

“Rooted in Tomorrow”

I am a plant biologist, not just by title, but by soul.
I've held trembling seedlings in my hands,
Rasping for favorable weather,
Watched them wither before their time,
The pain of a farmer, felt the ache of the soil.
Roots retreat from poisoned clouds that once promised bloom.
The climate no longer whispers; it screams, it pleads.
In wilted leaves, in forests gasping, in seeds that never awaken,
What do they call it? Not viable.

But I believe in second chances, as does nature.
In seeds that will awaken.
In the miracle of green, in the strength of nature.
We are Generation Restorer—
Healers of broken ground, gardeners of new growth with soul.

We can start small:
– Swap single-use for reuse;
– Plant trees like apologies;
– Eat with the seasons, not the shelves;
– Teach children that nature remembers everything;
– Fund science;
– Trust nature;
– Heal the soil, so it can heal us back.

Photosynthesis remains a promise.
The sun still rises.
The Earth still holds space for us to get it right,
Not because we deserve it, but because hope is stubborn.
Mercy speaks louder than our transgressions.
So let's be leaf, root, and rain.
Let's put our hands in the dirt,
Our hearts in the work.
For shaping the future means kneeling in the dirt,
Planting hope, and calling it home.

