autumn zine 2026

Return:
An Autumnal Equinox Photovoice Practice



libby smith

everything begins & ends with the breath

Sparks of life from a 21-day practice to meet and move through the threshold of the Autumn Equinox.

September 13 - October 4, 2026

An online container for self-exploration and connection.

Photovoice invited us into noticing the world around us.

Centering invited us into our commitments for the season ahead.

Twelve people who wanted to find softness and nourishment in a season of letting go.

PM Circle	**AM Circle**	**Text Circle**
Paula G	Dee O	Ann W
Laura O	Lauren G	Sarah S
Lisa H	Terri A	Maddie M
	Anna L	
	Barbie L	

Libby Smith - Circle Keeper & Practice Guide


LH

Photovoice is a practice of giving our thoughts and feelings a voice through a visual medium.
Photovoice invites us into noticing the world around us.

Photovoice allows us to go a layer deeper, an embodied noticing of our inner world. Photovoice reconnects us to our environment and the natural cycles of our days.

Together we documented and reflected on our lived experience, carrying key questions along our way.

Sometimes the photos are accompanied by words that were shared in the moment, other times we let the photo say it all...





I feel as thought I am on the brink of
another shift in life

What do you want to embody in the season ahead?




LG



Being a Person

by William Stafford

Be a person here. Stand by the river, invoke
the owls. Invoke winter, then spring.
Let any season that wants to come here make its own
call. After that sound goes away, wait.

A slow bubble rises through the earth
and begins to include sky, stars, all space,
even the outracing, expanding thought.
Come back and hear the little sound again.

Suddenly this dream you are having matches
everyone's dream, and the result is the world.
If a different call came there wouldn't be any
world, or you, or the river, or the owls calling.

How you stand here is important. How you
listen for the next things to happen. How you breathe.


I have been spending a lot of time recently inventorying all the plants in my landscape
LO


Maybe a season of life versus environmental season?
SS


DO


Appreciating the small
LG


AW


LG


TA





Casting a long shadow is how I want to enter October


AL

The Rooms of August

by James Crews

A draft has crept into the once-warm
rooms of August, welcome in a way,
though we say too soon, too soon, watching
still-green leaves twirl to the ground
as perennials shrivel and brown, a chipmunk
climbing the stems of orange cosmos
to feed on the starburst of each seed-head,
driven by a winter-need that seemed
so far away just last week, but which we
now feel, too-that same desire to store
inside ourselves all that will be lost
before summer goes-cut-off shorts,
sweet corn, tomatoes that release
their sugars only when sliced open
and dusted with a snowfall of salt.



Which fruits of the summer are still to be harvested?




Gratitude and awe of the food that grows
on water — Menoomin — wild rice

AL


a monarch butterfly in the making
PG


BL


Look who hatched!!
PG


simply amazing in a short period
PG

And Now It's September

By Barbara Crooker

and the garden diminishes: cucumber leaves rumpled
and rusty, zucchini felled by borers, tomatoes sparse
on the vines. But out in the perennial beds, there's one last
blast of color: ignitions of goldenrod, flamboyant
asters, spiraling mums, all those flashy spikes waving
in the wind, conducting summer's final notes.
The ornamental grasses have gone to seed, haloed
in the last light. Nights grow chilly, but the days
are still warm; I wear the sun like a shawl on my neck
and arms. Hundreds of blackbirds ribbon in, settle
in the trees, so many black leaves, then, just as suddenly,
they're gone. This is autumn's great Departure Gate,
and everyone, boarding passes in hand, waits
patiently in a long, long line.



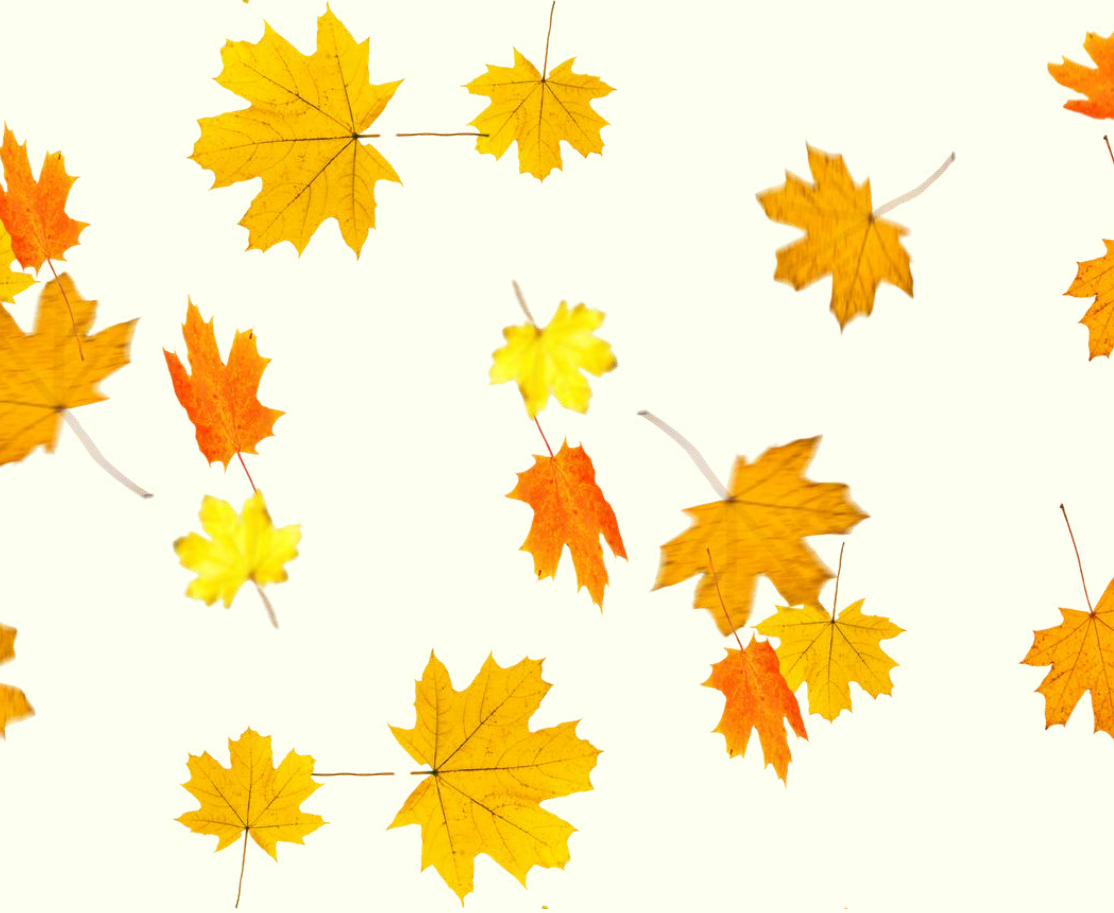

LG


AW


unexpected order
lib


In the meadow, everything wanted to be savored, and I and the butterflies and bees drank it all up
LO


AL



Where can you practice radical gratitude in this season of letting go?


LG


Things I know now:
beloved community is
everywhere
LO

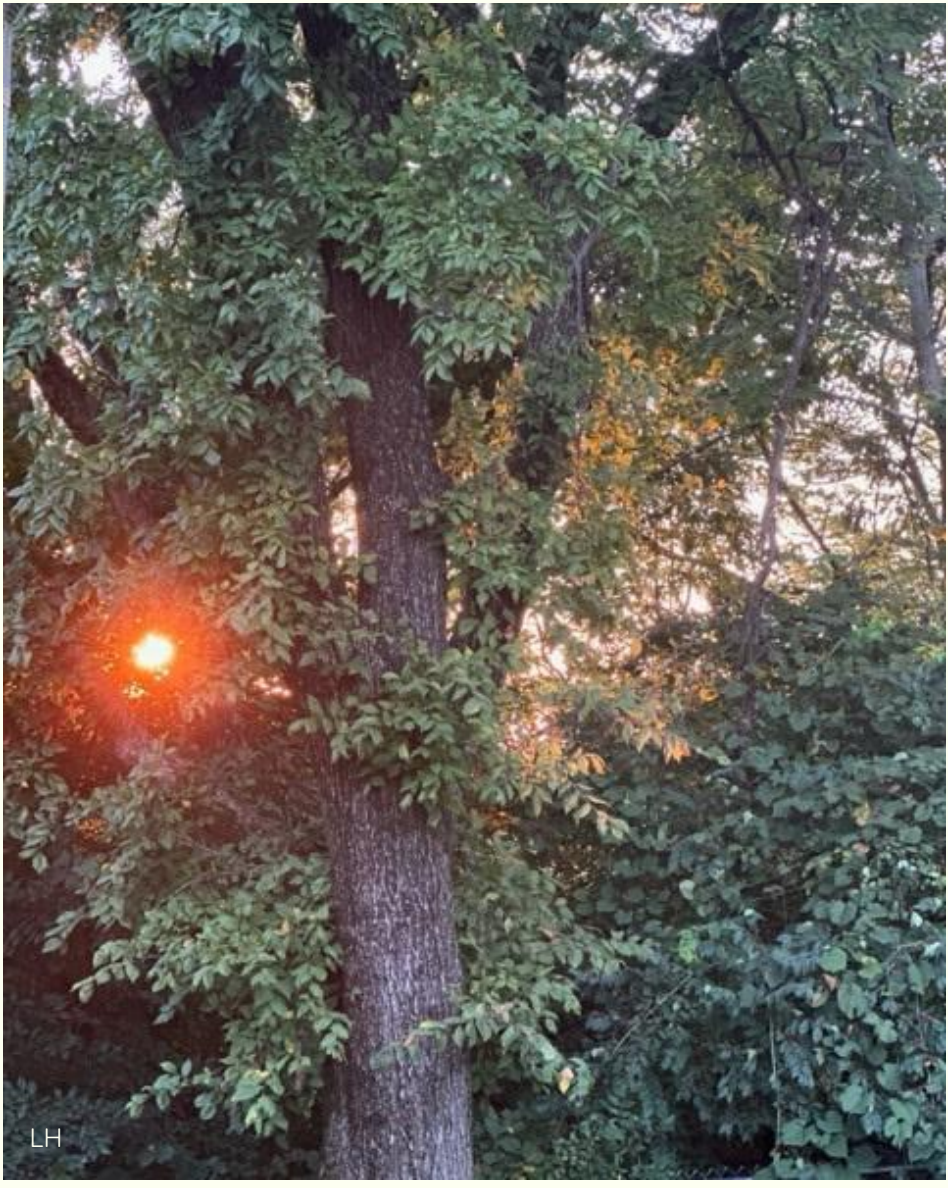

DO


SS

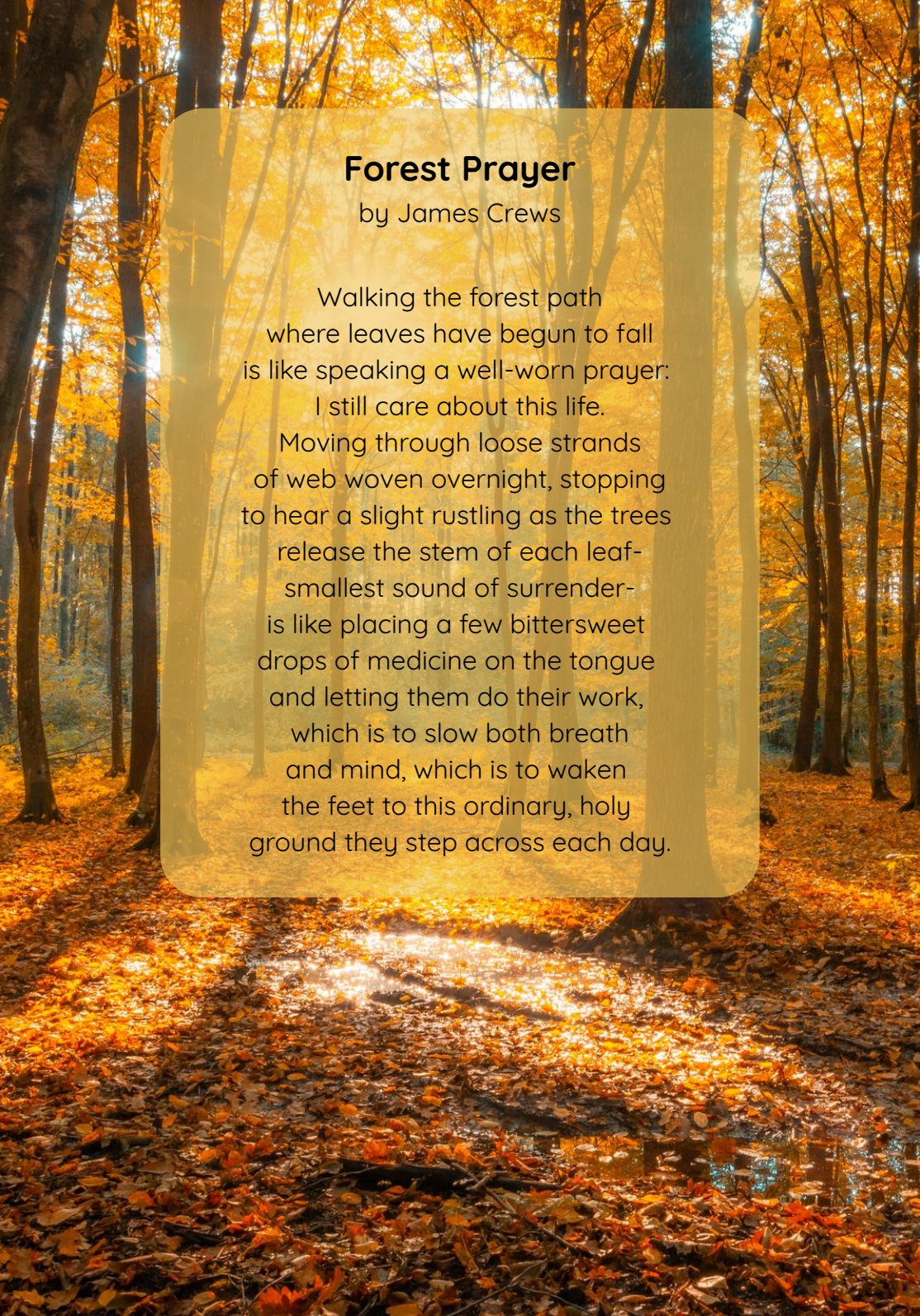




I drew this image after my first
ever breathwork experience



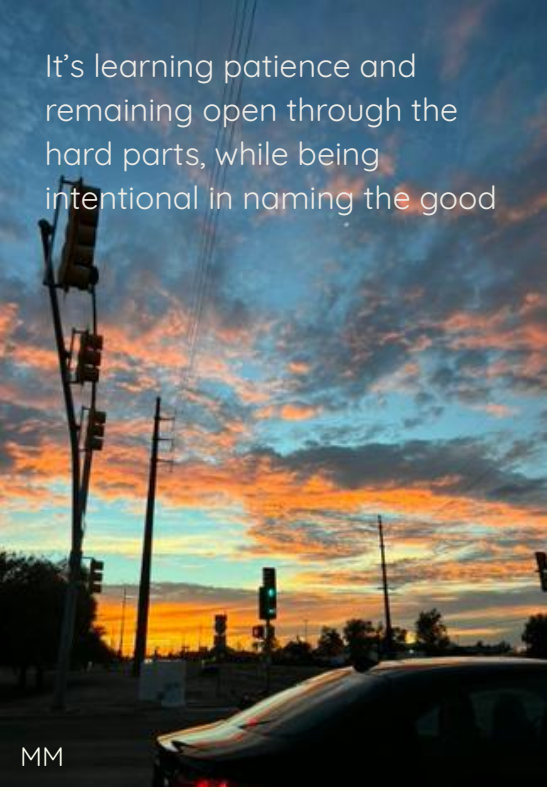
Appreciating the nudge to look for the light this morning...

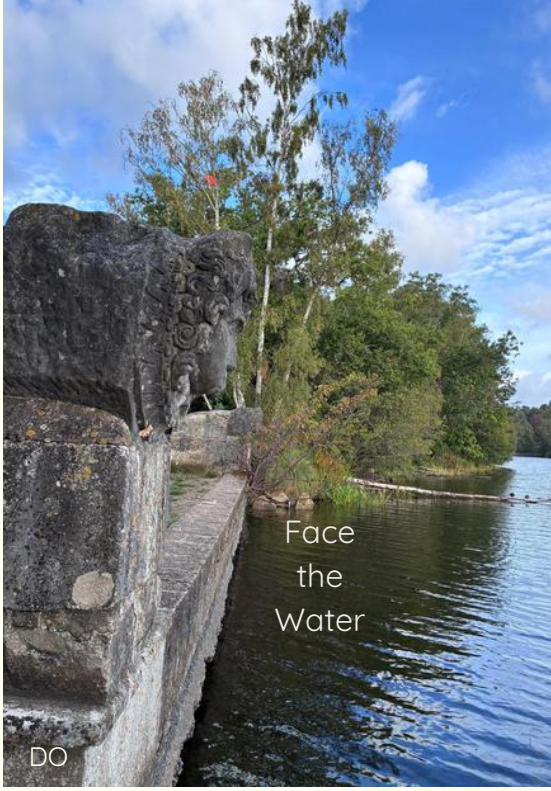


Forest Prayer

by James Crews

Walking the forest path
where leaves have begun to fall
is like speaking a well-worn prayer:
I still care about this life.
Moving through loose strands
of web woven overnight, stopping
to hear a slight rustling as the trees
release the stem of each leaf-
smallest sound of surrender-
is like placing a few bittersweet
drops of medicine on the tongue
and letting them do their work,
which is to slow both breath
and mind, which is to waken
the feet to this ordinary, holy
ground they step across each day.


It's learning patience and remaining open through the hard parts, while being intentional in naming the good
MM


Face the Water
DO


NO PARKING ANY TIME
I feel like I'm expanding in all directions
AL


LG





Feeling for width. Something something about community and how alignment doesn't always mean you can see each other.

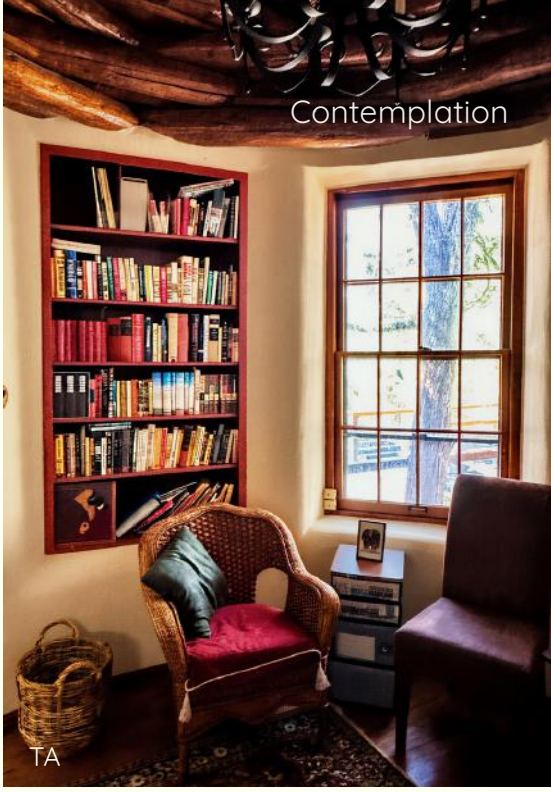


LH

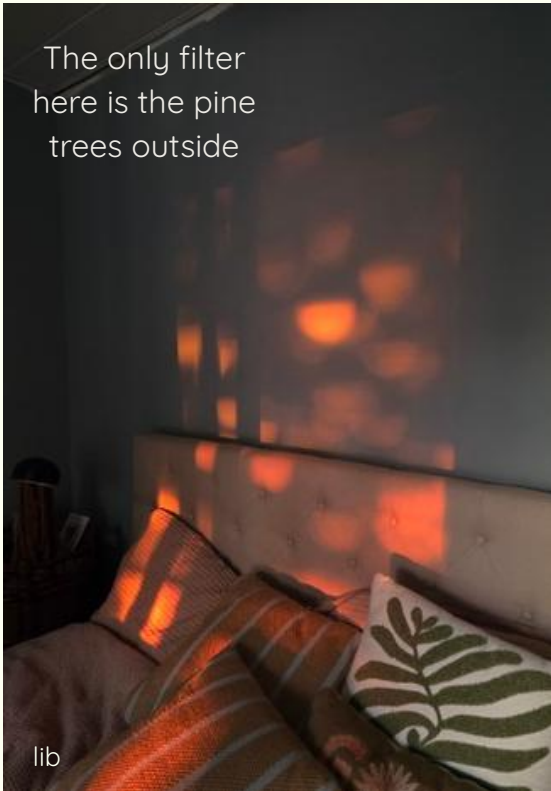


Lately I've been rushing through life...


BL


Contemplation
TA

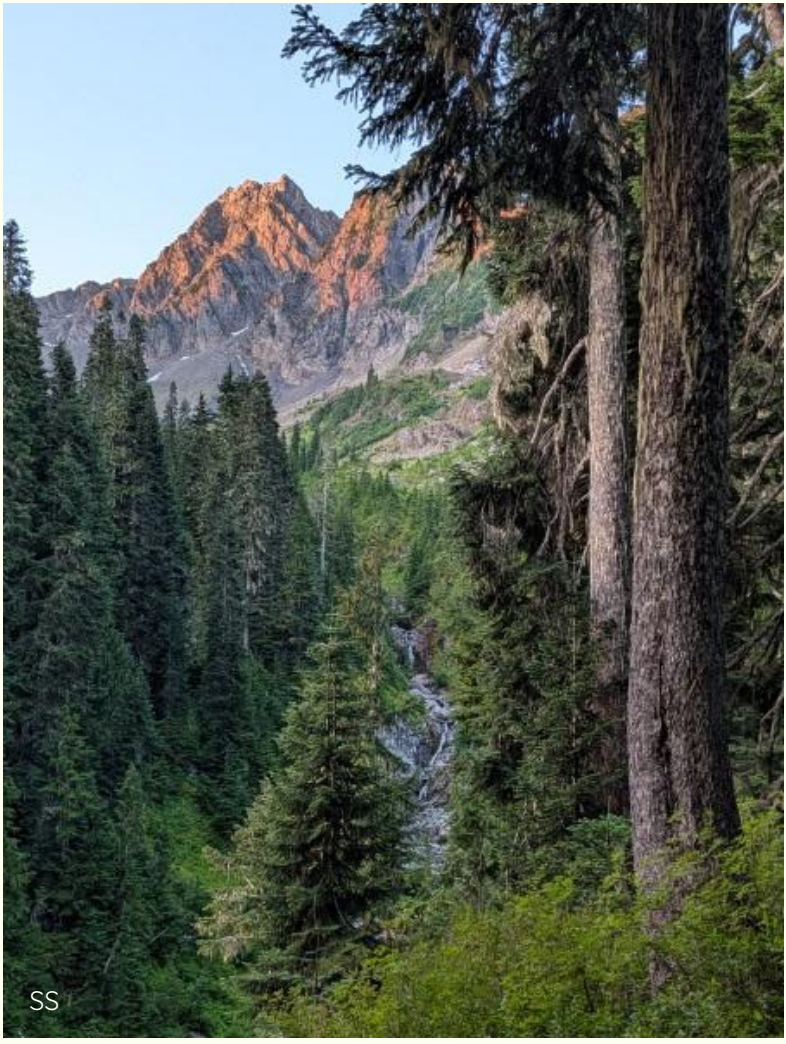

Reconnecting with my inner flame is helping me to find and redefine balance
LO


The only filter here is the pine trees outside
lib





It is so beautiful around me right now, everything is turning gold. These pics do not do it justice



One fruit of summer, on an annual backpacking trip I made more choices to keep things easier than in past years, bought food instead of making and dehydrating my own, insisting on not pushing for too long a day mile-wise, taking breaks as needed. I want to keep allowing myself to let go of certain expectations or past practices that allow me to give myself more grace and enjoyment.


AL

While Thinking About Letting Go

By Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer

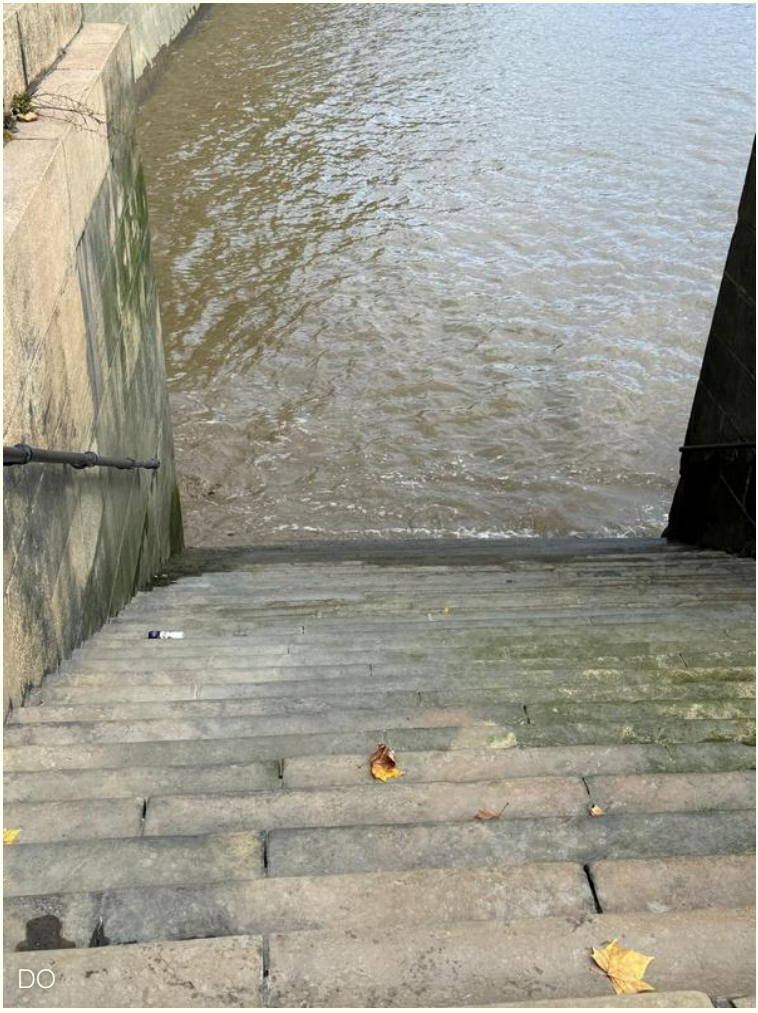
I hold a sunflower in my heart,
not in golden bloom, but filled
with small, dry seeds,
a desiccated husk of a disk, brittle
and brown. I hold it here
as a reminder some gifts
look unwanted at first.
I remember the autumn afternoon
I went to pull the dead remains
from the garden, then watched
as the Stellar's jays landed
atop the tall dark stalks
and feasted. So I let the row
stand instead of clearing it away.
In my attempts to remove
what seemed no longer useful,
I almost missed this chance
to see the Stellar's Jays balance
on the tips of the plants,
their bodies a blue exultation of wing.
What else have I tried to clear
from my heart too soon? How
easy to miss what is still nourishing.
Out my window, the jays gather
at the banquet of what is dead.
I am learning the wisdom of holding.



I yearn for some slowness. However, I think my best way forward is to lean into acceptance that I'm in a busy season of life, and the slowness may come in smaller doses.


LH


SS

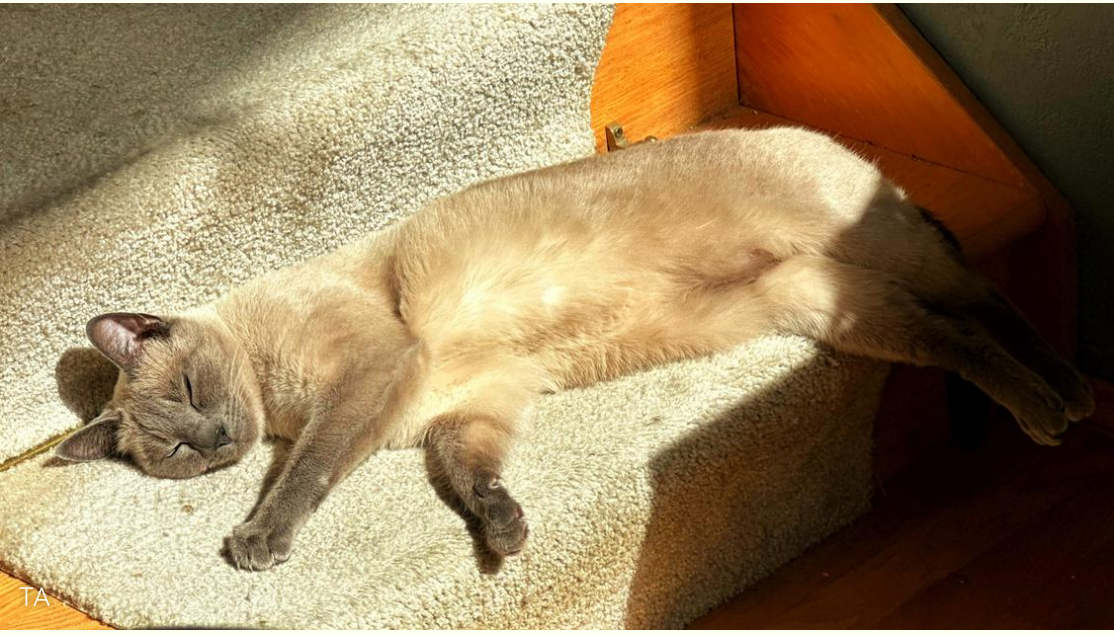

DO


I love the autumn angle of
the sun on this chilly morning
PG


BL


Embodiment goals:
embracing deep rest and
inviting others to join
LO


Enjoying the last
of the sunshine
AW


TA

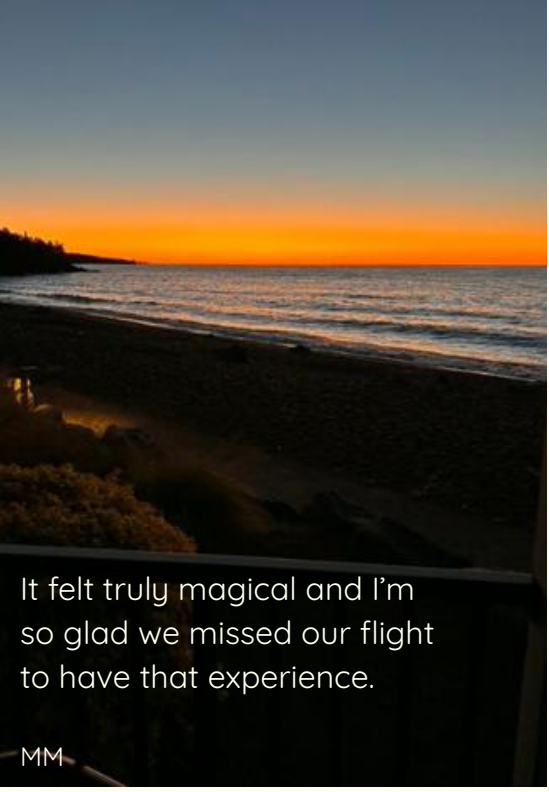


Tonight, right at the Equinox



AL


BL


It felt truly magical and I'm so glad we missed our flight to have that experience.
MM


LH


I am learning to navigate a new phase of life as an empty nester.
AW


Cycle ending and beginning
AW



Started right at equinox

I"ve noticed it's taken more effort to think about retaining things from summer rather than just launching fully into the new season, which feels worth noodling on.



SS

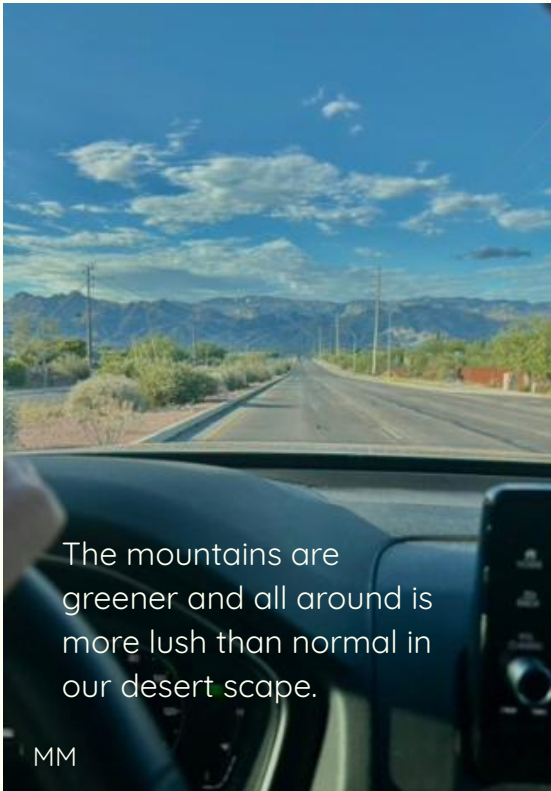


DO



Morning moments,
breathing into cycles...

LH



The mountains are greener and all around is more lush than normal in our desert scape.

MM

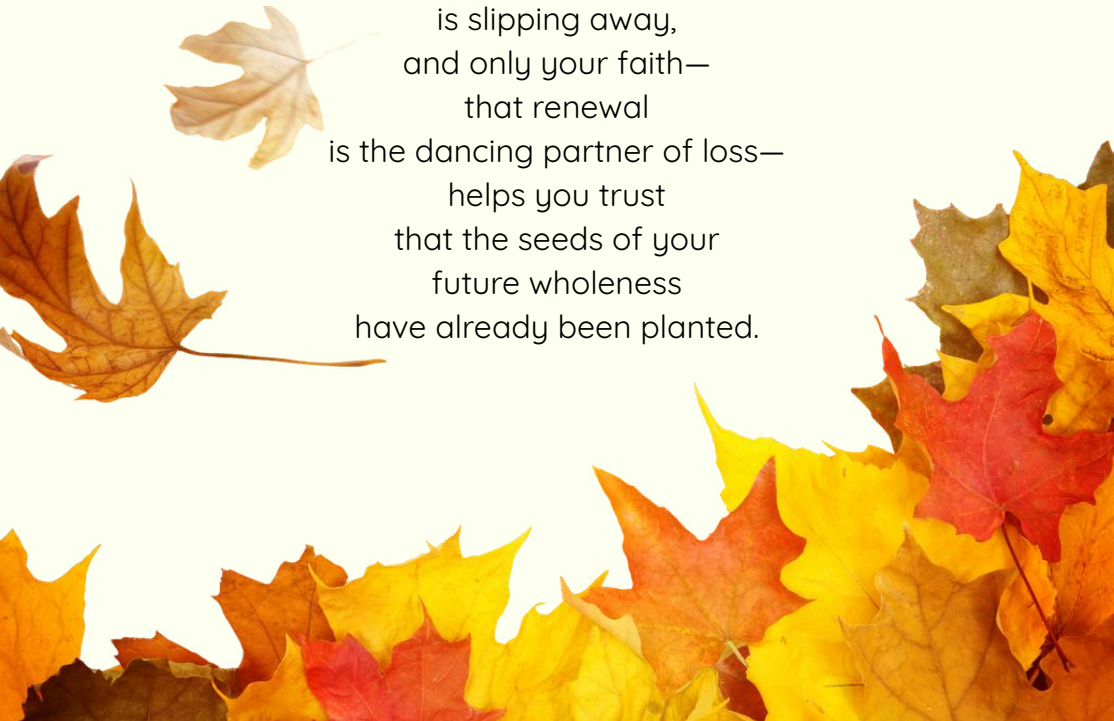

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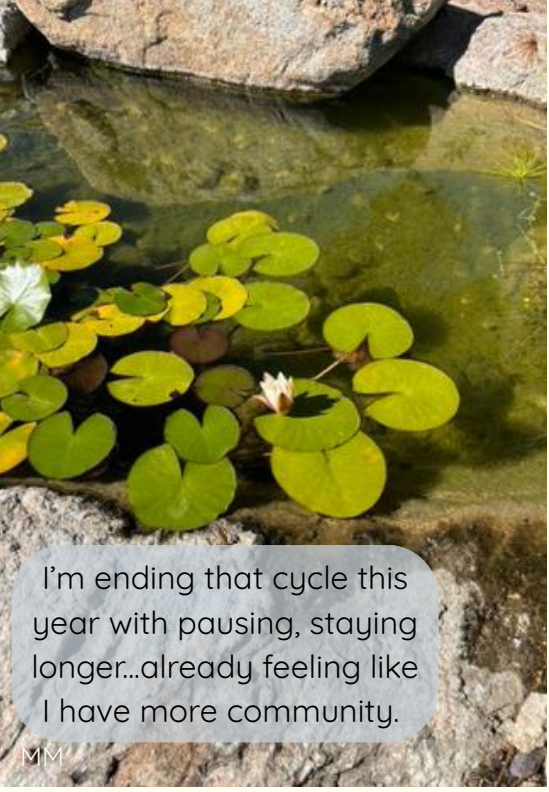
Vows to the Mystery - West

by James Pearson

Turn with us to the West,
where the sun falls
into the horizon's open arms
and the rising tide
of cold and dark
sends the shiver of change
through every living thing.

You will know
the Autumns of life,
when cherished pieces
of your world and yourselves
start to wilt and wither,
when what has sustained you
is slipping away,
and only your faith—
that renewal
is the dancing partner of loss—
helps you trust
that the seeds of your
future wholeness
have already been planted.




I'm ending that cycle this year with pausing, staying longer...already feeling like I have more community.
MM


More ancestral medicine please
lib


storytelling, playing cards, staying cozy 'round the campfire.
AL


Fallberries turning
TA



Had to share the exact same plant I shared yesterday- flowers gone this afternoon. Shifting seasons indeed.





Unusual to see this little guy so late. And noticing that the green is still here, only a few leaves turning yellow.



This week has been very busy and full for me. Decided doing work and school today from my deck was in order.

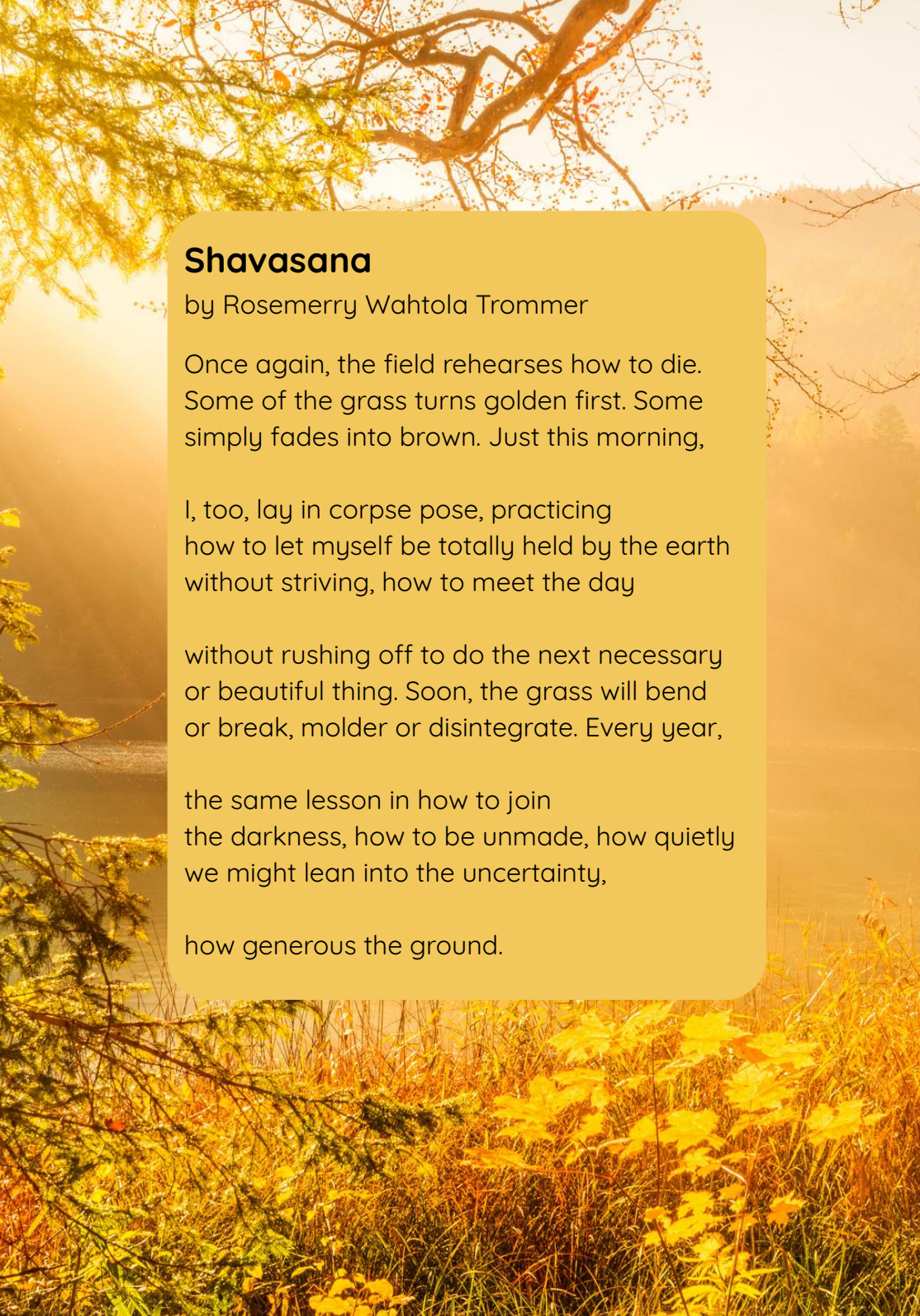


...fall comes fast and furious. Like noticing the beauty of these fading dahlias...

SS



I yearn for more wild and beautiful moments



Shavasana

by Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer

Once again, the field rehearses how to die.
Some of the grass turns golden first. Some
simply fades into brown. Just this morning,

I, too, lay in corpse pose, practicing
how to let myself be totally held by the earth
without striving, how to meet the day

without rushing off to do the next necessary
or beautiful thing. Soon, the grass will bend
or break, molder or disintegrate. Every year,

the same lesson in how to join
the darkness, how to be unmade, how quietly
we might lean into the uncertainty,

how generous the ground.



DO



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