

Vigil for the Earth

Poems and Prayers



This is not our home, this hectic scurry of a life.
This fast-lane pace, switching, speeding, spinning.

We were made to dwell in the slow unfurling of a rose,
or at the point where the seed breaks open
to send forth the first wakening foot tip.
We are breath and the slow tide of earth's reaching for the
bright moon.

We remember how to break open to beauty,
to stand weeping in our own magnificence
even through the grief of it all
to breathe and to cry and to split out whole being in one
smile.

This is how redemption looks.
This is how the slow healing begins,
at the place where we choose the roads that lead us
deep into our own singing cells,
and how they answer to the stars.

~Redemption by Catherine Pawson

Woods by Wendell Berry

I part the out thrusting branches
and come in beneath
the blessed and the blessing trees.
Though I am silent
there is singing around me.
Though I am dark
there is vision around me.
Though I am heavy
there is flight around me.

Earth Song

It's an earth song,—
And I've been waiting long for an earth song.
It's a spring song,—
And I've been waiting long for a spring song.
Strong as the shoots of a new plant
Strong as the bursting of new buds
Strong as the coming of the first child from its mother's womb.
It's an earth song,
A body song, a spring song,
I have been waiting long for this spring song.
~ Langston Hughes

Small Prayer

Thank you for the apples like berries
that color the trees and the sky.
I want to leap and talk
and then sleep in the air
where your fruits ripen and dance.
Mother of earth, this is my prayer!
Oh yes — at night
when we turn from father light
please cover my cloud bed
with your phosphorescence.
Thank you for your apples.
~ Scott Chaskey

Lord, the air smells good today,
straight from the mysteries
within the garden of God.
The trees in their prayer, the birds in praise,
the first blue violets, kneeling.

~ Rumi

The Garden is Rich

The garden is rich with diversity
With plants of a hundred families
In the space between the trees
With all the colours and fragrances.
Basil, mint and lavender,
Great Mystery keep my remembrance pure,
Raspberry, Apple, Rose,
Great Mystery fill my heart with love,
Dill, anise, tansy,
Holy winds blow in me.
Rhododendron, zinnia,
May my prayer be beautiful
May my remembrance O Great Mystery
Be as incense to thee
In the sacred grove of eternity
As I smell and remember
The ancient forests of earth.

~ Chinook Psalter

In Praise of Trees

I speak a prayer for the trees,
for the skin of the trees,
the leaves of the trees,
the roots of the trees,
the earth under the trees,
and the water that nourishes the trees.
I thank our Creator and speak a prayer for the birds of the trees
and the canopy of the trees in which the birds shelter.
I thank the one presence, the great giver of all that is.
I thank the holy one, always and forever, for trees.

~ Rev. Lulu Logan

My Heart Leaps Up

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

~ William Wordsworth

In the Yellowstone

Little pin-prick geysers, spitting and sputtering;
Little foaming geysers, that spatter and cough;
Bubbling geysers, that gurgle out of the calyx of morning glory
pools;
Laughing geysers, that dance in the sun, and spread their
robes like lace over the rocks;
Raging geysers, that rush out of hell with a great noise, and
blurt out vast dragon-gulps of steam, and, finishing, sink
back wearily into darkness;
Glad geysers, nymphs of the sun, that rise, slim and nude, out of
the hot dark earth, and stand poised in beauty a moment, veiling
their brows and breasts in mist;
Winged geysers, spirits of fire, that rise tall and straight like a
sequoia, and plume the sky with foam:
O wild choral fountains, forever singing and seething, forever
boiling in deep places and leaping forth for bright moments
into the air,
How do you like it up here? Why must you go back to the
spirits of darkness? What do you tell them down there about
your little glorious life in the sun?

~ Harriet Monroe

I am the one whose praise echoes on high.
I adorn all the Earth.
I am the breeze that nurtures all things green.
I encourage blossoms to flourish with ripening fruits.
I am led by the spirit to feed the purest streams.
I am the rain coming from the dew
that causes the grasses to laugh with the joy of life.
I am the yearning for good.

~ Hildegard of Bingen

There Will Come Soft Rains (for War Time)

There will come soft rains and the smell of the ground,
And swallows circling with their shimmering sound;
And frogs in the pools singing at night,
And wild plum trees in tremulous white,
Robins will wear their feathery fire
Whistling their whims on a low fence-wire;
And not one will know of the war, not one
Will care at last when it is done.
Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree
If mankind perished utterly;
And Spring herself, when she woke at dawn,
Would scarcely know that we were gone.

~ Sara Teasdale

i thank You God for most this amazing day:for leaping
greenly
spirits of trees and a blue true dream of sky; and for
everything which is natural which is infinite which is yes —

~ e.e. cummings

Ask me if I speak for the snail and I will tell you
I speak for the snail.
speak of underneathedness
and the welcome of mosses,
of life that springs up,
little lives that pull back and wait for a moment.
I speak for the damselfly, water skeet, mollusk,
the caterpillar, the beetle, the spider, the ant.
I speak from the time before spinelessness was frowned upon.
Ask me if I speak for the moon jelly. I will tell you
one thing today and another tomorrow
and I will be as consistent as anything alive
on this earth.
I move as the currents move, with the breezes.
What part of your nature drives you? You, in your cubicle
ought to understand me. I filter and filter and filter all day.
Ask me if I speak for the nautilus and I will be silent
as the nautilus shell on a shelf. I can be beautiful
and useless if that's all you know to ask of me.
Ask me what I know of longing and I will speak of distances
between meadows of night-blooming flowers.
I will speak the impossible hope of the firefly
You with the candle burning and only one chair at your table must
understand such wordless desire.
To say it is mindless is missing the point.

~ Camille T. Dungy

...If you put your heart against the earth with me,
in serving every creature, o
ur Beloved will enter you from our sacred realm
and we will be, we will be so happy.

~ Rumi

"Preserve and cherish the pale blue dot, the only home
we've ever known." ~ Carl Sagan

Pied Beauty

Glory be to God for dappled things –
For skies of couple-colour as a brinded cow;
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;
Landscape plotted and pieced – fold, fallow, and plough;
And áll trádes, their gear and tackle and trim.
All things counter, original, spare, strange;
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:
Praise him.

~ Gerard Manley Hopkins

August

No wind, no bird. The river flames like brass.
On either side, smitten as with a spell
Of silence, brood the fields. In the deep grass,
Edging the dusty roads, lie as they fell
Handfuls of shrivelled leaves from tree and bush.
But 'long the orchard fence and at the gate,
Thrusting their saffron torches through the hush,
Wild lilies blaze, and bees hum soon and late.
Rust-colored the tall straggling briar, not one
Rose left. The spider sets its loom up there
Close to the roots, and spins out in the sun
A silken web from twig to twig. The air
Is full of hot rank scents. Upon the hill
Drifts the noon's single cloud, white, glaring, still.

~ Lizette Woodworth Reese

Dragonfly, in your wings
The light reflecting all Earth's glory,
The spark of all beginning, the dance of life,
The network linking all existence, storied web.
You speak of the good air that lifts, that wraps our globe in
breath
That carries song and scent and hum on every breeze.
The force of rushing stream, the still pool's depths,
The source extending veins through earth, and you, and me.
Your eyes tell of the multitude of every life that was,
The passage of millennia, ancestral gifts;
The magic of our dreams that match your skill in flight;
The joy of rage uprising with ferocity of life;
The power of grief, the lessons learned of pain;
The burden of the many years gone by and all that are to
come;
The gift of rest: when stilled
That light may catch our wings
And reflect again
The glory and the dance.

~ Isabel Jones

"Few will have the greatness to bend history itself, but each of us can work to change a small portion of events. It is from numberless diverse acts of courage and belief that human history is shaped. Each time a man stands up for an ideal, or acts to improve the lot of others, or strikes out against injustice, he sends forth a tiny ripple of hope, and crossing each other from a million different centers of energy and daring those ripples build a current which can sweep down the mightiest walls of oppression and resistance." ~ Robert F. Kennedy

Invocation

Let me be buried in the rain
In a deep, dripping wood,
Under the warm wet breast of Earth
Where once a gnarled tree stood.
And paint a picture on my tomb
With dirt and a piece of bough
Of a girl and a boy beneath a round, ripe moon
Eating of love with an eager spoon
And vowing an eager vow.
And do not keep my plot mowed smooth
And clean as a spinster's bed,
But let the weed, the flower, the tree,
Riotous, rampant, wild and free,
Grow high above my head.

~ Helene Johnson

The Lake Isle of Innisfree

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.
And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes
dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket
sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.
I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

~ Willian Butler Yeats

Canticle of the Creatures

All praise be yours, My Lord
through all that you have made.

And first my lord Brother Sun, who brings the day...
How beautiful is he, how radiant in all his splendor!
Of you, Most High, he bears the likeness.

All praise be yours, my Lord, through Sister Moon and Stars;
In the heavens you have made them, bright and precious
and fair.

All praise be yours, my Lord, through Brothers Wind and
Air...

All praise be yours, my Lord, through Sister Water,
So useful, lowly, precious and pure.

All praise be yours, my Lord, through Brother Fire,
through whom you brighten up the night...

All praise be yours, my Lord, through Sister Earth, our
mother,

Who feeds us...and produces various fruits

With colored flowers and herbs...

Praise and bless my Lord, and give him thanks,

And serve him with great humility.

~ Attributed to St. Francis of Assisi

We are thankful to our Mother, the Earth, for she gives us
everything that we need for life.

She supports our feet as we walk upon her.

It gives us joy that she still continues to care for us, just
as she has from the beginning of time.

To our Mother, we send thanksgiving, love and respect.

Now our minds are one.

Dear Earth

May you hear our prayer.

Through our greed, hate and ignorance

We have failed you.

You are depleted, poisoned and feverish.

Your living beings are suffering.

Your sickness is getting worse.

Despite our neglect and plunder

You still blossom

With starfish, tundras, apples, icicles,

Bison herds, rainforest, blackbird song,

Trees that speak to each other underground.

Dear Earth, may you support us

As we lean into you and into each other

And feel our grief, rage and despair.

May you help us

To hear and hold these feelings with compassion

So that all of our actions can be driven by love.

May you offer us sacred space

So we can allow our connection with you to grow

And so we can bless each other over and over.

May you gift us the wisdom

To trust in our uniqueness

And discern the small compassionate actions

Only we can perform. May you give us the courage

To transform love into action

By sharing information, making changes to our daily lives,

Speaking truth to power,

And coming together to disrupt and heal our toxic systems.

May you show us

That you are vaster and more complex than we can imagine

And that as we bathe in mystery

We are transformed.

May you teach us to be tender
Towards you and all your living beings,
Including our own bodies, minds and hearts.
May you remind us to enjoy you
In all your glory
To taste your dark chocolate,
To pause at the sweet scent of jasmine,
To gaze at your oceans,
To kiss the damp grass with our bare feet.
May you ground us in faith
As we step forwards Into an uncertain future
With a quiet, fierce determination.
May you forgive us,
And may we forgive ourselves.
Dear Earth,
With endless gratitude
We dedicate the merit of this prayer to you.
~ Satya Robyn

A Prayer In Spring

Oh, give us pleasure in the flowers to-day;
And give us not to think so far away
As the uncertain harvest; keep us here
All simply in the springing of the year.
Oh, give us pleasure in the orchard white,
Like nothing else by day, like ghosts by night;
And make us happy in the happy bees,
The swarm dilating round the perfect trees.
And make us happy in the darting bird
That suddenly above the bees is heard,

The meteor that thrusts in with needle bill,
And off a blossom in mid air stands still.
For this is love and nothing else is love,
The which it is reserved for God above
To sanctify to what far ends He will,
But which it only needs that we fulfil.

~ Robert Frost

We have not heard the music of the spheres,
The song of star to star, but there are sounds
More deep than human joy and human tears,
That Nature uses in her common rounds;
The fall of streams, the cry of winds that strain
The oak, the roaring of the sea's surge, might
Of thunder breaking afar off, or rain
That falls by minutes in the summer night.
These are the voices of earth's secret soul,
Uttering the mystery from which she came.
To him who hears them grief beyond control,
Or joy inscrutable without a name,
Wakes in his heart thoughts bedded there, impearled,
Before the birth and making of the world.

~Archibald Lampman, Voices of Earth

One discovers the light in darkness, that is what darkness is for; but everything in our lives depends on how we bear the light. It is necessary, while in darkness, to know that there is a light somewhere, to know that in oneself, waiting to be found, there is a light.

~James Baldwin

How I love to hear the rustle of the leaves upon the trees
When the foliage of summer is a moving in the breeze
When the oak and beech and maple are a tuning up the air
As they hear the quaking aspen sending signals everywhere.

...

There's an overture in whispers which is soothing to the ear
Then a chorus full of comfort just a chasing out your fear
As the louder it is sounding and the louder yet again
Till at last are joys abounding when it falls in sweet refrain.

Yes, it brings you heaps of solace when the wind is blowing
soft

In a lullaby of nature which will bear you way aloft
Till you leave this world of trouble with its fretting and its
care

As you listen to the rustle of the leaves a playing there.

.....

~from The Music Of The Trees By Charles A. Heath

The longer I live, the more deeply I learn that love —
whether we call it friendship or family or romance — is the
work of mirroring and magnifying each other's light. Gentle
work. Steadfast work. Life-saving work in those moments
when life and shame and sorrow occlude our own light from
our view, but there is still a clear-eyed loving person to
beam it back. In our best moments, we are that person for
another.

-James Baldwin

Gaia's Symphony

Behold, the symphony of Gaia's might,
A vibrant orchestra of sound and light.

From rustling leaves to birds in flight,
Nature's melody, a wondrous sight.

Whispering winds through ancient trees,
Harmonize with buzzing, busy bees.

The ocean's waves, a rhythmic dance,
Joining Earth's song in a cosmic trance.

Let us lend our voices to this grand refrain,
In harmony with nature, we shall sustain.

Gaia's symphony, a timeless treasure,
An ode to Earth's abundant measure.

The Peace of Wild Things By Wendell Berry

When despair for the world grows in me
and I wake in the night at the least sound
in fear of what my life and my children's lives may be,
I go and lie down where the wood drake
rests in his beauty on the water, and the great heron feeds.
I come into the peace of wild things
who do not tax their lives with forethought
of grief. I come into the presence of still water.
And I feel above me the day-blind stars
waiting with their light. For a time
I rest in the grace of the world, and am free.

"We hear history calling to us from the future.

We catch glimpses of a new world of love, respect and regeneration, where we have restored the intricate web of all life.

It's a future that's inside us all – located in the fierce love we carry for our children, in our urge to help a stranger in distress, in our wish to forgive, even when that seems too much to ask.

And so we rebel for this, calling in joy, creativity and beauty. We rise in the name of truth and withdraw our consent for ecocide, oppression and patriarchy.

We rise up for a world where power is shared for regeneration, repair and reconciliation.

We rise for love in its ultimate wisdom.

Our vision stretches beyond our own lifespan, to a horizon dedicated to future generations and the restoration of our planet's integrity."

When I despair, I remember that all through history the way of truth and love has always won.

There have been tyrants and murderers and for a time they seem invincible, but in the end, they always fall..... think of it, always.

-Mahatma Gandhi

My brother the star,
my mother the earth,
my father the sun,
my sister the moon,
to my life give beauty,
to my body give strength, to my corn give goodness,
to my house give peace,
to my spirit give truth,
to my elders give wisdom.

We must pray for strength.
We must pray to come together,
Pray to the weeping earth,
Pray to the trembling waters
and to the wandering rain.
We must pray to the whispering moon,
Pray to the tip-toeing stars
and to the hollering sun.

~From Hollering Sun, 1972, by Nancy Wood

Don't Hesitate By Mary Oliver

If you suddenly and unexpectedly feel joy, don't hesitate. Give in to it. There are plenty of lives and whole towns destroyed or about to be. We are not wise, and not very often kind. And much can never be redeemed. Still, life has some possibility left. Perhaps this is its way of fighting back, that sometimes something happens better than all the riches or power in the world. It could be anything, but very likely you notice it in the instant when love begins. Anyway, that's often the case. Anyway, whatever it is, don't be afraid of its plenty. Joy is not made to be a crumb.

Poem by Patience Strong

If you stand very still
In the heart of the woods
You will hear many
Wonderful things
The snap of a twig
And the wind in the trees
And the whirl of invisible wings

If you stand very still
In the turmoil of life
And you wait for a voice from within
You will be led to the path
Of wisdom and peace
In a world of chaos and din

If you stand very still
And hold on to your faith
You will get all the help that you ask
And you will draw from the silence
The things that you need
Hope and Courage
And strength for your task.

Don't ever mistake my silence for ignorance, my calmness
for acceptance or my kindness for weakness. Compassion and
tolerance are not a sign of weakness, but a sign of strength.
– Dalai Lama

What if the wind hears me, what if I can speak to the clouds, the currents that run through the skies, the breeze that swooshes through the trees? I am not separate from the air, I breathe the same breath. What if I'm influencing the Earth's atmosphere?

Every morning now, with my breath and my voice, I send love to the weather patterns of Earth. I apologise for the careless dumping of smoke, fumes and gases, for the turmoil, anger and unresolved emotions that are circling up from the surface of our planet.

I think this is a good first step. Everyone appreciates someone saying sorry with sincerity and acknowledging their wrongdoings. Maybe the wind does too.

What if the crazy weather patterns are calling for our attention to what we put into the atmosphere? I want to contribute love and goodwill. Maybe if the wind hears more heartfelt voices, receives more benevolent breaths, maybe then, together, we will raise the winds of change!

~Winds of Change by Maren Freeland

Things have just got a lot more difficult . Here's what I think. I had no control over what just happened . None . But I do have control over how I will react to it . And I am not going to give up on the beautiful and the good, the grip on my dreams just got tighter .

~Chris Packham 6 Nov 2024

A Medicine Womans Prayer

I will not rescue you,
For you are not powerless.

I will not fix you,
For you are not broken.

I will not heal you,
For I see you, In your wholeness.

I will walk with you through the darkness
As you remember your light.

May we raise children who love the unloved things
May we raise children who love the unloved things-the
dandelion, the worms and spiderlings.
Children who sense the rose needs the thorn
& run into rainswept days the same way they turn towards
sun...

And when they're grown & someone has to speak for those
who have no voice
may they draw upon that wilder bond, those days of tending
tender things
and be the ones.

- Nicolette Sowder

This body is a long-term rental
my skin is on a 70-year lease
someday my bones will be a fossil ~ and my atoms will be a
breeze
My hair is here for a quick visit
This brain won't linger too long
My heartbeats are a thunderstorm ~ my breaths are a love
song
Our lives are a campfire spark as we blaze against the night
Our existence is a quick "crack" ~ before we fall back into
the light
Since we are here for just a single blink we can't waste
time fearing the grave
Embrace the moment, my sweet mayfly
'Cause life isn't the ocean-
it's the wave.

~ John roedel

To laugh often and much;
to win the respect of intelligent people and the affection of
children;
to earn the appreciation of honest critics and endure the
betrayal of false friends;
to appreciate beauty,
to find the best in others;
to leave the world a bit better, whether by a healthy child,
a garden patch or a redeemed social condition;
to know even one life has breathed easier because you have
lived.
This is to have succeeded.

~Ralph Waldo Emerson

Blackbird

Early in the morning
while it is still dark
the blackbird takes its place.
Feet grounded through the tree
to the earth beneath,
head raised to the stars,
in defiance of the night
the song begins.
The sound changes everything.

Darkness is ending
it will soon be light.
Night gives way to dawn.
The cycle is the same but
each day's arriving
brings new opportunities,
fresh hope.

The song of the blackbird
begins tremulous but
confidence grows and soon
the very air is resounding.
All creation participates
in the joyful heralding:
this is good,
this is right,
this is Love.

~Rosemary White

We are the Ones We've Been Waiting For (Hopi Elders' Prophecy, June 8, 2000).

You have been telling people that this is the Eleventh Hour. Now you must go back and tell the people that this IS the Hour.

And there are things to be considered... Where are you living? What are you doing? What are your relationships? Are you in the right relationship? Where is your water? Know your garden.

It is time to speak your truth. Create your community. Be good to each other. And do not look outside yourself for your leader. This could be a good time!

In the midst of hate, I found there was, within me, an invincible love.

In the midst of tears, I found there was, within me, an invincible smile.

In the midst of chaos, I found there was, within me, an invincible calm.

I realised, through it all, that...

In the midst of winter, I found there was, within me, an invincible summer.

And that makes me happy. For it says that no matter how hard the world pushes against me, within me, there's something stronger – something better, pushing right back.

~Albert Camus

Hard times are coming, when we'll be wanting the voices of writers who can see alternatives to how we live now, can see through our fear-stricken society and its obsessive technologies to other ways of being, and even imagine real grounds for hope. We'll need writers who can remember freedom – poets, visionaries – realists of a larger reality. We live in capitalism, its power seems inescapable – but then, so did the divine right of kings. Any human power can be resisted and changed by human beings. Resistance and change often begin in art. Very often in our art, the art of words.

~Ursula Le Guin (Speech at the National Book Awards 2014)

In a world whose web of life is beautiful and intricate,
save us from carelessness and blindness.

In a world whose creatures are so varied and vulnerable,
save us from plundering and cruelty.

In a world whose waters are fresh and whose oceans should
cleanse,

save us from wanton polluting.

In a world whose forests protect our air and wildlife,
save us from systems that drive us to destroy them.

In a world whose fruits are rich and plentiful,
save us from waste and greed.

May we have the will to live our lives simply,
so that the whole ecosystem may flourish.

~Angela Ashwin

Green Rain

Into the scented woods we'll go
And see the blackthorn swim in snow.
High above, in the budding leaves,
A brooding dove awakes and grieves;
The glades with mingled music stir,
And wildly laughs the woodpecker.
When blackthorn petals pearl the breeze,
There are the twisted hawthorn trees
Thick-set with buds, as clear and pale
As golden water or green hail--
As if a storm of rain had stood
Enchanted in the thorny wood,
And, hearing fairy voices call,
Hung poised, forgetting how to fall.

~Mary Webb

I'm there in the sweet breath of snow,
in the quiet footprint of hare, in the curl of covers.

I'm there in the first trill of lark, in unfolding willow leaves,
in the wake-up of fresh nettle tea,
in sunlit rivers refreshing hot skin.

I'm there in the table of apples, in squirrel's cracking nut,
in the tingle of chill on the breeze.

I'm there in icicle rainbows, in deer's breath in snow,
in the care eyes of trees.

In each turn of the seasons, in each changing light,
I'm there, always there, you you.

~Natures' Gift by Giulietta M. Spudich

“When the human world feels heavy, take yourself to the
homely arms of oak, into the whispers of the ocean and find
the call of bird.

Let new languages, new sounds, new meanings fill your
bones.

Let the beauty of this more than human world settle your
frightened heart.

Let your wider community show you, strengthen you, let
them tell you stories of the wildness that is seeded from
the darkness.

Find the white of blackthorn blossom amidst the bare spaces,
the gold of celandine and the song of the bee.

Let rose and hawthorn hold your heart, and nettle
strengthen your resolve.

Let dandelion’s medicine speak to you of courage, weaving
tales of tenacity and rewilding into your gut.

Find the verdant seedlings grown from death, the young
Elder birthed from a breaking.

Watch how the little alchemists, the insects, the fungi and
the worms eat the shit and turn it into gold.

You are more than stagnant human in concrete and chaos.

You are wild, wise and ensouled.

Let yourself remember.”

~ Brigit Anna McNeill

The Trees Said by Polly Hall

November - on this earth
this year
reflecting back
each leaf a memory
gone to ground
streams always finding their course
branches reaching up
as if the answers are in the sky
the light softer now
days shortening
sleep beckoning
like tiny footsteps on broken bark
shadows rest like ink smudged on skin
if you only knew how easy it is
to grow one day at a time
I was once a promise in a nutshell
I was once as small
as that dream you hold.

We've been infected with the idea that love is an emotion
only felt between two people.
But love is universal. An energy.
A contagious force. A gift.
To offer money to a homeless person is to love.
To save a worm from the sun is love.
To smile at a stranger is love.
To be grateful, to be hopeful, to be brave, to be forgiving, to
be proud, is to love.

~A.R. LUCAS

Roots by Steve Turner

It's a quiet job

being a root

No one hugs you,

climbs you

or praises your

intricate ways.

Roots work

in the dark.

And it's hard work

tunnelling,

travelling,

finding nutrition.

But when

the storms come

it's our fingers

which cling.

When the drought comes

it's our lips

that drink.

Without us

the ground would crumble.

Without us life would fall.

Everyone

needs roots.

Hope has holes

in its pockets.

It leaves little

crumb trails

so that we,

when anxious,

can follow it.

Hope's secret:

it doesn't know

the destination—

it knows only

that all roads

begin with one

foot in front

of the other.

—Rosemerry Wahtola Troom

In Green by Vici Hoban

Trees

Breezes

Air to breathe

Birdsong

Never silence

Always calm

the energy shifts

Grounded

We arrive

We simplify ourselves

No props

No walls

Just each other

Unfettered

Together

In green

In space

In time

In sync

Spell Against Indifference by Maria Popover

The rain falls and falls

cool, bottomless, and

prehistoric

falls like night —

not an ablution

not a baptism

just a small reason

to remember

all we know of Heaven

to remember

we are still here

with our love songs and our

wars,

our space telescopes

and our table tennis.

Here too

in the wet grass

half a shell

of a robin's egg

shimmers

blue as a newborn star

fragile as a world.