Sometimes I hardly know what to say

In this High Tech Dark Age:

“...and one day a Sun will rise with healing in its wings.”

And loving dew will sparkle on our bare flesh,

Innocent, naked...

Do you know the way from here to there dear friend?

Through the storm?

Are the rocks still screaming?

When I am silent

I hear voices...

The Holy Land is All the Earth

And all the Earth is holy

This Earth is our only physical home... Creation,

Yes, all the Earth is holy:

The water – holy,

The air – holy,
The creatures that crawl and the creatures that swim – holy,
    The 2-legged and the winged – holy,
    Let us all touch with kind hands
    Blessing all that lives,
    All that laments.

RISE! Be robust and brave in the face of dawn.
    YOU are the face of Dawn,
    Face it!

Integrity of Water, Light and Love can sustain us now.
    Touch with kind hands and voices now.
    This is the Fire Next Time, now!
    At last, real power
    And the new world begins on this breath.

    Breath…
    Now is the time,
    Embracing in the silence of our after-weeping,
    Resting on the breast
    Of our Mother’s Sacred Heart
    Beating, beating, beating…