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As an immigrant, feeling displaced goes hand in hand with longing for home. Similar climates and languages are empty placeholders for familial ties and a home left behind. Like deep digging roots, gripping heavily to their nurturing soil below, there is an intimate drive to hold on to that which is precious. Without a steady and nourishing connection, identity will wither. This longing pushes me to look to the natural world; nature does not doubt its roots, nor its mother land. It knows exactly where it came from. In this same way, the natural world encompasses, collides, and converges with the human experience.