

11-22-73

Moving on a quiet stream,  
Past sparks of light between trees.  
Listening to the frogs and birds-  
Watching a slow moving turtle make his way,  
Beautiful lazy day  
Time is of no essence here  
Slowly moving to a far quieter place.

Meeting a rushing waterfall  
Surrounded by bright green moss  
Where the water is clear  
And fresh to taste.  
Taking off my clothes I dive in  
A rush of biting cold  
Then warmth and peacefulness  
A feeling of belonging  
A refusal to leave

Laying on my back,  
Letting the sun fill my heart with gladness  
Then submerging again for a new and different rush.  
And I stay and I'm happy  
And I form a unit with my nature family  
And we're glad And we sing  
And we feel a oneness amongst ourselves.

Climbing over the waterfall's edge now  
Seeing rich earth to till  
Mountains on the horizon  
Reaching for a hoe, I toil,  
And receive the pleasures that are mine.

And we all work And we all receive  
Joy fills us as we sing in the fields  
We again feel a oneness  
All of us together with our mother earth.  
And we build houses  
And we bare children  
Multiplying into a much stronger unit.

Resting now, looking back  
To the quiet stream day  
Slowly moving, relaxing, enjoying,  
Watching every living thing  
Seeing the poetry of things.  
Years gone by now-  
Still watching and  
enjoying the beauty of living.

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