



The story that has not
happened yet
is the story that is
happening now.

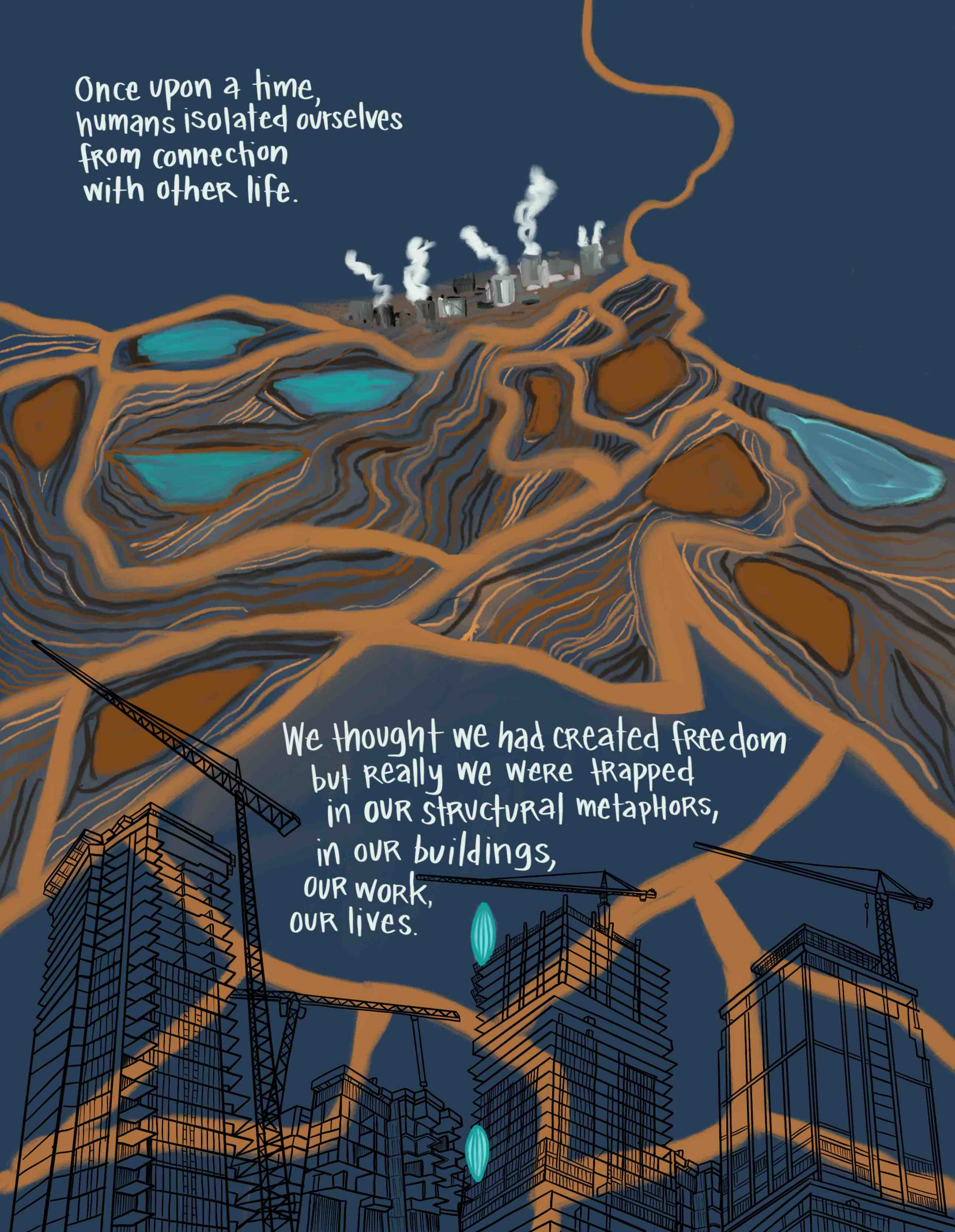
The story of a healing
an open encounter,
a REPAIR.

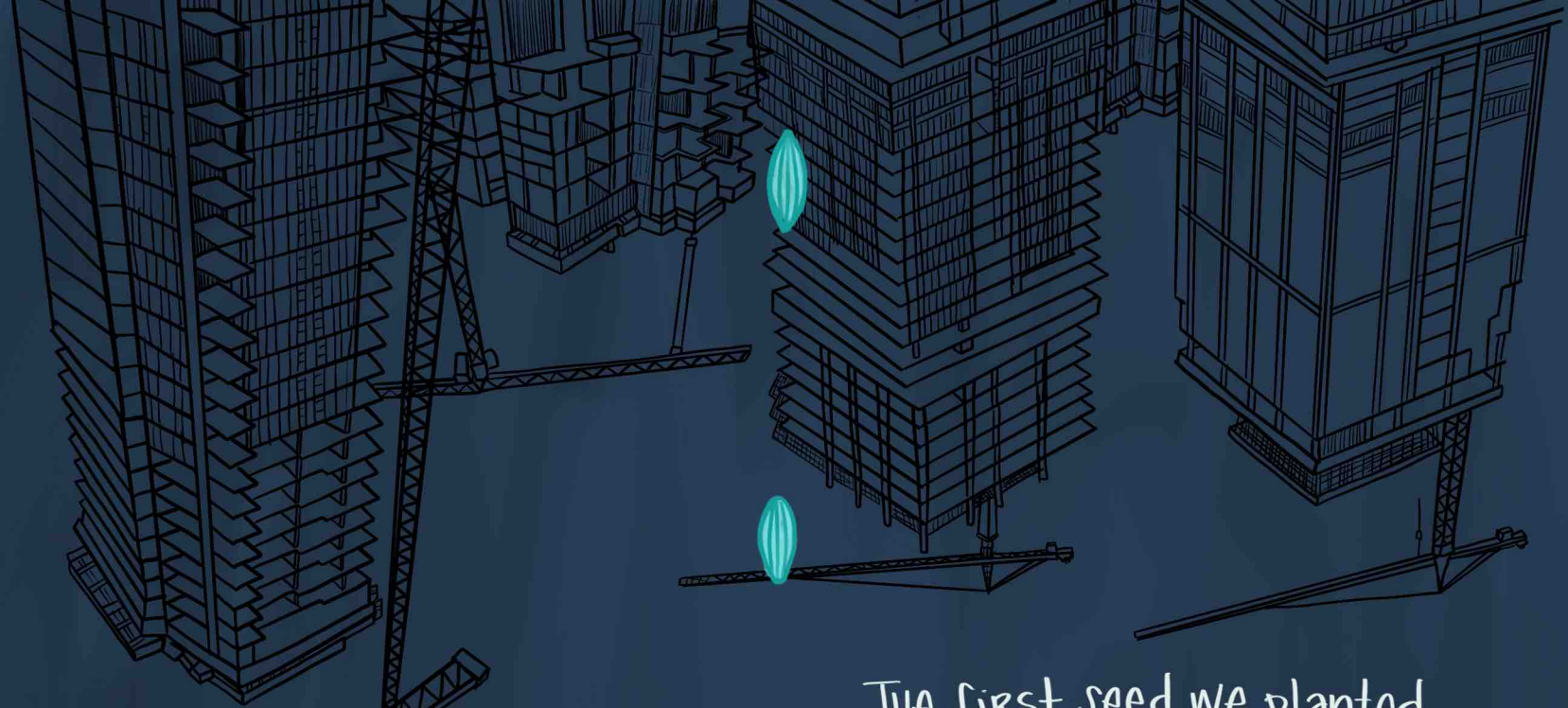
The children and
the old mourners
tell us this story...



Once upon a time,
humans isolated ourselves
from connection
with other life.

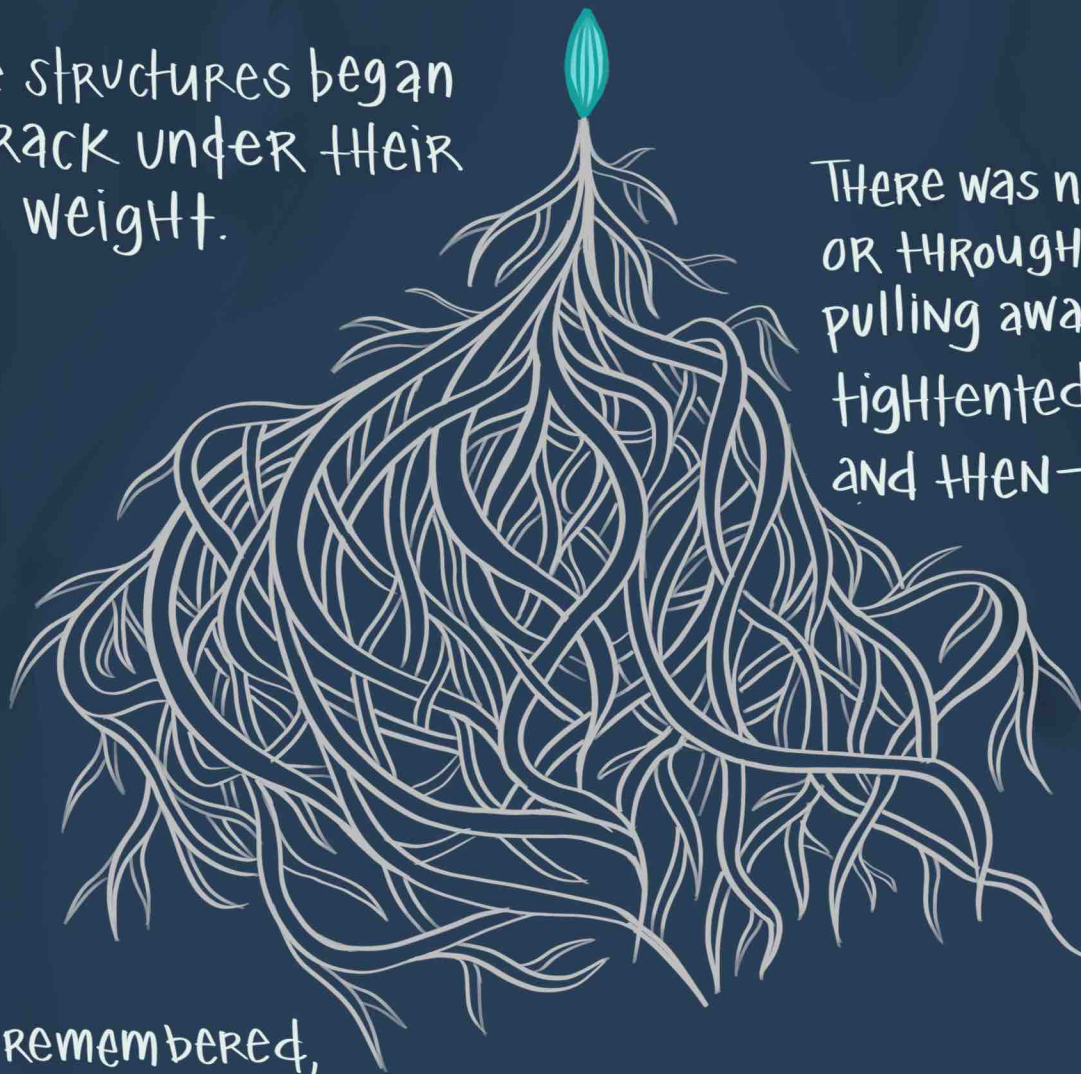
We thought we had created freedom
but really we were trapped
in OUR structural metaphors,
in OUR buildings,
OUR WORK,
OUR LIVES.





The first seed we planted,
caused the earth to shake.

These structures began
to crack under their
own weight.



There was no way past
or through—
pulling away just
tightened the knots
and then—

We remembered,
we breathed...

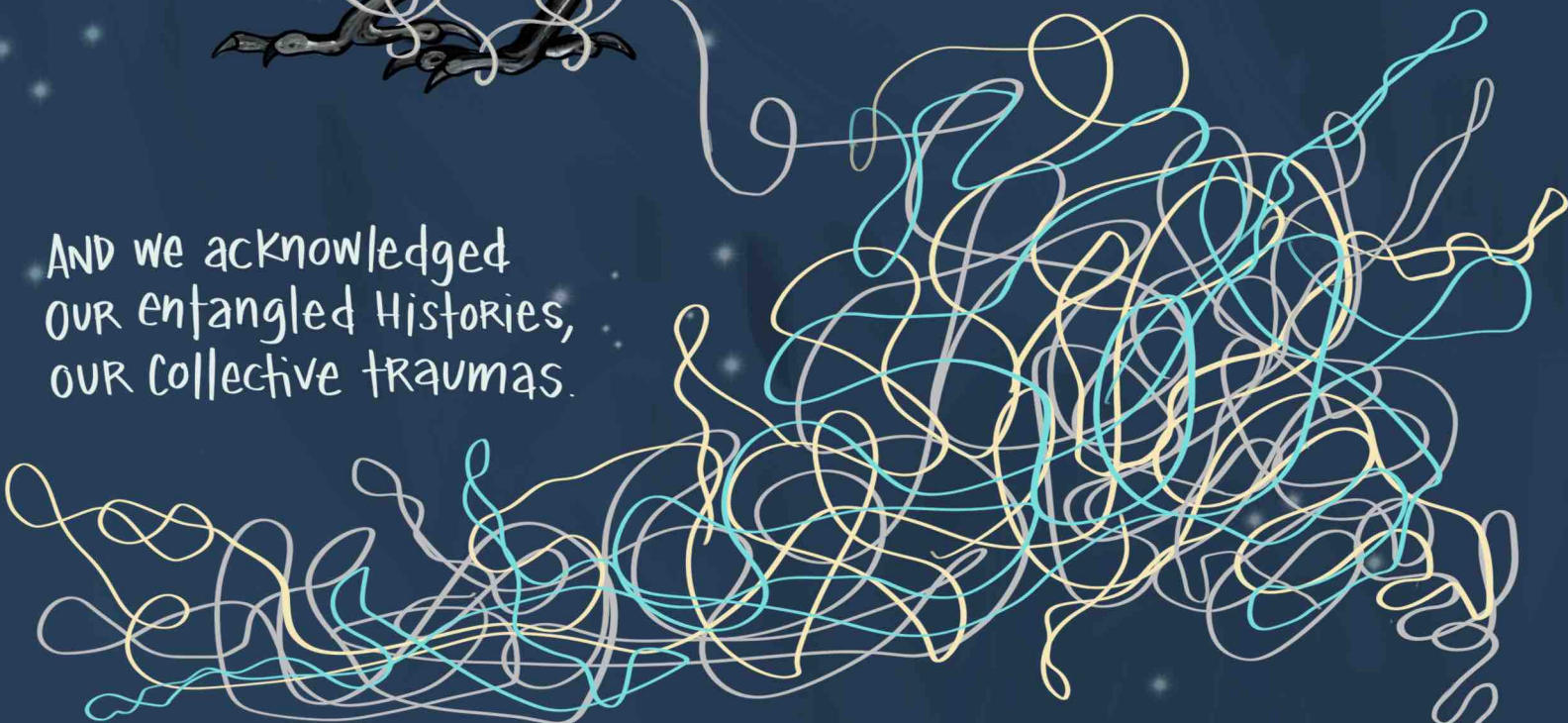
We followed a silver thread
with NO PARTICULAR PURPOSE...



THE BIRD REMINDED US:

"It's not WRONG to
to RETURN to fetch
that WHICH you
Have forgotten."

AND we acknowledged
OUR entangled Histories,
OUR collective traumas.



We bravely looked at our own smiling silence
and gained the courage to follow questions
through to their honest conclusions.



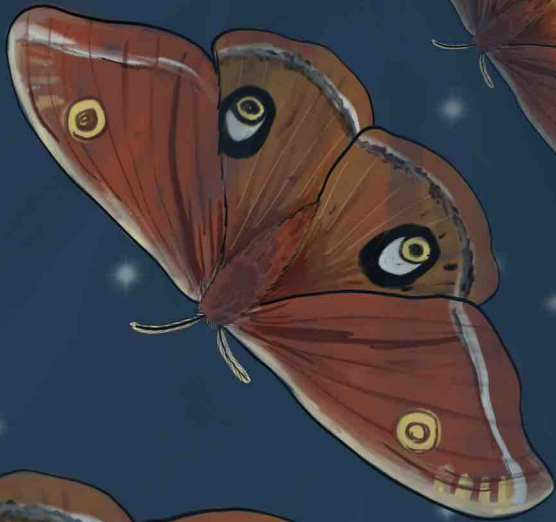


This time,
when we emerged
from our cocoons,

We were transformed.

Softened layers
peeled back,

Pieces of their
dried out edges
falling down-
CRISPY.



We are free.



We are freedom.



There is space for quiet wanderers.

The illustration features a dark blue background with white star-like speckles. At the top, three pairs of hands are shown in black outline, holding various green herbs. The left pair holds a bunch of oak leaves, the middle pair holds a bunch of leafy greens, and the right pair holds a bunch of thin, needle-like herbs. Below the hands, several pine branches with green needles and brown pinecones are scattered across the lower half of the image. The text is written in a white, handwritten-style font.

Today is another good day...

We cook around a huge kitchen table. Bringing back old practices, learning new skills through conversation and chopping herbs and vegetables.

Somewhere in the forest there are dwellings, but nothing is owned or "mine" or "yours."

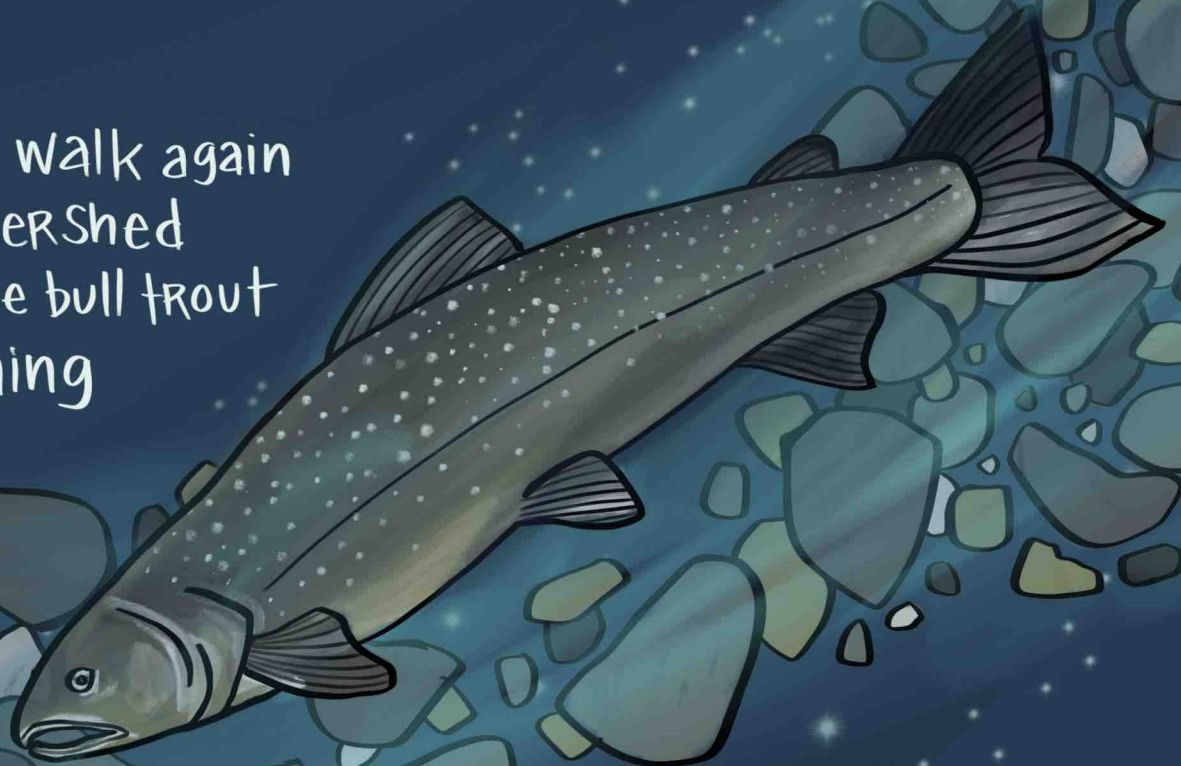
The bahlats (feast hall) is overflowing
with people engaged
in the collective decision making,
everyone can witness.

Our lands are bountiful
with food to harvest.

Relationships around community
care are strong.




We took a walk again
in the watershed
to watch the bull trout
fall spawning



Citizens had developed
their own collective
action approaches
to healing their
relationship to water.

People who are at their most vulnerable
are gathered up in the arms
of a system of caregivers
who treat them with
compassion and kindness.





THE future visits us
when a child plays
with freedom in
the midst of chaos,
when prayers draw
what is still a dream.

We tell the story of how the children chose different.

Words: Travellers from the
Cafe at the edge of the world
Poem & Images: Kara Sievenwright
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