

There is no away

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The same amount of water circulates throughout the planet, for eons. What evaporates in our apartments returns elsewhere as rain. How magic is that?

The big coast calms me down when I inhale its magnificence. Ocean waves sing a plangent wisdom I don't hear often enough in my daily life now, though I was immersed in it in my mother's womb.

A whistling kettle comforts us. Now and then.

Evaporation won't solve all our problems, as the ocean acidifies with industrial agriculture's dumping of fertilizers, proliferating dead zones that not even jellyfish can survive.

When I visit the landfill, I get a whiff that this monument to waste will define us, interminably. Leakage, imperfect transformation, a midden of gargantuan proportions.

Are dead zones the ocean's response to mega-corporate territories sucking the life out of us, replacing it with profit margins & temporary trinkets that will poison children's futures?

Leaks are inevitable. They are a sign of life. The crack that lets both poison out & light in. Everything.

You can build all the jails you want, but you will only destroy your own credibility. Fear is unsatisfying when sunlight, rivers, and mountains call forth what is best in us, what is brave, what is bigger than ego and greed. Somewhere between the affection of sea otters and the intelligence of wolves, you will find a human balance.

If Wal-marts can be turned into public libraries, anything is possible.

Each breath taken is a gift from the ocean's plankton, the forests' trees.

Rachel Carson, Sandra Steingraber, Winona Laduke, Josephine Mandamin, Maude Barlow, Arundhati Roy, Vandana Shiva, Wangari Maathai: these are some of the real keepers of our future.

No social license for the destruction of trap lines & song lines, boreal forests & rainforests, the earth's lungs that we need more than ever.

Asthma & allergies are clues, rising warning signals that you ignore at your peril.

Condensation humbles me.

A hollow feeling, observed. Not stuffed full of consumer goods. The space that makes a vessel possible.

The sky's cumulus exuberance will replenish the trees & me. Cedar, fir, hemlock have known this much longer than pulp mills or processing plants.

Deliberate focus in the face of global fever. We know what needs to be done. What we don't know is how to overcome the violent systemic barriers to doing it. But we will learn because we have to.

Also because plastic is not an acceptable substitute for plankton in our food chain.

Generosity in the face of intimidation tactics? Maybe, but in which direction?

Cirrus sings a reminder that fragility has its place.

We will not be fooled or placated by green-washing and PR campaigns.

Pipelines leak and citizens pay for these accidents with their livers, their lungs, their breasts, their testicles, their cancers. Who will eat the tumour-ridden fish? Bologna sandwiches and donuts are not a real substitute for fresh-caught wild fish.

Soft drink, hard lesson.

Oil tankers crash because we are human, though we may pretend to be machines. No one is really fooled or impressed by the corporate robot imitation.

You could do worse than to return to beginner's mind. Start with basics like clean water, fresh air.

Plantain leaf, dandelion, horsetail grow, unbidden by human hands: in the midst of pavement, wild medicine.

Acronyms are easier to circulate globally, but harder to hold accountable to a community.

I love the crunch of organic blue corn chips, but how do I get them without plastic packaging?

From RBC to KFC, what does the soil quality have to say about this?

Not posing questions is more stressful than posing them. Avoidance assumes inadequacy and fear instead of courage and the ability to learn, respond, adapt, change, reorganize, reinvent, cooperate.

What you can't do alone, you will do together.