



Fujitaro Kubota (86) in red pine, 1965
Kubota Garden, Seattle, WA
www.kubotagarden.org

me-and-us-ing in sense
of creases a real passion
of space for splashes
an opening being
for the public

most accessible
the oldest demon-
stration

preserved
Fujitaro Kubota in his old age

Still pruning
little islands of encouraged growth

this incredible structure
resembling veins or lungs



Moon Bridge in Spring, 2024

Kubota Garden, Seattle, WA

www.kubotagarden.org photo by Joy Okazaki

the closer you are
to spirits
to nature

the head space
it's a bit of
a hike
a lot of play
with hip
with scale

leads your eye
All the way up
to the sky

worn down
weathered
life story

preserved
by rubbing work just
with hands a bit
of the big way folks
don't often notice

Strathmore®

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

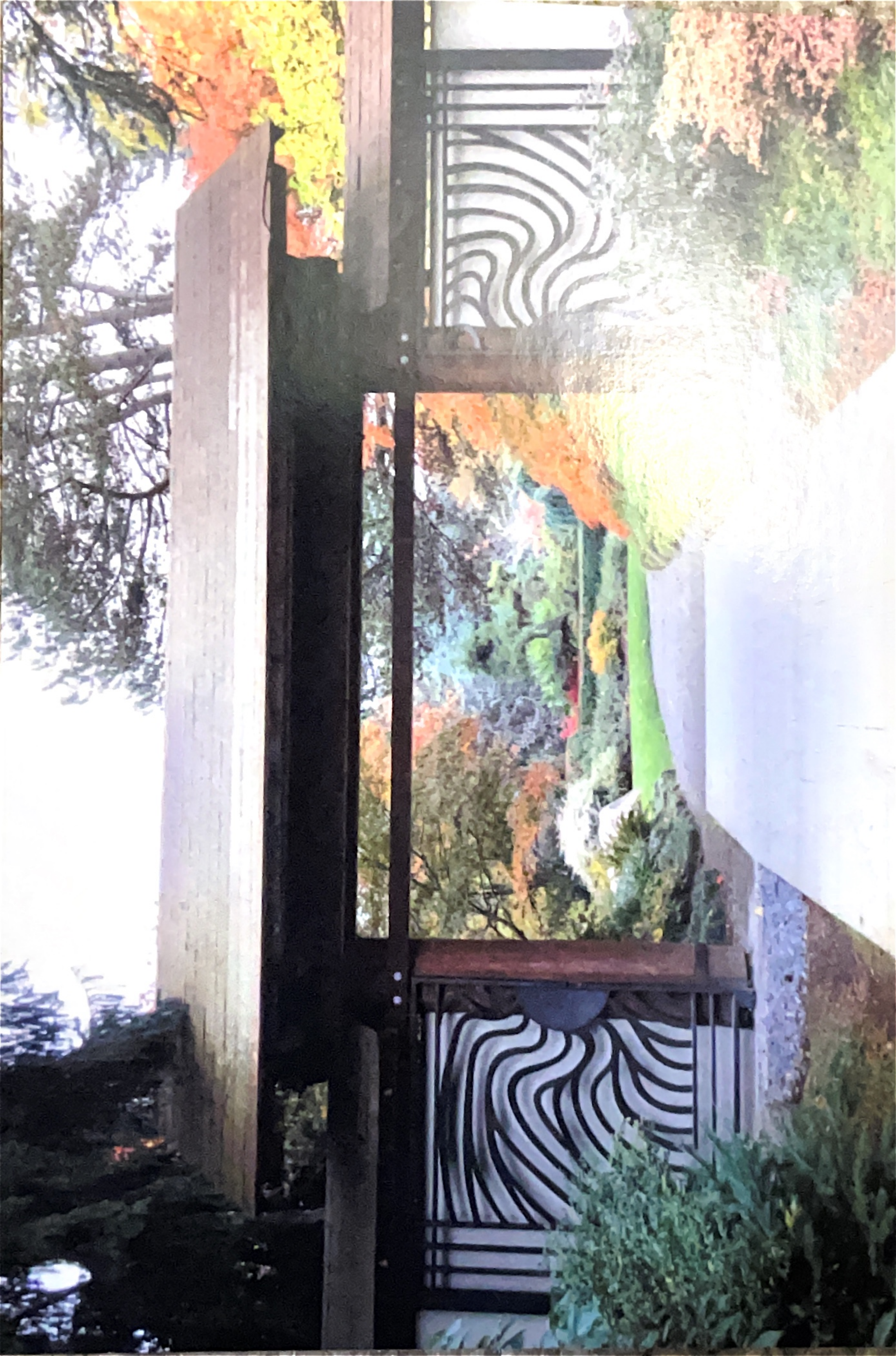
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Home is a great tree in the yard
w/ sprawling branches + scattered straw
from the window it tapers softly
Condensation greating its condensation
The humid interior crying in response
to be set free

Where are my mountains of towering firs
Pecan trees are sandy
but give me cascadian falls
and winter peaks

Like fog greets lightly chopping waters
do it possible to find yourself
in dreary greys + deepening greens





Entry Gate

Kubota Garden, Seattle, WA

www.kubotagarden.org

Get to get back
to the land
untended

3 years
we've got together
our ~~SELVES~~
back a bee line

to the weeping
for an
mutation

becoming to the bones
an art in tent i-

Spinning needles on
contorted twisting

limbs soft and delicate

a way to hope of
wheels get desirable
for logging



I sit in her inner
high waiting
on the next day
close my eyes
& I hear a mother
cascading leaping
& song past ages
to call for salmon



English,
Let's bring the
salmon home!
my love,
Each

anthro-fog

the
24 Aug 2024
Bigandyisco.com



The season of harvest
has begun.

Snow peas, lavender
calendula petals
and garlic.

The lance dogwood
is exceptionally exuberant
shedding windrains
of petals.
on garden pathways.

First roses
past their prime
are pruned away to compost

I spend my days
watering
weeding
tending
going with the flow
as the hour glass
that is summer
slips steadily by.



This morning I am
garden dreaming.
Even as I plant, tend, weed
prune and harvest
I imagine tales of
next year's garden.
It's an ongoing conversation
that feeds my soul
like an ever evolving art form
each season brings
its flavors of wonder.

And
even as I relish old friends
who took up residency here
before my lengthy tenure,
there is always room
to try something new
So many storylines
woven together
in a vibrant tapestry
with endless tales to tell.

RPR 2025



Today I picked
first of the season
black berries.

Succulent orbs

so ripe they fall
from thorny stems
into my hands
then into a bowl.

I will pick many times
in the weeks to come.

Savouring sticky hands
the taste of juicy sunshine
and a harvest preserved
in freezer and in jam
knitting the seasons
together.
for yet another year.

RDS 2024



Blue skies and sun
a perfect day to garden.
Go gently with intention
Clear and prune
and plant
as if engaged in a
Sacred art form.

Day by day
so many elements
weave together.

In a dynamic
everchanging storyline
Join the cast of players
with humility
and caring
There is life force
and healing
in this place

RDRS 2026



A grey day
on the way to summer

Outside my window
Purple Ghost maple
shimmers crimson.
Mason bees visit

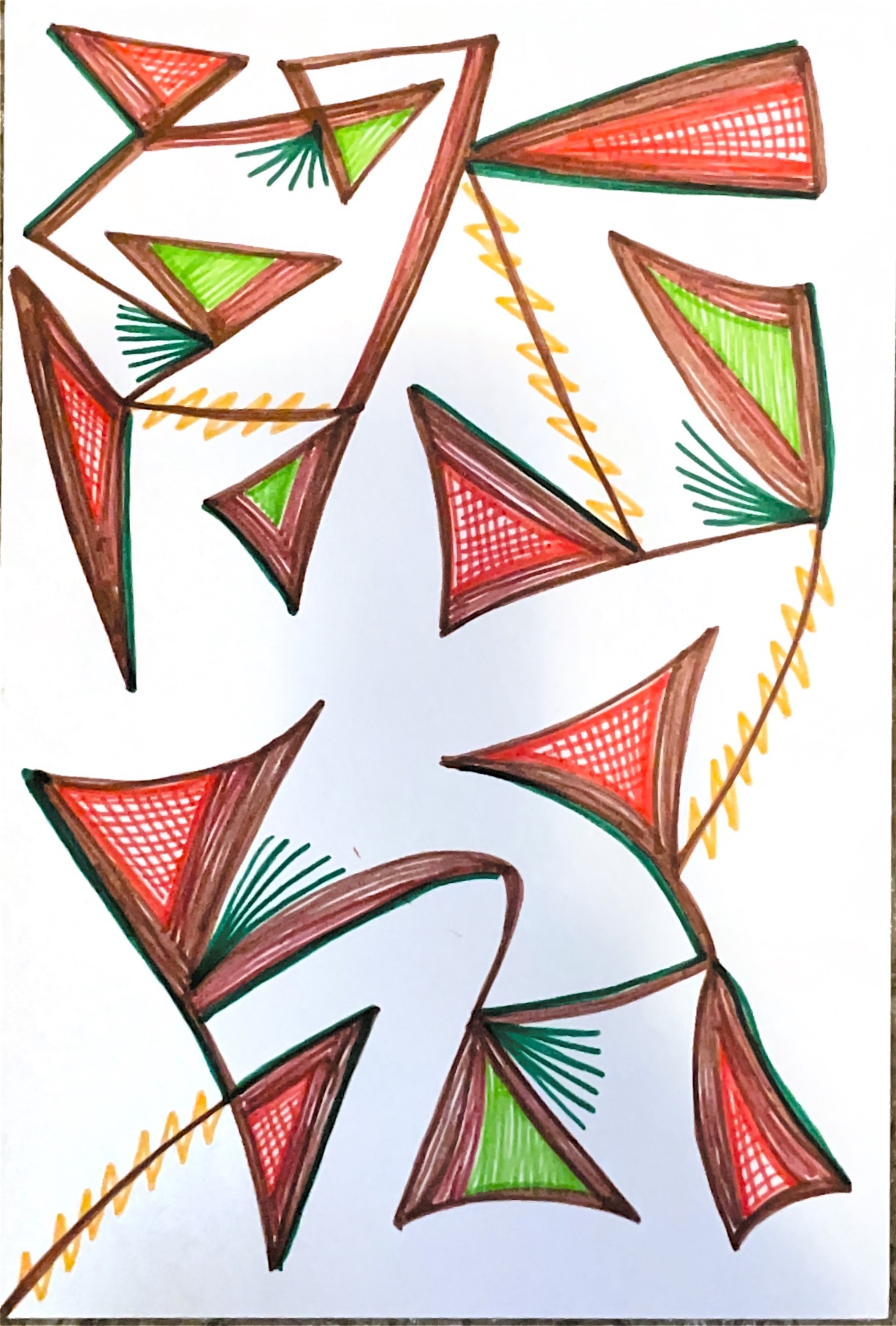
her clustered flowers.
Quietly, steadily
Seasonal players
show up to populate
the garden stage.

Hummingbirds, goldfinch
Wisteria and daphne

Each day a treasure hunt
a reunion that beckons.

A call to the gardener to

"come outside
and join high play
unfolding."



Starlings are fledging.
The suet feeder is emptied
in the flash mob
course of a day.

The young
who are a bit less rapacious
than their frenetic
elders
are weaned from
suet provider dependence
and partake in
intermittent and enthusiastic
bathing
at the granite water basin
within the week
The entire flock will disappear
off to celebrate the season
starling style
And the garden will settle
into the reliable thrum
of summer.

Apr 2026

There is ~~nothing~~ in the garden
Where is the rain?

Once there was pain on this
land,
Now there is grain,
Flowers bow in the sun,
The harvest is done,
Birds are in the nest,
Bees are buzzing again.

Liv Carlsson

