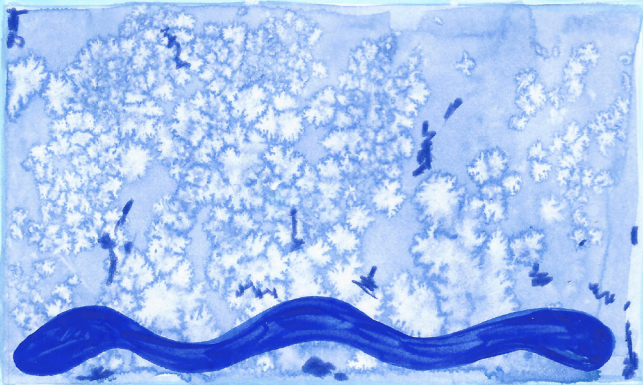




# THRESHOLD



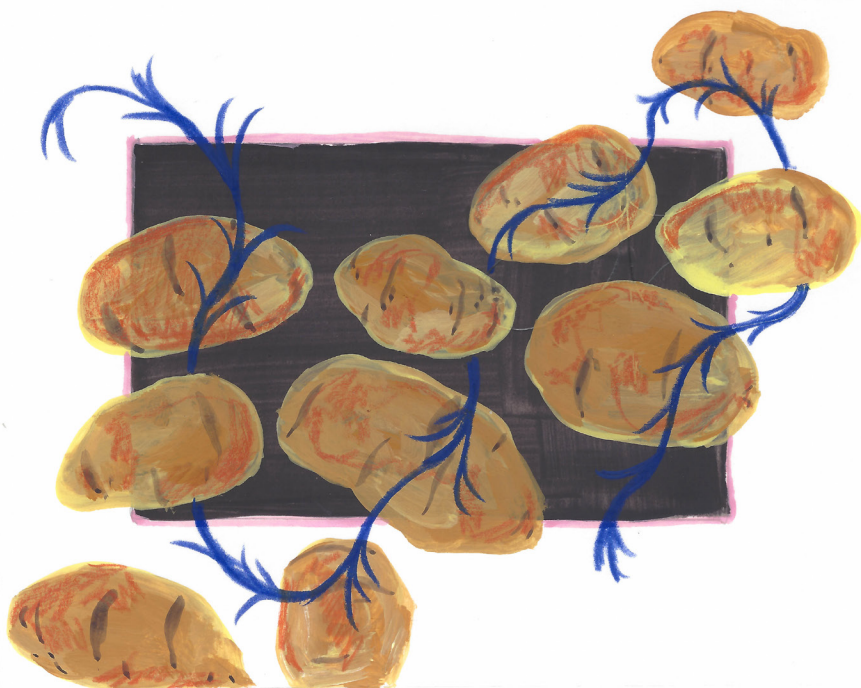
BY *Jessi Hamilton*

At the onset of Spring  
I planted potatoes.





Some days it's  
sunny + warm,  
other days it  
feels like it's  
winter again.



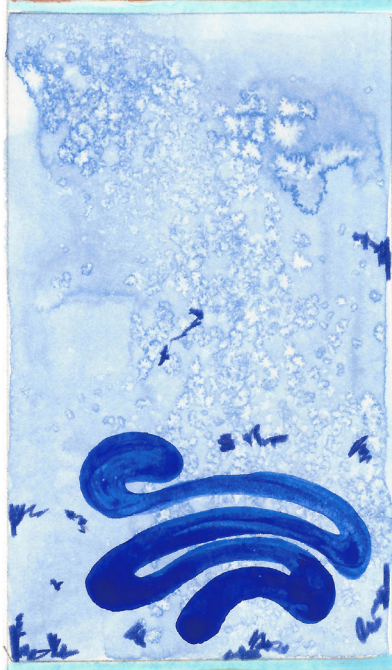
Still too cold



to sew seeds directly,



I wondered about the dual nature of Spring.



Change seems  
imminent

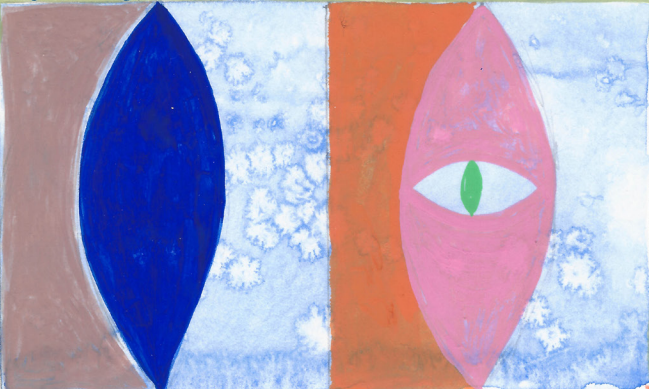
and

unattainable





*at the same time.*



In some



ways,



growth is



obvious.





for others  
ways it just



redwines a little

REFLECTION