

1|2|3|4|5|6|7|8|9|10|11|12|13|14|15|16|17|18|19|20|21|22|23|24|25|26|27|28|29|30|31

JANUARY • FEBRUARY • MARCH • APRIL • MAY • JUNE • JULY • AUGUST • SEPTEMBER • OCTOBER • NOVEMBER • DECEMBER

MONDAY • TUESDAY • WEDNESDAY • THURSDAY • FRIDAY • SATURDAY • SUNDAY

Dedicated to Larry Payano.

Inspired by an incredible week together.

Influenced by our Andean farming family background
and the sweat & tears it took to survive and
overcome.

He Plows

He stands to rest
wiping the sweat off his brow
this common man
grasping his plow

the cool breeze brushing his face
soothing as the last,

he rests

He plows the land to nourish it
so to nourish bellies

Looking left & right
brethren at his side
they plow

A cool breeze passes ... all stand ... all rest

the dirt between their toes,
sweat behind their neck,
they plow

the sun grows tired,
the wives ring their bell,
but they leave naught

the rain gently nudges,
the moon offers a light

a cool breeze passes
the flower stands
and says,

"lets rest"

Junior Payano

Lets protect each other, protect what we have.
Lets continue to forgive + grow together.
Lets rely on each other, bear each others burdens.
Let us forever live out that embrace we gave each
other when we first heard mami passed away.
Let us be raw and vulnerable before each other.
Love you.