

Landing with the Land Differently – An Invitation

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Preamble

There is a game at play.

A game that looks like care, sounds like reckoning,
and moves like change—but is none of that really.

Modernity plays this game masterfully.

It turns grief into branding.

Justice into metrics.

Land acknowledgments into rituals of plausible deniability.

Modernity whispers:

"Say the words, get the points, move on."

"Perform care loudly enough, and no one will ask what you've actually shifted."

But here, today, we are invited to try something different.

Before this moment becomes another transaction—
we name the shenanigans.

Not to shame. Not to posture. Not to police.

But to interrupt the spell.

To loosen the grip of modernity's smooth maneuvers.

To create a space where we might actually land.

Not on the surface. Not in performance.

Not in strategy. Not in design thinking.

Not in deliverables.
But in the awkward sacred mess
Of being “in relation.”

The Naming, The Greeting, The Invitation

Look at your hands.
Not just as hands, but as land in motion.
The minerals in your bones, the iron in your blood,
the water moving through you—none of it yours,
all of it borrowed, all of it belonging elsewhere before you.

Look at your feet.
Feel their weight on the ground.
This ground that has carried more than you will ever know.

Feet that walked before colonialisms set in.
Feet that arrived in shackles.
Feet that ran when there was nowhere safe to run.
Feet that stood their ground,
feet that never made it home.

This land remembers.
Even when we forget.
Even when we rename.
Even when we pave over the knowing.

And yet—
The land still moves inside us.
It shifts, breathes, pulses—
holding all that has been, all that will be.

Before We Begin

Before we fall into the rhythm of polished acknowledgment,
before we let modernity metabolize this moment into currency—
Let's name the ways we slip away from the work.

Through urgency.
Through exhaustion.
Through over-intellectualizing.
Through tearing each other down.
Through seeking a purity that does not exist.

Through seeking a purity that does not exist.

Let's name the way certainty can become another kind of erasure.
The way self-importance can become another kind of forgetting.
The way even the best intentions get caught in the gravitational pull of:
"Look at me being a good person!"

And still—
Let's name the invitation.

To be here **not** to posture, prove, convince, or impose.
To be here **not** to escape into guilt, moral performance, or strategic
positioning.
But to be here **to compost**.

To break down what is stagnant.
To move what is stuck.
To get our hands in the dirt—
not as saviors, not as martyrs, not as heroes
but as part of a metabolism much older than we are.

Because the land is not just under us.
It is in us.
In the power we fear and desire,

in the systems we resist and depend on.
And the land does not need our permission to speak.

It speaks in soil and stone.
It speaks in wind and water.
It speaks in static and signal,
in the interference that jolts us awake.

So today, we are trying.

To listen.

To feel.

To witness and move the pain that got stuck unprocessed.

Without drowning in sadness.

Without burning in anger.

Without escaping into moralism.

Without turning away.

To stay, with more moving layers of complexity.

To let the body guide what the mind resists.

To trust that even in the discomfort, even in the unraveling,
something is waiting to decompose.

And something is waiting to sprout and bloom.

And so—

Not because we are ready.

Not because we have the answers.

Not because we have purified ourselves of the shenanigans.

But because the body is already yearning to move differently.

To land differently.

You can join this collective inquiry-dance.

Or just observe, sit with it.

Or laugh, because laughing is metabolizing too.

Either way, we are here.

And the land—
is a yapper.

It is singing, laughing, crying, shitting, farting, screaming,
and, if you have not noticed yet, kicking our ass.

So now—
pause.
Not to consume these words.
Not to agree or disagree.
But to sit with what this invitation might cost you.
Not in theory.
In embodiment and in relationship.

What if interrupting the shenanigans
means letting go of the identity and status
that has kept you feeling useful, needed, central?

What if it means realizing
that your perceived entitlements to clarity, certainty, and moral high
ground
were never innocent?

What if the version of you
that always needs to know, fix, guide, or protect
is quietly reenacting
the very harm you think you've outgrown?

What if "being a good person"
has become the very shield
that keeps you from being in relation?

What if this invitation isn't asking for more performance—
but less performance?

Less saviorhood.

Less mastery.

Less being the central authority.

And instead:

More pause.

More listening without agenda.

More trembling in the face of not knowing.

More courage to be decentred—

not as punishment,

but as a gesture of trust in the wider web

you claim to care about.

This isn't about guilt.

Not about shame.

Not about blame.

It's not about being right.

It's about staying—

with the trouble,

the nausea,

the friction,

the dissonance—

long enough to let it change you.

long enough to feel what your certainty is protecting you from.

long enough to hear what you've been drowning out.

long enough for the pedestal beneath your feet

to crumble into soil— and for you to finally feel the ground.

In response, how will we use this sacred time together?