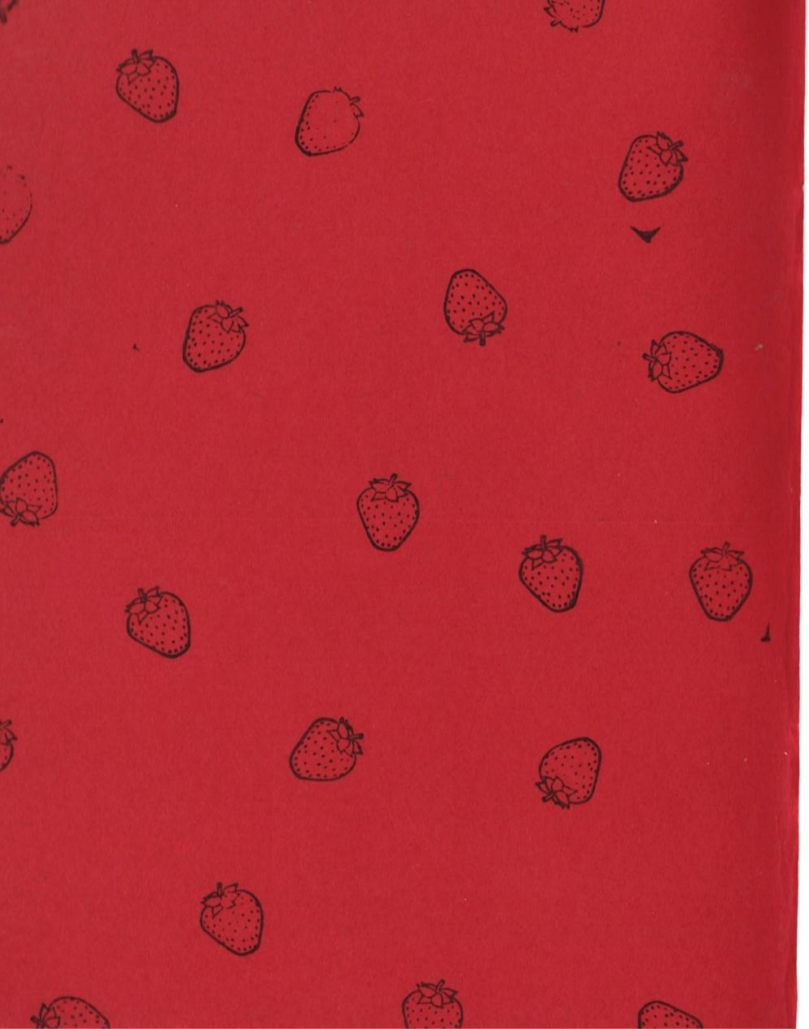
Handle Gently F

The Meadow

By Carling Sioui





The Meadow

By Carling Sioui

2026





Linked

An elder once told me,
We are like geese.
As we fly near creator,
we guide each other,
To warmer shores.

We take turns,
Old and young,
Flying as one,
Showing the way,

Together.



Our Mother

Dear sacred Land,
Our mother,
Our hearth,

You bring us life,
You give us all that we need.

Medicines, Sisters,
Depths, Heights,
Warmth, Light,
You are our first teacher.

You hold our past,
You allow our future.

And in turn I hope,
We all learn to love you
In the way that you deserve.



Oh how beautiful are we,
When we allow ourselves to bloom!





We Are

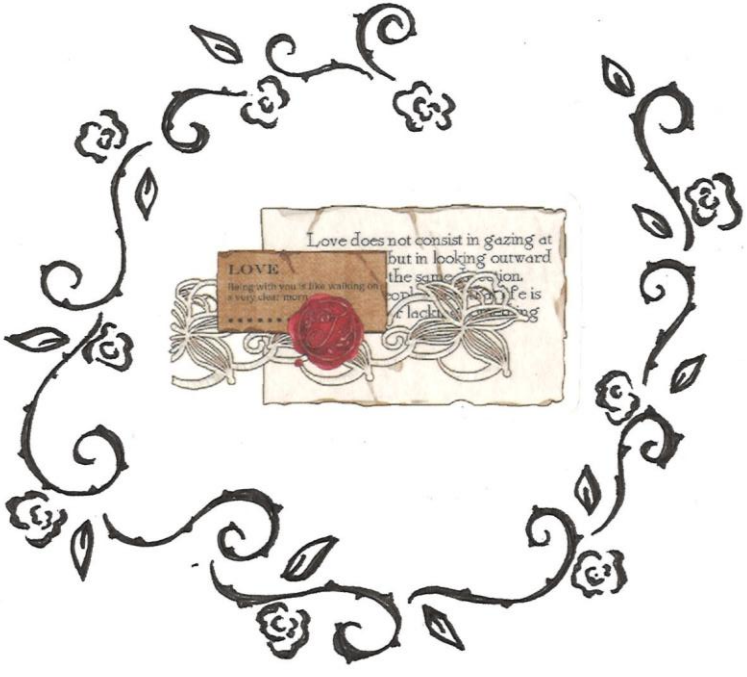
Why do I exist,
If not to take space?

We are all children of the land.
Making sculptures,
Telling our stories,
Trying so hard not to snag a taste,
Of that bright blue play-doh.

My mom said I was special,
And this is true because we all are.

Each one of us has something to offer,
That is why we are who we are.
Of the millions of seeds planted,
We are the flowers that got the chance,
To grow.

Oh how beautiful are we,
When we allow ourselves to bloom.



Cycles

As I sit in my apartment,
After a day of self-care,
Not rushing, not worrying,
Just writing, just feeling,

I break the cycle

As I lay in my bed,
After generations of survival,
I can finally be soft,
I can finally be free.

I break the cycle.

As I write my poems,
After years of hard shells,
I learn to be vulnerable,
I relearn to be me.

I forgive you,
For not being who I needed.
I have become them,
For our next of kin.



Consistency.

Sometimes I do not feel like a leader.
There are moments that are hard,
Hard to swallow, hard to bear.

In those moments, I doubt myself,
When people walk away,
No reason shared, no chance for repair.

In those moments, I feel pain.
In the pit of my stomach I hear:
"You are not worthy, you are not good."

Those words are not true.



Consistency is not
"Showing up perfectly every single day".
Consistency is showing up, period.
Consistency is choosing life & accountability

It is choosing to sit in the discomfort.
It is choosing to grow.

I forgive myself for my mistakes.
I love myself anyway.

That, is leadership.
And there, I bloom.





This book is dedicated to the youth committee of 2025-2026. It is in memory of the retreat we went on, where we discussed leadership and the different forms it can take. Together we built a garden, or, in my interpretation, a meadow, consisting of many members who contribute in harmony to a balanced eco-system. Diverse in medicine, we help each other grow and thrive. I love our meadow♥

Tiawenhk



