


A note that inspired me from Substack this month:

<https://substack.com/@rowenwhite/note/c-226520451>



Rowen White  Mar 11
Re-Seeding Imaginations

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In these dark times, so thankful for our more than human kin, who radiate such a beautiful brilliance to remind us that despite all the harms done by those with broken spirits, that life will always prevail.

In our everyday ceremonies of tending life, we stand strong in our collective refusal to be conquered.

With brave hearts leading, we still remain tender when the world demands hardness. We weave lifeways of connection against all odds where for generations we've endured violent forces that sever, exploit and manufacture division.

We sow seeds into hidden and marginal places, trusting that life will always find the cracks to grow through. We stay close to the earth and to each other, knowing that this is the only way to survive this post-apocalyptic collapse.

This nightmare of modernity was never sustainable and will collapse into the compost pile of the ages; We will tend to that compost and conjure up new life with our songs and our ceremony.

Our Indigenous communities carry the roadmaps forward- we are the living embodiment of ancestral brilliance and resilience, fierce intergenerational revolutionaries tending the gardens of tomorrow.

The revolution is in the fierce and determined insistence that another world is not only possible, but already growing.

In solidarity with the Earth and each other, we are the seeds our ancestors planted.

We are the future they loved into being.

