad bunny's latest album)— We listened

to the radio while we worked. Each time Squabble Up would come on, we would all shout and begin marking the times with rocks on the wall. I think the most it came on during a work day was 5 times. As the

music played, we sawed and drilled and moved wood. We hammered and cut plastic and glued pvc. We laughed. A lot. We got comfortable. We told stories about our lives, our families, our friends, our pasts, our futures. We thumb wrestled. We shared food...and inside jokes. We became a farm crew.

step five:

add a dash of yelling “rookie” across the green

houses— Ask 10 farmers how to do something and you’ll get 15 responses. There is no one way to farm. Farming requires all of us and that is exactly how we approached building these four greenhouses. They were literally built with ideas, skill, experiences, labor and commitment from everyone, no matter if it was the first time building a tunnel or the fourth time. We strove to make the build as non-hierarchical as possible – each one – teach one, no gods no masters style. In a true we got this fashion. And guess what, those greenhouses went up and as each one was completed, we got more and more confident and quick, joking each time, “It’s like we’ve done this before.” The process was more important than the end result. We came away with a tried and true technique: every time you get sprayed in the face setting up your irrigation system, shout Rookie! and I promise it’ll make you smile.

step six:

include a generous amount of chicken manure and

sass— We got compost and soil delivered from Reunity Resources in Santa Fe. The piles got spread real quick throughout the four greenhouses and were supplemented with pelletized chicken manure that I brought up from the farm in 5 gallon buckets. Raking and smoothing and prepping the areas for food crops

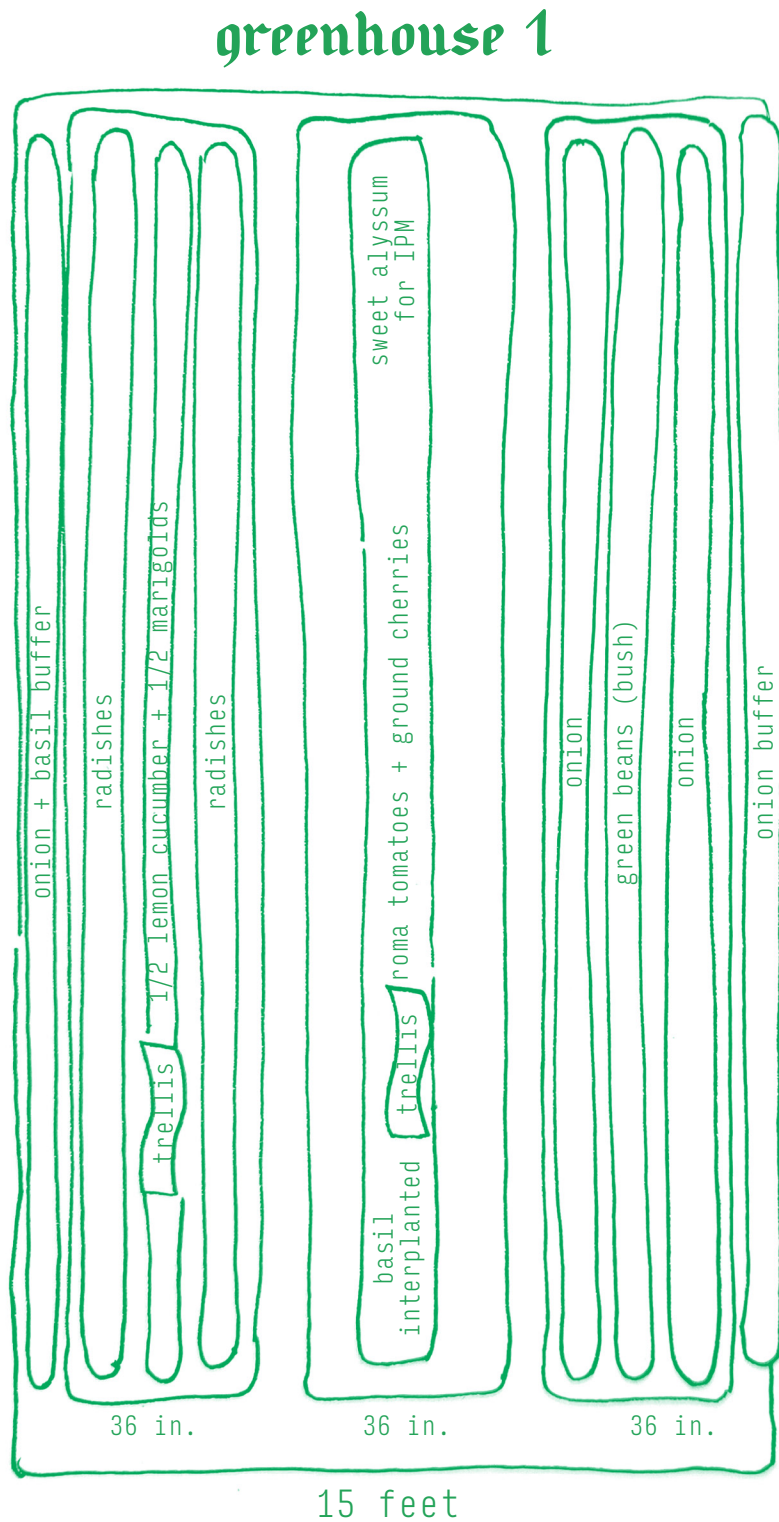
and cover crops. Then came the day to plant. I told the guys, “Okay, this plan might be overly ambitious” and at the end of the day when literally everything was complete, I was told, “Miss Anita, I wasn’t going to tell you that you were wrong thinking we couldn’t complete it all, I was just gonna show you.” Danggg. We sectioned out the beds with string, designating paths and growing areas, we staked our driplines, we planted and seeded and updated our crop plan and talked through the watering schedule. We planted an orchard with sour cherries and flowers, moving rocks to create an inviting and precious rock border.

step seven (do not skip or substitute):

brush all contents with pride and awe and big crew

energy— “Y’all these radishes and turnips are ready to come out of the ground.” We set up the wash/pack area, figuring out a flow. We set up our handwash station and talked through our harvest log. One of the students took a sharpie and wrote Seed and Bloom on each house and labeled them 1 thru 4. That same student artistically wrote “Ashokra” on my hat. The buckwheat was thriving in the covercopped houses, so lush and green. I said when it blooms it’ll bring the bees. One of the students said he hadn’t seen a bee on the grounds in years. The students carefully harvested the turnips and radishes, bunching them as they went. “Grown at a prison near you” they proudly joked. The bounty was bound for the Santa Fe Farmers’ Market to be included in WIC produce bags. We tasted the hakurei turnips – an especially giant one was saved and a student used my Leatherman knife to cut us each a piece to share.

map of seed & bloom farm



Notes: Greenhouses 3 & 4 contain buckwheat covercrop in order to transition to fall crops in late summer. Orchard between Greenhouses 1 & 2 contains sour cherry trees and an assortment of flowers, including sunflowers & zinnias. The plants for the tiny okra patch came from Ashokra Farm.



Artwork by Marcus H.

There's a dish that's heavenly my Nouns makes
 Through division in the household at the table
 An ingredient that takes shape
 Growing up what Nounma made
 Was never put to waste
 The idea is thought through where nutton takes form
 In the cast iron where the grease simmers
 Adding flour and water with salt and pepper
 Begins to be a greasy gravy substance
 This is Nounma's specialty when there's animosity
 Tension and Division sets a delay when the cast iron is on a tray
 Tortilla is being dipped and used to make a sandwich
 My siblings and I racing to see who gets first plate
 Seeing my Nouns face lighten with love's embrace
 There's no name for this particular dish but it brings us family
 Close together sharing love and laughter
 Maybe this name would be nutton gravy dipped with tortillas
 Embracing the tradition known as Nounma's specialty
 Like a picture that takes capture a Moment never forgotten
 A heart felt Moment the heavenly dish my Nouns creates.

The smell of grits simmering
 on the stove top.



The aroma of raw bacon before it hits the pan.
 Sizzle, pop, popping.

Raw eggs cracking, neighboring up with the sizzling pork.

Bacon

Eggs

Grits

Morning Coffee

• I open my eyes : I begin to pray,
praising the Lord, that im not here to stay,
I open my box, my prison cage,
my morning routine, what can I say,
Scripture : Coffee now im up for the day,
been here too long, my heart turned gray,
As I sip on my coffee, im thankful, so again
I pray.

"Morning Coffee" by Josh H.

"Centering" by Leah P.



centering

caffeine kicks it off

cold brew in summer

hot tea in winter

scones and cookies

turn to crumbs

and the hum of the day settles

into

inhale

hold

exhale

hold

inside chaos

We create a center

a rhythm over which we play.

sometimes it is toes in the grass

other times we dream

of standing in the rain.

by Leah P

Fried potatoes

are not only a food of the past,
But of the Present, and will continue to last,
Consumed in the first meal, all the way to the max!
extra crispy, If it was us you would ask!
To live without them would feel like pins-needles,
unbelievable, like when John lenon left the beatles!
like the sea without the seagulls!
I'll be loyal to the soil,
similar to the Fried potato to the oil!

Poem by "Just" Michael T.
Artwork by Ty B.





Artwork by Ty B.

if the courtyard grill could talk

I've seen a lot of things, I've experienced a lot of people, I've seen happy people, I've seen sad people. There's been tears of Joy & tears of happiness I've heard secrets the deepest secrets. I've been used to bring enjoyment. I've also been used for departures. There's things I know that nobody else does, some times I wish I didn't. At the end of the day I hope to bring Life & a sense of freedom for a moment at least.



Drawing by Daniel J.
Text by Josh H.

my recipe for time

There are good times and bad times, what you do with your time is up to YOU! The bad times test your faith. Sometimes Time can be destructive, it is really all of what you do with your Time. Some people don't use their time wisely, some people use their time to their benefit, and some people use their time for Nefarious reasons. Any way you use your time is Precious. While you are in here there is Loss of time, Lost Loved ones, Friends and Family you have spent time with. Time will Never heal the wounds of Loved ones you could not spend time with saying Goodbye to. Some people thrive on 2 Emotions, fear or weakness, Never Ever Give those people the Time of Day. With Time you develop a Kinship, a brotherhood to help Pass the time or Even help you deal with or cope doing time. They help you put 1 foot in front of the other, and to help you keep your head held High. The time you spend in Prison does NOT and Will Not Define Who AND What you Are!

You take the time to choose your future paths, and your own timeline for your Experiences. Some people use their time for Relection or to create a Legacy for others, I have chosen the latter of the 2. I choose to utilize my time for my legacy. I want to teach time And how to use It wisely. I want to teach others that the Good times can be better and the bad times, given time can only get better. Good or Bad you will Never Get that time back, so Live for today, tomorrow, and use your time to your benefit. I have had people with time on their hands Ask me, why is the Rearview Mirror on your CAR smaller than your Windsheild, My Answer is this. that time has past and there is nothing in that Small Mirror you really want

to Look back on.

In closing, There Are Not Enough Words or time to show, display or Express my deepest Gratitude or Thank You to Not only Miss G, but ALL of the gracious volunteers who have Entered the Doors, Walls, and Gates to take time out of their busy days and Evenings to come spend time, Meaningfull time with inmates here @ PNM-MRU II Prison. The Physical, Mental and Emotional time that they have tirelessly spent day after Day & Week after Week to come And show us Horticulture, The times of our lives.

Thank YOU!

Enchanted Womb

Everything Starts by Birth

Our Creator We Worship First

Blessed Us through the Creation

Flowed like a river sprouted vegetation

Expands on the horizon everything has a Beat

The heart felt rhythm by sands and trees

The egg and seeds envisions a new beginning

A journey that shapes an upbringing

Everything starts by Birth

Knowing how it starts knowing our Unique Worth.

→ Ouroboros

The snake who is perpetually eating its own tail.
Meant to symbolize death and rebirth. Also meant to convey the perpetuity of
life, the cycle of life. I see it too as a vision of karma. What you left behind, you
end up eating. So see well and enjoy.



MY SAFE PLACE, MY HOME, NO WORRIES, MY ESCAPE!
TO RUN AWAY AND FEEL SO AT PEACE,
WITH EVERY TASTE!
TO NUMB MY PAIN, AND SMILE WITHOUT FORCE,
REMINDS ME OF CHILDHOOD DAYS,
POPSICLES ON THE FRONT PORCH!
FAMILY TRADITIONS BRING A TASTE FROM THE PAST,
COOKING FOOD IN THE KITCHEN,
CREATING SMILES THAT WILL LAST,
ENJOYING THE MOMENT,
SIMPLY FORGETTING THE PAIN OF MY PAST!

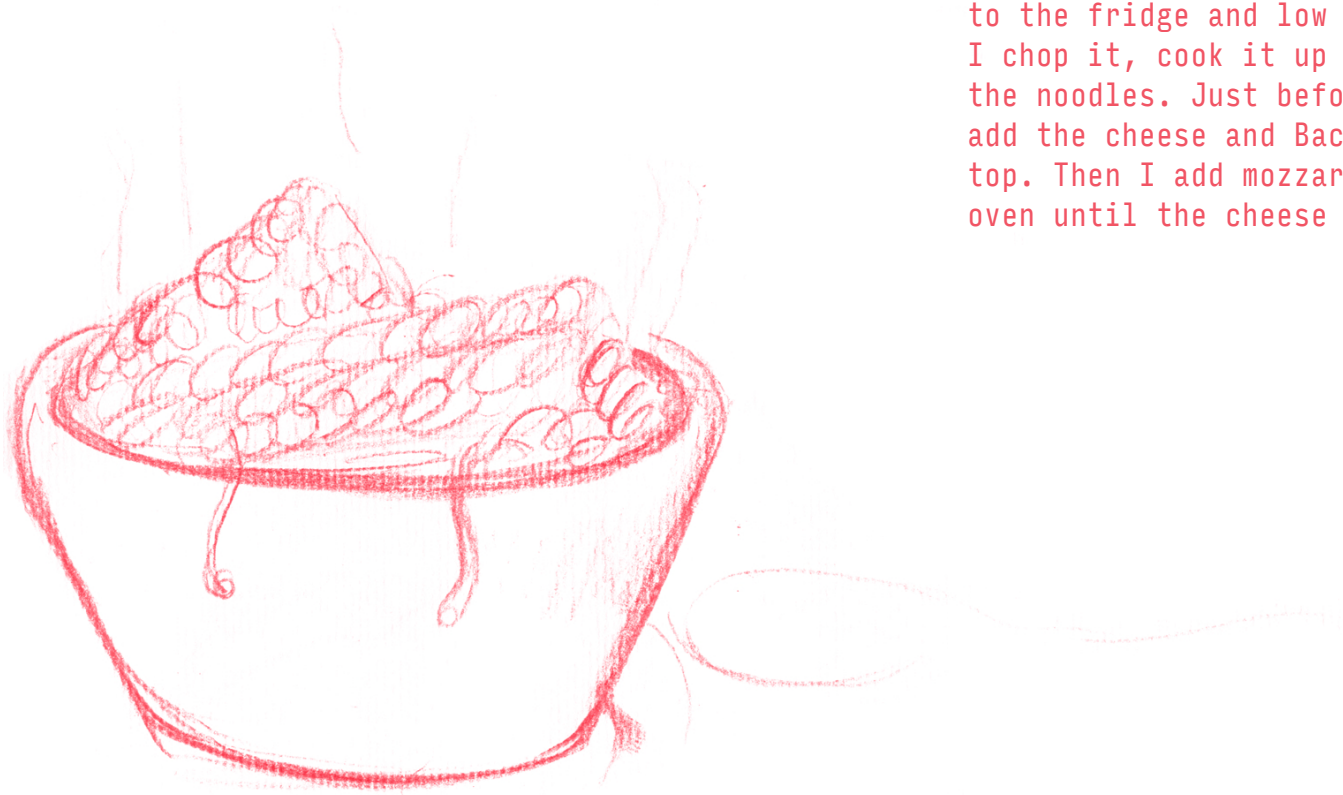
Above poem by "Just" Michael T.
"Grapefruit" by Jason S.

Grapefruit

Pink, yellow, or white all of nature's flavor in
different colors, taste, + ~~text~~ texture. Awakening only
palates, some are tart, some are sweet, and some are tangy and
for those who enjoy life on the edge, adding a little Belvedere
or Tito's Vodka. When I was growing up Mom and I would sit under
the grapefruit trees every morning with a glass of fresh squeezed
grapefruit and watch the sun come up from the edge of the ocean
and where it seemed the end of the earth was. As if the sun
were rising from the calm and serene water. Grapefruit for
some is an acquired taste, but for me it is a staple of my life.
My upbringing, my present and future. As I grew older, I
continued the tradition w/ my own son when I got custody
of him @ 4 years old. He also has continued with this tradition
with his wife as they look out over the lake they live on
in Ohio. The tradition of the grapefruit will live on as soon as
my son + daughter in law bear children. When I go home very soon
I can't wait to sit with my mom and watch the ~~sun~~ sunrise
with fresh grapefruit and maybe a little vodka. Time will tell!



I take you back to a simple time to a simple dish. I need a dish that feeds about ten people. While thinking on this I decided to make me some mac and cheese. As I got everything out I realize I found the dish I can make for everyone. Taking my time to cook the cheese sause. First we get some milk to a boil, then add velveeta. Once this is melted I add sharp cheddar and parm, it boils and thickens. I turn it down and look around something is missing. So I go to the fridge and low and behold I find some bacon. I chop it, cook it up and sit it to the side. I cook the noodles. Just before they are completely done I add the cheese and Bacon. I crumble buttered bread on top. Then I add mozzarella on top and put it into the oven until the cheese melts and the bread is toast.



RAYMOND ??

recipe for the beating heart of a program

The creation of this recipe comes from a conversation with Brad H., while sitting under a tree in the courtyard at the Penitentiary of New Mexico's Level II facility. There's a light breeze, the sun is out, and we're talking while admiring the newly planted corn and flowers that grow quietly and steadily in front of us.

I've had the pleasure of working with Brad for nearly 2.5 years. He has been a part of each piece of the Seed & Bloom program. He has been at every session of our greenhouse restoration project. He's up with the sun to turn on the water for our farm. Brad has been here for the delivery of all our compost & soil. And the building of our hydroponics/classroom garden (which he maintains daily). He organizes the lunch for all of our classes, taking special orders for how people want their sandwiches prepared.

Each week I arrive at the facility with a packed car of supplies. Bins for culinary classes, boxes of seedlings, craft supplies, hydroponics supplies, on and on. Each week I know I'm going to be greeted by a student who has taken it upon himself to support the program with his entire being. Brad greets me with a big, green cart. He loads up all of the supplies, navigates a tricky journey into the facility, through gates and narrow doors, and maneuvers a balancing act that would impress even the most skilled gymnast.

In our conversation under the tree, Brad shares why he does these things. Why he shows up with this level

of consistency—why does he care as much as he does?

He tells me that he understands that the success of the program depends on someone who's going to take it upon themselves to be dedicated. And, that every class feels like a new adventure. He shares that the satisfaction on someone's face is worth everything to him—whether that's a student who's enjoying a meal in the program, or a community member who's tasting one of our freshly grown radishes.

The same day that we have this conversation is the day that Brad creates a piece of writing centered around the theme of work. He writes, "Work. The key to all success. Without it, the world would stand still. Without this action, nothing would be achieved. It's how we learn, how we teach, and provide. It's also how we grow."

ingredients:

Huge heart

Determination (in abundance)

Humor (season to taste)

Music lover & all-knowing holder of lyrics to songs on the radio (just that)

instructions:

Combine all ingredients.

Do this with consistency, garnish with love.

Enjoy.

what we do

This publication is the work of many hands and hearts. A special thank you to Gunjan Koul for her hard work, radical vision, and unwavering softness.

We would also like to extend a heartfelt THANK YOU to the staff team at the Penitentiary of New Mexico. Deputy Warden Ralph Lucero has welcomed our workshops and organized space for us to gather. His commitment to programming for students is seen, felt, and appreciated.

Seed & Bloom's mission is to empower incarcerated individuals at any stage of their journey.

We envision alternative creative learning spaces within the corrections system that plant seeds of knowledge and nourishment, harvesting opportunities for transformation, kindness, and joy.

We believe we all are more than our worst mistake. We believe that when we engage positively with our community we thrive. We believe we can all still flourish.

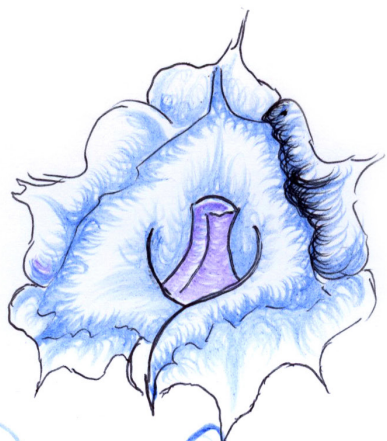


Thank You

*Thank you father, for everything.
For all you do : all you've done.*

*Thank you for allowing Seed & Bloom
to grow into a family. Thank you
for giving everyone involved such a
great love and care for us and this
program. May you continue to bless
us and prosper seed and Bloom. May
you allow seed & Bloom to continue to
grow, blessing everyone here and everyone
that will eventually be here. May
you continue to keep the peace,
compassion : fellowship that allows
us to be ourselves. Thank you for the
freedom we experience twice a week. Thank
you father for seed & Bloom, In Jesus name, Amen*

Blessing by Josh H.
Front and back cover artwork by Angel B.



Bloom

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