

We Are Seeding Eden

Not thunder—

but a shiver stitched in root rot.

That is how we begin again: barefoot,

breath bowed to broken loam.

We weren't born in garden beds.

We clawed through concrete,

learned to photosynthesize in fumes.

Children of drought, soot-laced lullabies,

our skies lined with smoke instead of stars.

Still—

something green hums in us.

A root dreams beneath bruised cities

and dares to unfurl.

The elders spoke in rain dialects:

cloud vowels, storm consonants.

Now the sky fractures,

and rivers rehearse famine in dry tongues.

But moss still writes gospel

on the forgotten altars of the city.

We press green into grief—

basil blooming from broken tires,

marigolds cradled in rubble.

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.