



abebayhosh | we've seen the flowers

'abebayhosh' \ah-
beh-BAI-osh\
or 'we have seen
the flowers'
is a folk song that
is sung during
springtime
celebrations in
ethiopia



I started taking pictures of the flower medicine around me as a way to stay grounded during the 2020 that has left no one untouched.

soon, the flowers growing from the ground and the human flowers in my life were delivering life-affirming messages to me from the Divine. it feels as though being in celebration with nature is more radical for our reality than they want to admit.

roses, in particular, are flowers of and for the heart. my relationship with my heart, from childhood until a few years ago, has been of too much openness, division against the rest of my body, and regular old mistrust. intentionally supporting a trusting partnership with my heart has been a beautiful work and one i've accepted as part of my purpose.

roses reentered my life this spring as an answer to that intention, on all levels:

physically, they are known to support the cardiovascular muscle responsible for our actual being, living, breathing, moving, and doing.

emotionally, roses are used as natural antidepressants and increasers of joy.

energetically they are the highest vibrating flower of all the flowers.

this compilation is my offering from the medicine that I've received: grief is the prodigal child that's returned home and how we receive it individually and collectively will be reality shifting.

if any of what is in this offering resonates with you,
amazing.

if none of what is in this offering resonates with you,
amazing.

this is a collection of original photography, selected
lyric translations from the ethiopian new year's
folksong, and original poetry + writings.

Bismillah.

Egziyabiher yibarkachu,
mercy



enikutatash: gift of jewels

we have seen the flowers
the winter has passed
the darkness Is no more

|abebayosh|

the Sun has risen for Us
the darkness has passed

the flower, the flower has bloomed when the new year
arrived.

we have seen the flowers
that exile
the years of our slavery
the reign of death
and desolation
just like the winter
it passed, cast away



my mom's lovename for my
sibling is 'Abeba':
The Flower.

a permission slip to bloom.





The Legend of My People

my people



they transport food
from
their hand to their mouth

nourishing their
words

with heart cradled morsels

-mercy







I am accepted in all of my "here I am." as I seek her, she seeks me.
for we are of the same forest, the same chord, the same drumskin.
she Is a lover: of me, of strange fruit a lover I remember from
yestertime's dream. her loom Is always threaded with golden cords
of love for me, weaving tapestries that carry me thru time back to
her. *-mercy*



