

[Regeneration] East

There is a video of a German in Bulgaria asking people at the park why there are so many weeds in public parks, why is everything so untrimmed.

And the people, all different, say again and again, "it's just nature, it's all beautiful".

The vlogger, coming from a wealthy country where nature is a display to be carefully carved and selected, expresses his excitement at their responses.

There is incessant chatter from inside and outside the Eastern bloc, saying it lags behind.

The [ratio] of debit to credit or cars to people or stray cats to humans is all wrong. We are told to learn from more developed countries, it is not yet clear if we have something to teach in return.

Plum plum cherry cherry fig

I go outside the old soviet apartment building in the morning and choose between five different fruit trees for my breakfast.

And I [ration] them so others can pick too. We are in the city but the older [generation]s still pick and can these fruit to distribute to the youth, who put these jars in a cupboard untouched until they start losing color.

After all, half of total food waste in the EU is from households themselves, and not from higher up in the food chain.

Going back inside, the fruit I can't eat is smashed in a plate where they bleed brilliant hues, I press a stamp in the juice, and make print after print of stars.

Plum plum cherry cherry fig

Some of us haven't interacted with the dandelion, the fruit tree, in so long that we have forgotten their importance.

The plum tree in front of my home will one day bear no more fruit. In this city that is taught to admire the cold beauty of a bush in an English garden cut into the shape of a rabbit, will we recognize the need to plant a new generation of messy trees?

Let the weeds grow for a while and you will grow attached to the bugs and birds they attract. Eat the fruit from the neighborhood tree and inside you may start to [generate] a desire for a world where on every street there is something tasty hanging or lying in wait for you .

On my way to the metro, not everyone is walking with their eyes to the pavement. A woman has stopped to take a picture of a cherry tomato plant that has grown to maturity in a crack in the sidewalk, no one had weeded it. My gaze is directed upwards, scanning the branches. There they are.

Plum plum cherry cherry fig