

**May 3rd, 2020**

*Suddenly,  
a message overwhelms  
your screen:*

Let's take a moment.

*A pause.*

This  
is your window into the rest of the world.  
It is how you talk to friends,  
read news,  
hear stories,  
watch television,  
shop,  
order food,  
take yoga classes,  
organize,  
and learn.

All the world's knowledge  
all its theories,  
facts,  
and experiences  
are accessible here,  
which is to say  
everywhere.

Where are your fingertips?

Let's take a moment.

*A pause.*

Support your body comfortably.  
Put your feet flat on the ground,  
your hands on your thighs,  
palms up,  
relaxed,  
your back straight against your chair  
or wall,  
or pillow.

You may lay down.  
If you are on your back,  
feel the floor against your ass  
flattening it  
holding you up  
your shoulder blades flattening against the floor  
like the soles of your feet, maybe  
in a way.

There is something holding you up  
away from the Earth's core,  
working against gravity.  
The wood beneath the carpet,  
the soil under the grass,  
the bodies, the rocks, the worms,  
the aquifers that rest  
below you.  
The lava.

You are surfing on top of all that.

This is not a meditation.  
This is just a moment.

Let's take a moment.

*A pause.*

The past weeps  
like a cut vine  
that has not yet been grafted on.  
It is waiting for us  
to make a decision  
to cut into it with a sharp knife  
to insert a new bud  
to wrap it with cloth  
to start something new.  
A new variety.

We make change this way  
Because of the things outside our influence.  
We cannot change.  
the soil  
we cannot change  
the root systems  
we cannot change

the altitude  
we cannot change  
the sun  
we cannot change  
the fog  
we cannot change  
the rain.

We cannot change the weather,  
but  
we can choose what we grow.  
We can graft it onto our vines,  
onto our past,  
and wait.

Let's take a moment.

*A pause.*

It is springtime.

The forest is giving us watercress and ramps and morel mushrooms and fiddlehead ferns and toothwort and nettles and dandelion greens and miner's lettuce and spring beauty.

We are harvesting our lambs and our garlic,  
the lettuces we planted last year.  
Eggs and chickens.  
Milk.

We are pulling down our prosciutto from the rafters.

We are doing things in the sun  
again.

Even this far north  
where frost is deep  
where winter is long  
where sky-blue water  
is only just revealing itself to us  
after months of ice.

Even here  
there is the possibility for abundance.

Oars pull canoes through water.

Let's take a moment.

*A pause.*

In Springtime we learn, again, to be present to other creatures.

To be present in the Winter

is to listen to silence

often

it is to stoke a fire

often.

In the Spring staying present is to notice

sprouting greens,

buds,

geese standing on the ice, waiting for their pond,

then swimming,

then nesting,

then hatching goslings.

To share the present with these things

is to hear them

smell them

and name what aromas,

minerals,

memories,

and tastes

we perceive.

To swish them around our mouths.

In the spring we can stand in the woods

and open up a bottle

an toast to how

to here

to growth

and to life

renewed, returned, reborn,

recreating itself once more.

Let's take a moment.

*A pause.*

We have a rich future

ahead of us,

together.

Our future is not the vines that will grow  
from our newly grafted vines.  
Our future is not the flowers,  
it is not grapes,  
green then red then purple.  
It is not even harvest.

Our future is the time after.  
It is when we press the grapes into juice,  
when we rack it into barrels,  
when we are  
tasting,  
racking,  
monitoring,  
tasting,  
racking,  
aging,  
and finally  
bottling.

Our future is alive.

Yeast grows and dies,  
juice ferments into wine,  
even in the bottle,  
it changes every day.

Let's take a moment.

*A pause.*

Let's remember and be thankful  
that  
we share this future with others.

We decant it for them.  
We pour it into their glass.  
We put our noses in it  
together  
we share what parts of the past  
which roots  
what soil  
how much sun  
the altitude

we feel.

We sip.  
We taste.  
We drink.

We have a future  
to share  
together.

This is a moment.

We will have more in our future.

*A pause.*

Let's take a moment.

*A pause.*

This is a moment.  
This could be a meditation,  
I suppose,  
or a prayer.

*A long pause.*

After one moment,  
comes another,  
and another,  
and another,  
and so on.  
Like footprints.

Let's take a moment.

*A pause.*

As you come back to your body  
Wiggle your toes, if you are able to.  
Flex your feet,  
and follow your awareness of your body  
up  
to your calves,  
your kneecaps, and the ligaments below them  
your hamstrings

thighs  
butt.  
Pause at your belly  
notice the motion inside of your body  
the work your stomach is doing  
your intestines  
liver  
colon.

Then,  
notice your muscles stretched over those organs.  
Note where they are attached to your skeleton.  
Notice spine,  
ribcage,  
your heart.

Listen.  
Listen.  
Listen.

Exhale through your fingertips,  
down, over your shoulders  
your breath working your body like a masseuse  
through your arms  
your elbows  
forearms  
wrists  
palms  
fingertips.

You've let yourself back out  
into the world.

Let's take a moment.

*A pause.*

I am going to let you back into this world.

I will reopen this window  
to all the knowledge,  
lessons information people words stories videos songs facts music recipes crafts connections  
you need.

It will not overwhelm you  
it will not terrify you

it will not harm you  
you are ready.

Let's take one last  
moment.

*A pause.*

Let us say these words together:

You are rowing downriver.  
The current will carry you over rapids, around slow bends, and through wild acres  
until your oar meets the sea.

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*This is repeated  
until you forget that you're saying it.*

*Finally,  
silence.*

Thank you.