

Return to Ground

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In March 2019 as part of the Growing Room Festival artists T'uy't'angat-Cease Wyss and Anne Riley facilitated a workshop on making “seed bombs”: wildflower seeds encased in spheres of mud from the Capilano River bank and compost from the Harmony Garden on Capilano Reserve that we participants made and then were to disperse as we saw fit.

The plan was for each of us to drop a seed bomb somewhere in this thing called a city then to return to that ground to hang out with the flowers and write from there.

check our wild garden

§1

held well and walked streets bomb aerated and irrigated
too, some grass seed caught in my sock round mission dolores
and these envelopes now years on, with my mother's script

I can explain cropped psyche and the familiar restraint
unplanted form a farm mixed all the way to a coast
what was lost in clouds at first a bundle of dust dampens

income a feeling when you meet a stranger in an alley and
realize you are safe—even city floors up a lodged root system

1 encased furrow rhizome held tender portion tactic reach | tender tactic reach encased rhizome
furrow portion held | reach tender rhizome tactic held furrow portion encased | held encased
furrow portion rhizome tactic

§2

Yearn and learn, the song
says. The earth, the wind,
the fire—this township and I
churn. A bomb made out of seeds. Autonomy and in full relation. Like all there is.
I shame
too often, say other, mean self. If edge of dark green leaf is touched by sun,
perhaps enough. If ivy's
envy encroaches less. If strangulation blooms at no-one else's throat. A little more
constellation, a little water. Thirst is traction. My weakness is reverb. Everybody star
somebody. Terrible even, sing.

2 tender reach | furrow held rhizome tender tactic reach portion encased | rhizome tender
furrow encased tactic portion held reach | held furrow held portion held rhizome held reach
held tactic held encased held tender |

§3

a gathering of shade-growing flowers we

seeds planted in computer file in three of pentacles in Fridays

providing my disorganized/dormant speech with water and light

aerating my clanging association alliteration

a father conjured life from the ground

a daughter harvests a word salad

echolalia flight of ideas preservation infertile ground

for growing a poem yet grow it did

3 furrow rhizome furrow tender furrow held furrow tactic furrow encased furrow reach furrow
portion | tender rhizome tender furrow tender encased tender tactic tender portion tender held
tender reach | rhizome encased

§4

scarred clay - the spot where folks park spilled belongings

(*one person's trash*) others park for a spell- smoke

found butts amongst broken soil -roots and seeds held encased

in hands seed dirt rains through -land haphazard on a promise of later bloom

riot of colours - though disturbed, uprooted

this space sustains.

there is growth again

4 rhizome held rhizome tactic rhizome tender rhizome furrow rhizome portion rhizome reach