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## Turning Soil

Katrina Uribe  
*Humboldt State University*

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# Turning Soil

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## Katrina Uribe

I set out on Spring break to see my family. I longed to see my father and to work in the garden. We dug up the earth that tightly held last year's fallen harvest and remnants like memories of an old soul. It was going to be a long day of work but a happy journey in which I would be able to bond with my father. My father, a man brown as milky coffee, grows with his tired hands and dirty nails. The morning was warm but the air was chilled. The drops of sweat on our foreheads glistened like morning dew. My father plowed and plowed with the oak wood mattock as strong as his backbone. My father, a strong, eager man, was ready to break through the old and make place for the new. My head pounded in the heat like the neighbor boy's drum boy hitting away at his drums. BOOM! BOOM!

I was hot and fatigued. My clothes got dirty and messy as happens when one embarks on an unpaved journey. I collapsed and watched my father, and for the first time ever saw him aged like an oak tree leaning from its tired years. I looked at myself. I am a young sprout full of life. My movements sway in the wind like a field of dandelions. My breath, untrained like that of a child, whizzing and short of air. But you, you are older and wiser with tree rings like well-preserved memories. You are the rock that gives me weight when the wind picks up my seeds. You replenish me each time I come home. You plow through my pain and tired eyes to give me space to grow again. You are the farmer who does not stop working in the fields of life for his family, and I am your seeds.

## Reflection

The freewrite that I chose to submit for publishing is titled “Turning Soil.” This piece is about my father. It reflects the way I see him and our relationship. This piece encompasses our relationship really well. My mother passed away when I was four, and my father has worked really hard in his life to provide for my three sisters and I. He is an important figure in my life, and it still amazes me how he keeps his heart intact despite all the pain he has endured. He is an inspiration and a constant reminder to never lose trust and always help others. I hope you enjoy this piece.