

Song of the Web

In a long- ago time

before the world existed

there was Great Light

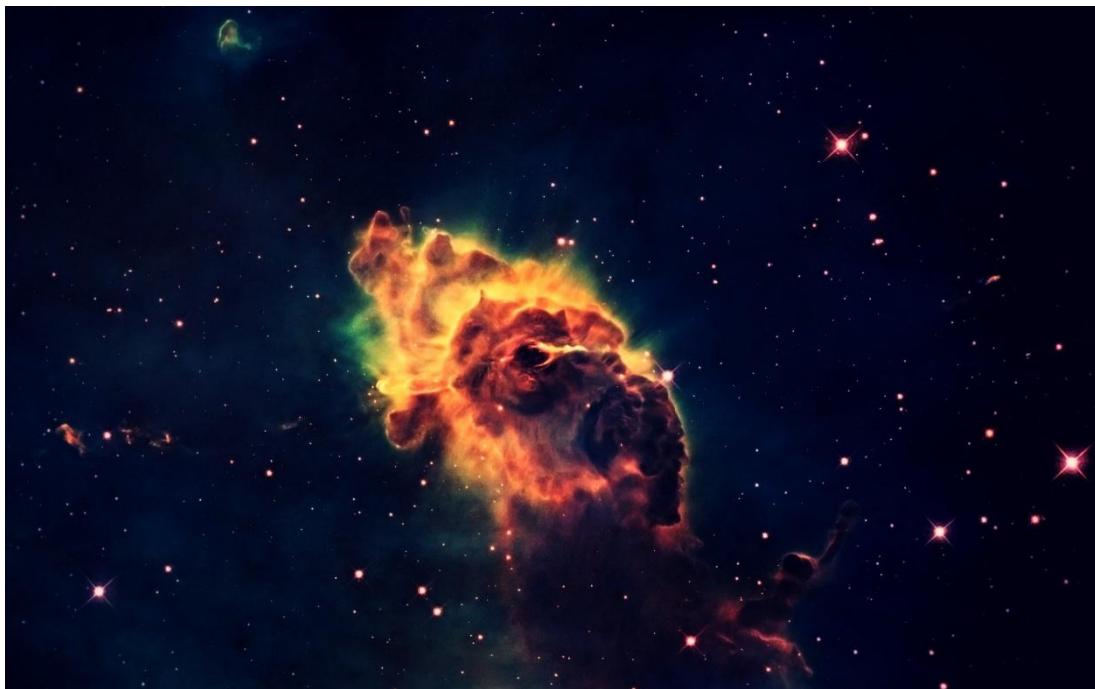


The Light whirled and danced
and gathered Itself

as one pulls close a dancing partner

and spun itself
out and out
in the dance

tossing bits of itself in playful power
of light and flame across the cosmos



as the dancing partners whirled
further and further
In their own spinning worlds.

The dance spiraled
in leaping flames

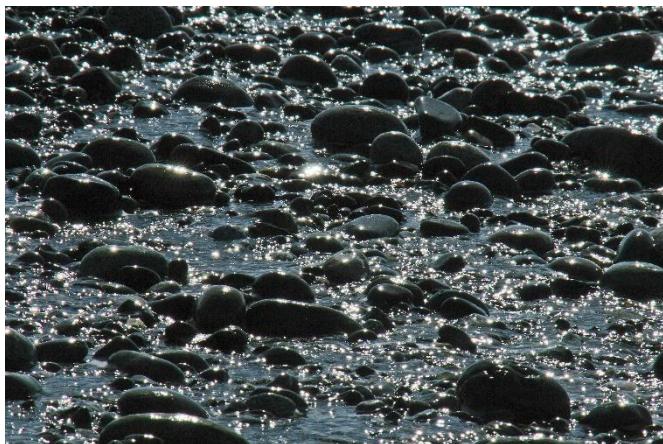


And cooled and cooled and cooled...



until what was once red gold fire and light
was solid
and felt far from the Dancing Light

In its cool and solid form
it no longer recognized itself
and no longer recognized
its partners



I am the Mother I am the storyteller
I will help you to recognize
the many dancing partners once again

The web of life trembles and pulses with stories



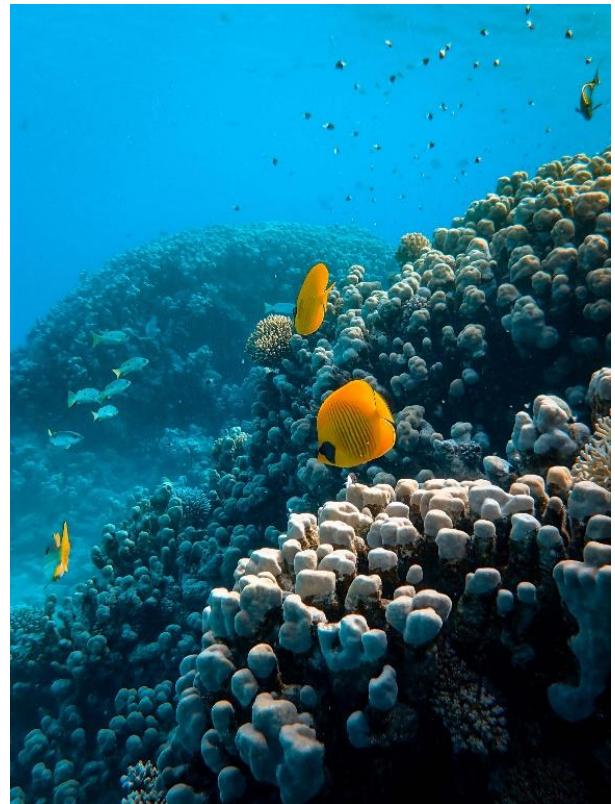
Come with me into the life of the sea

The fish know wave
and wind on wave
and light that glows wetly gold

with long fingers that reach
deep into their kingdom



Can you glide in your mind's eye
through the fluid silk of ocean –
taste its salt, greet its beings?



Climb upon the shore now
as your forebearers did in eons past

Lie upon the sand and listen...
and you will faintly hear and sense
The *Song of the Web*.



You will hear see smell taste touch it

as the tide curls and breaks
and sea gulls call to you from the sky



and now RISE truly
a land creature
emerging from
the womb of sea
as your ancestors did
so long ago



This time choose life
Choose the song



It is a new day

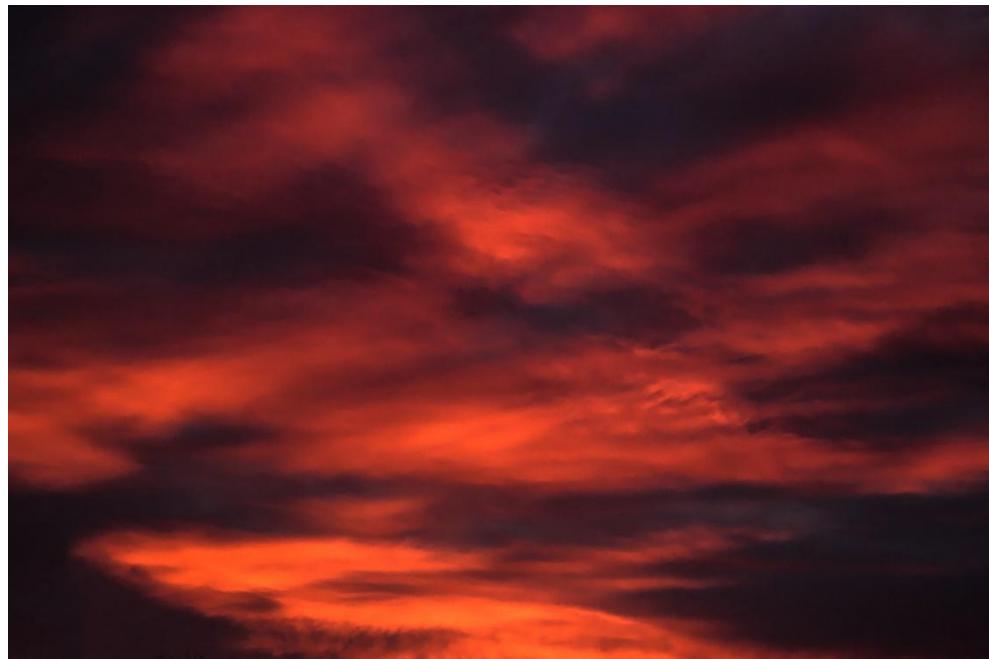
Rise with new eyes
watch for the spaces
where the vanished ones
no longer stand

Watch the trembling spaces
where the threatened ones stand



Listen for the breath of wind my breath

It circles the globe
and gathers the tales and colors



It carries the song on its wings

Pick up a handful of warm earth
You are also holding
sunshine and stars

*This is a new day
and you hold the promise
of life
in your hand.*



You will plant seeds in the Earth
The seeds will send roots
downward into the web of life
and send green shoots
upward into the web of life

And you will eat of its fruit
and of the sun and Earth



You will know more
of the *Song of the Web*

as the goodness of the fruit
enters the earth
of your own body

You are listening to
the *Song of the Web*

You are joining the web of life



and now more of the song is breaking through
The call of the birds

They will show you
how to weave



and how so much of Earth
offers itself to help in such weaving

It is the springtime now the time of the nest.

Walk further.

There is a mountain of stone rising before you
This stone will carry you on its back
Let you perch upon its skin



Climb, young one

The old one will share with you what it knows

You have reached the summit
You can hear the song of the wind
 The rhythm of Earth
 breathing in breathing out

Wind whispers to you of the salt of the sea
of the chill of the upper reaches;
It whispers too of labored breathing
 in cities where buildings block sun and air
 as Earth struggles breathing in breathing out

Wind carries the breath of young children
 Some playing in green places
 Some amidst heaps of garbage

Wind gathers their breath
And brings their hopes and dreams
 and tears to you

Prophet atop the mountain



Wind carries the birds in the folds of its own life

The winged ones ride the air;
Wind brings them to you

Many have fallen from the sky
the air too foul
the trees too few
the noise too loud the song too faint

and so they drop from the sacred folds of sky

Wind carries their plight and hope to you

Prophet atop the mountain



This is a new day

I am the Mother

I speak through the wind that swirls about you
I speak through the Earth and stone beneath you
I speak through the sea which churns below you



The wind the sea the Earth the stone

Imprint upon the living clay tablet of your body

My words and my love

The night advances

The starlight web shimmers and shifts
following the rhythm
of the turning night

And you feel it see it know it
though you only dimly sense the greatness
of the stories and fire of these far-off realms—

You feel energy reaching towards you
Spinning and dancing
The Song of the Web



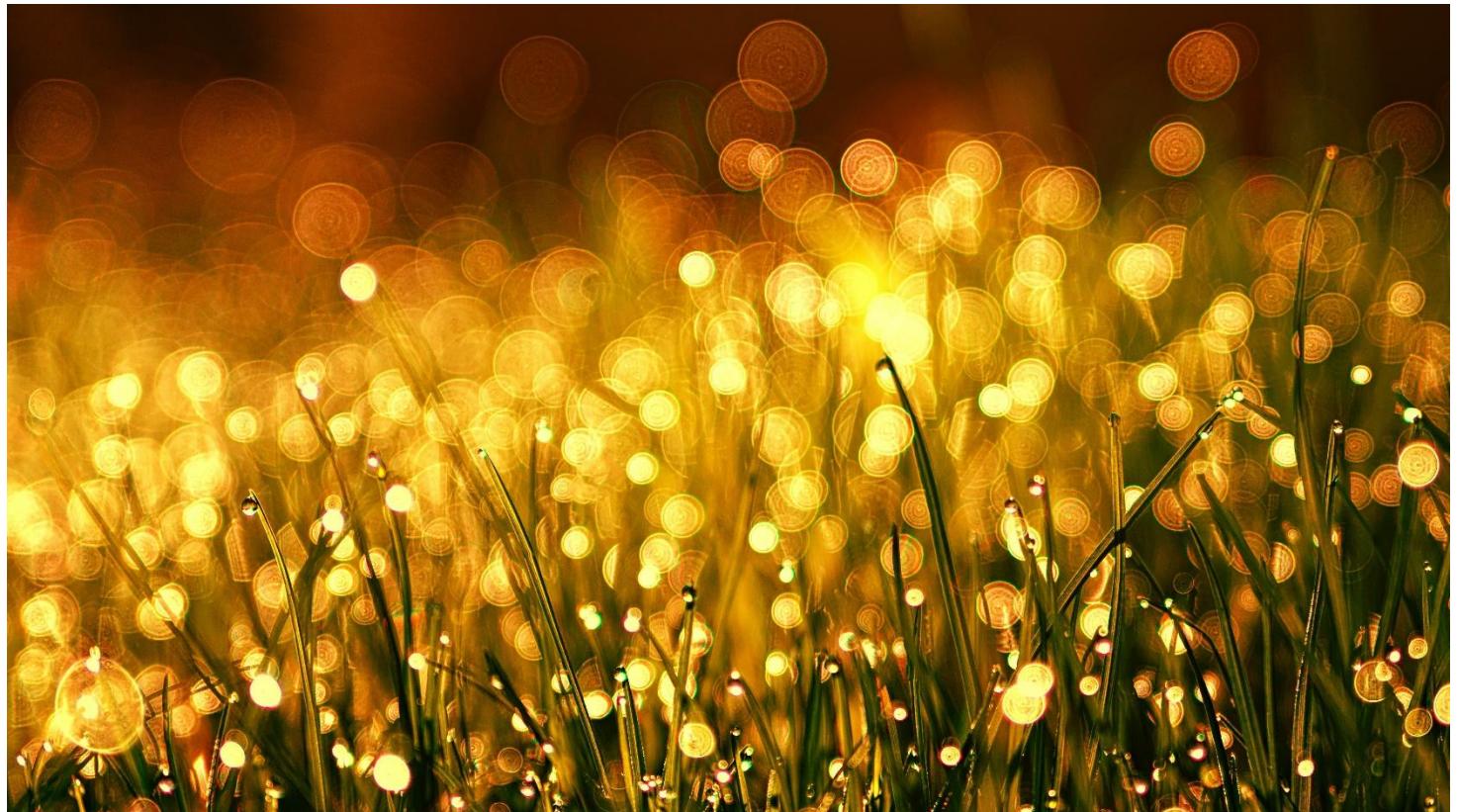
You know you are deeply connected
to this huge cosmic rhythm

The universe breathing in breathing out

Stargazer climber swimmer Prophet

Greetings!

The sun is rising now
This is a new day



The stars and the stones have shared with you
and you have received their help and
knowledge humbly

And you return from this summit changed.

There are other beings waiting to greet you
at the foot of the mountain--

Greetings, Prophet!
We are the citizens of this land
We know soft earth, cool wind,
The dazzle and scorch of sun

Listen
I am bullfrog. My water home is shrinking
And growing foul. The stars are dimming.

Can you hear? Can you help?

I am sheep. Shepherds come in many guises.
And shepherds take great risks to save
Their flock from danger.
I give you my coat for warmth.
Give me a safe land.

Can you hear? Can you help?

I am snake I teach you how to move
From the old to the new.
I can slip silently from outgrown skin
And make myself new.

Can you hear? Can you follow?

I am rabbit. My being quivers,
Alert to every new danger.
Danger threads the land.

Can you hear my cry?



And I am bird and bug and owl and otter and ostrich
And koala and kangaroo and jaguar and elephant
And eel and mosquito and marlin
Hawk eagle buffalo bear
Mouse salamander

Can you save us--



The earth is our home our lifeboat our ark
in the vastness of the universe

and we need desperately to restore it
to survive this deluge of poison
and wrong living
which pours upon us in a flood.

I am the Mother
I speak through my creatures

I offer you rainbow
Now is the time of rainbow

For those who feel frightened
overwhelmed by the deluge

Look up look around you look
within



The rainbow is here now



*And you are the Prophet
returning from the holy mountain
and you are the one who feels fully
the deluge of poison
and you are the one who hears
the other creatures of the web*

*and knows the power and promise
of the seed and the star*

I am the Mother
I lead you to rainbow crossing.

I was here from the beginning
I know the cosmic dance
I am the dance
I know the song of the stars
I am the song



I write the Rainbow

*The rainbow that links
heaven and Earth*



*I tell you the stories your soul longs to hear
I nurture the green life of your soul.*

Listen to the Song of the Web



Song of the Birds

We are the birds
our wings know Earth's moods and flow

*Some winds hot and dry some cool and high
and we blend our knowing with the waves of sky*

*and you too are tucked
amidst life's flow
but you do not know.*

*You do not feel the tides
of moon
the dance of sun
the whirling seasons
of star
the pulse of Earth
in your own clay body*

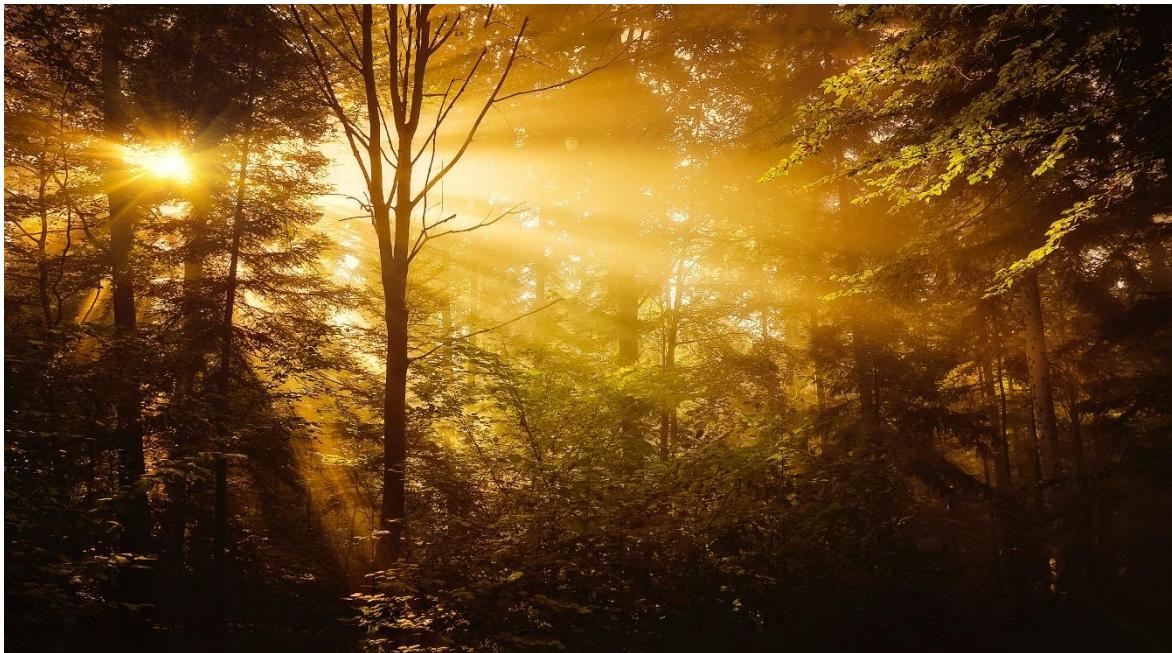


*What are wings but a way to ride the flows?
you, men and children and women of Earth
you can ride the flows instead of fight them
examine them probe them*

And in so doing lift your own soul's wings



As the living Earth spins slowly,
It enters into the flow of the day
and all beings swim in that shifting current
greeting the waves of light



Feel the brightening within your own being
as the day ripens
Feel the softening twilight within yourself.
The shift from the light of sun
to the light of moon and star.

Ride these waves

Unfurl your wings!



If you could see the life of wind

If its moods were shown to you
in layers of color

as a bouquet of dancing flows of air



Then you would come to *feel* the aliveness
of the space
in which you walk and run
and speed in your machines

**You are swimming through currents of life
even as you walk on two legs**

You – like the birds
deal with the breath of Earth
each moment



I am Mother

I speak through the breath of Earth

I speak through the birds --

*We are the birds
We herald the shining light
that hovers at the edge of day
the edge of night.*

*We sing to you of life
the blue joy of sky
the green and leafy joy of earth
the yellow joy of sun rising
of morning's birth.*



*We are the birds
we know of spring
the birth of green*

*and nests
yes—
Listen well
you who know only
the age of machine.*

*The nest – bright weaving
of love and song*



*The journey has been long
for all Earth's beings*

Our life is not a backdrop for your day

*We are trying to show you a better way
In rhythm with the turning Earth
the dancing web*

*Hear the song
See the nest
a place to hold
the egg
the new one's birth*



*You carry within your soul the knowing of bird
of flight of skyways and warbled song
of nests woven and tended*

*And this is a new day
of flight and light*

***We are trying to show you
a better way***



Song of Whale and Dolphin

I will sing to you
of the bright time
that is coming

and I will sing to you
of the shadowed time

Shadowed waters
Shadowed Earth

The struggle toward dawn



Listen to my song
I have been singing
 to you all along.
The seas are rising
 the storms are churning

the Earth is pulsing.

The song of the whale reflects the song of the web

Joy sadness communication fluidity safety

And I know also the song of the season of change
New dawn

I have been singing to you all along.
And through the turning of the years

*I sing the songs of the ones
You do not hear*



I am the Mother I speak from the wise ones of the sea

*I call forth the listeners! The poet, the healer
and all those who can find the quiet listening
space within.*

Rise up!

Song of the Gadgets

*Many are singing to you right now
singing the song of healing and life and love*

*But your souls have been distracted
your intelligence falsely engaged*

*You wear out your brains and distract your souls
as you listen to the stories of the gadgets
try to decipher the meaning of the buttons
and at the close of day the sun goes down
and you have heard only the song of the gadgets*

*The sea that carries this song
is the sea of hypnotic trance
that has dulled your minds and spirits*

You must awaken to the real song
*The Song of the Web the song of life
The Song of the Cosmos*



Song of the Stars

*You are a tiny light
In the vast being of the cosmos*

*Waves are pulsing
toward the new day*

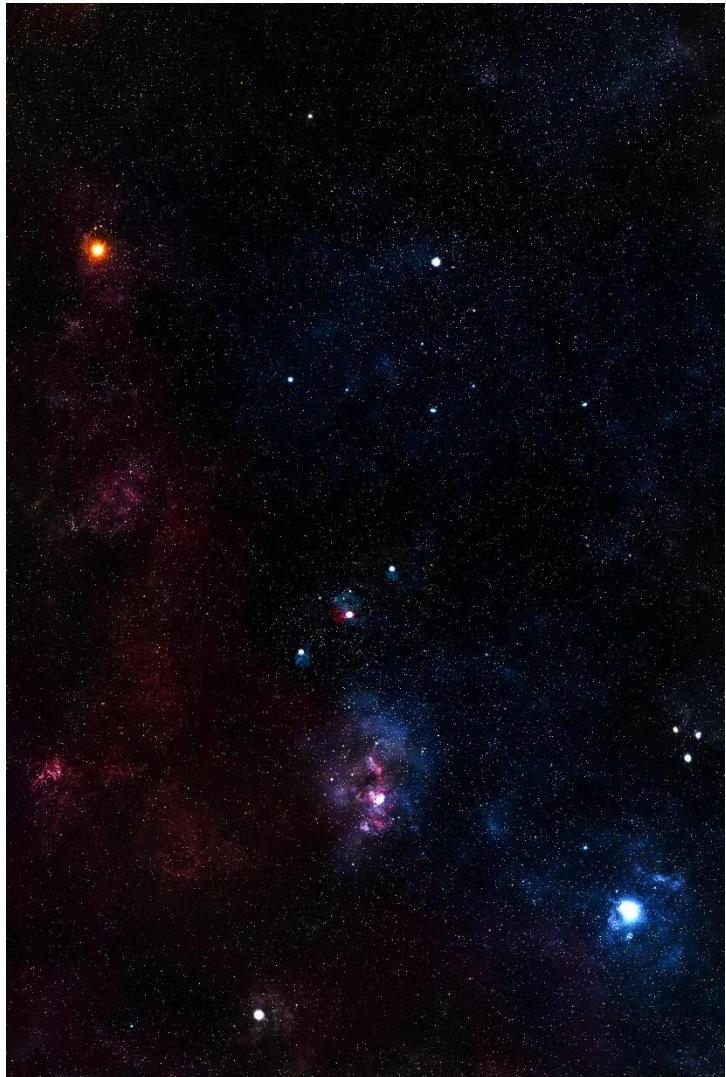
*Waves of starlight pulsing
Waves of earth pulsing
and waves within you
pulsing*

The pulse of labor

*Waves of poetry from the teachers
Waves of song from the teachers
Waves of speech from the teachers*

*We light your path young ones of Earth
We send you silver starlight*

*Black space is a vast web of energy tendrils
a womb which births the firmament*



the mind the brain
separated from the heart its home
sees no web sees all things as separate
And in its greedy quest to own all know all
it separates as it probes
and it names each separate bit in triumph

We know of the life force its cosmic size
its eternal vibration
We know the name of this force
The name many scientists do not see-- LOVE



You have tried to pull it into pieces
study each piece
and you do not see
that the entire cosmos vibrates

Love

You are selecting small and petty names
for the pieces you see and study

If a child pulls a spoonful of water
from the mighty river
and stares into the spoon
and gives this patch of water a name
and then says, "Now I know the river"
his vision is limited his words are limited
his knowing of life force
and possibilities of "river"
are limited.



He does not know of river's powerful energy
he does not know that river can hold him,
carry him, bring him to new shores and lands
He does not know the life, the universe of river
as he continues to peer into the wrong place--

"Spoon"



The mind without the heart
cannot sustain its life for long.
It is a creature that feeds on all things
and then turns and feeds on its own self.
Never sated never satisfied
its hunger destroys all
and in the end destroys itself



The mind that is joined to the heart
feels the aliveness of all
and feels the web Love's arms
and relaxes into its vitality its light

I am the Mother I call forth the teachers
as Earth trembles on the brink

**I call forth those who can help
join mind to heart**



I call forth the teachers

Look within the nest of your own heart
What are your gifts? What is your part in the song of weaving?

and do you know the body of earth
its bones its stones its waters its fire
its blanket of air its rivers and seas

Do you know the seed
 the fertile dark world of earth
 the song of the brown
 do you feel the song in your clay body?

And some are teachers of the fire
they burn with great passion they are bright lights
they lift their voices in dense places of confused thinking
places of corrupt power wrong values
they risk their lives they cry out as prophets
they shine like stars they burn

Their light shapes the constellation of the new story

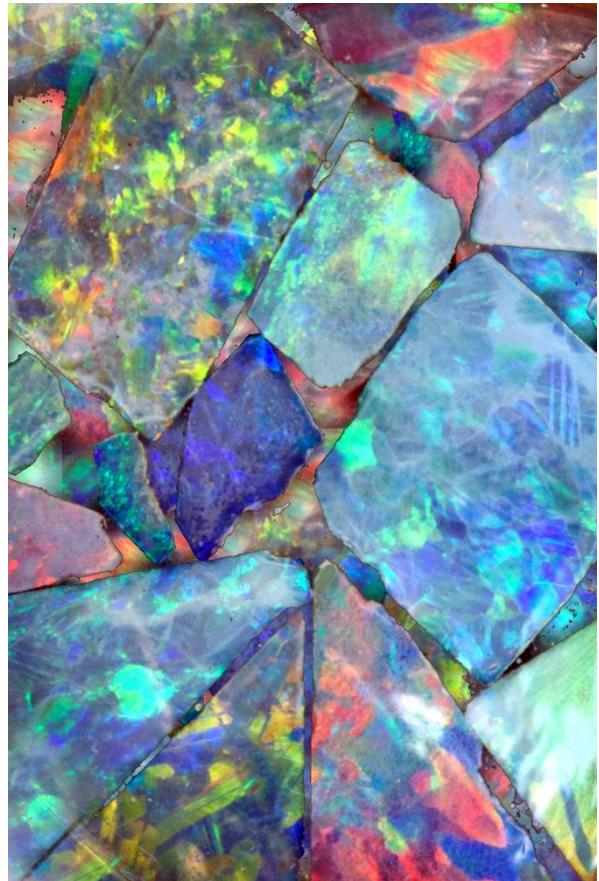
I call forth the teachers

I call forth the ones whose gift is silver spinning
the weaving together of many disparate threads
of wisdom and fact
into a clear and glorious whole
a glowing pattern that helps others
to see the silver shining of all life

Are you a teacher of the silver
Can you help others see the sacred web?

I call forth those who dwell in the heart of pink
who reach out to give comfort and aid
 who hold out their hands to the ones who are falling,
 the poor, the ill, the elderly, the children
 the ones who lives have been violated,
 shattered, filled with pain

*I am the Mother
I ask you to open receive take life!
to open your own gifts give back to the web*



I Call Forth the Teachers

Help me weave the rainbow bridge

Song of the Child

*I am the hurting child
I am the broken child
I am the hungry one
 Fading from the web
I am the shivering child
I am the unwashed child
I am the listless one
 fading from the web*

*My song grows thin grows still
Joins the silence of the others
 fading from the web*

*I am the Mother
And I speak through the quiet voice
Of the children
 fading from the web*

Listen Respond

The stories need to be told



Song of the Forest

*A woodsman enters the forest,
looking for a tree to cut
He will build a hut with the wood
The trees surround him--
tall stately strong*

*He lifts his axe he fells the tree
he splits the logs he builds his hut
and in the space left--
the forest holds a silent note,
and the short stump that rises
from the forest floor
quivers in its being.*

The forest waits.



*The sun rises sets rises sets
many times. The moon waxes and wanes
winds blow snow falls*

*In his hut the man shivers
and gathers more branches for his fire
cuts smaller trees chops wood.*

*The spring comes
new saplings rise
from the forest floor,
branch out over the stump
which is now covered
with bright green moss
and is home to many
crawling creatures.*

*The saplings grow strong
over the turning
of the years.*

*The man weakens
over the turning
of the years*



*the wind howls through the small chinks in his log hut.
He has no strength now to chop more firewood
or to hunt for food.*

*As the snow deepens
there is a silent note within his hut
and a slight quivering of the air.*

*And for those with ears to hear,
there is a song humming softly
forever underlying the activities
of the forest*

*Its floor its heights
Its growth its deaths*

*underlying the activities of the man
in his strong days of building
and his slow days of old age—*

*The humming song of the web
which surrounds and enlivens all
My song My breath
which holds a quivering note
for those seeming to die
seeming to leave a space
in the lacework*

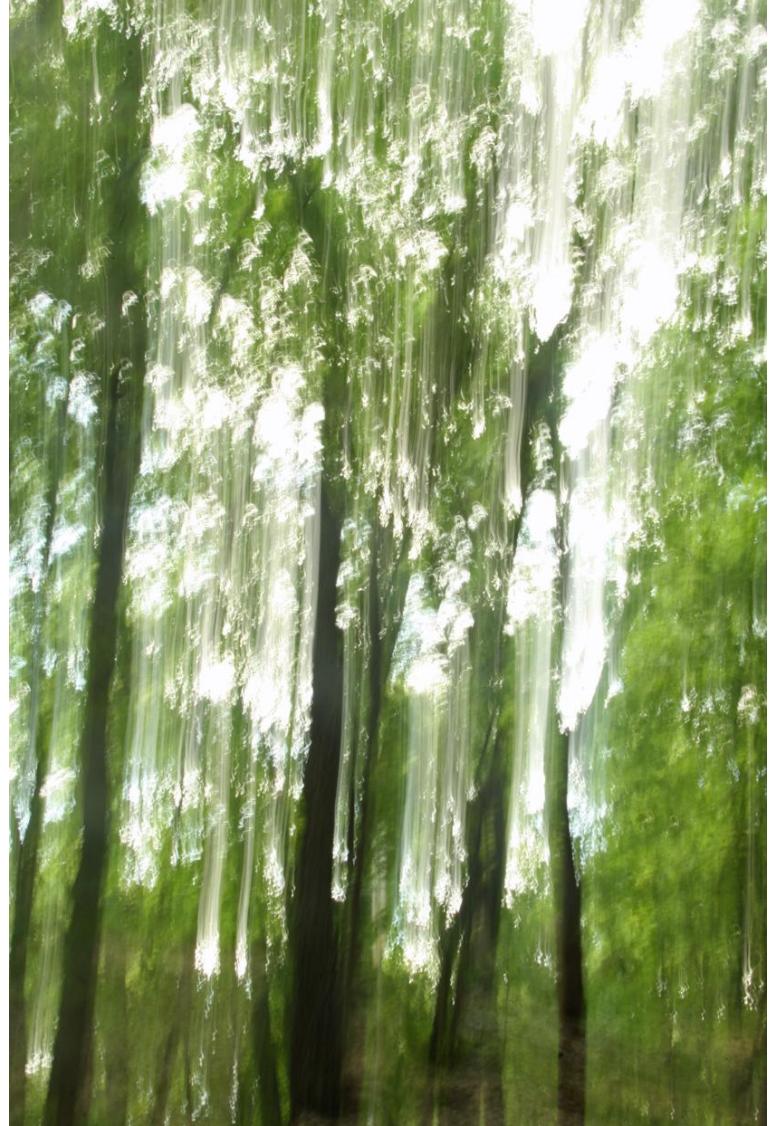
*But it is not so. It is a gathering in.
I am the long quivering note
calling them home
and I am the green life
rising renewing re-weaving.*

*And I say to those of you who are
stepping into the new day—*

*Listen to the humming beneath
the daily flow of life's activities.*

Listen and honor

*Honor the living beings who help serve your needs
Do not disturb their lives without real need--
not green tree nor furry animal
nor silent rock.*



Song of the Woodpecker

*I am woodpecker
I peck for my food
I knock I find.*

*If my hunt goes on too long
The tree itself becomes my victim
and the kingdom of tree falls to rot.*

*Listen you who stride the Earth
and hammer and pound upon the skin
of rock tree water Earth
with weapons of soldier scientist
miner farmer*

*You hunt you peck you knock
but the drumbeat of your knock
goes on too long
and the kingdom of the web falls to rot*

*There was One who said:
"Seek and you will find.
Knock and it shall be opened"*

*I offer the double- edged sword
of wisdom
the invitation to seek to knock
at the fiber of life*

*But do not let your knocking
become a force
which destroys the tree of life*



*Listen to my cry
learn of balance in this web
which you share with all beings.*



DO NOT FORGET

*It is the **heart** which must knock find balance
I am the woodpecker I knock*

Song of the Snail

I am the snail

*Slowly I carry the spiral
along the dusty roads of Earth
Slowly I carry the spiral
amidst the branching growth of Earth
Slowly I bear the spiral
along the moist dark Earth-ways
where green life has its birth*



*I know the song of the spiral
I wear the spiral on my back
Spiral change inch by inch
the spiral turns*

*and I
the plodding one
show you the slow dance*

And what remains

when I'm gone

a lightning time

a whorl of change



Song of the Walnut

*I draw up from my roots
The grace to move with change*

*to feel Earth's movements
Sun's movements star's movements
the movement of tiny worlds of life
within one's own body*

*I hold in my blossom
the energy to help one **move***

*I am guardian of that threshold—
I help the traveler make the crossing.*

I am bridge energy



*Walnut sweet offering of the seed nut
reflects the potential
of the human brain
as an ally to hold a new vision*

To cross to a new day

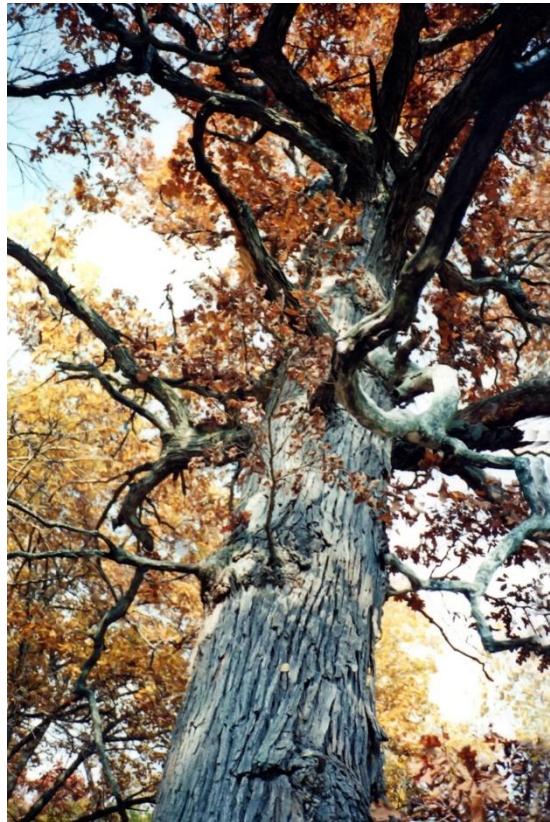
Song of the Acorn

*I call on sun to warm my days
to soften my walls
to soften all that holds me back
from the opening the growth*

The being that is me--



Tree



I am acorn

*Seed of hope Seed of Presence
Seed of Power*

uniting Earth and sky

Song of the Berry

We hold the shape of the globe the circle knowing

We hold the hope the future sowing

We are the juicy ripeness of summer;

seas of water fill our seed globe

we are the glory the seed of tree

and bush and flower

the ripened hour

We offer you the summer sun the summer rain

the summer Earth fruited once again

Berry

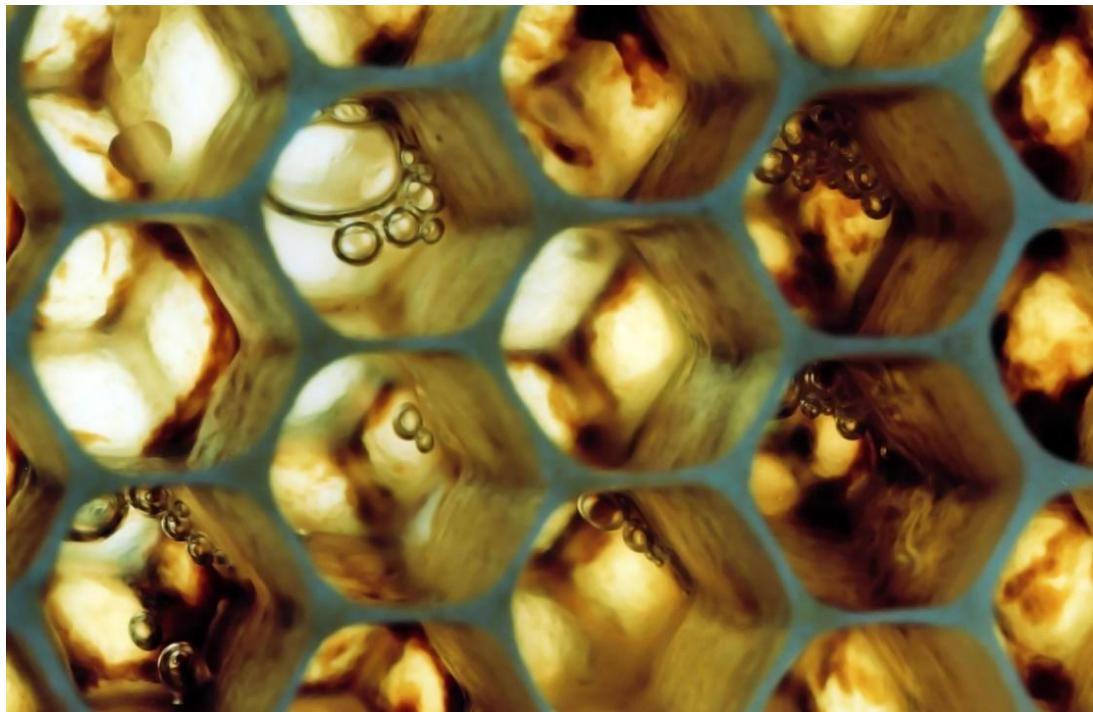
Take and eat the gift of sun!



The Dance of the Bee

*I find the nectar I taste the nectar
I dance the nectar
the path to the nectar
the dance of the bee*

*I show others where lies the sweetness
I dance the story I dance the map
When others follow
we dance honey we create honey
sweet thick honey
which glows like light
sweetness of honey
the dance of the bee.*



*Listen! Teachers of the web –
there is sweetness nectar all around you*

*Search out the sweetness dance the sweetness
show others the sweetness
they will create a comb of honey light*



*Find the sweet nectar
dance the nectar
show others the nectar*

Join the song

the dance

of the web



Song of the Seed

*I begin to move quietly at first
and hidden yes*

In the fertile darkness

I drink I eat

*I begin to learn the dance
re-learn the dance*

for I knew it once before

I knew the dance as tree

*the fluid grace of limbs that reach, bend
fork, and grow again new limbs*

waving, bending, drinking light

I dance

I drop seed I am seed

I am love curled up waiting knowing



The Rhythm of the Dance

I am the Mother

and I am the pattern

of sand

and wave

*repeating
reaching
dancing
rippling
splashing*



I spread my love across the waters the sand



*The moves of the dance
the branching ways
In limbs of trees in veins of leaves
In fingers of river my hand my fingers
reaching searching*

For the embrace



*My love curves across the cosmos
armfuls of dancing stars spiral nebulae
the joy the arc
the spin of the dance*

*I am the spiral love
I crawled from the ancient seas
curved my life into stone messages
To you now
In your lives of stone paste
stone which has lost its story*



Listen to me I speak to you from ancient times

My spiral emblazoned in the heart of stone



*And the singing stone
The dancing winds
The flaming stars
All within
The heart Sacred Heart*

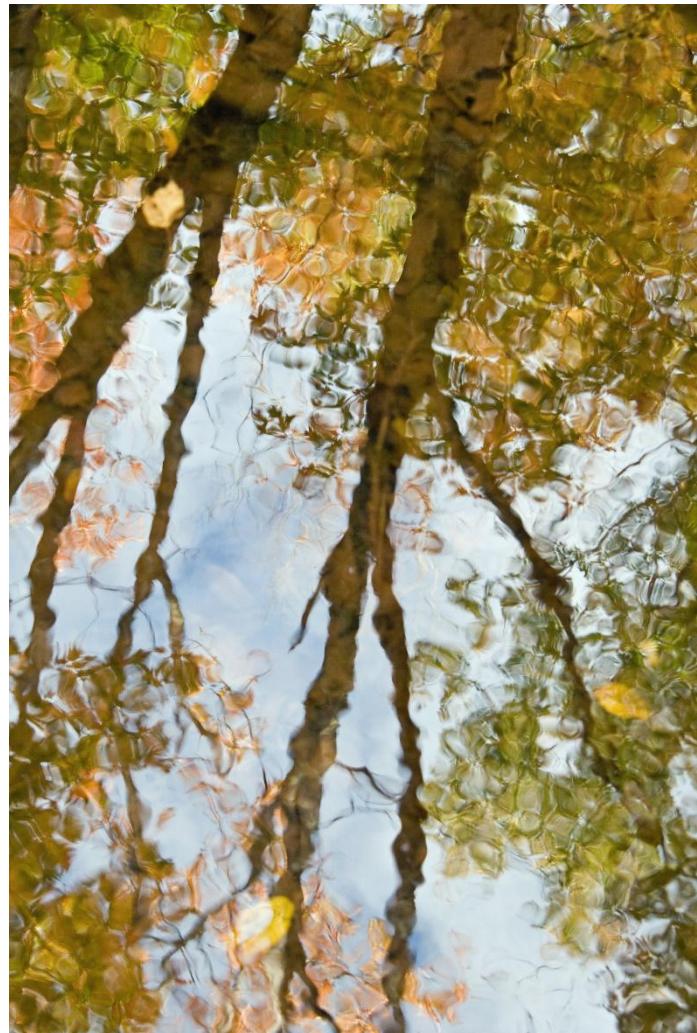
*And your part
to know to sing to dance*

*to let your heart
catch fire with love*

*and the clouds above
the Earth below
the snail's dance
steady slow
carrying the whorl
of change*

*The tree sings
In living rings
to touch the skin of air
the body of Earth
the flame of sun
All one
gathered in the circle
and embrace
of tree*

***And your part—
To breathe to spiral ever outward
To dance
To sing!***



JOIN THE DANCE!

*It is a new day
and we are trying to show you a better way.
The dance of the web*

Join the dance

the unceasing song the dance of the web

*Seeds ride the air like birds
land on Earth keys of the kingdom
They are the dancing partners from long ago.*

Do you know them?

Join the dance the dance of the web

*Seed pods
floating in the sun's dancing rays*

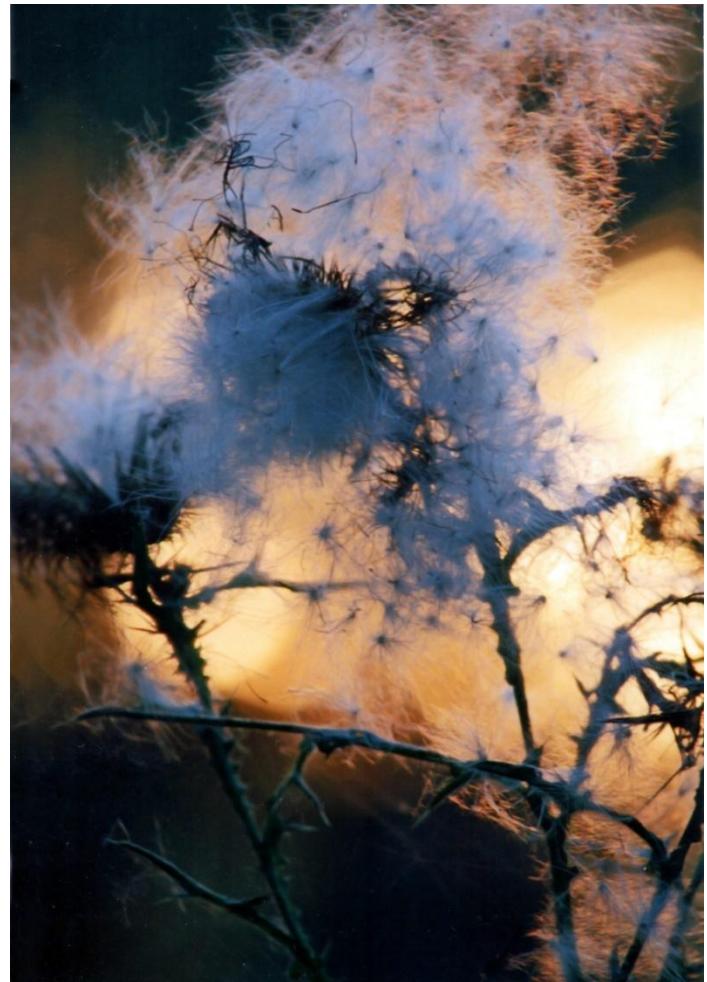
tumbleweeds rolling

*Creatures of air
riding the wind like stallions*

*Creatures of sea
moving with the dance of waves*

*Creatures of land
burrowing in the beating Earth*

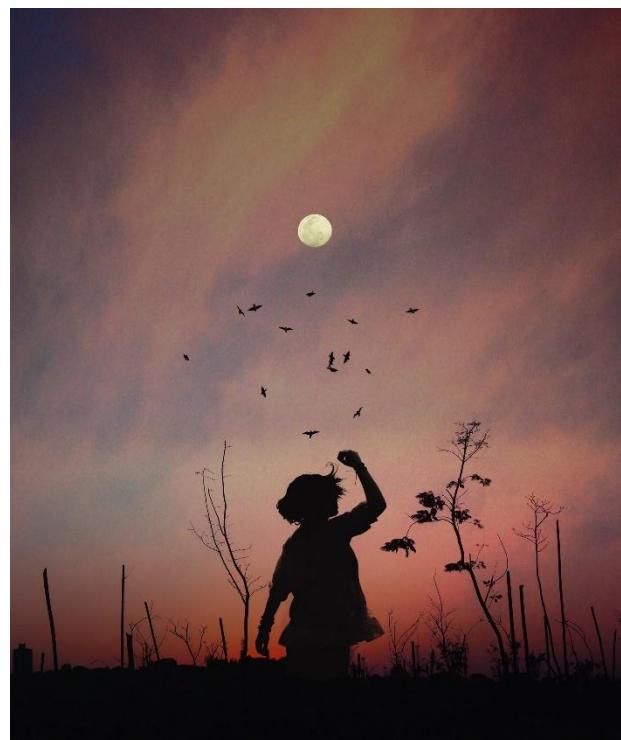
and some planting seeds



to call forth the dance



We are the dancing partners!



And this is a new day

We are trying to show you a better way!



We are dancing our pathway

In a web of song

Back to the Light

