



Years ago, a friend handed me an orange and suggested that I eat it in the shower. I sat there waiting for the punchline, thinking it was some weird sex thing. Suffice to say, I did not eat that orange in the shower.

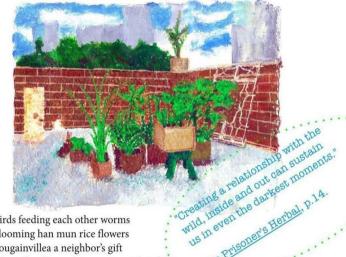
A while back, when I was in a compulsory hotel quarantine and experiencing mild cabin fever, I was given an orange with my meal. I finally ate an orange in the shower. Instant relief. I was free. Free from the stickiness, free from the acidity revealing my otherwise imperceptible papercuts, free from wondering "what is it like to eat an orange in the shower?"



Our Soothing Garden

Every morning one of us disturbs the birds sunbathing on the balcony when we water our garden "Sorry birds I'll be out of your way soon" A little reminder that the garden is for everything living

Soil a bit dry I water lightly come the breezes bitter melon pats me gently with its leaves pigeons take flight off and back again as if the melon vines a home to them



Birds feeding each other worms blooming han mun rice flowers bougainvillea a neighbor's gift Worm families making compost their home Smell from shiso, cuban oregano and mint Learning new herbs from weeds growing

All these moments when watering the garden Always getting healed before going to work