

**A PERMACULTURE LIFE
POETRY AND SHORT STORIES
2009 – 2023**

by William George Paul

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PREFACE

“Friends (Quakers) are people of differing backgrounds, with the common understanding that all people are on a spiritual journey. Friends have no single creed or outward sacraments or symbols. We believe that within each person there is a divine spark, or "that of God," leading us to oppose everything that diminishes life: war, violence, oppression, injustice, and excesses of all kinds. We hold that killing another human being would be an act against that of God in him or her.

Despite our diversity, Friends find that we can live in accordance with our common values. When we do, our values become our testimonies, or witness, to the world. Friends testimonies on peace, equality, simplicity, integrity, truth, community, and diversity have evolved over time and are the outward expressions of Friends' attempts to turn our idealism into action.

We make no distinction between the sacred and the secular as we try to live out our beliefs through our daily activities and behavior.”

Monterey Peninsula Friends Meeting
Committee, the Friends Committee on Legislation/California, and the Friends
Committee on National Legislation
<https://montereyfriends.org/>

Introduction

In my experience, there are permaculture-focused bands, urban artists, and how-to book writers. But nothing in the lexicon that transmits 14 years of poetry and short stories in one California-fueled volume. This is original work.

The organization of the project will be feature poetry and short stories settled in two main chapters. My intended audience is first the permaculture community, then green, sustainable, and regenerative agriculture readers, teachers, and activists. A global market. The book will support the unfolding of their emotions and creativity.

A Permaculture Life is influenced by permaculture principles and ethics, urban art festivals and multiple Convergences over the years. One culmination would have to be my PDC at the Urban Permaculture Institute in San Francisco. My permacultural lens has awarded me with a green matrix of relationships and entertainments. All rich fodder for this project and many to follow. A binding – of soil, fruits and vegetables, poems, and stories for all to enjoy.

Many years at Zone Zero! Emotions, especially local and necessarily, global. Recent works involving virtual reality are included in the Chapter 2.

CHAPTER ONE
POETRY

Rattle Snakes in Oakland

I want us to walk the line then erase it with laughter
We don't live under the Man anyway - right?
Time to grow on and build the songs on the green
We are rattle snakes in the Valley

The deep moss-covered rocks washing the coast
Fog and snow high above the traffic'd plain
We cannot be ordinary now
We cannot be free
Until the snake bites and the moss grows and the fog rolls down the slope
Into our inter-locked arms and hearts

A Chant for Climate Age Kids

CHANT

Hug Your Planet

Hug the Moon

Love Your Mother

Love Your Father

Work the Wheel

Work the New Deal

Be the Chance

Be the Truth

Compost Love Song

the eternal pile

soil in meta-cycle

deleted then replenished

piled high then spread

soul nutrients cooked - pulled and buried

re-birthed in seeds

consumed by humans and animals

in One Nature Spirit

refrain:

Go South: Hands in the dirt

Look East: Face in the rain

Move North: Shovel in the Snow

Run West: Crops in the Sun

we are the soil

we are the seeds

we are the teeth and bones

we are the compost love song

harvest end to a new beginning

COVID-19 Afternoon

The sky is falling

But there's no sky

The screen is lit

But all I get is noise

I am a Grand Canyon full of ideas

But lost in lock down

Willi 3:34 pm

I am the Silo

I store the seeds and

I own the missiles

I am the Silo

Garden Made Messenger

Dream catcher

All dust and light

Resilience Prayer

> Mother - bring our hearts back to your loving side

Protect our waters, our habitats, our sons and daughters

Alchemize the toxins in our soil to grow healthier food

> Father - call the Angels with their horns a blazing

Mix-up compost and biochar and make the soil rich again

Team-up with the Amazon tribes to stop deforestation

> Cherish common ground with our neighbors

Break-down the plastics in our oceans and reuse it for new housing

Reverse the ice melts and environmental injustices so plaguing our Earth-bound
spirit

> Bless Us with Love, Great One.

The Compost Pile Prayer

(i)

the eternal pile

soil in meta-cycle

deleted then replenished

piled then spread

soul nutrients cooked - pulled and extended

re-birthed in seeds

consumed by humans and animals

in One Nature Spirit forever

refrain:

Go South: Hands in the dirt

Look East: Face in the rain

Move North: Shovel in the Snow

Run West: Crops in the Sun

(ii)

we are the soil

we are the seeds

we are the teeth and bones

we are the compost

we are the harvest end and beginning

Waiting for the notifications

Someone wants me at last

Download me Facebook

And give me a mask

Swimming upstream

Beauty queen

Your fake profile

Is a has been

It's an Amazonian Christmas

Jungles of COVID blight

Hell, I'm not coming over

No end in sight

Willi 1:36 pm

Can you feel father's nuclear age wither my eyes?

ripped corners of books

carry our sound in your ears

a pound of Lincoln's tears

free soil hands steal

burning the winter fields

lying with the stars

waxing the Moon

ditching our cars

bingo stockings at St. John's

soup spoons

do you really need want to fill my shoes?

O, Light up your sin!

Let's kill the Manhattan wing before the ePetroglyphs break.

Occupation in your Eyes

I am in your micro wave

Melting the North Pole

Calling for the Old Silicon Valley

Charging the new black hole

I am your compost pile

The dark black box in the garage

Spent cartridge in your gun

The Billy beer can under the couch

I am your empty pool

The top of the dirt pile in the side yard

Occupation in your eyes

Slime of lost causes and silly intentions

I am dust and wax and spit and tv's last glare

Lost Boston tapes

Bald head and broken nails

Green coal in your fire place

The Stuff that Isn't Going Away

Bacon and Eggs Suburbia The Car Wash

The Confederate Flag Curb Crud

B.O. Vietnam War Meat & Potatoes

Poor Folk The Moon Monday Mornings

The Dump Prisons Jesus on the Cross

Detroit Love for Dad Smart Phones

Nuclear Waste Pot Bellies Gay Pride

Volcanoes Dandelions Joseph Campbell

Highways Soap Operas Heart.

Claridad's Compost Scales

Kitchen scraps – forgotten fossils

Compost pile oven, womb, generator, a new planet

Breathe into the black eye, soil oxygen

Over and over

Wheel barrow now

Hands and heart are ancient tools

No shell – no center – just mass

Turn it over and over

Organic smolderings 'n' earthen kiln

Kids sing secrets of green seeds

On a short fuse

Over and over and over and over

pack of silos

tree people | shroomers | eco-freaks

sustainability folks | yoga brothers

downtown re-design peeps

anonymousites | permies

transitionites | bio mimicers

species supporters | nature borrowers

rock climbers | gardeners secessionists

techies | foodies | recyclers

animal adopters | musicians | coopers

tree climbers | concrete squatters

seed ball throwers | quakers

mythologists | dog walkers

sun worshipers | frisbee golfers

vegan lacrosse players

bike mechanics | dumpster divers

alley renovators | taggers

baby strollin' - cell phone packin' –

groupon wavin' - urban pant shoppin' stoners

shootin' green tea.

safe at home

call the kids. heat up the soup. alter a skirt. find the cat.

floss your teeth. turn off the light. find a tool. take a shower.

check that air pressure. cheer for the team. swallow your pills.

pour the milk. make love in the garden. wave at your neighbor.

pet the dog. empty the dishwasher. watch channel 7.

talk to dad. shop online. take out the recycling. take a walk.

re-boot the computer. clean the mirror. mark the calendar.

turn off the timer. bring in the groceries. fold the socks.

shake-out the crumbs from under the toaster

I am a time bomb

Lighting my own fuse

In a coal eyed world

Green mad

Got too many fingers

In daddy's pie

Too little faith

Too many dull knives

How much longer

With this black hole dream

Angel wings and

Data beam

Lighting the Aquarius sky

Drenched in Mommy's breath

at the last silly fork in the world

The Girl Who Glows on Walls

To the girl with the present tense past (the salt)

Are we at the same table?

Or pulling apart a bicycle built for two?

You are getting prettier as we txt on

But the moat I'm treading in

Is cranking me down

Where is Spock when you need him?

Force fields, magic wands, lost keys

I wish it was 1971

But that's still a nice little tattoo Honey

I want one two

Moon's up!

I'm one.

Shedding

I found a storage shed on Sacramento Street to move my things to because my jollygreen footprint at ego ranch was too big, too early and too loud. 2.

Land lord said she wanted a monastery feel but the lightning inside me proved just too damn bright.

I'm losing my skin and getting wings. In Be'tween.

Funny thing, I don't need my stuff now as I run ahead with Love and water the Seeds. No dresser, no drawers, no big black jumbo mumbo stereo -- just an old-time chair and art desk perhaps, a light; some faded tees and torn coats. My old buddy Trinitron is toast.

I can swim at the pool, shit at the station, eat at the market, compute and profit at the wireless café.

And I can visit my books 24 hours a day.

A blunder of males

A blunder of males

A crack in reason

The hen in the house

Boys will be men

A parachute without land

Compost without a bucket

Our savior under the mirror

Penny on the tracks

A simple orbit

One supreme view

An LP record

Counting Crows

The Chrysalis

The splitting-open of the Chrysalis...

The slow unfolding of wings, a transitional tale.

The transformation from egg to caterpillar to Chrysalis

Finally, to adulthood then death.

The Chrysalis metamorphosis:

I quit searching for that job that passed me by

Lonely is my Chrysalis, no memes or voice?

I will spread my wings!

I am the atmospheric astronaut

Peeling back the digits

Laughing in Ted Blood River

Stealing time

I am the western washed-up Hero

Carving with virtual hands

Oceans rising oh I play eco-angel

To Hell below

I am Zeus' sister

Training for the daze ahead

Beta turns Zeta

Tuning my artificial intelligence

Now...

Text love rock song

So close but so far away

I hear you riding

Up and down my street

Please don't stop texting

Baby, it's time we meet

Baby I am your vision

In our text love rock song

I have a handle on you

You are my love net address

Send me your number

A text love rock song caress

Baby I am your vision

In our text love rock song

My phone pings

It's you in my pocket

In my hand, then my heart

A love rock e-locket

Baby I am your vision

In our text love rock song

Pushing Me Up

It's like being a prisoner on a chain gang

Without the chain

Minimum wage, minimum brain

There is never anything new

From the old days

Just wrinkles and young women

Unchangeable Rights

It's hard to start over when you're 63

When memories are like sinking ships

That never sink

Here come the Nukes

Are you under your desk yet?

Praying for peace...

Here come the Nukes

Turn-off CNN if you can

Still have gas and food there?

Here come the Nukes

An emotional bloodbath

Migrating away

Here come the Nukes

Raising arms

Shoot out the mirrors

Here come the Nukes

our hearts first

Blood Red River Ditches

Sitting Ducks

There will be nothing to come home to

Except burning skies

Invasion lies

Our maternity beds torn apart

Tanks and children dancing in spring mud

Take your body bags and go home comrades

We will rebuild our hearts first

Branding the War

Startengine Nuts Liberty Mutual

Chase WorkHuman Discover Card

Wolf & Shepherd homelight crypto

Redfin Boost Principal Vuity

4imprint Dailyharvest Trelegy

Stuff Vicks IdealAgent

Menopause

The Rubble

A doll lies black and bruised

Her hands lost forever

Putin's pile crusade

Pulling people out of their faces

Eyes dusted gone with ash

Burned-out buildings scarred like dead owls

Air raid sirens sing

The dead zone song

A doll is dead

A man stares motionless

In a rubble grave

Blood Red

Asshole Aristocrat King Snake Ogre

Thief Trump Liar Evil Hitler Clan

Devil Criminal Gangster

Thug Putin Zealot Monster

Hellraiser Terrorist Hater

Nazi

bare back

I was your bare back many years ago

Now I am your leather bucket seats

Dinosaurs' bodies buried high-up in ash

Waiting for your fracking to begin

I hear you once in a while

Giving speeches to the dead

Smothering in our red white and blues

Mommy puts the pie on the shelf

God and Us

black and white sister and brother

mud and water kat and mouse

black tie white shirt church and state

car and driver shower and soap

hamburger and fries kicker and tee

candy and tooth decay drummer and sticks

copier and copies rifle and shells

me and you.

World of Things

Incessant sounds of nothing

Echoing down the clowns

Afternoons spent reaching

Facebook down

Shoe polish and animal spit

Gum up the prey

Lights malfunction again

Jesus in clay

You're coming to take me home

You're coming to take me home

Come dance in the end zone

Matches in my pocket

Blood on the TV

Brother can you share the planet

It's just a little blue ball

solar dried

Get the call

The car is out back

Stuck in the mud

Gasoline remindfulness

Gone

I'm not Really Here

Up in Brooklyn, the remains of fire

On the Miracle Mile, dropping quarters

Sleeping under the over pass

I'm your ghost of a chance

Losing big in Vegas

Breaking rocks in SF

Loving your yurtfoot eyes

I'm the dark dance

Lost in LA

Zoo'd in Diego

Red necked in Houston

I'm the guy with the lance

You are the sound of the sea

calming, full of light

virtual eyes

rose fragrance seeks the early riser

holding hands on the beach

you are my poem

Eating Noreen

cake +

frosting +

= celebration

lighting the candles

triangular pieces

yummy crumbs

crying joyfully

squish and lick

the filling

off the plate

it all goes back to the kitchen sink

when the cake is gone

Love in a chatroom

flip the switch

dial the number

jump the track

throw the ball

watch the screen

hear the news

sharpen the knife

slip on a dress

dig in the dirt

wash the dog

chase a buck

read her text

The Manhattan Spock

Her wet worm farm hairdo!

Fingers downloading Zen

With her Central Park view

The lady is Forex cream

You know when you're untied

When her sails are floating past you

She is the whole sea

Rudder-like and supreme

I see her on my screen

East Coast Lady Time

The Manhattan Spock

Super human being

Sticking

Jumping

Twisting

Praising

Holding

Pressing

Sticking

Closing

Handing

Laughing

Coming.

Smells of baking bread

And yesterday's perfume

Jelly toes

Coffee tongues

Visions of lime

Hands of rye

A million buzzing bulls

Invade a million little screens

The tech rodeo stars

Have us chomping the bytes

A million tiny clowns in tiny wooden barrels

Free us with temporary glee

Until the next bull struts thru the gate

And into the ring

A sword in his heart

In a window of blood

Mothers Painting Children

Summer Salts

Bacon Fat

Red Ruby Lips

Straw floppy hats

Wars the extreme

Love meanderings

Mothers painting children

Candle leavenings

Rocky Shores

Whale snores

Tidal pool moons

Our water-born lore

Would reinvent myself

But there's no vent

The past isn't the issue

It's the present and future that concern me

My self-esteem has been bipolarized

My brain is functional

The heart is suspect

Poems are like flowers

Love what you pick

Poems are like cactus

Be careful where you sit

Game Theory

Intuitives

Role Players

Manipulators

Influencers

Attackers

Participants

Sweepers

Slaves

What to do when you retire

Take the bike out of the garage

Clean the grill

Buy a ladder

Take a yoga class

Give stuff to charity

Go to church every Sunday

Check out the family photo albums

Add more friends to your Facebook account

Fix up the garage with a couch, fridge and a tv

Buy new golf clubs

Wear your pajamas to lunch

Take more vitamins

Buy that sports car

Marry your care provider

Take a Spanish class

Gamble on several sports teams

Use a CPap machine

Clean the Gutters

Clean the cars by hand

Give up email for texting

Breathe

Buy-in Buy-out (a nurse rhyme)

Plug-in

Plug-out

Breathe-in

Breathe-out

Food-in

Food-out

Shit-in

Shit-out

Hike-in

Hike-out

Buy-in

Buy-out

Screw-in

Screw-out

Pierced by Sunup

Dreams coming to

Transform the day

Into night

When the ceiling disappears

And blackness is

Pierced by sunup

Wasted Water - Wasted Hearts

Forgetting and remembering

Rusty water slides and broken bubblers

Our wasted youth

remembering and forgetting

Bottled water and sunken sinks

Live toxic Mom and Dad

Forgetting and remembering

Cold showers and freezing rain

Capturing shuddering hearts

Preening.

Amazon-bound

Google Alerted

Apples Sold

Facebooked Stained

Feathers Bloomed

Smiles Waxed

Legs Crossed

Teens Medicated

Preening for Gods

In Daddy's Bank and Trust

Mania Clings to his Soul

Like Oatmeal to Dry Skin

Dancing Down the Empty Lane of Lights

Haiku

CHAPTER TWO
SHORT STORIES

PERMACULTURE PROPAGANDA LAB @ OLD SEED BOMB FACTORY

"Last month we took up too much too message, an undoable scale."

"Ya right. The "Food Forests on Mars" campaign!"

Sponsored by North Bay City Lands Conversion Group was underwritten by Permaculture Principle #6.

"Not sure that "Make the least change for the greatest effect" was the result?"

"Maybe sometimes we should just make the case instead of propagating silly slogans?!"

"Down."

Two months ago, the crew did the "seed library on wheels" campaign. The truck was robbed twice.

Permaculture Propaganda Lab's (PPL) strategy for their case strapped clients is often simple: pick one principle or ethic from permaculture and design a campaign for the client.

Weaving Nature lore, sustainability and human subjects in the NorCal biosphere, PPL works a new campaign per month for food, concert tickets or fresh fish - to name of few things bartered.

The seed bomb factory on the first floor was closed down by the feeds late last year after an all-night Psilocybin-drenched rave and an early morning product demonstration got out of hand.

In 2019, multiple NorCal tipping points are fracking the permie scene as the rich consolidate power, make higher fences and force the poor to fight for their injustice.

The Perma Store has brought their visions, wares and woes to PPL for an outreach transfusion after buying up the Dollar Store franchise in 2017 and seeing sales of permaculture tools go down by 24%.

"Let's lease the 14 NorCal bill boards from Zippy's Sign Mafia and go with:"

"Grow It - Eat It - Compost it @ The Perma Store."

"Thankfully some sign locations are in urban settings. Few can afford the train or auto travel charges at this point.

"Sounds like Principle #7 fits ok here: "Start with the smallest systems and build on your successes, with variations."

"What comes after the billboard?"

"One dollar Perma Store Hella tattoos!"

LAND SKY RIVER STARS. CASCADIA, 2040 AD

The Two Peak Tribe migrated to the northern range of the Oregon coastal mountains from Salt Lake City some 23 years ago, initially bound together as a Permaculture Guild. Tomu is a former ARMY grunt from South Chicago who was squatting on the land adjunct to the river canyon when the missionaries showed up.

The Two Peak Tribe migrated to the northern range of the Oregon coastal mountains from Salt Lake City some 23 years ago, initially bound together as a Permaculture Guild. Tomu is a former ARMY grunt from South Chicago who was squatting on the land adjunct to the river canyon when the missionaries showed up.

Cascadia, 2040 AD

Tomu needs a way over to the sunny side of the river canyon. The Tribe's current shady side is alongside a splashy waterfall and on top of a soil-poor land fertile enough to grow a food forest - and new stories for his people. 40 precarious feet to the next phase of their lives without a ladder or a leap of permie faith.

Visioning

One night, Tomu dreams of a great black eagle who offers to help the Tribe cross the divide if he can raise his chicks in safety on the warmer mountainside. Eagle tells the Tribal children to gather hair and dried grasses so a strong twine can be spun.

Then Tomu wakes up!

He doesn't know if the master bird is coming in real life but he starts in on the hybrid rope bridge just in earnest.

The shady side of their half of the twin mountains was never warm to the Tribe. The shadow of its sister peak kept their village cool with a sparse afternoon sun. Only a limited number of crops grow. Think "year-round partial eclipse"; many hugs but few fruits or raps:

A one eyed-patch mythology?

The river is roaring or trickling depending on the season. The Tribe sources fish and water at the falls, bathing and meditating.

Nesting

Building such a connection between old land and the new world brings danger and rewards. A young woman, a runner with long black hair and toned muscles named Zollum earned the right to throw the rock with the twine over the chasm attached to a small team of Tribe builders waiting to tie the two lands together as vision for the outpost and bi-directional barter path requires.

The tribe engineered a cabin built of young trees, lashed tight by strong reeds that grow along the river banks on the beams in the middle of the canyon. Something like the open carriage that Kings traveled in with long handles in ancient times. A grail on poles, graced by mist; a security outpost passing permaculture code between the dark and light. Fishing without the bears is a real joy and remains of the catch enhance their compost.

Tribefolk now come from many regions to chart the stars and Moon cycle from the roof portal, a river drenched observatory cooed by the rushing sounds of the water below and ancient wind through the sparkling canyon.

Barter Path

Tomu and the Tribal Council eventually decided to integrate gates at both ends of the sky river outpost. The "passage barter" requested brought much needed goods and services to the Tribe and word of the friendly passage spread throughout the territory. Like the defunct Panama Canal in the old world, the observation deck and bridge brought much needed security to the mountains. And if hostiles come their way, they have the handy option to cut the bridge down quickly to prevent their advance.

Food Forest

The tribal dream for many, many years - for both elders and their children – was ample sun and soil for a food forest. Landing on the other side of their sister mountain brought this yearning into a beginning.

The sign at the Food Forest Deer gate says:

Night Shade - Sun Shine

Water Capture - Release

Plant Diversity - System Security

Education – Enchantment

PERMACULTURE MOTEL & THE BARGE 4. VENICE BEACH, CA

Down on Ocean Avenue, three blocks from the beach, waves a converted motel, really a Light Network Substation, an experiment sprouted by sun gods from the cool, wet lands of Cascadia. The “Permaculture Motel” as the locals call it, has a three-ring business plan, including: a SOCAL Seed Library and a Tool Lending Coop.

And don't forget the four Union donated, re-purposed Long Beach barges strategically marooned on the beach....

Nothing like the still smoldering take-over of the LA Metro power grid by the Asian box cutter mob in 2027 (and then multiple sustainability-hungry investors in Santa Monica) to spur some local innovation.

Sand dunes and tequila are the new Motel social media.

The electric Media Day tour bus from Culver City movie studios arrives each Friday at 11 am in a cloud of bumble squawk and stolen sun glasses. On the street, donation peddlers, punk rock drones are kicking up their cowboy boots and Telegraph tattoos.

“For a new buck or a burrito, ma'am, she said.”

80's hair spray colors jump into building murals – cartoon people blending off the walls of Venice and into the streets like chameleons from last year's Van's catalog. The alley way network is both clandestine and celebrated daily: meetings, back stoop BBQ's – here is the yoga matt highway that cuts 90 degrees throughout the larger arteries of Transitioned Venice Beach.

Back to the four beached barges at ocean edge? This is Large; a kind of “moon landing in 2031.” The Barges are:

B – 1 – Food Forest with Compost Factory below (table and crop leftovers) + sea water and dirt from the neighborhoods. Growing the Food Forest on the backs of post-industrial whales

B -2 – Concert Stage / Dance Hall with housing below, the House Band are “The centering ones.” Moan and groan and make up cords from the old cargo hold.

B -3 – Skate Park with Recycle Works below. This is a nice synergy: staffers make repairs as soon as skaters break shit!

B – 4 – New Business Incubator above and classrooms below. The last start-up to emerge from the roost was a solar oven converts and stores electricity for moon shine brownies!

Hordes of greenies, trainees, travelers and transitionists are always streaming down from the LA valley cloud for a shot at a bunk and a plate. The Motel and its crew are like a 24/7 movie set buzz; a bee hive hum with a million futures.

PERMIE SHEET MULCH MOB @ PARADISE GOLF COURSE

"Permaculture golf course is an oxymoron. In Scotland, home of golf, much of the course is "in the rough." Permie fairways would be the multi-purpose savannah / pasture areas."

- David Hoffman, Eugene

Permie Sheet Mulch Mob @ Paradise Golf Course, New Myth #40, Willi Paul

"Permaculture golf course is an oxymoron. In Scotland, home of golf, much of the course is "in the rough." Permie fairways would be the multi-purpose savannah / pasture areas."

- David Hoffman, Eugene

The Paradise Golf Course has been abandoned since the great Valley fire of 2034 singed the foothills of Chico and her suburbs. When the Light Network first assembled to access the chard course, just the Crow clan flew around and barked a greeting. All they found was black encrusted greens, flame tattooed pump stations and melted barbed wire fences. Interestingly, the 27 ponds were full. The Permaculture Design Workshop this began with algae under their visors.

The web site for the course was formally described like this:

"Paradise Golf Course is located in Northern California right outside of Chico, CA and only minutes away from the town of Paradise. The club showcases 18 outstanding holes of golf which is open to the public, competitively priced memberships, a beautiful wedding and reception venue overlooking the Chico, CA valley floor, full-service catering, an all grass driving range, and full-service grill for a delicious bite to eat during your round of golf. Come experience the breathtaking views of the Sutter Buttes, the skyline of Chico, as well as the Pacific Coast mountain range during your next visit to Paradise."

The evening break-out sessions and work planning - connected by multiple fire pits on the property - also generate new rhymes, stories and dreams for Cascadia. Factor in the occasional skinny dipping and sneaky side-glancing games, and indeed, the nights in Paradise are downright mythic.

Meet two young "re-composted transitionalists" from Central Cascadia Tribes: YellowLeaf and Rochelle!

"This is a regional and local resource development project for food production and education. "How can the site do both," Rochelle?

"Easy. Train local folks to grow stable food sources and barter the trade any excess to other Tribes. Clearly, we are building another Way Station for our Light Network travelers and guests."

"What are your ideas for specific land resource improvements, Rochelle?"

"Three small wind mills could pump water from the existing golf course irrigation system and produce electricity for the local are grid. As to the 'food forest fairway' that everyone's buzzing about, a labor-intensive sheet mulching process is logical. The large trees are ok and will provide some shade and wind break."

"You mean cutting the damaged fairway grass into 4" thick, 4' x 2' counter-sod strips, turning each one over to start the soil building eco-alchemy?"

"Yup. We did this in Golden Gate Park a few years ago. A starter supply of compost for the mulching program is available at the Chico Tribe; and cardboard waits at the former transfer station down by the highway. Some of the buildings can be revitalized as green houses with recycled windows from near-by demo sites."

"Enough human design science chit chat for one night!"

"Mulch Mob meets starts again at 7:30 AM."

Not destined to be a small hippie town, Paradise is poised to be a new star of public access, a holistic vision of organic food, sustainable power and Ag training where a county club and an 18-hole golf course once existed.

ALICE GREENING AND THE EAST PALO ALTO PERMACULTURE BRIGADE

I feel the rumblin' in her ground. I feel the rumblin'.

I feel the rumblin' in her ground. I feel the rumblin'.

When Will I learn how to listen? When will I learn how to feel?

When will I learn how to give back? When will I learn how to heal?

I can feel the weather changing.

I can see it all around. Can't you feel that new wind blowing?

Don't you recognize that sound that sound?

And the earth is slowly spinning, spinning slowly, slowly changing.

When will I learn how to heal?

Neil Young, Rumblin' – Le Noise

Portland_109After the East Palo Alto City Council approved the kids' application to create a permaculture crown in the weedy corner lot at Samson Street and Victory Avenue, owner old man Jones came down to the meet the kid's with his "fresh vegetables are coming" smile and a bolt cutter.

"You guys really made a great garden plan for the lot. I think you will discover many treasures on your journey. Ummm, sorry again for the weeds and rust ahead." I got the City to run a water line for you.

Alice: "We will test the soil to see what nutrients we need to add and then compost the tall grasses. Zippo's Market is donating compost from their deli."

The East Palo Alto Permaculture Brigade was spawned from Girl Scout Troop 911 activists and a few venturesome Boy Scouts and Occupiers! The only requirement to join the green rebels is to swear to uphold the principles and ethics of Permaculture.

The group cut two access points into the plot, at each far corner. They will bungee cord the ragged fences back to closed each evening until gates can be created. The six-foot chain-link fence is a great perimeter edge and a security arm to keep the right traffic in and out.

121127101156-irc-garden-giving-tuesday-story-topThe Brigade's advisor, Mz. Amanda Bay, rented several scythes to take down the thick weeds to a 4" stubble so the kids could turn over the soil and plant food crops.

They discovered an old brick and wooden shack on the third day of site prep and held a meeting in it to discuss its renovation and possible re-uses. The place is standing on spirit ...!

"A School?" Too small!

"Seed propagator?" Needs shelving.

"Tool storage?" Maybe!

A club house for the Brigade?" Big Enough?

"Wait and see what the land and the City Council say to you?", Coos Amanda.

1150810521302_successThe permies soon discover that their lot slopes gently into the middle of the space where a 6' Meyers Lemon is bearing fruit. The tree was not visible from the street nor the ariel photos from the City Planning Department.

Alice: "Wow. Massive PR and a funding idea, guys!"

Four days later the kids were juiced, selling their sweet lemons in 6 packs and lemon aid on the weekend in support of the project. And they made the Transition Palo Alto web site!

Henry and Buck also launched a new ritual for the team, singing fresh harvest songs and dancing around the tree under each full moon. It's a green rumblin' thing.

Basic to the Permaculture science are the creation of compost strategies and paths and edges.

Alice: "This lot is a new soil-transport system. An integrated set of sun-driven parts."

But no one actually knew what she was talking about....

The new garden just seems to work sacred-like for the Brigade, as the team is just as much a seed to its growth as the tiny vegetable pods, they lovingly place 4" deep in rows around their magic Lemon tree.

HARRISON'S BIOCHAR SEED BALLS & THE GRAIL PILE

Missy Harrison's long ponytail was always getting in the wrong places. Just yesterday she was trimming veggie starts in her micro garden behind her parent's house on Euclid Ave and her tail got really dirty between the rows. She has burned the thing in the biochar oven more times than she can recall.

"Anything for the movement, she yells (to no one)!"

Her new soil lab includes a series of small neighborhood supported compost piles, drying racks made from recycled pallets, a tool shed, and her father's old banker's desk where she packs her magic for global shipment. She learned about soil chemistry from her permaculture PDC; Harrison is now a globally-recognized biochar activist and alchemist. She ships seed balls via FedEx.

On her web site, the biochar burn is explained as:

BioChar is simply charcoal that is intended to go into the soil where it has some amazing benefits for soil and the environment. Charcoal is the carbon-rich material made from heating wood or other plant material in an oxygen-deprived atmosphere. As a soil additive, BioChar offers numerous potential benefits. It increases the capacity for soil to hold nutrients, enhances crop yields and captures and stores carbon for the long term. Unused biomass such as farm residues, green waste and sawmill scraps is heated with no or little oxygen present in a BioChar oven where the temperature can reach 1000F. The biochar-heating process releases energy-rich gases and preserves the char which can be ground up and mixed into soil to increase its fertility. And there's money to be made from the process. A ton of BioChar could retail for \$2000 or even more if packaged for specialty uses such as growing orchids or pot plants!

This is not about buying huge plantations or taking over natural forests; this is about using waste biomass and turning it into viable end products which then help the soil, help our food productivity, help with the climate problem and bring environmental, social and economic benefits. Biochar can greatly reduce the amount of water and fertilizers needed as well as making healthier, stronger more nutritious plants and vegetables.

Harrison's Production Cycle is as follows:

Food Waste Materials Collected / Separated >

Heated in biochar Oven >

Produces Enriched Charcoal Soil Additive >

Biochar is mixed with available soil and organic materials in the compost pile >

Producing Super Soil > Hybrid, drought tolerant food crop seeds are then formed into 4" diameter balls with biochar >

Seed balls (one part BioChar, one-part super soil, one part seed ball) are shipped across the Planet.

Food forests are now growing in rural and village areas in Africa and Australia from these seed balls. Harrison is collaborating with Occupy the Farm on genetically protecting her seeds from Monsanto. The backyard farmer will tell anyone who stops by that the "super soil" is her "elixir", or grail. Just ask Sissy the Rooster.

DELTA TRESTLE TRIBE, CASCADIA. 2028

“Science and technology by themselves aren’t enough. We need to turn to the arts in order to infuse passion into the pursuit of sustainability and get real results that will heal the planet,” he says. Shrivastava argues that art is a survival instinct. Narratives, stories, music and images served to warn our early ancestors against predators and natural disasters. Art helped them develop defense mechanisms. My colleagues and I believe that art should be used to deal with modern survival threats such as climate change and environmental crises.”

The Light Network works at night. No one has officially usurped the old rail track system that rusts in the decaying Sacramento Delta near the fire stained and bruised metro region. Water control was the big green fist in the early years after the Chaos Era tweaked into the present Post-Transition Era. The old Delta ecosystem system was destroyed by regional planning agencies and southern farmers and their corporations back 2017 when a huge underground pipeline and several unauthorized dams went lunar.

The abandoned rail buildings are now look-out towers and burnt-man sculptures from another era, now refortified with human spirit. Instead of camo canoes like the old days, many Cascadian’s are now boroughed into the soggy banks of the semi-exposed tributaries of the Delta for protection from the hot climate and the soul eaters.

“Compost Train!” New black soil making and other food production processes are kept out of the drunken eye of the Dark Forces and passed up the food chain to the brothers and sisters in the mountain spine of Cascadia.

Ancient, two-person hand pump rail carts are the new silent transportation trucks in the Delta, hauling workers and their students – generating small caches of electricity for the LAN. The Light Network is using this “duck duck grid” at night when the corporation goons are gobbling up each other.

Senior permies run the frontline transfer stations – first in line as the ex-pats head east to the wet caves, night rail corridors and solar ovens glowing up in Cascadia. The weedy and rusted ditches make for excellent duck and cover and food forest locations; the water table is usually at ditch bottom so this areas self-irrigate.

One fool’s abandoned rail ditch is another woman’s red beans and brown rice.

Often individuals and families leave the City’s Dark Side camps to join a permaculture tribe in Cascadia. No one is turned away but all are carefully interviewed and set-up with a mentor and goals agreement. De-brain washing is key to rebuilding a community sanity wacked by years under das capital.

Reckoning at the 2043 Cascadia Shaman’s Convergence

Resilience is best understood as a process. It is often mistakenly assumed to be a trait of the individual, an idea more typically referred to as “resiliency”. Most research now shows that resilience is the result of individuals being able to interact with their environments and the processes that either promote well-being or protect them against the overwhelming influence of risk factors. These processes can be individual coping strategies, or may be helped along by good families, schools, communities, and social policies that make resilience more likely to occur. Commonly used terms, which are closely related within psychology, are “psychological resilience”, “emotional resilience”, “hardiness”, “resourcefulness”, and “mental toughness”.

The men and women spirit channels hived at a secret crossing along the American River northeast of Auburn, CA. Only Shaman of the Light Network are aware of this geomantic location. A few mature trees that remain in the post-Chaos Era welcome and shelter them. A look-out schedule is posted as they must keep all eyes for the out-stretch hands of the dark troops mutating in the east.

One of the rituals in the Shaman’s Convergence is the sharing of new songs, poems or myths from their territories in Cascadia. Zephyr Canon took-up his turn by showing the group how to use a quartz crystal to refract and dance the fire light to help illustrate the times before the Chaos Era finally ended the founding fathers greed, global aggression, and in-sustainability joy ride.

“The year is 2021, people,” he called.

“They had to hightail themselves out of the cages of the ruling class and toward local circles of resistance and honest barter.”

“The future is of little concern for the poor, the homeless and the ill.”

“Quite so.”

“Many spoke and marched and broke store windows back then but too few took real actions to build a more egalitarian and localized system.”

“Permaculture is fractionized; marginalized by old boy egos and profit-taking.”

“On the surface, many were “acting collectively” but were actually just small businesses preaching sustainable collectivism. Like so many GMO-corrupt farmers markets. “Latino, Asia, Jamaica, African-America, and White neighbors set-up their own booths to take their profit from the community while forced to pay a percentage - taking authority for the right to locate there for the day.”

“Fewer and fewer ate healthy, were safe and had access to tools to build local systems.”

“Who wrote the new myths in the Transition and Chaos eras?”

“The Shaman.”

“Here then is a fundamental paradox: who really needs a new story or vision? And by default: who keeps getting the old ones shoved into their ears?”

“Our challenge is to continue to satisfy the “universal” mandate of myth building – even with so many misplaced souls and twisted spines.”

“The end of the Transition meant that the rich were out of resources and the poor finally understood the value of their gold. The Chaos on all levels was unavoidable.

“Fire is as fundamental to our history, sisters and brothers – and to our Post-Transition future – as Nature herself.”

Zephyr Canon dropped his magic quartz piece into the hands of the next sharer and went to relieve a sister on the perimeter.

THE STOLEN WIND TRIBE OF CASCADIA PASS

Horizontal Axis Wind Turbines

Windmills of yesterday are not the same as the horizontal axis wind turbines of today. Most large utility scale wind turbines such as the ones you'll find on wind farms use a horizontal axis. Utility scale horizontal axis wind turbines typically use three blades although some are now being developed that use just two. Railed against by some environmentalists as "bird Cuisinarts", the utility scale horizontal axis wind turbines today are being designed to move at slower speeds and be more visible to our fine feathered friends. But large utility scale horizontal wind turbines are not the only games in town. Residential wind turbines that use a horizontal axis are also coming of age. These small wind turbines will typically turn at lower wind speeds and may be mounted in the backyard or on the rooftop.

How SkySaw came to be in possession of a 265' tall air craft aluminum wind turbine from the broken Cascadia Pass Wind Farm west of San Francisco is still a mystery in 2018, many years after the grid crashed down around the Bay Area like a fallen hornet nest and the turbines were left for missiles of graffiti and decay.

A Tribe formed with local Light Network members erected the machine on land that they were growing food on for barter. The power is for peaceful arts and crafts only. A spiritual lightning rod, a symbol for permaculture and a business coop maker, the turbine makes electricity for 5 local artisans and a never-ending security issue from the Dark troops.

The first peoples of North America considered the wind to be a living force in and of itself. The wind to them is a god – a power that is capable of communicating a larger-than-life language to those who would hear it. Those who were certifiably authorized to interpret these cosmic messages were shamans, medicine men, and the wise and spiritual leaders among tribes.

Soil R75 uses her electricity to pump water from the vast underground aquifer that runs through the Cascadia Canyon. Her best buddo, 3Jack, maintains a small greenhouse and seed share business with his water and power. Orange Man, who escaped from a Marin County chain gang many years ago, tends an aquaponics operation. Kat-eO is SkySaw's sister; she tends the café and a small cob oven bakery.

People from all directions come with barter to receive the goods from the Stolen Wind. Firewood for java beans. Greens for a hydro fish. A song and dance to recharge an old car battery or laptop?

"How sweet it is! I have electricity! Here I have my laptop computer set up and plugged into the power provided by the inverter, which in turn is powered by the wind turbine. Now I have no battery life problems, at least as long as the wind blows. Besides the laptop, I can also now recharge all my other battery powered equipment like my cell phone, my camera, my electric shaver, my air mattress pump, etc. Life used to get real primitive on previous camping trips when the batteries in all my electronic stuff ran down."

But electricity to the Tribe is much more than "night light in the residences" or a barter medium. It is eco-alchemy and survival and a bridge with nature. Wind is a source for life. Wind alchemy. The tall pole that holds the blades is a like the old May Pole of older times. The community does a ritual twice a year that embraces the machine – eco spirit that keeps them going. Long ribbons of bartered fabric are looped around the base then dancing singing to the Wind God rotates their bodies until the mushroom tea of old muscles crashes them back down to Earth!

The Inuit Indians had an Air Spirit among the ranks of their Sila (a term that means Wisdom and Weather). Their Air Spirit controls the seas, skies and wind. Although considered a kind and beneficial spirit, it strikes wrath against liars, beggars and thieves in the form of illnesses. It is also blamed for bad weather and poor hunting.

Soil R75 sees other things to study and celebrate at the Pass. She ponders the aquaponic fish as a Christ symbol along with the deep “V”-shape of the canyon and long knife-like blades of the turbine. Early symbols of the Post-Transition Era?

Water equals life for all living beings. The hawk overhead just then virtue, strength and freedom.

The Thunderbird is a legendary creature in North American indigenous peoples' history and culture. It's considered a “supernatural” bird of power and strength. The Thunderbird's name comes from that common belief that the beating of its enormous wings causes thunder and stirs the wind.

PERMACULTURE AND THE BIOS FACTORY (A TRANSITION BUCKLE)

The Cascadia Tribal Council began transforming the broke and broken rural prison system into the Permaculture Bios System soon after WA, OR and NorCal left the United States for independence.

The leaders designed a way to not simply let all of the inmates go free but to offer them a valuable transition and survival course as a re-entry into the post-carbon landscape. Cascadia choose rural prisons first because urban jails did not have the land required to teach permaculture and grow food forests.

Henry James Robinson was one of thousands trapped in this multi-state prison trap. He was convicted and sentenced to 3 years in the Shutter Creek Correctional Institution near North Bend, OR for growing and selling marijuana that he cultivated in the near-by Eliot State Forest.

All of the necessary infrastructure is already in each prison:

- large fully equipped kitchen
- laundry
- sleeping quarters
- dining hall
- play area
- lounges
- library
- roads
- barb wire as internal forms for cob furniture and ovens
- land for food production and research
- space to install solar panels and biodigesters
- security against raiders

Mr. Robinson tends the fields in the morning and attends classes in the afternoon. Interns and PDC designers work in the new Green Union with the x- cons. He is learning about food, self and reaps barter from their local market day.

Forgiveness, heart, work... transmutation. Transition.

Care for the Community.

NOAH'S HONEY RUST FORTRESS (“JUNK YARD PERMACULTURE”)

“Have you ever sat near a roaring brook and felt refreshed, been cheered by the vibrant song of a thrush or renewed by a sea breeze? Does a wildflower’s fragrance bring you joy, a whale or snow-capped peak charge your senses? You did not take a class to learn to feel these innate joys. We are born with them. As natural beings, that is how we are designed to know life and our life. Dramatically, new sensory nature activities culturally support and reinforce those intelligent, feelingful natural relationships. In natural areas, backyard to back country, the activities create thoughtful nature-connected moments. In these enjoyable non-language instants, our natural attraction senses safely awaken, play and intensify. Additional activities immediately validate and reinforce each natural sensation as it comes into consciousness. Still other activities guide us to speak from these feelings and thereby create nature-connected stories. These stories become part of our conscious thinking.”

— On Connecting with nature: An Interview with Mike Cohen

*

“Are you the resistance or the enforcer?”

“Depends on what you have to lose, girl.”

“Up periscope, Noah?”

“Yepper. Now where is that darn critter?”

A circuit of safe huts

Noah’s shinny green donut hole of rusting cars and trucks from the occupation world now rings his psyche and permaculture visions like a boa constrictor wrapping around a freaked-out chipmunk. Some folks call the place “D-Troi.”

His particular version of the safe hut concept is just one of many designs that were established to help keep leaders and vendors safe as the Transitionites continue rebuilding the people and towns in Cascadia. Zeek and Molly’s tree house and vertical garden is next on the path, 12 miles north, fit with pulleys to get up and the across the Blue river.

“None of them dark light bastards can get into my place but that raccoon sure can, he is an egg thief to beat all.”

“There he is!”

Noah never meant to be part of the Transition, it just sorta fell on his head. Strange people just started showing up with food and seeds and he bartered his security. He had to make a choice between bad times and better values. His junk car collection is now a 14’ high ring of old gas guzzlers, tires and dead chrome. One has to know where the tunnel is to access the place. He considers himself the king of sheet mulch. The soil in the space is long gone toxic from the rust of old times and technologies.

He trades in honey, wire and hub caps, batteries, fabrics, wind shields, tires and salty stories.

Noah’s camp is more like an ameba, built with multiple rings: gnarly steel and mashed-down upholstery; a food forest ring, junk cars, then the commons. A semi-chaotic, semi-integrated / biodegraded ecosystem with bees and honey.

Herbs dangle in old pots and starter plants are snuck into tires. The cob oven smokes up on one end of the commons and solo tents ring the other. Noah can pull a patch work awning over the space if rain wets the place.

Junk yard permaculture – with a sacred twist.

Tires are beat drums, hub caps percussion

While the coon waddled back to his own hole in the woods, other humanoid creatures arrive around dusk for the new Moon ritual. The cob oven is repurposed this night as the heart torch for Nature visions.

The center space is kickin' with dust and whirling ankles.

Chanting, arms entwined in a circle, the howls and imaginations of the dancers boil into One.

A time to revolve, give thanks and spin some Love.

To share the story of future now.

THE TRANSITION RIVER LOVERS

Striving to endure their first, perhaps bitter taste of the New World, pioneering Quakers awaiting the arrival of William Penn lived in caves dug into the muddy west bank of the Delaware River. Early settlers wintered in these caves in 1681; about one-third of Philadelphia's population was living underground the following year. After Penn's arrival in October, 1682, the caves continued to provide shelter while the settlers-built homes close by or farther inland. In some cases, they may have been trying to stake a claim to an advantageous spot on the riverbank at which they hoped to build a house.

Quakers in Caves

Squatters without Lords

They fell in love in a canoe two years ago and had to put out a tricky fire before hitting shore to start digging their cave house. One of the lover's favorite rituals is to strip to naked, run upstream and jump into the current holding wrapping around each other's body in a tumble weed ball and slowly rotate in a slow drift back to the dock by the cave.

Their watershed burrow is on former National Forest land. Free, chaos land now with few people attached. They are miles from the Permaculture Guild Meeting Tree and the former town garage turned Transition Assembly. Mountain bikers infrequent this zone, hunters ran out of bullets years ago. Fences are sporadic patches of poison ivy & rusty barbed wire. The river - a splashy channel for wading, rafting, washing, shiatsu, fishing, & escape.

Meet Jasmine & Ms. Commotion - nick names Jas & Como. Jas isn't a water child or a mariner, more like a corp. farm escapee from South Dakota! "How do we know where the maximum flood level of the river is?" she asked early on.

Dig the Regeneration

After digging out the interior of the cave in the dry season, the women knew they had to support the ceiling in the winter and spring when the water would seep- in. Inverse to their beaver buddies up stream, they relocated and bent small trees in a lattice work that also provides places to hook pots and pans and wet clothes. Venting the small cob stove with an old 6" tin pipe was easy until the thing pops out of the cave and into the air of the mound above. Como fashioned a circle hex of stones from the river to mark the area. She hopes an intruder will trip on a stone before tripping on the "tin hole."

The interior alchemy includes smaller chambers or ante-rooms for different uses using pieces of cloth bartered at the community flea market. The women positioned a row of dwarf fruit trees in front of the cave mouth to allow air flow while proving some camouflage for wondering spirits and animals.

Wheat grass hangs from the ceiling lattice work in recycled containers in the kitchen, a space that shares the warmth from the centralized cob stove with the living area. All sources of sustenance are sought or created and utilized: bartering, candle making, fishing, and foraging at the old landfill.

Jas is experimenting with a new way to propagate tasty mushrooms while juggling the permaculture principles of integration & setting limits to consumption. She has several varieties of 'shrooms growing around the inner edge of the cave opening, like a post-crash wreath or something, many are growing upside down. Ms. Commotion calls them "permacites!"

Is their hollowed-out river bank casa an example of biomimicry ? Perhaps just opportunistic? Or more like "survival of the transitionist"?

A River Mud Cob Love

Around the traditional harvest time, Como loves to cut and fashion an old vine into a 4' hoop. Her artistic vision wings around the river place - her waist and body in a wamo-esque whirl.

Lying on top of the mound, the ceiling of their mud hut, the tiny "Schumacherian Nature Observatory" fills with bugs and floating pollen, two holding hands as the stars get closer, a local love transition more real than ever.

Jasmine & Ms. Commotion spiral their spirits together each day & night with their Earth Mother: river – sky – soil – fire blend.

SHAMANATOR & THE COB FIRE HEARTS

Unstable condition, a symptom of life,
Of mental and environmental change
Atmospheric disturbance, the feverish flux
Of human interface and interchange
Leave out the fiction, the fact is, this friction
Will only be won by persistence
Leave out conditions, courageous convictions
Will drag the dream into existence
"Vital Signs" (edited) – RUSH

Introduction

The 24' octagonal community cob oven bears up, a statue on a reshuffled stone base in the middle of center court. The daily alchemy of the Tribe is energized by the cooking, meeting / planning, education, ritualizing, and yoga play around the oven. It serves as central heat, bread cruster and fire spirit.

Straw was born into the bone crunching water crisis in Sacramento back in 2015 and tie-dyed her jeans cutting buds in a Salinas pot farm way back in 2020. A green tea Cali girl who rides a dinged-up 4-foot, mind warped skateboard. History to her boils down to the occupy-fueled NORCAL econo-crash and the firestorm at the Chevron refinery that buried the City Richmond and the telescope folks in the surrounding hills.

In 2020, currency is your word. Tribe labor feeds the collective soul.

In 2021, the Tribe occupied the JP Penny Mall.

The old Penny's Mall lost all of its bargains, security guards and petroleum tentacles long ago and no one cares that the TransPerm Tribe explorers took over the center court area in what some call an "eco-observatory." Straw keeps inside the Mall property all of the time, relishing the few skylights covered in barbed wire; there are crops to tend on the roof and predators to scan in the militarized zone that once was a parking lot.

Straw's day to day schedule is been fueled by the big cob oven and her continuous initiation by the Shamanator:

- Mornings – Baking / Study
- Afternoons – Yoga / Farming
- Evenings – Community Meal / Tribe Meetings
- Late Nights – Singing/ Dancing / Myth Writing

The Tribal member who takes the role of the Shamanator is debated and elected every seven months and no one can repeat the role unless they there no other interested people. The Shamanator is the fire wood captain for the cob oven. He/she is responsible for heating the center court and family places, for the daily bread, warming the young and old muscles at yoga and tickling the sky lights at the late evening rituals.

Inserted into the side of the great cob oven is a plaque that references one of the three original permaculture ethics:

"Care of People."

Care of People is about ensuring the well-being of both individuals and communities. As individuals, we need to look after ourselves and each other so that as a community we can develop environmentally friendly lifestyles. In the poorest parts of the world, this is still about helping people access enough food and clean water, within a safe society. In the post-crash world, it means redesigning our unsustainable systems and replacing them with sustainable ones. This could mean working together to provide efficient energy sources or providing shelter. When people come together, friendships are formed and sustainability becomes possible.

Straw watches Shamanator stir the glowing wood inside the oven with ease, as the smoke wisps up and out the covered vent in the roof. This process, often called community alchemy by the Tribe, symbolizes the transmutation of wood, fire and oxygen into local energy and the recycling of elements when burned. It is through transmutations of this sort – physical to chemical to spiritual – that alchemy supports growth in consciousness. As a community, the Tribe participates in all phases of activity and feedback, including honest evaluation.

The mighty cob oven is the primary social engine for adaption and evolution in the re-purposed Mall. The oven's flame is as sacred to Straw as the permaculture team's inputs and outputs on the roof.

There are few parents and fewer babies in the Tribe. Mentors and friends work with Shamanator and the Council to re-write the social codes and psychobabble from the creaking demise of capitalism. Nature is now guide and value-generator; health care, crop engineering and the arts are heavily influenced by Biomimcry. Songs about composting and pesticide-free grains often fill the cob oven arena doing ritualizing. The Mall is the transmutation chamber and the great oven the soul fire.

Straw is rising, the new soulbread from the community heart – in a quest for love and justice in the Permaculture Age.

THE FOG CATCHER TRIBE

Neosporin skies.

Mechanical winds.

Barb wire and wicker baskets.

After Occupy Wall Street left the park and hit the pavement to wage peace for a redistribution of wealth, rich 1%ers left for El Salvador, Compound Detroit, Cuba and other parachutable places too fragile to fight back. The corruption that propelled them to leave left a huge emo-fissure in the urban landscapes across the US. Many with urban agri-guerrilla skills barricaded their families and friends on roof tops of abandoned skyscrapers; a mental re-trenching that cannot possibly heal the scars from the last American Revolution.

1243 feet straight up, no stairs, no elevator. All access down / up sealed after the last provisions were lifted to the roof.

The Tribe can travel horizontally to other roof top tribes on market exchange weekends with rope bridges. Fires are dearly feared as water is a premium resource and never to be stored at the level needed to put out the flame.

Dewgunn was born in the howling winds of the 'scrapers scene, an only child without time for innocence or doll houses. She has never seen the ocean or even a backyard – Dewgunn would not recognize an "island" even if she was looking at her reflection in a mirror.

She is not allowed to play near the edge of the building – or the composting pits or the converted cooling fans that crank 24/7; rapid rising air from within the tower's core that sparks a pagan-age electrical generator. Her domains are the cabin, the vertical food forest and the observatory.

The fog catchers are in play inside zone 0, and don't count into the normal skyscape risk assessment. Constructed with dead soil cob and old chairs during the initial fight and flight of OWS 6, these Easter Island-like domes passively grope and trickle water from the fog into 10-gallon restaurant buckets from a former restaurant on the 25th floor.

To Dewgunn, the sky is the ground and the windows from nearby office towers are stars. Some of her pals have taught her a kind of sign language that offers some human interaction. Tribal elders use flags on rope to speak over the deep chasm between them. Ships rock; buildings wave.

Little in this rooftop hide-out can be considered sacred. The spiral-down of the collective's DNA is headed for a severe discontinuity. Season's come and go but survival claws down hard. Human births are not permitted, motherhood is uncelebrated. The best example of ritual in this age is the raising of the ropes when contact and barter is allowed between tribes. Dull-point arrows are whipped from one smile to another, twine in chase. In good times, the bridges remain in place for several days. In bad, corrupt tribespeople are exposed and perished with the false promises that brought them to the other side.

The foggers can only dream of the day when it will be safe to return to the ground land below.

They are running out of compost songs.

GREAT MOTHER REDWOOD'S PRAYER SEEDS

Over there, in the stream, Great Mother Redwood stands 321 feet tall, guarding the crows, squirrels and butterflies with equal love and care deep in the British Columbia forest.

Her roots twirl and dance around a huge single rock at her base that once served the native people as a swim sunny spot, harvest seed separator and ritual round.

It has many small impressions sprinkled around the top that locals used to grind corn and display their seeds during trading.

With each season, Moon Man fills or depletes the water in the stream, exposing or hiding Mother's secret chair.

Karn loves to be in Nature. She feels blessed here, a part of the trees integrated roots, and a deep warmth inside when she sits by the Redwood in the early morning or after school.

One morning last week, she was visited by a small rainbow and green faerie spirit who told her about the special place she calls sacred.

"Many star bursts ago, when the fish knew no dams and the deer were free to roam, the rock was not in the stream because there was not stream in this place.

You feel the Nature vibe here because it is an Eco-Alchemizer for all life, human and animal. A heart beacon or community table for the collective spirits before and after the fracturing by Man.

When recent human beings came to cut down the tall trees for boats and houses, they upset the surrounding watershed and pushed a balanced water flow into place so that in dry times the rock appears and in wet months the water table hides it under the big tree.

The green faerie spirit continues her hummingbird-like whisperment:

There are sacred seeds under some of the small rocks and shallow holes in the big rock. Take them and find another special place to plant them. Make sure they are along an edge where you have both partial sun and rich soils.

Find a home for Great Mother Redwood's children!"

The big tree sway and cooed high above her and the crow people swooned.

TRANSLATION OBSERVATORY #128 & THE PERMACULTURE AGE

"It seems to me that you're tapping into the idea that the planet itself is telling us its own story, and we are all, of course, part of that mythic narrative. You seem to be issuing something like a call to adventure to rally young people (especially) to the cause. Thanks again, and my best wishes to you and your important project."

-- Keiron Le Grice email to Willi

Tesla and LittleWing first met at Translation Observatory #128 (TO #128) many months ago when their Tribe employed horses and winches to rip-out the old underground gasoline storage tank at the corner of Maple and 12th. That tank is now reborn as the biodigester at the main compound down the block. TO #128 is one of over two thousand revitalized gas stations in a new global localization system.

TO #128, like most neighborhood edu-centers in 2077, is a mash-up of solar roof panels, a tool lending library and a space out front for the weekly farmers market. The metal awning that once stood guard over the pumps was re-tooled for the wind mill blades. Nothing goes to the dump.

There is no dump.

Tonight, LittleWing finds Tesla at the back corner bench in the station house, sipping tea and pulling up his socks.

"Hey Man!"

"Hi Wing Nut!"

"Who is speaking tonight?" She called-out.

"Narr."

While the free de-programming class series is often dull as the edge of an old CD, Competition Anonymous Nite is never without a little yeast.

Then Narr tore into the vision of a non-competitive world, hoping to end the rich and poor thing, mega-waste capitalism et al. and the blighted remains of the traditional religions.

The churches buildings were transferred to the local Tribe 25 years ago when they lost their flock. Most structures are now medical clinics and green tech incubators for the permaculture age.

Translation Observatories are the construction engine for the localization vision. The car stalls are now horse stalls and the compost mills for the local gardens. Horses give rides to the kids and deliver food boxes and tools daily.

Permaculture keeps the lights on.

FRANCIS WOOD PERMACULTURE TRIBE, POST-CRASH SAN FRANCISCO, 2022

I don't know what alchemy to expect from this Tribe. The invitation reached me via horseback express and took 27 days to reach me in Southern Oregon where my last training ended. My name is Buck Randi Robertson. In their favor, the St. Francis Wood Tribe in what was considered a rich, quiet, monoculture San Francisco neighborhood up until the Global Crash of 2017. Now the rich are no longer rich as the dollar is gone as is most of the oil-based economy. How to describe this mash-up of gardens where pavement once steamed after the rain? Perhaps one un-top-down, un-intentional but good intentioned retro-technology community of former bankers, BMW drivers and green tea parties? This papered left-over from a long-dead Tribe refrigerator:

"Long one of San Francisco's most affluent neighborhoods, the charming enclave of St. Francis Wood still benefits from the efforts of the city planners, architects and landscapers who set out to create one of the country's first true residential parks back in 1912. Inspired by the ideals of the City Beautiful movement, spearheaded by famed architect Daniel Burnham, homes in St. Francis Wood are still coveted for their views, harmony with the surrounding environment and classical designs. When it comes to pride of ownership, St. Francis Wood dwellers are in a class by themselves. Community standards set over a century ago dictated not only such quality-of-life issues as where one could park a horse, but also established a ban on businesses that continues today."

A refugee camp? A landing pad? A new zoo & sustainability reserve! Or a surround fence compound filled with anti-astronauts. Let's just go with "permaculture tribe." Why call it a tribe? Because they're a new family now, paying homage to both real and filmic ancestors, and amends to Nature and the GreenTech weave.

But no Chief Officer.

The old neighborhood association and library branch were never the same after the 13.7 earthquake, aftershocks and Bay Area fire back in 2015. The global currency bomb in 2017 – when the US dollar was ousted as the international standard currency prior to the quakes, was a near fatal stab that caused a run on the banks and a level of panic unforeseen on the planet. The populous was then divided as follows: dead and missing, the high way 101 marchers to coastal Mexico and Central America, and the folks who elected to stay and create a sustainable future; the new criminals, homeless and the insane.

Permaculture and a barter system are transmuting the old St. Francis Boulevard round-a-bout social in ways never imagined, a community alchemy galore even as the re-purposed historic fountain sits dry at the San Anselmo Avenue edge. A fountain for flowing people.

As a certified permaculture instructor, my vision and skills are prized in this new epoch on Earth. I am part Goddess and part soil tech; sustainability ghost and Jesus eraser.

Profit.

Waste.

Future.

Peace.

Saturday morning, partly cloudy. Dumpy blue milk crates are semi-circled at the fountain with what is left of the St. Francis Wood Homeowners Association. An odd school of shaman-seekers who are finally looking at their land as a spirit and savior - not a BMW sales lot. Sweat is the new fuel.

"Henry?" I call to a guy that is constantly walking the new fenced-in Tribe perimeter in a trance.

"Yo man," he sputters. He is obviously missing a gadget or two.

"Can you please write down the brainstorm on this piece of plywood?"

So, the Tribe called out their visions for a green future and intentional community on a planet permanently on tilt; a trickle of solar power and a ton of pavement. Population control is an instant reality as everything medical is strained to the limit. The average age of the tribe members is 54 years.

"Who has an idea for us?"

"Collective gardens, + passive solar power."

"Rip up the streets and plant gardens!"

"Consolidate households into collaboratives."

"Tear-down older homes for lumber – greenhouses, fire wood."

"Build wind mills."

"Make a school."

"No pesticides, no Monsanto. Local seeds for local needs!"

"Dig up old oil storage tanks and make bioreactors."

"Use cars parts for green tech parts + compost bins."

"Barter for goats from Marin Tribe 2."

"Barter for bees and honey from Napa Tribe 33."

"Working with nature!"

"What are our common needs & interests?"

"We need grey water systems."

"Rain water catchment."

"Swimming pools are algae + fish farms + manure for soil."

"Chickens are cool in my back yard."

"Start a Seed Lending Library!"

The meeting ended with a sense of focus and a myriad of next tasks. Here governance is participatory not top-down and behind a balance sheet. The crashes and quakes mean no more nations, states or taxes. No buses and no police. The new tribes recall the colonies of the early American days: Tribe (former neighborhood), Regional Council – (former City).

Buck walked past the Fredrickson's mansion on his way to his guest tent: "How much land is needed to feed each Tribe? How to create a new global barter system?"

What are they gonna barter with the other Tribes as the "new green economy" roars into a world of dead head lights, horse whips and an acute fear of starvation?

Can the Tribe create a new sacred relationship on their crumpled land and relationships?

"Does the post-crash mean more time for creative pursuits? A Peace?" he laments.

Did a resident spray this on their house:

"Can the evil of self-absorbed luxury evolve into a community sacredness?"

"Where's the toilet paper!?"

LIGHTNING WASHING THE DREAM SEEDS

The day was heart thumping. Rising mists from the west way coast and a climbing face full of sun over east. Muir pumped her mountain bike on Nature's back, admiring.

Slam-bang burst of green white lightning! threw her against the ground. Dazed. Guacamole and water bottles flying! The massive Redwood not 25 yards from her was split in two. A weird yellow smoke mingled in the midst with a confused Sun.

"Hey Missey!" Shouted something near the smoldering crack. "We meet again!" A filthy little human was waving his stick, his beard on fire. "Water, quick!"

Muir raced over to the knob of a man, dousing him with her Sierra Club canteen. The filtered water from her Haight Ashbury walk-up had a second, wondrous effect.

"Oh my, oh my, beeeezers," the wizard cried! Hidden in the root mass below the ground, exposed by the lightning, was a small cave full of bones, feathers and old pots and pans. And his ancient Redwood seeds.

"My seeds!" he is now way confused, like a child trying to make solar energy at night. Muir ran around and around his needle and soil encrusted alchemy ruin in awe.

"You are not the comet and this is not the year 2112!"

"We must plant the dream seeds now, her vision is clear," he said shaking. 1000 baby tree sprouts are already snaking in and around each other - weaving a bright white green mass of young roots that are now rising out of the root cave.

From the Redwoods an army of black squirrels came into the clearing, tails wagging, ready to re-forest the hillside from rocky outcrop to ocean side.

"Spirit speed to the Blackies!"

Muir had no doubt that these new trees would play a critical role in the survival of the planet.

But that's another dream.

CORTEZIA AND THE GREEN APPLE CHAMBER

The ancient granny apple orchard, all 72 scaly barked limbs and yearly scars, was snuck onto the property back in the 60's, when apple trees had equal standing next to Mary Jane and the pole beans. Green apples were baked, shined and sauced each year and could be like an eco-calendar, but not one checked on them like that.

The apples never make a fuss.

Cortezia and her friends are up on the warnings from the local permaculture coop web site about Monsanto, Inc. and their GMO business practices. Cortezia's father stopped what little corn cropping he was doing instead of messing with the "DNA Kings."

But the apple trees were still susceptible to the lawyers and black lab rats from the corp. so she needed a plan to protect the apple seed. The trees pollinated and bloomed each spring and then showered the land with tiny fragrant white pedals,- a signal that apples were coming!

There is one Mother Tree living on the land that stands taller than the rest - too big to hug completely like the others - and the one that always bears more fruit than the others.

Desperate to save the virgin seed stock and her little family orchard, Cortezia looks around the barn and house for a solution. Permaculture teaches her that people and Nature can live together. The old storm windows in the basement spark an idea in her head.

Protection against the GMO grifters for her tree and a science chamber or club house for her friends!

So, she builds a protective glass shell around the old tree with the storm windows and some old barn framing. In order to allow the protective armor to "breathe" - to open and close as the Monsanto winds come and go each year - she adds multiple hinges to the window frames to give the old girl access to the good winds, birds and bugs that also need her.

"How long will the dark reign of the food gene manipulators last on Earth," she ponders?

THE PERMACULTURE KING

"I wish it would rain again," bumbled the King – his hairy feet dangling, and dripping then toe laughing in the old cistern behind his cob house. "Yes, feet can laugh and even tell the lady bugs where to go! The roof panels need a watering."

Water nourishes the plants and animals in his tiny urban garden kingdom like the blood pushing through his heart. But the soil gets long rows of shallow ditches that collect and percolate water to the corn and squash and beets and the all of the green beans and pole peas in 6" deep thumb pressed canals or arteries.

The King grows his metaphor patch, too, and routinely speaks of the many interconnected systems that makes up his sun powered biosphere when children and adults come round.

Truth is, some of the neighborhood peeps snicker when the King rolls up his jeans and prances on his compost pile, but they buy the goop ASAP when the old bio-chemistry professor bags the stinky slue for their roses and lemon trees.

One thing the King always wanted to tattoo to his forehead: "This is not gardening." His little neighborhood permie ranch is better experienced as a year-round sustainability map. Each season means new plants and new mulch, fruits come and go. Meals race with the Sun while the compost just keeps on kissing the soil.

Teachers and their kids from area schools with their rubber gloves and digital cameras, looking for easy Earth Worms and complicating easy eco-concepts. A sign dangling on the cob house dissects permaculture as unique among alternative farming systems (e.g., organic, sustainable, eco-agriculture, biodynamic) in that it works with a set of ethics that suggest we think and act responsibly in relation to each other and the earth.

The ethics of permaculture provide a sense of place in the larger scheme of things, and serve as a guidepost to right livelihood in concert with the global community and the environment, rather than individualism and indifference.

The King always grabs a serious tone when relaying the ethics of permaculture with his subjects:

- * Care of the Earth - includes all living and non-living things - plants, animals, land, water and air
- * Care of People - promotes self-reliance and community responsibility & access to necessary resources for existence
- * Setting Limits to Population & Consumption - gives away surplus - contribution of surplus time, labor, money, information, and energy to achieve the aims of earth and people care.

Permaculture is great fun. There are many festivals and workshops for all ages: The bi-annual Seed Swap helps to safeguard against GMO or toxic seeds from the bad corporations.

The Lattice Tie Party to tie-up creeping vegetables like snap peas and beans. Come on, lets' pruning the apple trees and then eat through the berry patch and take home a quart for Mom!

The King and his older friends are constantly fidgeting with the grey water pipes - filtering and watering the crops with little City reserves.

The Permaculture King loves his solar topped cob hut, the seasons and the compost stains on his feet and legs. His challenge isn't in the constant weeding and planting and harvests but the struggle to get the word out, to get out of the garden and tell the planet's peeps how to do the permaculture!

Alas, we are all like the King – shining; running round and round in our local days with an Atlas-like dream.

THE BEE CAVE SPIRITS

After the Great Organic War when the oil corporations fought and lost the fight for energy resources to the planet's food coops and sustainability communities, the honey bees suddenly disappeared. Few flowers were pollinated and plantation crops that needed the bees went without fruit.

All bee members from all North and South American hives flew into hiding under the fertile Kentucky soil, half a mile deep in an ancient cave – far away from the wireless and honey-less above.

Buzzing bodies and shaking wings. The Four Winds danced the bees to the conclave.

Many bees needed to be cleaned at the mouth of the cave by trained workers that recognized the pesticides on their thoraxes from home works or during the many rest stops along the way.

The queen bees perched on a high ledge in the back of the conclave together, enjoying the humming discourse all around them, a permaculture sound-vision in full bloom.

This cave is a scared vessel and has sponsored all kinds of evolution for species since the fire cracked and opened the earth back in pre-history. There are human and animal markings.

The honey makers need a super gene.

The Queens announced that a cross fertilizing would begin with some of them and some of the cleaner bees.

Feeding on the warm, filtered nutrients dripping from above, the Moon dancers loved the succession of baby bee generations, watching each herd come and go.

It took years to produce young bees with pesticide shielded genes.

The bee cave spirits are ever ready to heal the next alchemic creature that needs a soft, dark belly.

THE LEATHERNECK CLAN AND THE BLACK SEA MEN

For as long as the Sea was clean clear and full of life, the sea turtle clan and their spirit guide Slena swam and birthed for their young on sandy beaches without concern.

The turtles lived alongside their ocean brothers and sisters in peace for eons, taking what the sea offered and blessing the ecosystem with the wisdom of birth cycle, stewardship and unselfishness. They often saw the land boil-up and slide hot molten rocks into the shoreline, and understand the land and sea are working together in the great building process.

A one-year-old sea turtle, a from the leatherneck clan named Grassie, lives in what humans call The Gulf of Mexico. Her Mother insists that man is not their enemy and shows her the way to the white sand beaches that will one day be the birth place of her young.

A few turtle years ago, huge man-made steel skeletons with hoses penetrating the sea bed came and Grassie was confused. "This is not the way of the clan or the sea, Slena!" she said.

"This is the way of the Black Sea Men," relayed Slena. It was not long before the leatherneck clan witnessed the pollution from the oil mining in the Gulf. Black globs of pre-fuel started killing the corral beds and choking her fish friends.

Then Death came to the ocean and took the life and breath from the creatures. The Black Sea Men set the water on fire and tar balls coated the shores of the Gulf. Thick killing oil hangs under the surface like an iron curtain.

Slena asked the planet to remain calm as the devastation wrenched control over the beautiful balance.

Grassie paddled south to One Island to work on a solution. Other turtle clans were already there, safe for now from the Gulf stream now toxic with human folly.

"We need to plug that damn leak," she cried!

The turtles decided to travel under the sea floor and find the end of the drill pipe at the source. Then twist the end of the pipe to stop the upward flow of the pre-fuel. Very dangerous but time was not to be lost. Some clan will not return from this hero's task.

"May Slena be with you," one old green sea turtle cried.

* * * * *

The crack at the bottom of the earth is now bubbling black when once it was gentle wave. Grassie's rescue team entered the cavern and headed to the north channel. They carried strong cord made from sea wheat for the rodeo of their lives.

As fate would have it, there was an air pocket above the extended pipe and the turtles wasted no time in fixing multiple lines to the sucking pipe. Then all of the turtles swan in a counter clock wise in a slow, painful twisting motion. They could not break-off the end of the pipe!

Finally suffocated but victorious, the turtle engineers closed the pipe of the Black Sea Men and slowly swam back to One Island.

It took men 15 years to clean up their Gulf and the eastern seaboard but the turtles are the stewards.

Searching for Lylah

"Be prepared."

The Russian warhead blew the front of the Mariupol apartment building off like a high stake's gambler breaking a toothpick in two. Fire fighters wade through the rubble. Beds, desks and pots and pans are scattered about. Fallen curtains roll in the wind, dancing out from privacy.

Lylah is buried under us somewhere, her wheelchair and broken body missing in action. Her father mumbles through the carnage and weeps.

“Heaven can't wait.”

###

Lylah's small town in Eastern Ukraine is a pawn, a black and blue check-down for the beasts at play. Tank treads in the mud. Rocket launchers screaming in the far fields. Lylah is not the only angel, out of thousands of souls, to share this fate.

“Till death do us part.”

###

American retired generals predict that the invasion could go on for months or years. No holidays allowed. CNN spiders roam the Ukrainian roads and empty cafes for stories. The competition for ratings is fierce.

“One step forward for mankind; death for a few.”

MY HOUSE IS A SAFEWAY CART

I don't really "come home" after work since I push my home around the neighborhood all day. My job is to stay dry and find a meal at the food bank when they're open. While you could say that I'm not really homeless, my shopping cart still needs some technical support from tarps and cardboard. I barter clothes for things like rope, soap, and blankets.

I had a real home once, back when my folks were together. I have my GED. It's hard to have a bike and a shopping cart, so I sold the bike.

The weather is the big game changer: sun vs. rain; heat vs. cold. It's like that old Boy Scout slogan: Be Prepared. But the more I am prepared the less room I have in my cart house. It's hard to know what to keep and what to donate when the weather is changing.

Living on the street has its ups and downs: some freedoms, many dead ends. I get that my shopping cart is stolen property but I am thankful that it lessens my load and keeps my stuff together.

I've never had it stolen thankfully, now that would make even God shudder.

Sister Volcano - A Children's Fable

Sister Volcano, steam and some ash floating over her rim, was giving her 100-year safety lecture on the dangers of her volcanic fire. The Tribe gathered around, Shakey eyes and ears to the sky.

"When it comes time for me blow, you will need to retreat to a safer place, away from your current village, just in case. As in your permaculture training, Zone 5 is the safest."

"It's survival off the prepared," she sang. "Folks who do not understand the heat and devastation of my deep heat source will soon be ash dust and fossils. The record is clear on my mountain."

"Care of the people is a collaborative effort," she snorted. "And like the soil base, it is built-up over time." Over the years, with each blast, the villagers were spared its burning heat. Ash and lava came streaming out into the air and down the far-side of the ancient volcano. The Tribe felt it coming on, and moved out of harm's way, prepared for the fire and its ground burning ways. In her firefly meditation, Sister Volcano was watching over all, and all knowing.

SUPER GIRL AND HER MAGIC COMPOST BOX

Nina carefully places the 3'x3'x4' composter box in her back yard, near her garden but close to the back door that leads to her mothers' kitchen. She is anxious to get started, having saved for months for the compost box from baby and pet sitting gigs.

From the manual, she reads the following passage aloud:

“At the simplest level, the process of composting requires making a heap of wet organic matter (also called green waste), such as leaves, grass, and food scraps, and waiting for the materials to break down into humus after a period of months.

The decomposition process is aided by shredding the plant matter, adding water and ensuring proper aeration by regularly turning the mixture when open piles or "windrows" are used.

Earthworms and fungi further break up the material.”

“Nina, what is that box doing out here? What does it do?” Shouted her Mom. Nina read on: “Compost is rich in nutrients. It is used, for example, in gardens, landscaping, horticulture, urban agriculture and organic farming.”

“Mom, the point is to get out of the box,” laughs Nina.

“OK, Super Girl. I have table scraps when you are ready.”

A Chant for Climate Age Kids

CHANT

Hug Your Planet

Hug the Moon

Love Your Mother

Love Your Father

Work the Wheel

Work the New Deal

Be the Chance

Be the Truth

The Boulevard Cutters

Gemini and Lou Lou are kids on a mission. They see vast potential in turning the town's boulevard spaces - the strip of land between the sidewalk and the curb - into productive growing land. They want to enlist the help of a local road builder who can cut the concrete into manageable chunks so the permaculture gang can remove it and replace it with enriched your compost soil and food crops.

This is called a “demo project” in the kid's alt-green circle. Planting greens for an urban edge is transformational stuff, but growing food for the community is the great reward.

Lou Lou wants to plant a wheat substitute called Kernza. A cousin of annual wheat, Kernza is a domesticated perennial grain originating from a forage grass called intermediate wheatgrass (*Thinopyrum intermedium*). Kernza is in the early stages of commercialization.

Gemini: We can mill Kernza into flour and bake breads and rolls for the food bank. Lou Lou: Let's get some starter plants from the Farm to jump-start this “townie germination.”

The trick is to disguise the noise with a parade or peaceful action so the concrete cutter can do her job. There are two 4'x20' sections of boulevard to slice and dice and haul away for reuse at the recycle store.

The kids need a band to make the noise and a bunch of students from the marching band at the high school volunteered to "bang the drum."

The city planning staff discovered the plants long after the fact and actually gave the kids an award for the demo project. Kernza now waves at the car and bicycle traffic in the adjacent streets and student groups take self-guided tours. With a permit, home owners can now transform their boulevards with flowers or edibles. It is a launching pad to the future where the ghosts of concrete are recycled and the land is shared.

A MILLION MAYPOLES - A FOREST RITUAL

“The maypole dance is a spring ritual long known to Western Europeans. Usually performed on May 1 (May Day), the folk custom is done around a pole garnished with flowers and ribbon to symbolize a tree.” Wikipedia

Today, thousands of Treedomers are planting trees where clear-cuts, ariel spraying and fires have devastated the forest.

“Shovel dig, insert the sapling, tamp down the soil. Repeat.” The science is that by planting trees, carbon will be trapped by sequestration, reducing climate change

.
Each new tree is a “mini maypole,” blessed by the community.

At the Tree Planting Festival known as Treedom, the following Climate Age ritual song and dance is sung in the round in celebration for the newly planted trees and a vision for a new human:
(Drum Beats)

We must live our lives as we know them
We must find new ways to live
Accept that the disaster is so big that we will only survive if we unite
We can have brilliant and meaningful lives together
The best way to cope is to connect with other people
Plant a tree and share your heart

GREEN TEAM INITIATIVE

A small band of Coop workers have created the green team initiative, proposed this spring, asking that their management, members, and workers adopt an initiative calling for a comprehensive, transparent plan to address climate change at a very local level.

One way that the “Coopers” can impact their carbon footprint is by forming a green team. The Coop has already stopped selling animal products, thus greatly reducing their carbon footprint. The plan, moving forward, includes a roof top garden and expansion of the “back yard” garden where vegetable crops have been grown for many years.

Other “ingredients” in the green team vision include a grey water system (i.e. – recycling dish and clothes washer water) and classes for local residents on re-use and recycling and other eco-friendly topics.

The rooftop garden has a host of challenges, including the load on the roof structure, water for the plants, and planter box design and materials. The latter will re-use local untreated lumber from dismantled homes and a drainage system to capture and re-use irrigated water.

The Green Team Initiative was adopted even though its tenants and vision were already in motion. For the folks who call this place a “second home,” it is also a tiny spark and a blue planet unto itself, a working, local experience as Joseph Campbell might have described as a...

Journey, Initiation and Community Hero.

GRENOK AND THE CAVE JOURNEY

(A story for teenagers)

'A cave is a collapse of a geologic formation, mine or structure which may occur during mining, tunneling, or steep-walled excavation such as trenching. Geologic structures prone to spontaneous cave-ins include lava tubes and a variety of other subsurface rock formations.' <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cave-in>

What we have here is a large hole or ground cave, an ancient reverse crater, constantly pumping hot moist air up into the atmosphere, that changes the local weather scene, and the consciousness of a small island village in the South Pacific.

The tribe is facing rising seas and a loss of land and culture in a crisis of climate change. If sea levels rise, the land-based cave, and all of its knowledge, will be submerged or gone for good.

Our Hero is Grenok, a twenty something daughter of the tribal Chief. With great fanfare, and a burlap journey suit – made from coffee bean sacks, she climbs down into the cave to discover its secrets, perils, and promise. She uses a braided rope, for just her journey, crafted from the hair of the tribal women and men. As local lore has it, she would have to travel down for 12 days to fulfill her mission. The heat is a constant hurdle. But what of the source? There is no smoke, just clean steam generating from an unknown heat source below. A maze of tunnels and chambers. And strange animals and rocks, but no CO2.

She has mostly a wet descent but finds dry nooks and crannies to rest and dry out along the way. Grenok will have leather pouches of water sent down, along with food, using the rope. When she is finished with her journey, she will send a signal and the strongest tribal members will pull her up.

Grenok is a mist catcher. 'Humans have ... mimicked water harvesting approaches found in nature. Throughout human history, societies have used two-and three-dimensional structures such as plates, nets, or rods to trap fog and mist droplets.' The Cave Tribe uses palm leaves. <https://www.chemistryviews.org/capturing-water-from-the-atmosphere>

Guano is the accumulated excrement of seabirds or bats. Bats have been roosting here. Grenok lands on a rock shelf to rest and steps in their guano. Guano is a highly effective fertilizer due to the high content of nitrogen, phosphate, and potassium, all key nutrients essential for plant growth. <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Guano>

"In general, bats seek out a variety of daytime retreats such as caves, rock crevices, old buildings, bridges, mines, and trees. Different species require different roost sites. Some species, such as the Mexican free-tailed and gray bats live in large colonies in caves." <https://www.nps.gov/articles/bats-in-caves.htm>. Based on the movement of the bats, Grenok senses that there are multiple entrances to the cave.

Sleeping provisions are meager: a small foam pad and a sleeping bag. It is Day 7 of the descent and temperature in the cave is a humid 89 degrees.

Fossils and ancient graffiti adorn the cave walls at Day 9. Photographs are taken, and Grenok is careful not to disturb the water-colored implants of the people who came before her. At Day 10 fresh water seeps through the walls as the cave narrows to no access. Mushrooms are collected and bagged for the return trip up the cave, back with Grenok and her tribal people.

Day 12. The return. Sometimes she will be dangled and pulled and sometimes she will free climb. It's tricky logistics. Grenok attaches foot rests to the rope to use when she isn't climbing up with her feet. Bagged artifacts from her journey are attached to the rope below her position so they can follow her up to the surface. "In ... the hero's journey, or the monomyth, is the common template of stories that involve a hero who goes on

an adventure, is victorious in a decisive crisis, and comes home changed or transformed." <https://en.wikipedia.org/>

As she is pulled up from the mouth of the cave, her expedition is not ending. Her team of scientists is ready to examine and classify the rocks and animals from her journey. These are sacred with plenty of stories to come. Grenok uploads her photographs and video for this discovery phase. The ecology of the cave and its animals and markings is about to be exposed to light. And love.

THE WORLD CLIMATE SCOUTS AND THE AR ACCELERATOR

(Including Organizational Responses to Climate Change)

'Augmented reality (AR) involves overlaying visual, auditory, or other sensory information onto the real world to enhance one's experience. Unlike virtual reality, which creates its own cyber environment, augmented reality adds to the existing world as it is.' (investopedia.com)

The World Climate Scouts are academics who are often VR and data science majors. Student groups run simulations with AR goggles and powerful computers in AR Labs at their Universities. Students are working on their senior thesis projects (see script below). The World Climate Scouts are collecting airborne and soil data and exposing polluters; acting locally and serving globally. The goal for the Scouts and their collaborators is to permanently lock up 15 billion metric tons of CO2 equivalents by 2025.

Broadly speaking, a script for an AR, ChatGPT- supported thesis could look like this:

AR Base is a 12 min. video showing current conditions – namely polluting factories in the USA

AR Layer 2 illustrates changes to local environments with less CO2 pollution using air monitoring data provided by ChatGPT

AR Layer 3 depicts a "Return to Nature" video where all CO2 polluting factories are gone and sustainability dominates life on Earth

The Final Project is a combination of narrative and edits from Base, Layer 2, and Layer 3, resolved as a .MP3 file. AR-supported research could be about learning from the juxtaposition of project sensitive data.

Climate Change AR Accelerator (CCAA)

The CCAA is a film set, ChatGPT, and an AR virtual machine.

Questions (prompts) poised to ChatGPT might include:

What do future models of CO2 levels depict?

How is CCAA a promotional tool?

How to expand the use of alternative energy sources?

Is there data comparing sea water rise and melting glaciers?

Where are island nations disappearing? What solutions are possible?

What are sustainable practices at ChatGPT and CCAA?

Organizational Responses to Climate Change:

* Rainforest Trust

The world lost over 27.4 million acres of forest in tropical regions in 2021- an area 1.3 times the size of Ireland. That's 52 acres per minute. The rampant destruction of primary rainforests in particular totaled over 9.2 million acres, dumping 2.5 gigatons of carbon dioxide into our atmosphere. That's equivalent to India's annual emissions. Our goal is to permanently lock up 15 billion metric tons of CO2 equivalents by 2025 by expanding or establishing new protection for vulnerable rainforests, peat swamps and mangroves across the tropics.

<https://www.rainforesttrust.org/earth-day-2023>

* NASA is an expert in climate and Earth science. While its role is not to set climate policy or prescribe particular responses or solutions to climate change, its job does include providing the scientific data needed to understand climate change. NASA then makes this information available to the global community – the public, policy and decision-makers and scientific and planning agencies around the world. With that said, NASA takes

sustainability very seriously. NASA's sustainability policy is to execute its mission as efficiently as possible. In doing so, we continually improve our space and ground operations. Sustainability involves acting now to protect the environment for both current and future living conditions. In implementing sustainability practices, NASA supports its missions by reducing risks to the environment and our communities.

<https://climate.nasa.gov/solutions/resources/>

* Girl Scout Climate Challenge

Connect with your community to spread awareness about climate change. Made possible by Johnson & Johnson Foundation, the Girl Scout Climate Challenge invited both Girl Scouts and non-Girl Scouts to learn about climate science, connect with their communities, and share hope to create change. The Girl Scout Climate Challenge ran through November 30, 2022. <https://www.girlscouts.org/en/activities-for-girls/for-everygirl/girl-scout-climate-challenge.html>

* World Scouts continue climate action post-COP

The mission of World Scouting's COP27 (The 2022 United Nations Climate Change Conference) delegation was to amplify the voices of 57 million Scouts worldwide in climate action and negotiations. Scouts have been caring for the environment for over a century. Outdoor skills and adventures are at the heart of Scouting and lead us to action, like reducing pollution, regenerating forests, and advocating for the planet at global conferences.

While we may be waiting for true climate action from COP leaders and negotiators, Scouts continue their work every day to build a better world. They are building on a century of action with a momentum that is only increasing day by day as the urgency of climate change becomes greater. More than ever, they are committed to greater sustainability, lower emissions, and the restoration of biodiversity loss. Scouts joined thousands of civil society organizations at COP27 to call on world leaders, climate negotiators, and business leaders to take urgent action on climate change. <https://www.scout.org/news/scouts-call-urgent-action-climate-change-cop27>

THE AR PERMACULTURE FOOD FOREST LAB

What is a Permaculture Food Forest?

A food forest mimics a forest edge that is planted with edible plants.

Picture all of the vertical layers of a forest growing together: tall trees, small trees, shrubs, herbs, and ground covers. Tall, canopy trees grow inward from the edge. Correspondingly, smaller trees peek out from underneath the tall trees to catch the sun's rays. Shrubs step farther out into the sunshine, along with herbs, flowers, and groundcovers blanketing the sunniest edge.

A typical forest edge can look a little busy. Sometimes vines grow up the trees and mushrooms grow under the tallest trees in the shade. All of these layers of the forest stack together, each situated for sufficient sun exposure. Intertwined, they produce a vibrant, productive, low-maintenance, and relatively self-maintaining ecosystem.

A healthy forest doesn't need humans to weed or fertilize.

<https://www.tenthacrefarm.com/create-food-forest/>

Research at the AR Permaculture Food Forest Lab

AR Permacultural food scientist, Annetta Ward, PhD, straps on her goggles in the AR lab, and hikes along an old barbed wire fence line to locate a mature food forest habitat that was started one year ago in the AR Permaculture Food Forest Lab (APFFL). Dr. Ward is utilizing a base video of the food forest plus an actual living food forest as a research foundation. She has been building a sizable AR windbreak feature on the site that makes tree shade, and a canopy that helps to retain moisture. In sum, the major structural elements (or research sites) for her work are:

1. The actual site in Nature.
2. Base video of the site.
3. AR construction of the emerging food forest (ongoing).

AR / eco-interaction is deeply studied.

Annetta throws digital leaves on the ground that create mulch, nutrients and microorganisms for soil communities. She constructs other key food forest layers with the AR database including ground covers and nitrogen fixers, plus lupines and clover.

While on her "space tour" at APFFL, she reviews the annual vegetables that intermix with perennial herbs with e-shrubs and vines. Annetta harvests nuts and mushrooms before ending her AR session for the day. Key questions in her current research vision include:

1. Ability to duplicate insect ecology in the APFFL?
2. Food crop harvesting and soil building in augmented reality?
3. APFFL has a teaching portal?

CONCLUSION – QUAKERS AND PERMACULTURISTS AND HOPE IN NATURE

I believe that Quakers and Permaculturists represent a peaceful joining and a hopeful future. To many in this camp, with their divine spark, is an active and flowing Nature.

Storytelling are the spiritual glue bringing important messages to bear and enlightenment to the forefront.

If we are to survive our greed, pollution, and world wars, then stories and poems that show the way will find receptive hearts.