



How the dark red mulch encircles
the greenery

Roots forking up through the old,
splintered decks

A kiss is shared above

A twinge of sweet sap

The nectare of a flower

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

Strathmore

I like to imagine my Kitchen
is butter Yellow, even if it's not
at the moment. I see the Plants
my mother put on the
window sill, I notice the
stink bugs and spiders crawling
upon the leaves. I drink
tea at that warm kitchen
table and watch them,
silently skitter across the
green. Slowly building a
web of stability. I find
peace in the little things, even

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PLACE
STAMP
HERE

R:W

though I never seem to notice



Lace leaf Japanese Maple in Fall
Kubota Garden, Seattle, WA
www.kubotagarden.org photo by Lori Dugdale

For those who come
after

How far will you go?

Will your reach cover
windows?



Or shall you bust
open some doors?

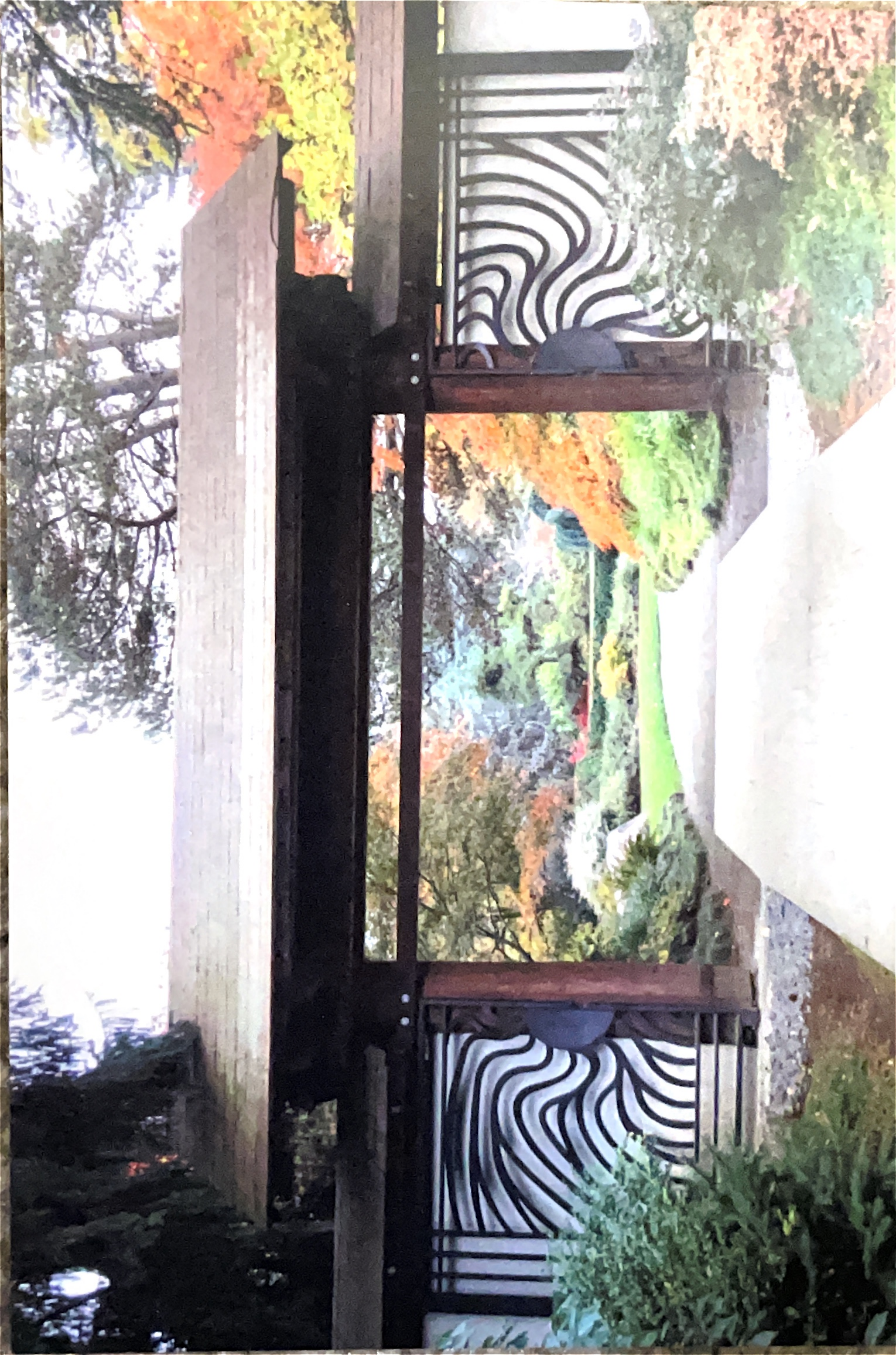
The veins of the
branches

From those who have
taken root before us

Let them guide your
reach

To provide cover from
the wind

And lead you to the sun.



Entry Gate

Kubota Garden, Seattle, WA

www.kubotagarden.org

moon bridge sheep as like
hard going up & hard coming
down
there's a freedom there
in carrying the seeds of a
black pine in your pocket
on the long immigrants'
journey & planting yourself
when the land finally calls
is a place where you

reflection in the water
grows
as pleasing as what's
above

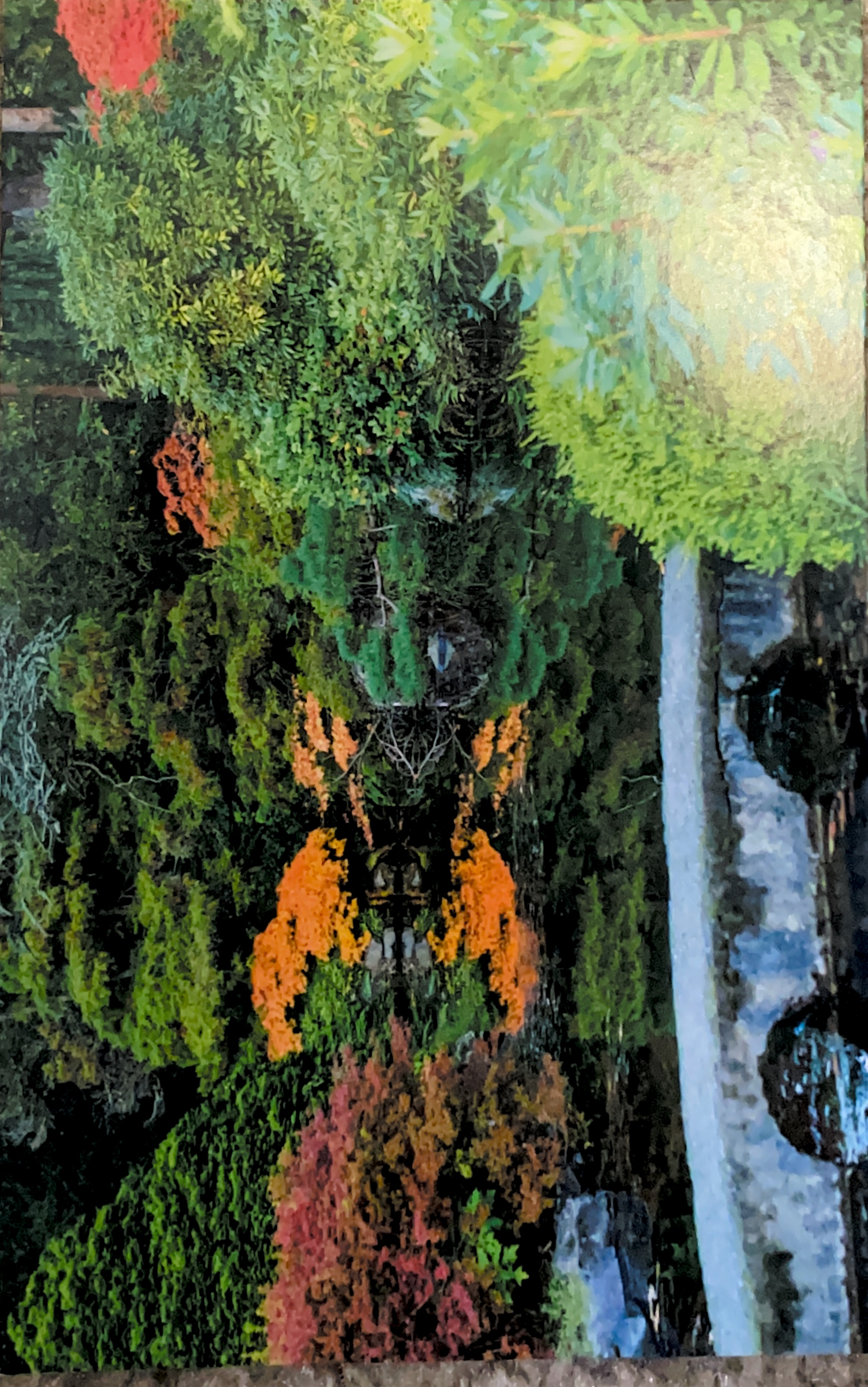
-ZBC 18 apr '26
Kubota Garden



13-APRIL-2026
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Despite Alfred North
Whitehead's quote: "It
is the business of the
future to be dangerous"
the future could be a
garden if we had
cultivate garden mind
like Fujitaro did
before & after the camp.
(maybe during too).

Pen



Mom! Dad,
thinking about you
on a beautiful spring
walk through the
Japanese Garden!

Love you,
Dad

Anne + Don Feltz
11654 Chaney Ln
Cincinnati OH,
45299



Koi and ducklings in Spring Pond, 2020

Kubota Garden, Seattle, WA

www.kubotagarden.org photo by Antonia Angeles Hare

They said it was tragic,
the commons.

But in this place, the creatures
know ~~there~~ no other.

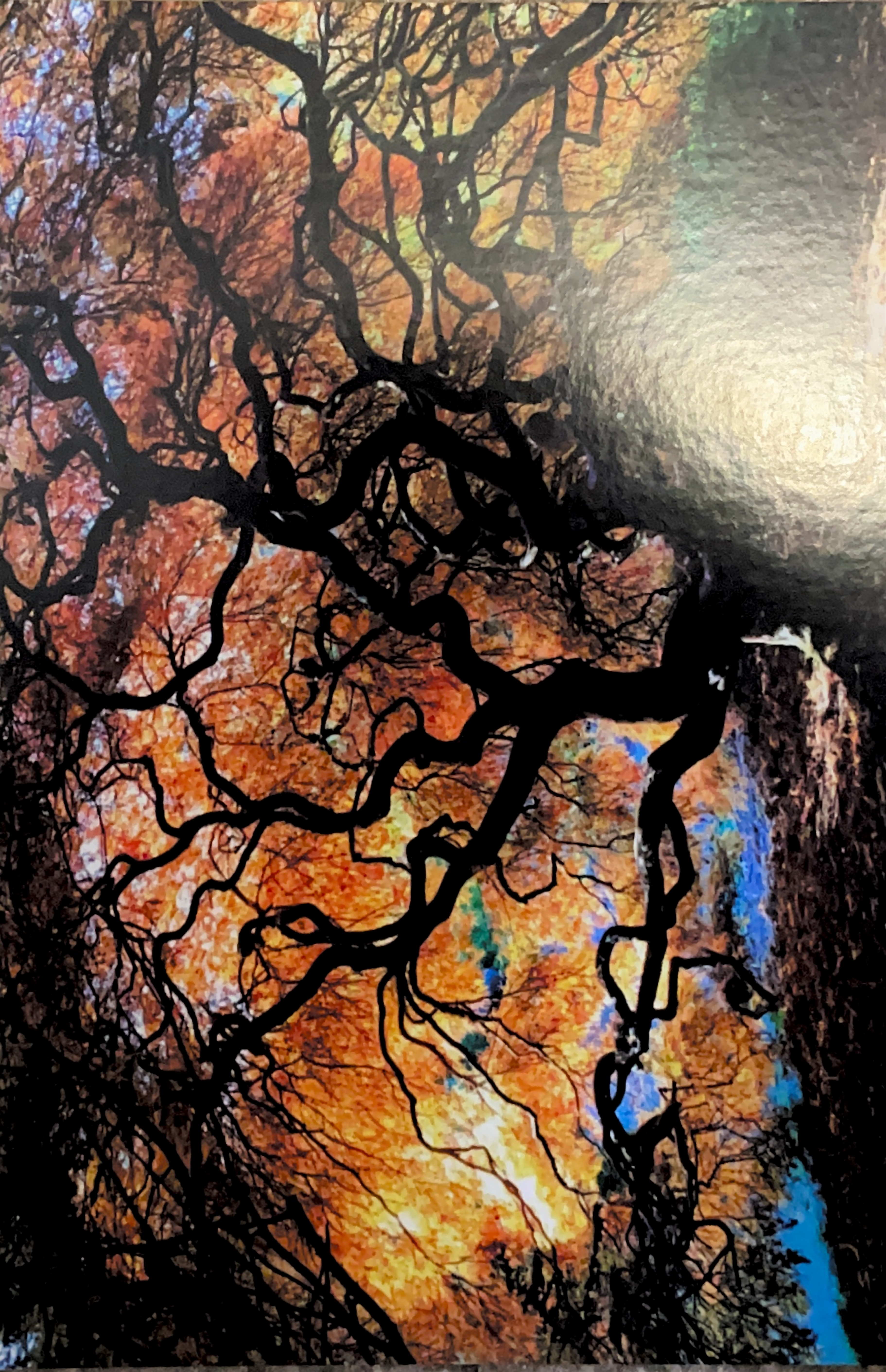
I belong to this land
and so do you and you.

What's next for me
is wrapped up
with your tomorrow.

We share this
place in mutuality.

May our many selves in many
tomorrows share the
commons we've made.

- Christina Rosales



Lace leaf Japanese Maple in Fall
Kubota Garden, Seattle, WA
www.kubotagarden.org photo by Lori Dugdale

Winding and wild,
there's no direct route,
but no wrong way there.
Straight and artificial,
we've been there before.
It taught us we're meant
to go with the wind,
the rain, the rhythms of
each day.

May our home be
the place of peace
for many creatures.
May we see possibilities
the many directions
to wind, curve,
cross.

-Christina Rosales



Entry Gate

Kubota Garden, Seattle, WA

www.kubotagarden.org

4.13.24

8
Eloise

CHL

2379 NW 24th St
Portland, OR

97210



Koi in Spring Pond, 2020

Kubota Garden, Seattle, WA

www.kubotagarden.org photo by Antonia Angeles Hare

early Spring

Red Japanese maple

wears red dangles

left over blooms

remind me of earrings

reminds me of my own

beaded dangling earrings

dancing in the unseasonally

warm breeze caused

by the breathe of a

butterfly a thousand miles

away. Red maple grows

providing shade for the koi's.

USA/POSTCARD



MAPLE

w/love, Rebecca Saldaña



Two bridges crossing Mapes Creek - spring

Kubota Garden, Seattle, WA

www.kubotagarden.org



KUBOTA HOPE

Like the wastelands

with hope, and

thought eyes of

possibility -

where others see

nothingness or

sameness, we see

beauty untapped,

unshaped, unexpressed.

So through ~~the~~ richness

of joy we create a place for everyone!

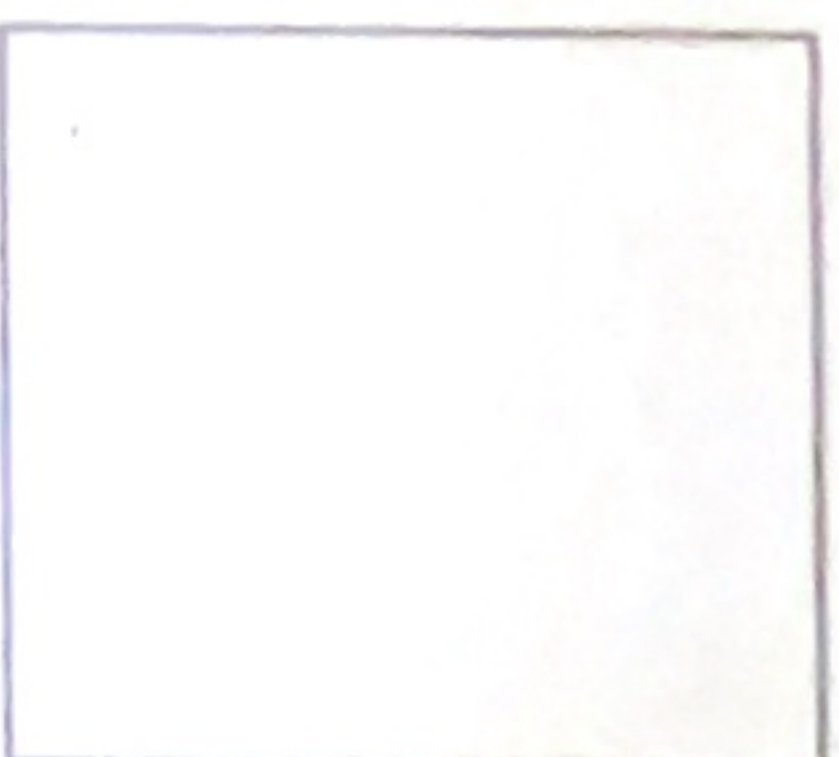
From:

Rainier Beach

Business

District

@RBBAC.





Moon Bridge in Spring, 2024
Kubota Garden, Seattle, WA
www.kubotagarden.org photo by Joy Okazaki

2007 September my friends
+ I posed on the red
bridge on my wedding day

In 2011 my belly full of
my baby boy stood surrounded
by my love, our two boys
+ baby girl

In 2050 I will stand on
this bridge between this
world + the next - more
aware of the 7 generations.

May it be so.





Where should I grow? And
set down my roots?

Even a weeping fir is
beautiful, providing a
resting place under its
leaves.

And if I have to start over,
I'll plant a new garden,
with seeds in my pocket
to remind me of home.

-Vicki

