

Thirteen Petalled Rose

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I've been thinking like a mountain,
Feeling like the streams,
Living in the scared hoop of the universal dream,
I've been standing 'neath the tree of life,
With its branches spread out wide,
And it welcomes and shelters me, and
Does not question why.

Thank you mother for gentleness,
Thank you father for my soul,
Thank you brother for enduring,
All the lies that we were told.

Thank you daughter for your grace,
And the dignity you share,
Thank you friends and lovers for compassion,
Your spirit makes me whole.

Thank you moon, and sun and stars,
You are the window to my soul,
You are the pages to the book,
The story that will unfold.

Thank you rhythm, rhyme and melody
You are my life line,
Thank you Jesus for your passion,
You are a friend of mind.

I can hear you in the bird song,
Feel you presence in the breeze,
On the darkest night, in the star light,
Your spirit still speaks to me.