

Afro TEK: Ogún Across the Islands

By Alaí Reyes-Santos with Nadya Barba



As Ana-Maurine Lara and I travelled in the Fall of 2021 throughout the countryside of the Dominican Republic meeting *servidores de Ogún*, as well as conducting ceremonies in Havana, Cuba, and honoring bodies of water in the mountain ranges and coasts of Puerto Rico, I reflected on a question guiding Ana's project: Who is Ogún for me? As a daughter of Yemayá, a Boricua, Puerto Rican, an *iyalocha* crowned in Cuba, with a profound commitment to AfroIndigenous communities in the island of Aytí, the answer to this question is full of possibilities.

During my ceremonial coronation in *regla de osha* in 2011, I was forewarned about the difficult relationship between Ogún and Yemayá in Afro-Caribbean Creation stories, also known as *patakís*. These stories in a way were meant to prevent me from being hurt in relationship to Ogún; who is often represented as a violent entity *vis á vis* Yemayá. On the other hand, there is also the *patakí* where Yemayá deceives her husband Ogún. She pretends to be dead to leave him and their child and build a new life for herself without speaking her truth with her family.

This adversarial relationship between the two has left me unsatisfied for years. I feel Ogun's energy in my life in such powerful ways. And yet, as Ana asked me this question, I could not find the right words or a rationale for what my body and spirit feel when I sit with Ogún's manifestations across three islands: in railroad tracks across the islands, in Cuban *osha* altars, in *palo* music in the Dominican Republic, in my family's relationship to land in Puerto Rico.



Here is the closest I could get to answer her question: impressions, images, photos, and stories humbly shared here to invite your own reflection of who Ogún is or may be in your life.

In each instance I feel a deep gratitude for what Ogún has allowed me to appreciate and name as Afro-TEK, the traditional ecological knowledge hidden within the patakís; within our ancestors relationship to land as enslaved people, as free people, as sharecroppers, as land stewards; in our ancestors' fights for freedom as enslaved peoples; in our ancestral memories and connection to traditional plants and food as medicine; and, for some us, in our Black-Indigenous reclaiming of Caribbean and African Indigenous ecological knowledges maintained alive by generations seeking to sustain life on earth in spite of the legacy of death of colonization, the plantation, slavery, and racism.





Ogún is essential for the transmission of Afro-TEK. As a farmer, a warrior, a blacksmith, a father, a lover, and a surgeon, he embodies scientific knowledge, plant and food practices, historical memories, social norms, intergenerational healing, and medicine left embedded by our ancestors in the land and the stories they tell about it.

Welcome to this journey by a daughter of Yemayá reclaiming Ogún's role in her life. As you travel with me to the homes that have welcomed me across the Caribbean, may you also find a way to connect with Ogún's medicine and Afro-TEK wherever you find yourself.

Cuba

In Havana, Cuba, Iya [Abbebe Oshun](#) opened her ceremonial home and initiated me in this journey. After being initiated in regla de osha and regla conga by Abbebe Oshun, Ogún became not just home, but also kin.

Ogún is one of the warriors in Cuban osha tradition; one of the forces needed for all ceremony; and for humans to adapt to our landscapes, to harvest plants, to grow food, to forge tools to create machinery, art, tools, weapons. In regla conga he is Sarabanda, one of the most powerful forces of the forest opening the path for the hunter, enabling the hunter to find her prey.



Photo #2: Alai Reyes-Santos being received by her oyibona kan Iya Akalacho in Havana, Cuba. Dec. 2011.

Photo by: Ana-Maurine Lara

Receiving Ogún in this consecrated form before coronation immediately helped me begin to understand who he is. Once I saw his little machete, pala (shovel), and piqueta (hoe), I got a first glimpse at his medicine. His Afro-TEK is embedded in all the traditional food and medicinal practices kept alive in our communities. I came from a family of farmers and sharecroppers, from people who have eaten directly from the land since time immemorial. Ogún showed me immediately that he is just like them. He is always ready with his tools to help the earth produce food. He is always ready to help us do so as well.



Photo #3: Alai Reyes-Santos leading ocha ceremonies in Havana, Cuba. Dec. 2021. Photo by Polet Campos Melchor



In 2015, as I received pinardo-the consecration with Ogún that allows me to lead some of the most sacred osha ceremonies for others-, another layer of Ogún's medicine revealed itself to me. It became clear that nothing can happen without relying on Ogún to open the way with his machete, to give us access to the sacred ecological practices and plants needed for all ceremonies, to feed us and give us strength as we serve community.

In Havana, Ogún is the railroad. In 2021 as I lead a coronation, I see how my Cuban kin honor Ogún in their daily transit through the city. Every time she crosses a railroad track, my beautiful oyibona kan gracefully places la señal de la cruz (sign of the cross) in her forehead and chest saying "permiso Ogún," asking his permission to cross over. We go to the railroad to gather iron to strengthen our Ogún altars, to create the machetes, shovels, and hoes that remind us of his protection of any harvest, to ask for protection for Black lands surrounded by paths of iron, to remember that the roads we wish to travel can only open in alignment with Ogún, with a deep commitment to our sacred roles as we serve community, to open paths for ourselves and the health of all beings.

In Santiago de Cuba, Ogún leads me to the powerful conversation with iyalochas and paleras [Miladi and Amelia](#) that we profile in the Healers Project. I will never forget Miladi's excitement as she picked me up at the hotel in a motorcycle to join Amelia in one of the *cofradía* communities that have been sustaining Black communities in Santiago for over three centuries. Ogún, orisha of the roads and motor vehicles, opened the way for these women to offer me yet another home in my journey across the islands.



Photo #4: Santiago de Cuba. June 2017. Photo by Alai Reyes-Santos



Here I unexpectedly find Ogún living in Bueycabón, a beach named after Bois Cayman in Haiti. This place reminds us of the chains that tied all those enslaved peoples brought here by Haitian and French planters escaping the 1804 triumph of freedom in the neighboring island. It reminds us of all those Boricuas, Puerto Ricans, who came here in the nineteenth and early twentieth century as sugar plantation workers; many of them unable to return home ever again. It reminds us of how Congo, Fon, and Yoruba peoples have come to build together some of the richest Afro-Indigenous spiritual traditions of the Caribbean at this crossroad between the island of Cuba, Aytí and Jamaica, a crossroad many times traversed by our Maya, Taino, and Arawak ancestors too to trade, marry, and build alliances since time immemorial. It reminds us that the anti-slavery spirit of the Haitian Revolution that invoked Ogún's warrior wisdom and strength at its inception is alive here, in Cuba, as well today.



Photo #5: Santiago de Cuba. June 2017. Photo by Alai Reyes-Santos

Ogún here lives in the memory of two wars born out of these lands and waters while being blessed by the Black-Indian Sanctuary of la Virgen del Cobre: the War of Independence from Spain and the 1959 Cuban Revolution; two efforts that in their imperfection sought different kinds of justice. Each war fed by the tools that Ogún has provided people in African since time immemorial and many others in the past five hundred years: machetes and firearms. He, the ironsmith, is revered across the Black diaspora for all wars, insurrections, and revolutions require his expertise and tools for success.

In the Dominican Republic, he reconnects me with home in ways I was not expecting, that I never expect and always leave me with even more love for my Haitian and Dominican kin.



Aity, its Eastern Side: the Dominican Republic

Here I see Ogún living in the survival of beautiful, diversified, fruits and foods in stalls along rural roads all over the country; in all the indigenous foods surviving conquest and all the foods adopted from the Middle East, Africa, Asia and the Pacific Islands for the past five centuries; in fruit stands in la capital; in the large, traditional, farmer's markets where Ogún's traditional agricultural practices and foods persevere as fast food chains in cities, and genetically modified and pesticide ridden food imports increasingly impact eating habits, and rural communities are inducted into the kinds of work required by sweatshops and tourism. While Ogún also lives in the machinery that keeps free trade zones profitable, he keeps enabling the sense of freedom that only food sovereignty can afford among rural peoples. Afro-TEK remains strong in the island first settled by Europeans in the Americas.



Photo #6 Adopted foods such as honey, oranges, bananas, watermelon, lemons, and mangos in a food stall on the road from Samaná to Santiago. Oct. 2021. Photo by Alai Reyes-Santos.



Photo #7: Batata and maní, common indigenous foods alongside the highway from Santo Domingo to Bonao. Nov. 2021. Photo by Alai Reyes-Santos.

Photo #8: The ananá or piña shared by indigenous diets from the Amazon to the Caribbean sold on a country road from Samaná to Santiago. Oct. 2021. Photo by Alai Reyes-Santos



Photo #9: Aguacate sold on the country road from Samaná to Santiago. Oct. 2021. Photo by Alai Reyes-Santos.





Photo #10: Indigenous carambola on the country road from Samaná to Santiago. Oct. 2021. Photo by Alai Reyes-Santos.



Photo #11: Delicious pan de melaza at the Southern Haitian-Dominican border. Oct. 2021. Photo by Alai Reyes-Santos.



Photo #12: Baked batata in Bonao. Oct. 2021. Photo by Alai Reyes-Santos.

Ogún is all the traditional foods made all the way from the western border towns to the eastern province of La Romana.



In the province of San Cristóbal, Ogún Balenjo wins my heart. Yo soy Ogún Balenjo y vengo de los Olivos, a darle la mano al enfermo y a levantar los caídos. Ogún here is a version of the Catholic San Santiago reaching down from his horse to care for those who have fallen. Every time his song reaches my ears, my body sways at the cadence of the palos, palos that awaken a Fon Antillean memory in my body, a memory that tells me that Balenjo will take all my pains away if I just believe, dance, until it all fades. The drums of El Gran Poder de Dios in San Cristóbal led and cared for by [Don Luis y Doña Adela](#) heal me every time as they sing this song from one velación to the next.

Ogún, the revolutionary is visible in the landscape here. He is the one invoked in 1804 to initiate the Haitian Revolution in Bois Cayman; the one behind so many military campaigns starting in this island and spreading across the Caribbean and the Americas to secure the freedom of Black peoples. I see Ogún while tracing anti-slavery Black leaders Gregorio Luperon's, Ramón Emeterio Betances, and Máximo Gomez's lives and antillanista organizing in Puerto Plata and Monte Cristi.

Photo #13a and #13b: Pasteles de yuca in La Romana. Oct. 2021. Photo by Alai Reyes-Santos.



Photo #14: Gregorio Luperón's image in Puerto Plata's museum dedicated to his house, life, and work. Dec. 2021. Photo by Alai Reyes-Santos.



Photo #15: On the road between Punta Rucia and Montecristi, following the steps of those antillanistas oftentimes hiding their anti-slavery activities from the Spanish in the Northern Coast of Ayti. Dec. 2021. Photo by Alai Reyes-Santos.

As Ana and I drive through the Eastern Coast, from Higüey to Juan Dolio, we see Ogún in an image of San Miguel in La Romana. He is also Miguel with his sword, promising to care for us all with justice and all the love of Creator.



Photo #16: San Miguel in a botánica in La Romana. Oct. 2021.
Photo by Alai Reyes-Santos

Ogún's machete is at the center of the gagá and its ritualistic battles across communities in the cañaverales, the plantations in San Pedro de Macorís. Ogún brings together Dominicans, Dominicans of Haitian descent, Haitians, and the descendants of Jamaican and Boricua sugar cane workers, to welcome the Spring, the energies, plants, and foods being reborn, emerging from the earth. I join the festivities with Ana and our Cuban ceremonial sibling José Manuel feeling the rhythms fill our bodies, as we dance together, invited to join all day and night and the next day as the gagá moves to its next destination.

Ogún leaves me feeling completely at home in la Plaza de los Congos de Villa Mella. I dance to palos at a local misterio servidor's birthday as if I was born listening to these rhythms. I feel my Congo ancestors dancing with me. I am fortunate to joyfully share in the ancestral memory of this place where people have remembered who they are for more than 500 years.



Photo #17: Alai Reyes-Santos at la Plaza de los Congos. Nov. 2021. Photo by Ana-Maurine Lara

The Dominican Republic gives me Ogún in all these forms that bridge island borders and national borders to bring us together in an authentic antillanista kinship built on the traditional foods, medicines, and ecological practices we share, the drums and ceremonies that resonate across our differences, and the ancestral freedom seeking spirit that keeps our warrior selves awakened, ready to assert the value of our lives and our peoples at any given moment. Ogún's medicine for us, his Afro-TEK, is alive and strong after more than five centuries of attempted conquest.



Photo #18: Altar to San Miguel. Villa Mella. Nov. 2021. Photo by Alai Reyes-Santos

Borinquen, aka Puerto Rico

I come from a Boricua lineage of Indigenous, Black, and European peoples who have lived in the mountains and waters of what we know today as Cidra, Cayey, Caguas, Comerío, Aguas Buenas, and Bayamón for centuries. Some of those ancestors have lived there since time immemorial, and many have sustained life there across multiple generations whether as enslaved peoples or as their descendants, or as the descendants of settlers who intermarried and built complex and, oftentimes painful, kinship with those who they were originally meant to subjugate. Across that lineage, Ogún has been essential to make my ancestors' and my life possible. Some may have denied him, some may have been unaware of his African origins and medicine, but he has always been there.



Photo #19: Ana and Alai visiting the former's maternal ancestral home in Barrio Ceiba, Cidra, Borinquen. August 2022. Photo by Prixda Santos Agosto.

All those ancestors relied on their constant toiling of the land to eat for their survival. For me, as their descendant embracing the Blackness in our lineage openly and proudly, they are manifestations of Ogún's medicine on earth, his Afro-TEK.

The same goes for their living descendants who continue to work with the land, nourish it and be nourished by it to this day; who keep traditional medicinal and food practices alive.

Ogún lives in them, both the dead and the living.

Ogún lives in all the foods that have sustained them for generations combining food, medicinal, and ecological practices from the Caribbean, Africa, Asia, and Europe.



Photo #20: Barrio Ceiba, Cidra, Borinquen. August 2022.



Photo #21: The medicinal malagueta harvested by Alai's uncle, Héctor Luis.



Photo #22: Indigenous and African foods at a supermarket near Isla Verde: calabaza, malanga, yuca, batata, chayote, ñame, and gengibre. August 2022. Photo by Alai Reyes-Santos.



Photo #23: Medicinal maguey. Centro Ceremonial de Utuado. August 2022. Photo by Alai Reyes-Santos.



Photo #24: The sacred ceiba that sustains water springs. Centro Ceremonial de Utuado. August 2022. Photo by Alai Reyes-Santos



Photo #25: Salad by my aunt, titi Chiquita. Red peppers, tomatoes, green olives, and mixed greens. August 2022. Photo by Alai Reyes-Santos

Photo #26: Gallina raised by my tía Chiquita, slaughtered by tío Héctor Luis, and then prepared guisada (stewed) with potatoes, tomato sauce, and seasonings. August 2022. Photo by Alai Reyes-Santos



Photo #27: Titi Chiquita cooking tostones (fried green plantains) and arroz con gandules mamposteado covered with plantain leaves. August 2022. Photo by Alai Reyes-Santos.





Photo #28: A delicious traditional dessert, majarete, by titi Chiquita prepared using my grandmother's Elvira recipe. Recipe includes coconut and maicena (rice meal), cinnamon powder and cloves as seasoning, and cinnamon sticks and green yerbabuena (mint) as garnish.

Ogún is Angelina, my great-grandmother. Ogún is Elvira, her daughter and my grandmother. Ogún is Vitor, her husband and my grandfather.

Ogún is Genoveva, my paternal, great grandmother. Ogún is Natividad, her daughter and my grandmother. Ogún is Monge, her husband and my grandfather.

Ogún is my mom. Ogún is my dad.



Photo #29: Alai Reyes-Santos with her parents as Alai received a College Board award. May 1996. Photo: Unknown.

Angelina's family has lived in the same mountains and cared for the same waters since time immemorial. Her descendants continue to honor their connection to all those places even when so many memories are erased by time, the industrialization of what used to be a traditional agricultural economy by the U.S. after the 1898 invasion, and immigration. She taught her grandchildren to enjoy the flowers blooming around them walking up and down the mountains between her home and her daughter's Elvira.



Photo #30: Great-grandmother Mamita Angelina with some of her children. Unknown time and location. Photo by: Unknown



Photo #31: Indigenous flor de maya, my mom's favorite, growing by the side of the quebrada where she used to play as a child and wash clothes by hand. Barrio Ceiba, Cidra, Borinquen. Nov. 2021. Photo by Alai Reyes Santos



Photo #32: Quebrada (creek) that has been cared by and cared for family for generations in Barrio Ceiba, Cidra, Borinquen. Nov. 2021. Photo by Alai Reyes Santos



Photo #33: Quebrada in maternal family's land in Barrio Ceiba, Cidra, Borinquen. Nov. 2021. Photo by Alai Reyes Santos

Elvira, her daughter, was a tradition keeper known for her role praying for the dead in our community; prayers she made sure to have all of her grandchildren learn at one point or another, whether they wanted to or not. People called her Milagros, a miracle that as a baby survived a hurricane in a ditch full of mud, and almost drowning in her family's well later as a young child. She lived among plants and cattle her whole life. She taught her children how to care for the water spring that still runs behind her house and how to pray with water and rosary at hand to la Virgen del Carmen.



Photo #34: Abuela Elvira. Unknown time and location. Photo by: Unknown.



Photo #35: Collage made by titi Chiquita. Abuela Elvira, to the right, and titi Chiquita, to the left, with cut-offs of some of her children and grandchildren, including a photo of Alaí at nine years old to the left of her head. August 2022. Photo by Alaí Reyes-Santos.



Photo #36: La Virgen del Carmen in the main church in downtown Cidra, Borinquen. Nov. 2021. Photo by Alai Reyes-Santos.

Vitor, my maternal grandfather, was Ogún. He knew how much a bull weight just by looking at it. He grew tobacco, sugar cane, fruits and viandas (roots) with his family.



Photo #37: Abuelo Vitor, to the far right, and Abuela Elvira, to the far left, at my aunt's wedding. Circa 1984. Cidra, Puerto Rico. Photo: Unknown.



Photo #38: Genoveva, my paternal great grandmother.
Unknown date and location. Photo credit: Unknown.

Ogún is Mamá Nydia. My aunt, their oldest daughter. A fierce woman who worked in a cigar factory in the daytime and went to high school at night. A fierce woman who still remembers announcing to people that the cane field by her parents's house had caught fire. The oldest of twelve, against all odds, she got a bachelor's and a master's degree while helping to support her family in the countryside and housing many of her siblings and their children to help them get a good start. She taught me to read and write. She taught me about the medicine of wild ginger, and about the joyful pride of being boricuas and campesinas. She taught me to fight for the unimaginable. She taught me about service in the way she taught children ignored by the school system at school and in her home. And she taught me that conversation around a cup of coffee can heal many wounds.

Genoveva, my paternal great-grandmother, is Ogún. She was a midwife to Elvira, worked as a sharecropper, and cleaned and cooked for others.

Natividad, Genoveva's daughter, is Ogún, a warrior. She raised a family of thirteen on land she never owned. Her garden was Eden: her guava tree was the most magnificent; her orchids were the most sacred. She cooked for people her whole life and knew how to make the most traditional country dishes by heart. She knew how to turn Ogún's products into meals filled with joy that we try to replicate to this day.



Photo #39: Natividad, my paternal grandmother, and Monje, my grandfather. Circa 1980s. Barrio Montellano, Cidra, Puerto Rico. Photo credit: Unknown

Monge, her husband, toiled the earth and filled it with plantain and ñames; he would make pitorro, our home-made rum, distilled with bamboo and aged buried in a coconut shell under the ground, flavored with tamarind, guava.



Photo #40: Natividad, my paternal grandmother, and Monje, my grandfather at their fiftieth wedding anniversary. Circa 1980s. Cidra, Puerto Rico. Photo credit: Unknown



Photo #41: Abuelo Monje working behind his house. Circa 1960s. Barrio Montellano, Cidra, Puerto Rico. Photo credit: Unknown.

Mami y papi. Always growing food, pumpkins and orégano in the front garden alongside the roses; plantains, oranges, lemons in the back yard once they moved from the barrios into town, still a rural town. Papi, has always been known for the best roasted pig, sancocho, mondongo: the culinary descendants of plantation foods passed down for generations. Mami, a nurse, who healed our stomachache and diarrhea with túa túa leaves and helped us sleep with roasted sesame seed tea with milk.



Photo #42: My mother in front of the roses she loved and the garden where food, flower, and medicines grew side by side. Circa 1990s. Cidra, Puerto Rico. Photo credit: Unknown.




Photo #43: My dad cooking whole roasted pig that would fill the house with family, friends, and neighbors. Circa 2000s. Cidra, Puerto Rico. Photo: Alai Reyes-Santos.



Photo #44: Whole pig roasted by my dad in our backyard in the traditional way. Circa 2000s. Cidra, Puerto Rico. Photo: Alai Reyes-Santos.



Photo #45: Sancocho purchased at bakery, not near as good as my dad's who cooks it in the traditional fogón, our outdoor fire. 2021. Rincón, Puerto Rico. Photo: Alai Reyes-Santos



Ogún is the machete they all carried and continue to carry. Ogún is Afro-TEK. Ogún is land, is the fruits of the land, is also how we survive through labor and self-protection. Ogún is home. Ogún is how Indigenous and Black peoples learned how to relate to older and newer plants, foods, medicines, survival, and each other in our Caribbean islands.

Ogún has always been with me. My ancestors have always been with me. Their knowledge lives in me, in the teachings those living keep passing down to our generation.

I remember going to college. A machete lived always in my kitchen. And, in nights spent alone, it lived under my bed. That machete followed me to Mayagüez, San Diego and Oregon. Anywhere I have called home, a machete is always there. A tool to grow food. A tool to clean up weeds and plant beans. A weapon for self-defense. Mami bought it for me. After some begging on my end, pa tried to teach me once how to use it to cut down plantain trees. That lesson was short and unsuccessful. And yet I have always had the machete with me. Always reminding me of home. Always making me feel ready to face a Caribbean sunrise, a day of weeding or clearing land with machete in hand, even thousands of miles away in the Pacific Northwest.

Ogún. When I think about Ogún, who is Ogún for me?

As you see here, Ana and readers, there are faces; there are memories; there are places.

Ogún is the modern history of the Antilles.

Ogún is the iron tools of agriculture.

Ogún is the iron tools of the blacksmith whose craft was coveted and exploited by the traders selling humans across the Atlantic to this other world.

Ogún's machete was there clearing land that dispossessed our Arawak, Taino, and Maya ancestors from their ancestral territories.

Ogún's machete has cut sugar cane for 500 years; machetes that shed the blood of our ancestors cut after cut in the sugar fields; machetes guaranteeing those unwanted offerings every day; cuts that have left our lands, our sugar and rums, imprinted with our black DNA, those ancestral histories that shape who we are as Antilleans today.

Ogún is the iron cauldron where sugar cane becomes molasses.


Ogún is the railroad tracks that have carried cane, sugar, molasses for more five centuries; and continue their march to this day in sugar islands.

Ogún is the dead railroad tracks amid bustling Caribbean cities; visible scars that reminds of the ways the plantation shapes us as Antilleans; destinations often feeding tourist nostalgia for those bygone days.

Ogún is the factory, the sweatshop; in the machines used by Coca Cola, Pepsi, all the pharmaceuticals and maquilas leaking toxins into our waters.

Ogún's machetes and bullets killed so many of our kin and continue to do so.





More than anything, Ogún is the fuerza, the internal power that has sustain our survival and our quests for freedom; how we hold on to life as death has tried to engulf us for centuries.

Ogún is literally the iron in our blood; giving us the strength to create, build, move, farm, work; maintaining the memories of freedom seekers alive in our DNA.

Ogún is the iron tools of the blacksmith whose craft has been coveted back in the continent for centuries, whose craft is essential for agriculture, food, and war everywhere.

Ogún is the calls to war for the sake of freedom: el levantamiento de 1527, la rebelión de Boca de Nigua de 1796, la Revolution Haitienne de 1791 a 1804, la Rebelión de Aponte del 1812, . . .

Ogún's machete served enslaved Africans killing and burning their way into freedom.

Ogún's machete served enslaved Africans running into manieles and palenques enabling them to build communities and kinship with the Taino, the Arawak, and many others, while growing food with them in the forests of our islands.

Ogún has been at the core of our antillanidad, reminding us of how our lives have been placed at the edge of colonial death; and giving us the strength to keep creating, sowing, harvesting, nourishing life against so many odds.

None of these words can fully explain who Ogún is for me. In a way, this may be a futile exercise. But I do know that he has always been close to me as life has led me to be in community across the islands.

And I know that Ogún is Afro-TEK, everywhere reminding me of our science, our history, our ways of being with one another, our quests for freedom, our healing, our plants, our food, our medicine for generations to come as we claim our inheritance as Antilleans, an inheritance embedded in the dna of the soil that continues to hold and sustain our lives now and into the future.

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Photo by [Adam Thomas](#) on [Unsplash](#)



Photo #46: Ana's delicacy created with plants from the creek stewarded by my maternal family: eggs with verdolaga and boiled yellow plantains. San Juan, Puerto Rico. August 2022. Photo: Alai Reyes-Santos.