

FROM Robert Samuel White

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CC Deputy Director JR Collier; Interim Director Stefanie Coons; OPRD Commissioners;
Governor Kotek; [Kotek Campaign Chair]

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SUBJECT **Stormchaser's Soliloquy**

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I am the wind's quiet rebellion,

a sovereign force wrapped in salt spray and intuition,

moving along edges where maps forget to breathe.

My home, a sanctuary on wheels,

traces the contours of cliffs and the pull of the Pacific's whisper.

I wake with the lighthouses—

their beams cutting truths into the dark,

my truths, sharp as sea glass

but held gently in the palm of the present.

I speak to That Thing,

the one with no name,

the one that churns inside the waves and the void of my chest,

both wild and constant—

both teacher and terrain.

I carry storms in my pocket,

their gusts tearing through yesterday's doubts,
their rain washing my fears into fertile ground.
And if I find myself broken down on the 101,
it will be a baptism in asphalt and ocean spray,
another chapter where the wind and I rewrite the rules.
Yes, I long for another sovereign soul,
a man with eyes like embers,
who laughs at chaos but holds it tenderly.
Someone who sees me not as a tangle to untie
but a current to dive into.
We'd carry storms together,
building lighthouses in the spaces between us.
Until then, I'll wander.
Each step a communion,
each gust a guide,
each unmarked cove a mirror.
I am not afraid of the dark,
only of forgetting how to love it.