

Glissant writes *archipelagic thought makes it possible to say that neither each person's identity nor the collective identity are fixed and established once and for all. I can change through exchange with the other, without losing or diluting my sense of self.*

Still becoming,

stormy waters, essential unknowing,

remember the time of the earth, and world nothing formed but fluid.

Placing oneself directly in relations with the landscape,  
exposing oneself physically and emotionally without an agenda  
is different than sitting on a terrace and enjoy the view.

And, it is impossible to ignore the self-interest in wish  
to sustain life, life from and with human perspective.

What about water's durable existence?

Pale morning, waves on waves,  
washing away the lines between  
inside and outside, life and non/life

that makes us possible, humbles and nurtures

What should we plant to hearts to recover kinship with the water?

The weather, waves, distance, dreams, tears, tender and strange presence of the other.

*See truly, hold kindly*

Ripe figs, opening themselves from the fullness of their insides  
and their warm skin, activation of senses.

Towards blue, we dream, remember, whisper,  
juicy and nutty, overlapping waves, we forget about the direction  
and remember the true speed of things and direction of life.

Proximity is in the middle of the sea,

the immateriality of distance,

where we get closer

we learn the proximity,

Potentials are already circulating

soft and rich

with confusion

with waves,

in waves,

proximity brings the freedom,

freedom to stretch, bend and unfold.

*Progress still controls us*

*even in the tales of ruination,*

writes Anna Tsing

How to nurture stories, recipes, gestures to build a livable future?

with patient determination

while keeping in mind "livable" differs for each being

human or non-human

Another summer day, bitter and dry,

earth vibrates around everything with warmth,

homesickness for and from many homes, including homes to come

learning from the sea

learning by touching

Words, words, worlds,

with or in which language we echo and join the echo of the sea

without intention to grasp and define?

Where can you and I lose the division but keep the difference?

