

They said this place was too harsh.

Too remote.

Too forgotten.

But I have seen life grow here—
in the laughter of cousins
running through dust like it was sacred,
in elders who carry stories
like water in clay jars,
in every sunrise that paints
the mountains in fire.

The sea bean grows in salt
the way we grow in struggle.

It does not ask the soil to change.
It changes what growth means.

In the story,
people once laughed,
“Why grow what already grows wild?”

I have heard that before.

Why keep your language?
Why hold your traditions?
Why remember where you came from?

Because survival is not enough.
We are meant to thrive.

They are calling it a superfood now,
this humble plant
that fed Indigenous people
long before it had a price,

long before science named
what our ancestors already knew:
that healing lives in the overlooked,
that strength hides in the margins,
that resilience tastes like salt.

On this reservation,
where the desert stretches like a question,
I am the child of two journeys:
one that crossed oceans,
and one that never left this land
but has been fighting to stay.

Like Salicornia,
I am rooted in contradiction—
salt and survival,
history and hope,
loss and becoming.

The world is warming.
The waters are rising.
The land is changing its language.