



Anthology of Poems for GreenSpirits

Compiled by Joan Angus



BOOK EXTRACT

Section from

Anthology of Poems for GreenSpirits

Eleventh title in the low-cost GreenSpirit Book Series

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Part One: Life's Journeys (extracts)

Ode to Creation Spirituality

The Earth is our Mother
We are her kin
Our Father who loves us
Dwells there within
Thru Creation and Science they say we are one
with the trees, the stars and even the sun
They say life's a blessing
not about sin
That the child inside us
needs to come out and win
If we take heed of their wisdom
we'll be changed and be healed
And that is where our gifts are revealed
For when we're reborn in the truth of it all
we know its about compassion not the fall
And when we can trust what we have been told
we give birth to a power that's more precious than gold.

~ Margie Schneider

Big Bang Poem

Once before time was
there existed a full stop
and within this tiny .
sat all that was,
is and shall be

So weighted and full was it
that finally
it burst
and out fell everything
with an almighty surge

And all that was, is and
Shall be, was sent spinning:

Children's tops
a tropical night
full of Jaguar's eyes
musical notation
you and me
grasshoppers, oak trees
the Milky Way
head lice, the Grand Canyon
kingfishers, brimstone butterflies
lapis lazuli, cox's pippins
Stonehenge, pasque flowers
Maria Callas.

~ Richard Meyers

I Shall Lay Down My Compass

I shall stop reading my compass,
Twisting it this way and that,
Watching the metallic blue needle
Make the decisions. Instead,
I shall lay a finger on my pulse,
Sniff the wind, pick flowers,
Feel the balance and recoil of affinities –
Consult oracles.

Very deep the seed with a voice
Like the sound of a waterfall
Cries to be born.
The clear light trapped in the stone
With long low cadences
Vibrates the silver chord in my hand.

I shall lay down my compass,
I shall follow a new path.
Who said I needed to go North?

~ Grace Blindell

Path to the Beach

Only one path
led to that beach, and that one hidden well
in folds of thicket, past a waterhole, through trees
arching, dark like dusk. Only the salty smell
and growing sandiness beneath your feet
disclosed the secret, if you thought to look. But then,
around the turn, and suddenly a roar –
and the whole sky broke open to reveal
infinity of blue and gold and blue.
What to do? What can you do, on such a strand except
run, dance with the wind, fling off your clothes, whirl naked, sing?
Flirt with the whispering foam, and laughing, stand
as the tide steals sand from under your very soles.
Seek treasure here, tossed wide by a spendthrift sea.
Or lie with your lover in those sculpted dunes.
Make love to him, or her, the sun, or both, or none.
And maybe weep because when all is done
you have to choose a path. There will be one
too dangerous to take. It is the siren way, with charms that
bid you run
and dance one perfect, final pirouette into the ocean's arms
in ultimate surrender. Any action less complete than that,
is compromise. But you will take the long way home,
follow your own, oncoming footprints in damp sand,
clutching your shell, your prize of cuttlefish,
your bittersweet, unconsummated dream.
Only one path
led to that beach. And that one hidden now
in folds of history. You cannot go again.
Someone has bought the land, and now the sand
is strewn with deck chairs. Now the whirling, sighing wind
that whisked your hair, and chimed the siren's bell
(now a mere echo in your long-dried shell),
plays for the dance no more.
The chance is gone.

~ Marian Van Eyk McCain

Edge

That scary place, the edge, is where it happens,
Like dance arising from stillness,
Or sound from silence.
The edge, where nothing is, is where everything begins.

If you want to avoid being at the edge
Then you must hold the earthquake at bay,
Stifle the volcano. Yes, you single-handed
Must deny that important emergence.
You think you can do that? The tectonic plates can't
And they are vaster, older, and more experienced than you.

The tectonic plates, riding the pulse of the molten core
Bump and buffet together, raw edges,
Hidden, terrifying, deep, mysterious,
They are nevertheless where newness comes.

The molten possibility dreams itself into being at the margins,
The red hot stream of 'what might be' mounts upward.
But only through the torn and wounded edge
flows into new being
that pool of potentiality, which will be the future,
is born at the extremity.

Both burdened and endowed with choice, the human
Stands – poised always at the brink.
The stream of possibility flows on
Unending. It throbs and calls in every living cell
Seeking its own potential, whilst the edge –
Always and everywhere – offers risk.

~ Grace Blindell

The Oaks on the Common

The oaks on the common are dancing,
With every week they shift their weight upon the ground.
With every month they swirl their garments,
and in the year reach out to their friends.

There is but one majestic step throughout their age,
in which they open out the centuries to their death.

~ Chris Clarke

Morning Mist

Dark.
A glow on the horizon.
The mountain shrugs a billow of mist
from his shoulders,
raises his tousled heathery head
to greet a new day.
His downy cover rolls back
sinking into the valley below.

A pinkness blushes the sky
greeted by the birds' Matins song.
All life below is smothered
By the rolling blanket;
a pearly world of dimly seen shapes,
damp branches,
dripping twigs.

The dew drenched road disappears
in the greyed air.
Follow that road.
Do not stray into the grey.

Strive on up, feeling the way
to encounter revelation,
a new vision, clarity of sight.

~ Sarah Jane Toleman

These Days

Summer mellows into autumn
Conkers and beech mast underfoot,
Shiny plump blackberries there for the taking
And birds sing to celebrate the harvest.

My pace is slower these days
I pause to absorb the magic,
Ponder on summer's spent moments
And celebrate the abundance of my life.

Where did the summer go?
I can still dance when the music plays.
But perhaps if I take my time
There will be longer to savour the autumn.

~ Joan Angus

Final Moments

In blind return to the Atlantic womb,
This eager stream has furrowed to the shore,
Through green, sheep-sprinkled, Devon hills, a combe
Lush lined with oak and beech and sycamore.

Deep in this fold, her journey's legacy
Of silt to ferns bequeathed, her life's tales told,
She flows with softness, equanimity.
Her waters light; no burden left to hold.

Suddenly, now! She rounds the combe's last bend
A dozen yards from where the breakers crash.
The last tree passed. Salt stings the air. The end.
Time now to make that final, trembling dash

Through hard, grey rock, where gulls scream at the sun,
Die to herself, and open to the One.

~ Marian Van Eyk McCain