

FLOWERS
HEAL

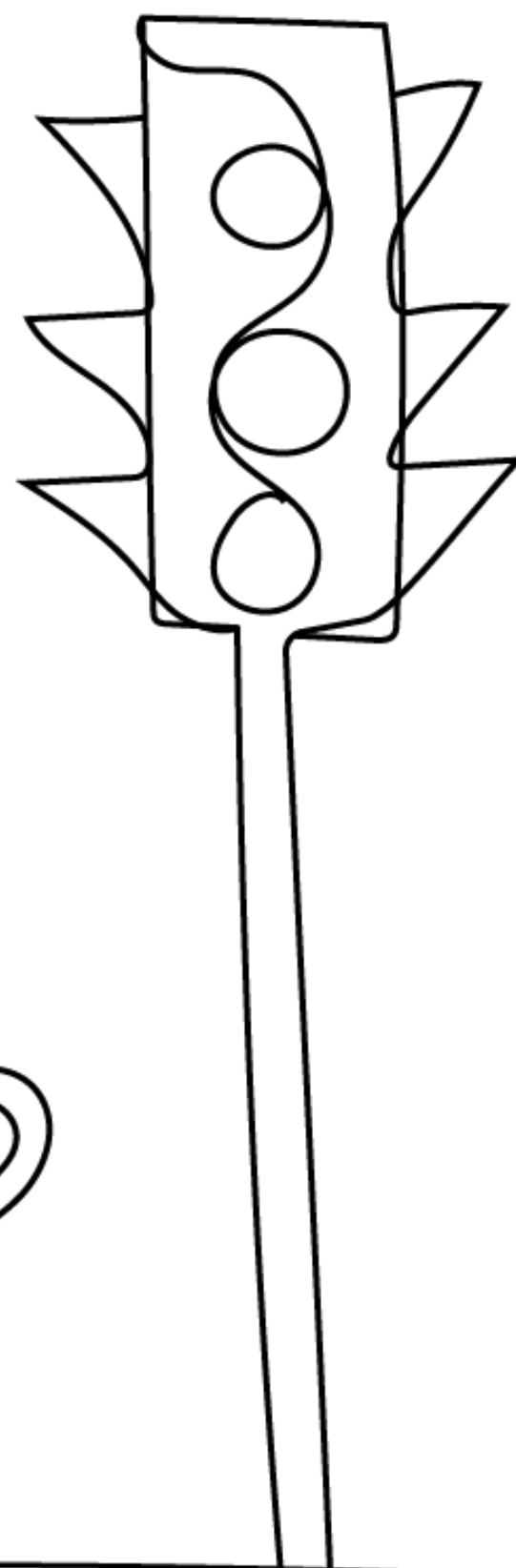
grounded
strategies

Sidewalks, streets, and traffic lights.
All good, but flowers are what I like.

I see vacant lots and short grass, a
plastic bag in the wind.

There once was much more here, but
what, and when? Back when no
engines roared, no concrete poured.

Back when the land looked after itself.



My neighbor approaches, and we
wonder together. We wander past
empty spaces.

We widen our perspectives of what
beauty is, can be. We wonder
together.

Should we do this? Will it matter?
Will it last? Is it worth it? Who will
try?

“I will,” we all say. And we learn that
bundled together, “I will” is
pronounced, “we can.”

Flowers are what we like.



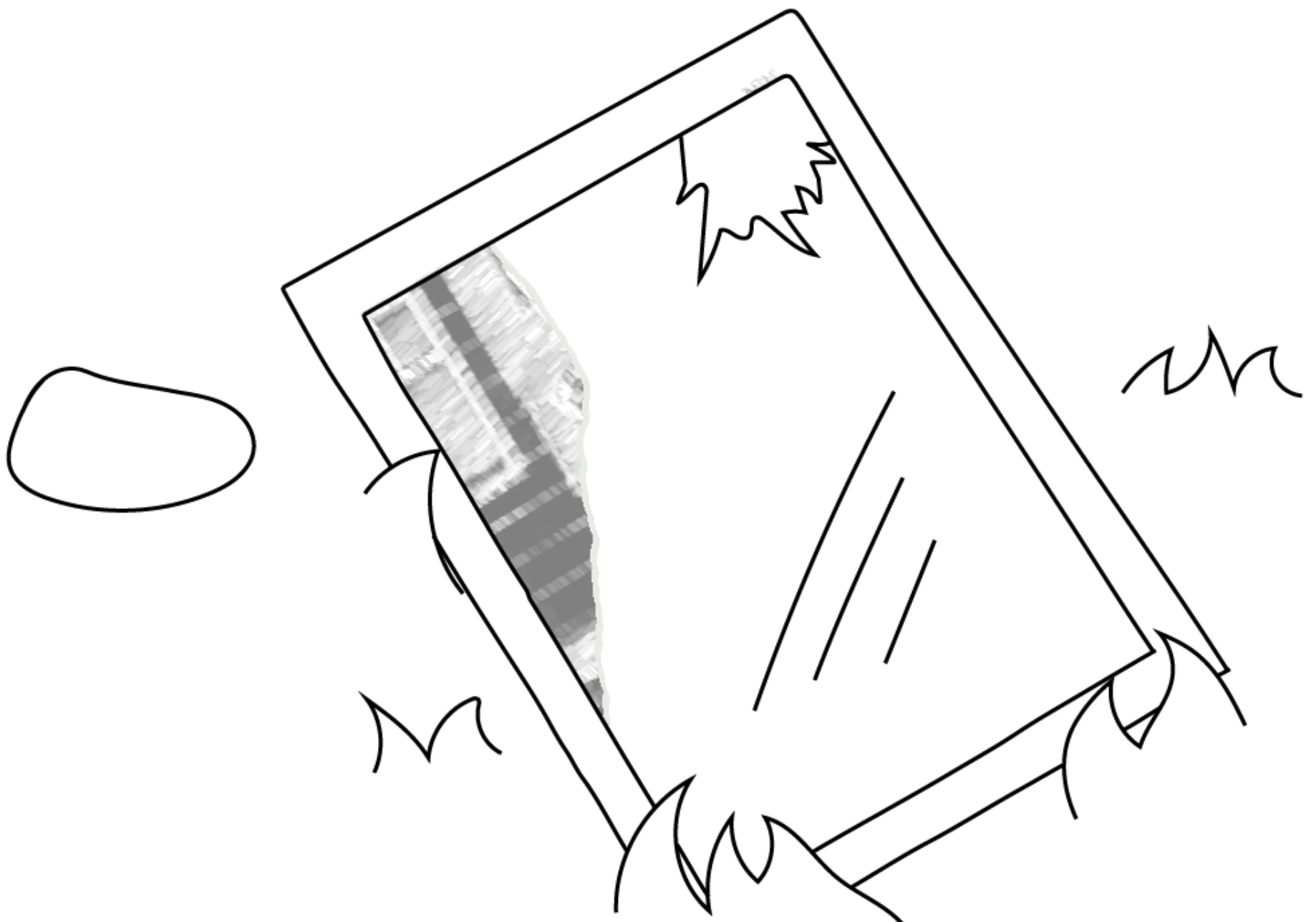
A space selected for our flowers. We need power now, to make way for what once was.

Diggers, lifters, flattening, hauling.

Yards away, something hides beneath the soil. A picture frame, the photo long gone with the demolition.

But in the soil, memory remains of what once was here. A family, love, and community.

We honor them with our “we can.”

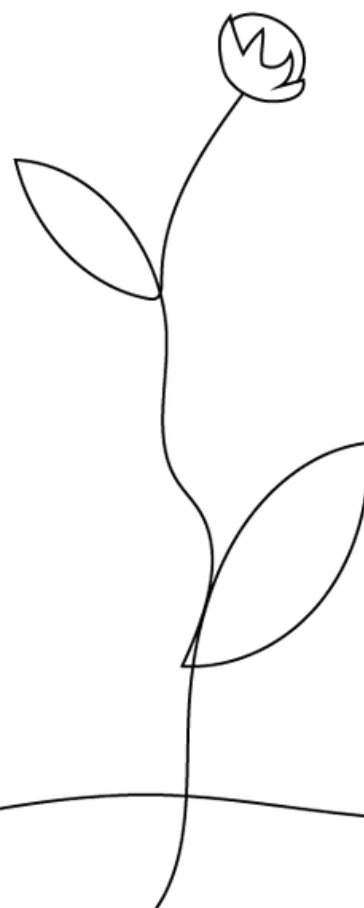
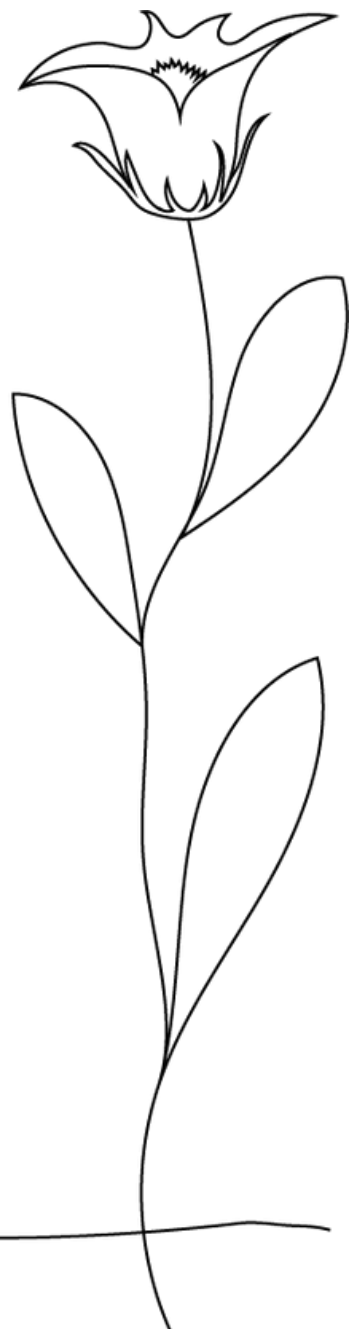


With the ground prepared, the soil is ready to meet old friends. Seeds here at the beginning are replanted, the circle completed.

A grand homecoming celebration and hopes for a long stay are shared by people and plants alike.

Time comes, time goes, and the flowers grow and wilt, year after year.

And every summer, the view of a sunwashed, color full meadow fills the windows of nearby houses.



Wild as it is,
the meadow cares for itself,
always with the help of the people around.

They are the stewards of these pockets of wilderness.
Their work ensures flowers continue to heal here,
year after year
after year
after year.

Flowers are what we like.

