

Poems

By Lorenz Dumuk

Love Letter From a Tree

Dear Universe,

Thank you.

Winter, it is in your time of bareness where I was only roots, trunk and branches. How I meditated in the stillness of your nothings. Being encapsulated by the frozen chill of your presence, I reflected and dreamt. In this season of resilience, I am embrace this wholeness even when I am just a frame of a skeleton surviving through the trial of your presence.

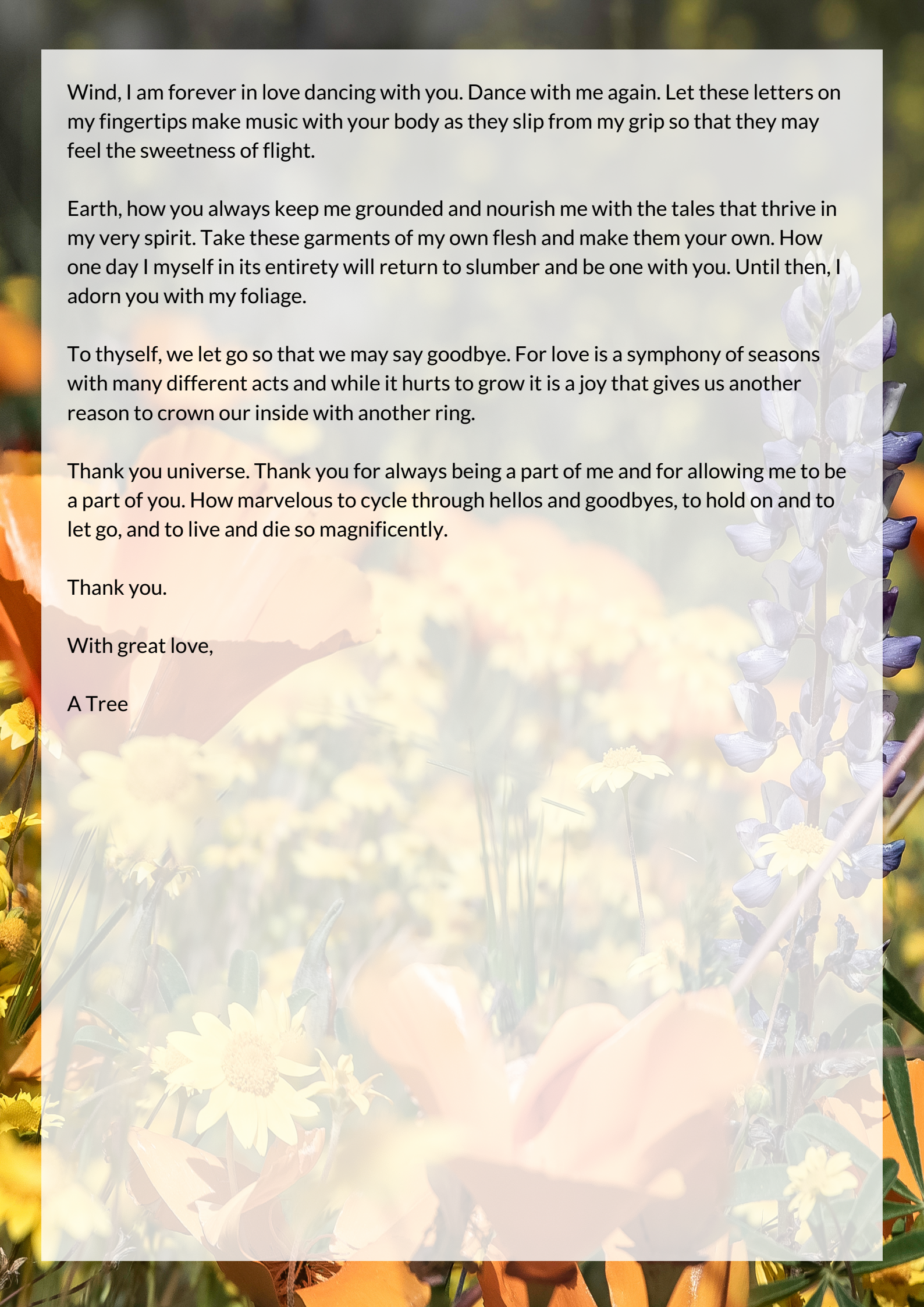
Spring, my limbs climb higher and stretch further than the year before to embrace you and what is to follow. Little leaflets pray out of me not too long after the kiss of your first rain. You awaken us from our slumber and we strive to become the manifested image of our dreams.

Water, you tickle every branch, slide off the tips of our leaves, soak the ground I drink from. My roots, my trunk, my whole spirit forever thirst for you. Every cell of my being understands the importance of your existence to my own existence. You are instrumental to the greatness I can become. Let me never miss you for too long. I ache when you are not around.

Sun, how you write the stories of your travel on every leaf on me. Sending forth the radiation of your very spirit and I collect you with the foliage that covers me. You help pump life into the veins of my leaves. I position myself so I may be in direct way to receive you. How your light nourishes me to become.

Summer, you are a festivity of celebration even with the blazing heat you bring. How my leaves had grown to their fullness and are rich with a lush green. I becomes shade for others who retreat under my branches. My leaves become part of the landscape of heaven.

Autumn, I die a little whenever you return. How I feel old again when I am with you. You offer me so much wisdom when you are around. My leaves speak of what I have been through and the more you touch me the more stories I offer you until they are brittle to reach the end of this letter. You allow me to harvest what I always long to say.



Wind, I am forever in love dancing with you. Dance with me again. Let these letters on my fingertips make music with your body as they slip from my grip so that they may feel the sweetness of flight.

Earth, how you always keep me grounded and nourish me with the tales that thrive in my very spirit. Take these garments of my own flesh and make them your own. How one day I myself in its entirety will return to slumber and be one with you. Until then, I adorn you with my foliage.

To thyself, we let go so that we may say goodbye. For love is a symphony of seasons with many different acts and while it hurts to grow it is a joy that gives us another reason to crown our inside with another ring.

Thank you universe. Thank you for always being a part of me and for allowing me to be a part of you. How marvelous to cycle through hellos and goodbyes, to hold on and to let go, and to live and die so magnificently.

Thank you.

With great love,

A Tree

Landscape to Call Home

How do we invite the living to our landscapes?

How do we steward these ecosystems
aching to breathe in our homes?

Decolonize these lawns, and redefine the look of wealth.

One that pays homage to plants

that understand the richness of these Californian soils.

One that minutely shadows the landscapes

of these regional areas we live in.

One that pushes us forward, adapts, and thrives

without omitting these yesterdays composted into our soils.

What does it mean to collect this life we call water?

Can we evaporate these preconceived notions

of collecting with only these containers
that stagnant the flow of water?

Make these landscapes ready

to absorb the wealth of rain.

Have these soils be inviting for water

to stay long enough for plants to sing in blooms,

in rich foliage arrangements,

in fruits tasting of a magnificent song on our lips.

How water can feel alive and transform in harmony

these orchestrated ecosystems within our homes.

Like the water finding its way

back into our rivers and ocean,

may we not hesitate to be part of water's

wonderful journey as opposed to just a consumer

of this wonderful and sacred resource.

Let us be part of its flow,

and evaporate our mindset

to be stewards for water for the sake of water.

Irrigating not irritating our landscapes.


Being cultural agents who listen and understand

the needs of these living ecosystems we place in our homes.

We do not need to confine these lawns

and parkways to ideals that should

have never been part of our Californian culture.

The background of the image is a lush field of wildflowers. In the foreground, there are large, bright yellow daisy-like flowers and tall, slender purple lupine stalks. The background is filled with more yellow flowers, creating a sense of depth. A semi-transparent white rectangular box is overlaid on the upper left portion of the image, containing the text.

Covering with grass that tells
nothing of the story of California
and its wonderful landscapes.

Redefine what it means
to be a homeowner, or a business owner.

Project the aesthetics that proudly shows
part of our attentiveness to environmental justice,
to water conservation, to a culture that represents
a future that invites wildlife, that invites breath and air,
that invites us to feel at home
within the outside of our homes.