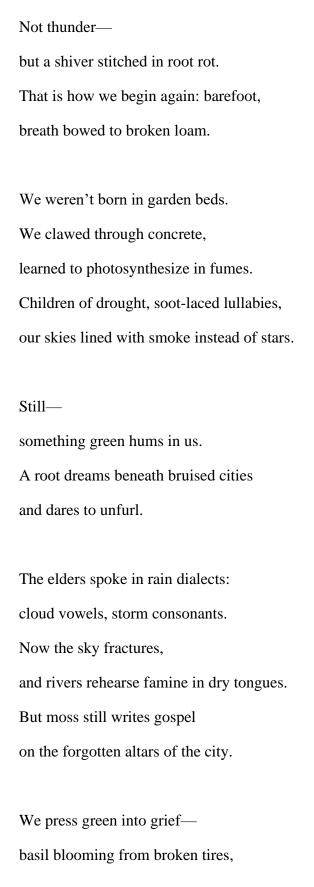
## We Are Seeding Eden



```
We plant where plastic once clung,
baptize old soil with compost, sweat, and vow.
Our anthem isn't sung—it is sown.
In rice fields. On rooftops.
In composted hope.
Tell the wind:
we are the ones who kneel in wreckage
and plant anyway—
trading breath for bloom,
memory for mulch.
We do not wait for Eden.
We are seeding it.
Here. Now.
Even in famine,
the seed rehearses rain.
Even in crisis,
we return—vine-haired, ash-lunged—
offering our bodies
as garden,
as bloom.
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marigolds cradled in rubble.