

Book 30; Sonnets of Sand Sea and Cosmos

By: Dave Greenfield

Edited by: B. L. Cooke

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Springtime Awakening (2022-074)

Twas in the spring of 1989
After a cold dark winter of the soul,
I felt the spring would come and make me whole
To start again in body, heart and mind.
The spring brought newness like a sweet red wine
And left behind the winter with its toll.
So I would walk and meditate and roll
With life and love and freedom intertwined.

May every spring be like that spring, that time,
Another chance to dream my dreams in rhyme.
Each gentle dreamy April, May and June
Can put my harp and heartbeat back in tune.
The muses feel the swirling cosmos bend.
The dreamy mystic poet lives again.

From Realms of Light (2022-134)

Before the cosmos blossomed, there was light,
A pure and boundless living light that shone,
A vast, free surging ocean stretching on,
Where all infinity was calm and bright.
The birth of space-time brought the cosmic night,
Where darkness mingled with a starlit song.
This dance of dark and light became the bond
That let the cosmos dream in sweet delight.

So in this gentle dance of light and dark
We feel a music singing in our hearts.
With earth and water, fire, yes, and air,
The dance becomes a song that all may share.
A million songs and colours, myths and dreams,
Become the cosmos of a billion streams.

A Single Note (2022-155)

A single note of song rang out through space.
There were no hands to feel nor ears to hear.
There was no moving flowing atmosphere,
No molecules the note's sound could embrace.
The note, however, would not be erased
By nothingness or emptiness or fear.
Pretending that all space-time was an ear

The note crescendoed gaining strength and pace.

The note became creation, love and time,
Evolving like the nebulas that turn.
It blossomed to compassion, joy and rhyme
Until a billion spirits came to learn.
The note became sweet pleasure, dance and wine
And all of joyful life for which we yearn.

What is the Night (2022-079)

What is the night that raps us in her song,
That sings of darkness with bright hearts and souls,
Its sky of starlight that toward morning rolls,
Its newest stars a foretaste of the dawn.
One night we wake to find all logic gone,
That unicorns and elves and nymphs and trolls
Have come to shake the world like Marx's moles
And give us all a dream to carry on.

The nighttime goddess, joyful, playful, free,
Who takes the name of Nyx from ancient times,
Has blessed us with a sweet divinity
And given us the space to dream and play.
She gives us flowing rivers, flowing rhymes,
And plants the seedlings of a golden day.

The Christ Presence (2022-135)

In every cubic centimetre of
The dancing universe, I feel Christ's song,
I feel the Christos present, free and strong,
Transforming all that is with gentle love.
His spirit comes soft floating like a dove.
His message comes transforming like the dawn.
The dancing stars and galaxies go on.
Christ's presence gives space-time a gentle shove.

A thousand worlds now join the freedom cry.
The morning's sweet awakening is nigh.
A flute plays in a cosmic symphony
And binds all in a blessed empathy.
We feel the cosmic peace communion roar
And go where we have never gone before.

Peasant Critic (2022-078)

The vast imperial towers looming tall,
They fear me, peasant critic from afar.
They fear that I, like some long buried star,
Might rise again and take the name John Ball.
They fear I'll speak to all folks great and small,
Inspire them to rise against the Czar,
And tell the peasants who and what they are,
Proud offspring of the God who made them all.

And if I light the spark of dignity
In every peasant soul, from east to west,
That spark might shine, demanding to be free
And put the power structures to the test.
A billion hearts, in solidarity,
Will break the chains with which they are oppressed.

Rain Illumination (2022-159)

The rain falls in the soft transfigured night,
Each raindrop falling gently to the ground.
Each surface struck projecting its own sound
In varied shades of dull or smooth or bright.
The rain falls in the early morning light,
With gentle joy pulsating all around.
A quiet song that space and time have crowned
Illuminates the rain in sweet delight.

And I, a poet, stand amid the rain.
I share the joy that pulses everywhere.
I let the dream tide wash across my brain,
And thank this treasured moment that I share.
The message in the music's soft refrain,
Let us live lives to dream and feel and care.

Solaria (2022-081)

Four rocky worlds from Mercury to Mars
And then an asteroid belt of small shaped stones,
Four gaseous giants, each with its own tones,
And then the Kuiper belt, and then the stars.
This is our System with its nears and fars,
Majestic in its unknowns and its knowns,
Its quiet beauty and its roars and groans,
Its peaceful spaces and its painful scars.

Does all this evenness and beauty cause
Our minds to wonder at the natural laws?
Do moons and planets dance within our mind
And make us think, intelligent design?
Was this place shaped by some great thinking hand
So human beings could play upon the sand?

Spaceship to Times Gone By (2022-082)

If we could build a spaceship that could fly
Through deep space faster than the speed of light,
And take us back in time with its fast flight,
And bring us back to Earth in times gone by,
Is there some century, some place, some sky
Where we would like to land one morning bright,
And see the sunrise filled with sweet delight
Amid some moment be it bold or shy.

Perhaps the Greeks with reason in the mind,
With Plato, Zeno, Crates and their kind.
Perhaps the Romans with their legions vast
Who conquered hard and subjugated fast.
Perhaps the Christchild ever being born
Upon that first and joyful Christmas morn.

This Night (2022-080)

This night is where the Kentish rebels dwell.
They come by night and free the sage, John Ball.
The Son of Heaven, he shall live in all
And join with those who ring the freedom bell.
They dream a world where none shall buy or sell,
Where all is shared in common, great and small,
Where songs of peace and equity grow tall
And all, in sweet community, live well.

This is a night in 1381,
Before the car, the shopping mall and gun.
The peasants in their dreams let justice roll
A free utopia of heart and soul.
They dreamed their land and livelihoods transformed
Into the quiet song within the storm.

Dance for the Revolution (2022-083)

If I can't dance, then I don't wish to be
Part of your revolution free and bold,
For such a revolution would be cold,
Without a space for joy or revelry.
And so we dance and frolic to be free,
While so much of our world is bought and sold.
The capitalist system takes its toll.
Still I demand the right to just be me.

So let us dance the cosmos into joy.
Refuse to be a puppet, pawn or toy.
Create the joyful worlds we wish to see.
Proclaim a universal dignity.
We'll build our revolution with a dance
And hope humanity will have a chance.

The Christchild (2022-084)

The Christchild who was born on Christmas Day
And nursed upon the Blessed Virgin's breast,
Then in a humble manger laid to rest,
Is gently born anew each time we pray.
Each time we dream what He came to convey,
A world of peace and justice, east and west,
All creatures come to know that they are blessed,
As nighttime skies, to morning's gold, give way.

The Christchild comes in all of us again,
In Sun and wind, in falling snow and rain.
The Christchild lives within us day and night
And guides us as He is our inward light.
He is forever being born anew
Amid the freshness of the morning dew.

Corporations (2022-087)

The corporations meet the whole year 'round.
They never pause to take a holiday.
Their wheels keep turning to pursue their prey,
Forever looming large and gaining ground.
The drone of engines is the constant sound
Amid the turning wheels and breaking clay.
The columns and the ledgers smile to say,
"We're rising tall, and we shall not come down."

The movements of dear citizens who care
About the earth, air quality and streams,
We mobilize and rally everywhere,
Responding to the engines with our screams.
In our case, we must pause, though rest is rare,
Restoring strength and hope and gentle dreams.

Frightened Child (2022-088)

Inside of me, there is a frightened child
Who fears the lightning and the thunder's roar.
He fears the wrath of scarecrow gods of war
And fears the nighttime winds that blow so wild.
In answer to his fears, the Goddess smiled,
Said you need not be frightened any more.
Remove your fears from deep down at your core,
Replace them with a scene, gentle and mild.

The Goddess taught the frightened child to dream
And contemplate the ripples on a stream.
But still sometimes the frightened child persists,
And fears the dark and thunder in the mist.
So still the Goddess seeks to calm his fears
And dance him through the love-filled cosmic spheres.

Christmas Every Day (2022-089)

For mystics it is Christmas every day.
The Christ mass lives throughout the cosmic night.
A billion galaxies send forth their light
Like angel choirs singing time away.
And we are children on a winter sleigh,
Who laugh and dance amid the winter white.
All life's alive and joyful, bold and bright,
The universe a place for us to play.

As mystics we behold the Christ within,
Within us and among us, all around.
His gentle voice amid the drone-filled din
Calls us to sink our roots in sacred ground.
We are the new day pining to begin
To share the deep down peace that we have found.

Good Friday Moment (2022-094)

The clouds of darkness roll across the sun.
The Son of Man hangs naked on a cross.
The land grows dark as if to count the cost
And pierce the flesh of Christ in everyone.
For three short years sweet parables he'd spun,
And who can count the many boats he'd tossed.
We stand uncertain, grieving for his loss,
For now it seems that all is said and done.

Will there be a new morning as he claimed,
Beyond the darkened sky, beyond the chains?
The seed that has dropped down into the ground,
Will it bear fruit and turn the world around?
Now there is only blood and death and nails,
And our hearts making neither heads nor tails.

Sweet Easter (2022-093)

Come celebrate sweet Easter all year 'round
With gentle dawntime joining Earth and sky.
Rebirth is now the airborne freedom cry.
The Christ among us is no longer bound.
We sing about the freedom we have found
From dark imperial chains that fade and die.
Our dearest dreams grow wings and dare to fly
Above the rushing streams, above the ground.

The Christ within us leaps for joy this day,
And all year 'round remembers this fine joy.
The palace, crown and sword we disobey.
The New Day's new creation we proclaim.
We outlive every darkling palace ploy
And overturn each corporate power game.

At Pentecost (2022-150)

At Pentecost the Spirit's love was poured
Upon the early Christians old and young,
Til they began to speak in spirit tongue
And told the story of the risen Lord.
It seemed community would be restored.
They shared all things in common, dwelt as one,
And dreamed an age of justice had begun
With free hearts beating all of one accord.

The freedom and the sharing that began
Would gather strength and spread across the land.
All things in common would become the cry
That echoed age to age beneath the sky.
Communities would rise and break apart,
But still the dream would haunt the human heart.

Old Major's Dream (2022-095)

Old Major dreamed a song his mother sung
To him when he was young and not yet grown.
The song it conjured visions with its tone
Of freedom from oppression's whip and gun.
Declaring that a new day had begun,
He woke and told his friends what he'd been shown.
It's time for us to enter the unknown,
A world of dignity for everyone.

And so the people rose from far and near,
Breaking their chains and letting go of fear.
In heart and mind, the liberation came,
Ten million people now no longer tame.
His last words were, drink deeply of the song.
Ensure the vision lives and carries on.

Aquarius Shall Sing (2022-116)

One day when I was but fifteen years old,
I heard the words, Aquarius shall sing.
Aquarius shall guide you through the spring
And gently turn your mornings into gold.
I wondered at these words so bright and bold
And what this name Aquarius might bring,
And why the name was dancing, echoing,
Across the cosmos too bright to behold.

Twas then the water bearer quenched my thirst,
And told me I was free to learn and grow,
To be a dreamer in the universe
And plant the seeds that form [tomorrow](#)'s row.
And so I dance amid each thunder burst,
And contemplate a million ways to go.

Could There be Others (2022-121)

The universe is one wild whirling swirl,
Each galaxy a gently turning wheel,
Each nebula a song set to reveal
The process forming stars and moons and worlds.
And in this cosmos of a billion whirls
Could there be others born to think and feel?
To contemplate beyond the next full meal?
To wonder at the stars that blink and twirl?

We tune devices to the turning sky
Like ears that listen as the times go by.
We turn our optic telescopes afar
Detecting worlds that orbit star by star.
But only silence greets our eyes and ears.
Yet still we listen through the turning years.

I Dreamed (2022-096)

I dreamed one day when Earth and time were new,
A world embraced by love from near and far,
A Point Omega like an unseen star
That sent its rays of love across the blue.
Its message was to love and be and do
With action grounded firm in what we are,
To serve the Christ within and serve no czar,
But contemplate the good, the free, the true.

The mystics of all ages spoke their peace,
Envisioning a total heart release,
Where all could dream and feel the visions rise
And live each vision 'neath the changing skies.
And so the millions dreamed agapic dreams,
Becoming ripples on a gentle stream.

Minds (2022-097)

A host of gentle people lost their minds.
Some forty years of struggle did them in.
So now they sit and babble in the din
And tell their glory stories from past times.
They dreamed of bringing peace to humankind
And getting power from the sun and wind.
The system kicked them in the face and grinned
And said, "I won't repent for any crimes."

"What crimes have I committed, smooth and smug,
But pooping in the face of Planet Ugg."
Before this grinning face unchangeable
These people lost their minds and lost control.
So now they sit in stark insanity,
And crash before the corporate vanity.

An Answer to the Existentialists (2022-119)

Some say we need to feel the empty space,
The absence of community and joy,
The bleak dark sorrow, that which would destroy,
If we're to face what human souls must face.
We must be existentialists and trace
The outlines of dark pain and not enjoy
The world the way we did when girl or boy,
But learn that life is one big scornful place.

But I, a mystic, beg to disagree.
I feel around me, every day and night,
A gentle glow, a sweet divinity,
The holy present God who is a light.
God's holy present love has set me free
To dream the world in patterns true and bright.

Procession (2022-151)

As twenty-seven thousand years turn 'round,
The equinox procession rolls and rolls.
Each constellation sings within our souls
Its name resounding with its own pure sound.
And we who stand, our feet upon the ground,
Look up and watch the dance of spheric wholes.
Each time slot speaks its name and takes its tolls,
And helps to shape the day for which we're bound.

Sweet Leo, Libra, Sagittarius,
Sweet Pisces, Taurus, and Aquarius,
Old Capricorn and Gemini march on,
As starlight fades into the breaking dawn.
The cosmos as an underlying ode,
Confronts us all and stops us on the road.

Starlight (2022-157)

The starlight dances in the nighttime sky.
On Earth we feel surrounded by the stars.
The cosmos shows its many nears and fars
As galaxies and nebulas go by.
Is there a voice that sings a peaceful sigh,
Above the roar of factories and cars,
That frees us from behind our prison bars
And tells us liberation day is nigh.

This living cosmos with its stars that shine
Is proof there's more than just the daily grind.
There's more to live for than the grim routine
That serves the mindless, soulless, big machine.
Sweet beauty, cosmos, love and life dance on
As in our hearts we hold the breaking dawn.

One Great Song (2022-118)

I wonder if the cosmos, deep and wide,
Consists of song reverberating far,
In every planet, meteor and star,
In every dream and beam that does abide.
It is the spiritual song inside
That stirs our hearts and tells us who we are.
It fills the cosmos with each note and bar
And shimmers in each space where we reside.

There are a billion songs yet all is one,
Sweet variations in each beaming sun.
The stars and arms of galaxies shall dream
And sing a gentle rapsodician theme.
The song shall dream and dance and turn and bend.
This universe of song shall have no end.

Spring Man (2022-124)

The Spring Man is a youth who thinks and dreams,
A virile youth with fantasies and drive.
His raging hormones tell him he's alive.
He'd make love to the cosmos, so it seems.
He also dreams in turning social themes,
To build a world where everyone can thrive,
In peace and justice, where we all survive
On Planet Earth, in thoughtful caring streams.

The Spring Man has a wild life energy,
Where love and liberty will dance as one.
He'll mobilize to fight tall tyranny
And write sweet poems to the setting sun.
His world is new. His life is wild and free.
And there is so much, so much to be done.

Summer Man (2022-125)

The Summer Man is gentle, calm and true.
His youthful wilds have mellowed into song.
He builds community and carries on
Beneath a peaceful summer sky of blue.
The world is still resounding bright and new,
But he has made commitments, weak or strong,
To loved ones, friends and neighbours 'cross the lawn,
And he knows now what he has come to do.

He weaves the web of life that gives us all
The strength to love and contemplate and grow.
He meditates upon this blue white ball
And knows what all the eco-systems know.
As summer slowly turns 'round into fall
He does not fear the coming of the snow.

Autumn Man (2022-126)

The Autumn Man sweet dreamer, bard and sage,
Sits quietly and writes his thought streams down.
He's seen the dancing, dreaming years go 'round
And put his name on every turning age.
He's met the world in love and peace and rage,
With Mother Gaia as his living ground.
He's spoke his burning truths from town to town
And would not be a poet in a cage.

And now he's old with wisdom still to share.
The planet still cries out for him to care.
He shares each thought and dream and gentle song,
And hopes they'll help the millions carry on.
He feels the wind blow freely from the west
And knows that soon he'll come to take his rest.

Winter Man (2022-127)

The Winter Man sleeps soundly in the earth,
And yet we hear him calling in the wind.
The winter days are quiet with a spin
Of gentleness that speaks of quiet mirth.
He tells all creatures of their deep down worth,
And sings of spirit as a light within.
These days of winter, like a country inn,
Are quiet, yet preparing for rebirth.

The Winter Man knows one day he'll awake,
When springtime comes and earth-time lives again.
The world awakens new and ice jams break,
The frozen dreams of winter melt and blend.
The earth and sky and flowing rivers shake,
The forest shouts, "This world shall have no end!".

Song of the Seasons (2022-128)

The seasons they turn 'round beneath the sky.
The human heart grows from the green of spring,
Through summer gold, embracing every thing,
Til autumn's reds confront us with a sigh.
In birth and growth and aging, we ask why.
We wonder at the dreams the seasons bring.
The songs of Earth and time and forest sing.
We know that life and soul are always nigh.

And so this dance of Earth and life goes on,
Reverberating everywhere it seems.
It finds us dancing naked in the dawn
And tossing pebbles in the rushing streams.
We dance life's dance til all our time is gone.
Then we begin again in midnight dreams.

This Living Biosphere (2022-162)

This living biosphere in which we dwell
Is groaning hard beneath our overuse,
And yet she sings in oak and pine and spruce
And looks beyond the drive to buy and sell.
She dreams her song in every living cell
And in the mind of muskrat, mink and moose.
She dares imagine freedom from abuse
When all the earth escapes our living hell.

The animals and plants that dare to grow
Comprising this great turning living sphere,
We hear their voices in the winds that blow
And catch their messages in prayer and dream.
Perhaps they help us overcome our fear
And weave a future by a gentle stream.

What is the Love (2022-115)

What is the love inside the human heart,
A love of neighbour and a love of self,
A love for all with so much more to tell,
A love for Earth that shows us who we are.
Of Earth and self and neighbour, near or far,
Our love will flow from living cell to cell.
Our love will heal each grinding earthly Hell.
We'll fear no general, commandant or czar.

What of the heart that let's this brave love flow,
Will it keep beating, beat by beat, through time?
Is each heart part of one great sacred glow,
One universal free agapic rhyme?
And do our hearts sing as the wind does blow,
Just like a gentle wind-tossed summer chime?

I Chose (2022-153)

I chose to be a dreamer of the dream
Who stopped to hear the waves upon the shore.
I chose to be a prophet at the door,
A poet who delights in verse and theme.
I turned my back on every corporate scheme,
For that was not what I was fighting for.
I dreamed of silence 'mid the corporate roar
And meditated by a gentle stream.

And now I stand, four decades having passed,
And realize that I have done and been
What I had wished to do and be at last,
By following the gentle light within.
I smile and face the world, sweet task by task,
And write my own sweet song amid the din.

Sometimes I Go Away (2022-137)

Sometimes I go away and miss the news
And meditate for two or three sweet days,
And journey through a contemplative maize
Of roads and paths, in golds and greens and blues.
This meditation maize of many hues
In time returns me to the world of grays,
Conveying what the inner space conveys
From time spent on an inward cosmic cruise.

Its wisdom holds me in a place so still,
And yet so vibrant like a moving tide.
I contemplate upon a sacred hill
And feel the sunlit sacred space inside.
I form my heart into an act of will
And go where love's sweet truth bids me abide.

I Dream a Pleasant Garden (2022-136)

I dream a pleasant garden deep within,
Perhaps the dreamland William Morris knew.
Perhaps the place that Thomas Moore came to
While Hythloday told tales of where he'd been.
The pleasant garden lives through rain and wind,
Appearing free beneath a sky of blue.
A place where better futures may come true,
The garden calls us once more to begin.

We plant our seeds like many times before,
And wait to see the sprouting seedlings grow.
We sing our songs of ancient cosmic lore
And churn the wisdom that each seed must know.
The sun will shine. The summer rain will pore.
The moon will rise. The whispered winds will blow.

Wakened Minds (2022-149)

When those who choose to have a wakened mind
Discover they are thinkers in a land
Where dark oppression rules both real and planned,
Reality gets rocked and redefined.
Capitalism's come and undermined
The power of the people in their stand.
Our dreams of justice slip away like sand,
The brightest ones co-opted, wined and dined.

So what's a wakened mind supposed to do,
Amid the gaunt systemic snarls and smiles.
We take our stands on platforms strong and true
And start the journey of a thousand miles.
We join the movement and resist anew
The vast machine of robots, webs and dials.

Noisy Summer (2022-132)

Once Rachel Carson dared to stand up tall
And warned us of a coming silent spring,
A springtime where the songbirds failed to sing,
Where loons and meadowlarks refused to call.
We thought about this 'round this blue white ball
And wove a gentle love for everything.
We knew how to preserve both bird and wing.
Create a noisy summer, great and small.

Create a summer where the people rise
And raise their signs and voices to the skies.
Proclaim the rights of every living thing.
Allow the wondrous biosphere to sing.
We are the Noisy Summer marching on,
On highway, street, and state and corporate lawn.

Prophet and Profiteer (2022-103)

We stand outside the gates of corporate might
And hear the mindless soulless corporate cheers,
As prophets in a world of profiteers,
As leftists in a world of might makes right.
Our message haunts the dark Mordorian night,
And hopes that every mindful human hears.
It whispers in the opened minds and ears
To turn this dark-spun planet toward the light.

All those whose beings have been bought and sold,
Whose souls have died, whose hearts have grown cold,
They know not what to make of our small voice
That speaks and dares to offer them a choice.
They walk past without seeing it would seem,
But something in them begs their hearts to dream.

Past and Present (2022-107)

Some sing the Weavers' "Wasn't That a Time"
And look back on some movement golden age,
When we marched with our words of joy or rage
And filled the streets with slogans, chants and signs.
We spend our living days with hearts and minds
Rehashing footage from another page,
To dance once more upon a movement stage
While worshipping at last year's sacred shrine.

But some take courage and look beyond the past,
And tell the people, "Isn't this a time".
We shout anew, "The first shall soon be last",
In revolution's rhythm, roar and rhyme.
This is the present. Feel the now time blast,
As we proclaim, "New wineskins for new wine".

The Earth Alone (2022-154)

The earth alone shall be the bottom line.
The ecosphere shall be the litmus test.
We hold our peaceful rallies and protest,
While others splurge and elegantly dine.
The earth has given every warning sign,
With heatwaves, droughts and floods from east to west.
With hurricanes, vast fires and the rest,
We glimpse a future now that chills our spine.

The earth alone is what we're fighting for,
A green [tomorrow](#) without ecocide.
We listen to the loons upon the shore,
And hope that they, with all of us, survive.
With all our power to confront and roar,
We hope that we'll succeed and turn the tide.

Marchers in the Dawn (2022-108)

The socialists and anarchists march on.
We raise our banners in the dust-filled street.
We build a revolutionary beat
And dream a revolutionary dawn.
Despite the many dreamlands come and gone,
The many times we've tried and met defeat,
We keep on marching through the summer heat
On sidewalk, street and corporation lawn.

We do not focus our free minds too long
On last year's revolutions having died.
We raise our spirits with a gentle song
That warms our hearts and brings us joy inside.
We call upon the holy teaming throng
To raise a revolutionary tide.

Universe (2022-120)

If all the universe were one great drum,
A drum for us to pound with heart and mind,
We'd pound our dreams and themes to humankind
And join our pounding with a joyful hum.
If all of space-time were a harp to strum,
We'd play a song to nurture and to bind.
We'd hope life's systems could be realigned
Into a just and peaceful day to come.

The universe is one organic whole,
Regardless of what metaphor you use.
She is a goddess with a dream-filled soul.
Perhaps she is a girl who sings the blues.
We dance with her as time's crunch takes its toll,
Believing that her body knows no bruise.

The Gentle Spirit Sings (2022-109)

The Gentle Spirit sings a lullaby
That drifts upon the moistened midnight breeze.
It drifts across the moor and through the trees
And sings of peace and love 'tween earth and sky.
The Gentle Spirit calls us to ask why
And dance with robins, butterflies and bees.
The thinkers come and say they have the keys
To open doors and spread vast wings and fly.

The Gentle Spirit calls us to push on,
And dream new universes great and small.
To journey further than we've ever gone
Imagining ourselves both strong and tall.
We are the breaking spirit of the dawn
Who dances liberation with the all.

The Summer Place (2022-113)

Deep down within the contours of my soul
There is a room I call the summer place.
The inner sun shines warm within this space
And helps me on my journey to be whole.
Outside the storm clouds come and take their toll
Like shadows passing on a mountain face.
We all take shelter in the sun's embrace
And know somewhere the moon is rising full.

What is this summer place deep down inside
Where thoughts of love and peace and joy abide.
It is the inner candle, inner flame,
The presence of the God we cannot tame.
It strengthens us with its sweet gentle song
And brings us peace and courage to carry on.

Silence (2022-131)

There is a silence deep inside us all,
Beneath the symbols and the songs of time,
Beneath the rattle, rhythmic hum and rhyme.
Into this silence, let us gently fall.
The silence like a sea shall surge and call,
Wash over us, a peaceful starlit brine.
Its radiance grows deeper, now sublime,
The stillness of a meditation hall.

The silence keeps us still and whole and free.
It let's us think the word humanity,
Then equity, then liberty, then light,
Then tells us this is deep down silent night.
All ego, greed and arrogance are gone.
Only the silence like a wave rolls on.

Spiders (2022-110)

The spiders came together in the night
And wove a web of solidarity,
A web that called for deep community
Proclaiming that a new day was in sight.
We weave our webs and join the hopeful fight,
For we are Spider Nation bold and free,
Each spider with us here was born to be
A fighter for a new world true and bright.

The spiders wove the world they wished to see
And in their free collective mind, they dreamed.
Their webs became a freedom tapestry
Where peace and justice, hope and reason streamed.
The spider nation wove a harmony
Of light and sound and touch that roared and beamed.

Golden Morn (2022-146)

I dreamed I woke upon a golden morn
Where all the world had come to a rebirth.
All folks were living simply on the earth
And danced amid the wheat and rye and corn.
And in this world where all had been reborn,
There were no longer vassal, lord or serf.
No longer were there battles over turf
Or egos bluntly blowing their own horn.

A peace had come to all of humankind,
Where justice blew a light breeze through the air.
A peace on Earth and peace within the mind,
Our hearts becoming able now to care.
We'd left the old entangled world behind
And built a world where all folks had their share.

Winter Child (2022-114)

The Winter Child was born one winter night
To teach us peace, nonviolence, hope and love.
The Spirit came descending like a dove
Declaring him to be the gentle light.
This Winter Child proclaimed a morning bright
Where justice, love and peace rain from above,
And look beyond the world of push and shove
To build a world no longer ruled by might.

This peace, this universal love shall sing
As God's light shines deep down in everything.
This song of love shall stir each heart and mind
With thoughts of unity for humankind.
The nighttime wars and juntas fall away.
God lives and leads us to the light of day.

The Dawn (2022-129)

We felt the dawn within us, heart and mind.
We dreamed the dawn approaching from the east.
We knew the dawn would bring the world soft peace
And hoped it meant new joy for humankind.
The dawn came as we knew it would in time,
Its essence like a lamb with gentle fleece.
It told us of the greatest and the least
And fashioning new wineskins for new wine.

And with the dawn inside our hearts, we sang.
The angels dreamed New Heaven and New Earth.
As all the bells of Terranova rang,
Creation glowed with knowledge of new birth.
No more to wear the chains or hear their clang,
We danced for freedom, love and holy mirth.

The Song of Heaven (2022-111)

The song of Heaven lives inside us all,
For Heaven is within us, not above.
Its contours and frontiers are made of love
That dances with the ocean's rise and fall.
Around this turning, dreaming blue-white ball
Sweet Heaven crystallizes as a dove.
It brings the peace that we were speaking of
And tells us of the mustard seed so small.

The mustard seed has grown into a tree
That gives its shade to fauna of all kinds.
The truth has come and somehow set us free,
The dreamtide making spirals from straight lines.
The bright free spirit's gentle heresy
Has come again to liberate our minds.

Sunrise (2022-130)

The dawn has brightened up the eastern sky.
The birds have filled the air with songs they've sung.
The world is waiting for the rising sun
To fill sweet daybreak with a freedom cry.
At last the bright flame rising sun is nigh.
The morning signals free. Come out and run!
The morning world is new and we are young.
This world of love and hope shall never die.

And so we celebrate each new born day
And weave our themes of sunrise, dawn and light,
In hopes that we will fully chase away
The shadows of oppression's tortured night.
The dawn time calls us to come out and play
And for all time come set the world aright.

To Sing of Hope (2022-106)

I dare to sing a song of love and hope
And break old pessimism's sad disease.
With hope, my soul goes swinging through the trees
And gives the world the joy with which to cope.
Some people numb their pain and fear with dope.
Some join strict cults and fall upon their knees.
But it's the deep down love-filled hope that frees
And keeps our whole, free-beating hearts afloat.

So sing a song of love and hope once more
And tell the universe that we are free.
Lift up your eyes and arms and hearts and roar.
Imagine life as soaring dignity.
Fly free and reach that living dream-swept shore
Where we may know God's vast infinity.

Earth Dance Universe (2022-167)

We touch the earth and feel the gentle rain.
We breathe and feel the wind upon our face.
We ground ourselves and feel a sense of place,
The trees and breeze and sunlight, sweet and sane.
Love, peace and freedom is our great refrain.
We speak it softly in our inward space.
It washes over us amid the race
And promises to make us whole again.

We are the gentle mystics born of time
Who dance and sing amid the ecosphere.
All Earth and sky and cosmos is one rhyme
That plays a song of dreamscapes far and near.
We speak the dancing universe in mime,
And in return she tells us we are here.

Oak Tree Canto (2022-169)

In summer thunder storms and winter snow
The oak tree in its wondrous grandeur stands.
It has no eyes. It has no ears or hands,
Yet there are truths the oak tree seems to know.
The acorn dreamed the oak tree long ago
And taught it sky and sea and woods and sands.
The oak tree learned the songs of rebel bands
And learned from acorns, giant oak trees grow.

The people come to honour Father Oak
And dance around him with their songs of hope,
His branches stretching high and all around,
His roots embedded in the deep down ground.
His voice upraised, his heartbeat beating free,
He stands for peace and true eternity.

Belenus (2022-176)

I walked five miles with Belenus one night,
A Celtic god of healing from times past.
He shielded me from winter's freezing blast
And spoke of overcoming rule by might.
A gentle healing song both calm and bright
Was what he gave to me, a gift to last,
And what he gave the world so gently cast,
A tribute to the art of setting right.

He shared with me the knowledge of the art,
Of healing that which haunts the human heart,
Replacing pain with hope and joy and love,
That lives the gentle freedom of the dove.
Five miles gone by, our walk came to an end,
But I was glad to count him as a friend.

The Tension (2022-177)

The tension 'tween respectability
And following God's truth deep down inside
Has been a tension some have walked with pride
While working for the world they wished to see.
From Constantine's imperial decree
Declaring Christianity would ride
With Roman rule and happily abide
In stark imperialist conformity,

To all the Christian monarchs sly who smiled
While executing those whom they reviled,
The pressure to conform or be cast out
Has claimed to be what life is all about.
But those who chose to walk a different way
Have felt within, the coming peaceful day.

Song of Agape (2022-178)

We heard the word agape in a dream.
It seemed to call us from our place and time.
We woke amid a forest of fresh pine
And felt agape like a flowing stream.
This holy universal love did scream
To be set free in every heart and mind.
It filled the universe with gentle rhyme
That sang in every bursting cosmic seam.

Agape, universal love, sweet song,
Reverberating through the cosmic night,
You are the psalm that helps us all along,
And helps us set this weary world aright.
You are the gentle glow that carries on
And helps our hopeful spirits take to flight.

Rebel Saints (2022-180)

I dream a deep communion sweet and whole
Of rebel saints from through the centuries,
Free thinkers, yes, and activists like trees
Who stand as wind and thunder take their toll.
They shine their light from deep within the soul,
Resisting all imperial tyrannies.
They strengthen us with calm words on the breeze
And come to help the honoured movement roll.

These rebel saints who've thought and dreamed through time
Have pondered paradox and paradigm.
They've walked on spirit pathways free and bold
And opened doors with mind-carved keys of gold.
They shine like stars across the universe
To guide us with their light and love and words.

I Learned of Jesus (2022-166)

When I was four or five, I came to know
Of Jesus as an infant and a man,
Who loved me and whose nature somehow spanned
The cosmos with a soft and vibrant glow.
As into adolescence I did grow,
I learned of Jesus, dweller in the land,
Who led a revolutionary band,
A world of tyranny to overthrow.

And now I stand in mid-life, proud and free,
Still working to dissolve the tyranny.
Lord Jesus is a gentle rebel tall,
A campanero marching with us all.
He gives us strength to mount the hopeful fight
And fills the cosmos with a living light.

Shooting Star (2022-195)

Perhaps it was a million years ago
That early humans saw the nighttime sky
And wondered at the stars so far and high
And pondered on the things we do not know.
Perhaps they saw a shooting star's bright glow
And wondered at the star as it went by.
They wondered where its destiny might lie
And pondered more upon the cosmic flow.

Are we all souls that dance amid the night
Who shine and turn like stars that take to flight?
Is there a maker of the cosmic whole
Or do we help to make it on a roll?
The early humans slept as night wore on,
But certain they would waken with the dawn.

In January Snow (2023-008)

We walked and talked in January snow
And wondered where the summers had all gone,
The summers when we danced upon the lawn
And wondered freely what there was to know.
The winter where the deep cold wind does blow
Would freeze our blood and make us all a pawn,
Blank robots with no thoughts to ponder on
Who simply walk with no new seeds to sew.

The revolution's buried underground,
Its manifestos never to be found.
Only the spring could bring it into bloom.
Like love and passion, revolution's tune
Could ring once more as dawn transforms to day,
But spring might be a million years away.

Within Our Hearts (2023-009)

The summer of our childhood ecstasy
Lives on within our hearts and hopes and dreams.
We dream in gentle Antisthenian themes
Of living light, desiring just to be.
The summers that we knew, so fresh, so free
Now dance like pebbles tossed on flowing streams.
This world of joy and hope that beams and gleams
Lives on in psalms of cosmic harmony.

Like mystic poets writing words in sand,
We fill our hearts with thoughts of freedomland.
Utopia within us romps and roars
And shows us to a thousand sunlit shores.
We sit in peace and watch the waters glide
And wonder at the gentle rising tide.

Community (2022-200)

The oldest institution, I am told,
Is not the family, but community,
Small bands of proto-humans strong and free
Who gathered so agape could unfold.
The hunters did their hunting brave and bold.
The gatherers they gathered sea to sea.
They fashioned language that their thoughts might be
Communicated full from soul to soul

With language and with tools, these early bands
Set forth to populate a thousand lands.
From Africa across Eurasia's face,
They brought community from place to place.
They dreamed community and dreamed again
And hoped this common life would never end.

A Child was Born (2022-214)

A child was born in Bethlehem this night
And born in all of us forever more.
He grew to speak of love on Earth's free shore
And be, to all the nations, a great light.
The Spirit in our beating hearts takes flight
And over seas and continents does soar.
The Christ within us opens up the door,
Unto a peace with justice shining bright.

The Christ came in a time space long ago
And comes within us all in every time.
His words of love and peace and justice flow
And give the world a whole new paradigm.
This timeless Christ is with us as we grow
And fills the universe with sacred rhyme.

The Wounds of Empire (2022-259)

When Jesus first appeared before his friends
After his death and rising were complete,
His wounds were still there, in his hands and feet,
The wounds he had received from Pilot's men.
If we are told his resurrection meant
He'd overcome the hard imperial beat,
With visions of a new day bold and sweet,
A new creation flowing without end,

Then why is it Christ's painful wounds remained?
How is it that they did not disappear?
Perhaps the wounds of empire and their pain
Heal only gradually, year by year.
Perhaps it takes time 'mid the poring rain
To overcome our traumas, grief and fear.

Last Breakfast (2022-227)

We dreamed that Christ had risen from the dead
And walked the earth with love and grace once more.
We dreamed he served us breakfast on the shore
And calmed us with the gentle words he said.
He spoke of love and meaning as we fed
And told us of the burdens we now bore.
We glimpsed the new world we were fighting for
And knew no myth could function in its stead.

We knew the meaning of this new born time.
A wind had come to rattle every rhyme.
If death was concord, life could surely be,
Both life on Earth and in eternity.
If love and life could triumph over power,
Imperial walls could fall before a flower.

The Sorry Man from Numbers (2022-231)

The sorry man from Numbers had no name.
Upon the Sabbath though, he gathered wood.
He gathered up as much wood as he could,
Requiring perhaps a wood-fed flame.
The keepers of the law could not refrain
From calling him unholy and ungood.
The Torah's meaning as they understood
Required them to stone a man so vane.

And so they stoned him by the law's command,
And thought they'd brought well-being to the land.
In silence he cries out to us through time
And says he has committed no real crime.
The only true crime is the iron law
Designed to keep the common folk in awe.

The Fundamentalist (2022-236)

The snarling right-wing fundamentalist
Snarls one more time at all his enemies.
In God's name he would throw them in the seas
And serve the corporate-driven iron fist.
But we who dare to stand up and resist
Envision alternate realities,
Where Bible-thumping falls to swarms of bees
And peace and freedom reign in joyful bliss.

The right-wing fundamentalist shall fall
As people come to hear a different call,
A call to live in peace and love the earth
And find within themselves their own rebirth.
Religion's stark abuses shall dissolve
As life and love and dignity evolve.

Saturnalia (2022-253)

The blessed Saturnalia sings her songs,
A day for turning empire upside-down.
Good Saturn has returned and come to town
To turn time on its ear and right the wrongs.
So play the drums and bang the blessed gongs,
And sing a song for turning things around.
We are the cosmic cryptic underground.
We are the love that stirs in all the throngs.

Amidst a gory empire, let him come,
Old Saturn with a trumpet, harp and drum.
Sweet Saturn fills our hearts with sacred ode
And gives us strength to travel on the road.
Eight days, through Solstice season, we are free,
Reminding us of what our world could be.

Big Black Hole (2022-198)

I dream I journey through our galaxy
Until I reach the deep galactic core.
Throughout my flight, the starlight seems to pore,
But at the core, there is a sight to see.
There's no more starlight shining, beaming free.
It's like I've stepped into a silent door.
There's only dark and silence here that soar.
A big black hole who dreams infinity.

This big black hole, a thousand light-years wide,
Will pull in stars with its vast mighty tide.
The stars will scream and fall and then grow still.
The dreamer at the core will have its fill.
This dreamer, elfin space or big black hole
Is all we are when space-time takes its toll.

Poet of the Wind and Rain (2022-207)

I am the poet of the wind and rain
Who dances in the windy halls of time.
I contemplate a dreamy cosmic rhyme
And play the chords of love and joy and pain.
I feel the evolution of the brain,
A sweet agape growing in the mind.
I contemplate the soul of humankind
And think on how the wind may stir the grain.

A mystic poet letting words proclaim,
I weave a poetry no hand can tame.
I flow like vast wild rivers flowing free,
Enlivened by a soul-dreamt energy.
The wind shall blow. The windy rain shall fall.
And I shall dance wild at the heart of all.

One Day Australopithecus Did Dream (2023-003)

One day Australopithecus did dream
A super species rising shore by shore,
With speech emerging from the primate's roar,
A thought-filled speech that flowed with mood and theme.
Australopithecus observed a stream
That flowed through time and opened up a door
To learning that had not been known before
With tools and homes and vehicles that gleam.

Did she ask, as she watched it all unfold,
Across some full four million years of time,
Did this new species need to be controlled
And saved from its own megacidal crimes,
Or did she feel that time would surely mold
Our hearts into a gentle peaceful rhyme.

When I was Young (2023-016)

When I was young in summertimes long gone,
On evenings just before the sky grew dark,
We'd climb into our spaceship tall and stark
And travel as the stars and planets shone.
Among the nearby worlds we'd carry on
Beyond the boundaries of our childhood park,
Young travelers who dared to make their mark
With all the universe a breaking dawn.

Before too long the journey it would end
And we'd return into our time and place.
We knew now all the cosmos was our friend
And we'd whole galaxies we could embrace.
Before our minds the universe would bend,
Revealing all the joys of time and space.

The Village Common (2022-208)

The village common is a holy place
Where joy and freedom meet community,
Where people come to sit and play and be
And meditate on that which they must face.
So tired of being rats within the race,
The people gather, seeking to be free,
To weave a gentle joyful harmony
Where human beings set their own sweet pace.

The sounds of laughter, love and gentle joy
Go rippling across the village green.
Each man and woman and each girl and boy
Enjoy themselves as gentle evening falls.
This is a space free of the big machine
Where one can touch the new dawn as it calls.

Song of a Hundred Million (2022-233)

A hundred million people heard the call
To care for Mother Earth and live in peace,
To plant a couple hundred million trees
And feel within a oneness with the all.
To be Green Earth resisters standing tall
And feel the new sun rising to the east,
To share the dream of freedom on the breeze
And dance among the raindrops as they fall.

And so a hundred million people marched
And looked beyond the hurricanes and droughts,
Beyond the heat waves and the deserts parched
To dream a world beyond all fears and doubts,
To be a forest garden gently arched
That dares to sprout a hundred billion sprouts.

The Sonnet (2022-199)

The sonnet is an interesting form,
Ten syllables to roll around the brain,
Times fourteen lines to fall amid the rain
And speak amid a rolling late spring storm.
A sonnet's words will gather in a swarm
Like butterflies or bees we cannot tame.
They'll speak of love and peace and war and pain
And tell us why our hearts and minds are torn.

A sonnet flies by night and walks by day
And searches out a new and better way.
Its words dig tunnels through the winter snow
And help the springtime new stem flowers grow.
A sonnet lingers on the autumn breeze
And shines in all the rivers, hills and trees.

Is There a Symphony (2022-237)

Is there a symphony of love that plays
And trembles at the heart of everything?
Is there a song that only protons sing
Cascading at the heart of all our days?
Is there a pattern deep within the maize
Of life and time and biosphere and spring?
Is there a bell that makes our souls to ring
And fills creation with a Christic blaze?

What is this force, this presence deep within,
This wisdom pure, this wind of many names.
It stirs us all and says, Let us begin.
Let us break free from all the forms and frames.
Like galaxies and atoms, we shall spin
A universe from transformation's flames.

I Dream the Living Cosmos (2022-203)

I dream the living cosmos teaming 'round.
I dream the stars and planets filled with life.
I dream sweet worlds awakening from strife
Who reach out for a peace that they have found.
Their souls are dancing free on solid ground,
The ground of spirit filled with star-borne light.
This timeless, love-filled inward light shines bright
And spreads its wings and flies without a sound.

As worlds emerge from finiteness and war,
And reach out to the living peace of space,
They feel what they have never felt before,
The cosmos holding them in an embrace.
The cosmos is one being, one great roar,
Uniting all in love and hope and grace.

The Movement (2022-209)

In love and peace and solidarity
We weave our world like spiders weaving threads.
We form a world of vibrant living webs
And dream our dreams of peaceful equity.
As cells within a Gaian harmony
We go where only loud roar thunder treads.
We shout our joy in blues and greens and reds
That fill the space 'tween Earth and sky and sea.

We are the honoured movement rolling on,
A movement that's been called a million names.
We fill our hearts with visions of the dawn,
When we shall overcome the power games.
We sing a revolutionary psalm
And vow our rebel love shall not be tamed.

The Great Aurora (2022-213)

The great Aurora, goddess of the dawn,
Is watching Rome's imperial power fall.
She sounds a gentle liberation call
That whispers to the people, Carry on.
For once the Roman chariots are gone
And cities fade 'mid crumbling road and wall,
The soul force deep within may still grow tall
And raise the people with a heart-felt song.

The comfort zones may crumble, then and now,
But we can stand and make it through somehow.
The dawn Aurora shows us, strong and bright,
Will give us strength in any depth of night.
Through fire, blizzard, hurricane and rain
We'll hold the vision joyful in our brain.

A Time to Organize (2022-212)

Back in November 1999,
We filled Seattle's streets while saying no
To corporate might, the WTO
And all who kneel before the corporate shrine.
We followed summits, trying to undermine
The makers of the capitalist show.
We told the corporations where to go
And spoke of revolution in our time.

Now all of that is twenty years ago.
Though times have changed, deep down we still believe.
It's time to organize and overthrow.
We cannot let ourselves be too naive.
The system kills us everywhere we go.
We must be strong, and never be deceived.

We Love our Junior Hockey (2022-218)

We love our junior hockey leagues and teams.
We love the players playing through the years.
We wish them well in their bold sports careers
And fill the air with shouts and cheers and screams.
Then one day we awaken from the dreams
And learn that all is not as it appears.
We learn of hazing rituals by peers
And sexual assaults on female teens.

We learn about the culture of the game,
Of grim misogyny behind the fame,
Young women left with long term mental scars
From being raped by budding hockey stars.
We shout, It shouldn't have to be this way.
And hope that hockey's victims have their say.

The Planet Saturn (2022-254)

The planet Saturn rounded by her rings
Moves gently through the timeless dark of space.
For centuries she orbits in her place.
Her moons turn 'round as if on unseen strings.
She knows the peace that cosmic silence brings,
The starlight free surrounding all with grace,
The meteors and comets that give chase
To dreams and moments flying without wings.

Named for the god who brought the Golden Age
Who some say will return to turn the page,
She orbits in the beauty of her blaze
Though no one hears the music that she plays.
And yet her howling winds and ice and snow
Roll on where only robot probes dare go.

The Moon-Dreamt Earth (2023-004)

A billion people saw the good earth rise
Above the surface of the gray rock moon.
They heard the earth so quiet sing her tune
Of peace and love above the battle cries.
And did these billion people recognize
A new idea bold about to bloom,
A thought-child stirring in sweet Gaia's womb,
One living Earth who dreams and roars and sies.

The earth is whole and beautiful and free.
She calls us all to listen one by one,
And hear her song of joyful harmony
And humble balance 'neath the time-dreamt sun.
And so we live a sweet cosmology
And heal her wounds until our work is done.

The Starlight Shimmers (2022-206)

The starlight shimmers deep within our hearts.
Our hearts reflect the cosmos turning 'round.
The inward and the outward worlds are crowned
With life and love as boundless as the stars.
A music soars above the roar of cars
And fills our minds and souls with timeless sound.
The notes of dreamland's symphony resound
Imagining a time before the scars.

We think back to that other time and place
Before the pain, before the hurt and fear.
Those memories hold us warm in their embrace
And give us strength to grow from year to year.
The starlight heals us with the dark of space,
As pain and fear and hurting disappear.

The Goddess Lives (2022-205)

The Goddess lives deep down in me and you.
The cosmos is her body, bold and free.
Her song sings out in every leaf and tree
And every wave that stirs the ocean's brew.
She thanks us for the many things we do,
Our work for earthcare, peace and equity.
She dreams in dreams of sweet affinity
And works each day to make those dreams come true.

She is the Goddess, loving, free and wild,
And yet she speaks the pure joy of a child.
She knows the wisdom of a billion years,
As Earth and time lift up their eyes and ears.
The pleasure of each season comes and fades,
Yet still we see her on the barricades.

Summer Wind (2022-196)

The summer wind blows free across the sky
And stirs the leaves, the blades of grass and trees.
Amid the life that stirs before the breeze
The foxes and the sparrows wonder why.
They wonder at existence low and high,
At butterflies and meadowlarks and bees.
Amid the corporationist decrees,
The biosphere declares it will not die.

The wind and all the biosphere fight on
Confronting corporate toxin-driven lawn,
Returning land into a natural state
Where birds and bears can come to meditate.
The capitalist system it shall fall
Before a song of dignity for all.

Half Dreaming, Half Awake (2022-220)

Amid the quiet of the nighttime dark,
I lie here calm, half-dreaming, half-awake.
A gentle tide like ripples on a lake
Comes over me and softly makes its mark.
I am the tide that gently stirs the heart
And sings a song that once stirred William Blake.
I dream I eat a piece of chocolate cake
That sends me soaring to the moon and stars.

This state of being, dream-like, soft and free,
Is like a glimpse of sweet infinity.
I am a child upon the earth who walks
And wonders at the wisdom of a fox.
This paradise we've found is here within
And we are children of the storm-tossed wind.

The River in Our Hearts (2022-187)

The river in the valley of our hearts
Is flowing gently to the ocean shore.
It speaks of life and love and times before
And how the world is greater than its parts.
Life has its tasty biscuits and its darts,
Its fancy folks who always yearn for more.
Sometimes it seems quite rotten to the core,
In need of Gramsci, Thomas Pane or Marx.

But prophets from another time cannot
Do much more than connect each dot to dot.
The free voice of the river roars and rolls
And lights a lamp of freedom in our souls.
It's up to us to take that gentle flame
And raise our heads in liberation's name.

When Plato Dreamed Ideas (2022-163)

When Plato dreamed ideas in a night
And held them in his waking mind and heart,
The down to Earth world seemed to fall apart
Disintegrating 'neath the realms of light.
What was this new world shining harsh and bright,
Reducing time to imitative art,
Devaluing the cosmos, part by part,
And raising abstract form to highest height.

Two thousand years of earthy people fall
Before the stark Platonic wrecking ball.
The house of Earth must dare to dream once more,
The beauty in all things upon its shore.
We who are here within our time and space
Must live the deep reality of place.

Sonnet for David Hume (2022-184)

The man we've come to know as David Hume
Was born to question everything he saw.
Old Hume refused to bow or stand in awe,
But questioned every thought and every bloom.
He said no to the Christ as cosmic groom,
But married reason and a cosmic law.
He claimed the right to quietly withdraw
From claims that Christ had risen from the tomb.

As he prepared to shed his mortal shell
He told a priest he had no fear of Hell.
Since Heaven, God and Hell did not exist,
Sweet death was but a nonexistent bliss.
And so he died and left the world behind,
Proclaiming still the freedom of his mind.

Socrates Came Thinking (2022-262)

There had to be a Socrates to raise
The questions just behind the cosmic grin,
To wonder at the truth beneath the din
Of rushing to-and-fro throughout our days.
Behind this world of trees and solar rays,
Of stars and cityscapes and wing and fin,
What truth is there, beneath, behind, within
To teach us life is more than just a glaze.

So Socrates came thinking bold and free,
Throwing his thoughts and questions everywhere,
Annoying some with his reality
But giving every thinking mind its share.
Come know yourselves. Become what you can be,
For life is more than rush and wear and tear.

Antisthenes' Freedom (2022-261)

Antisthenes once dreamed a simple dream,
That we can live with less and be as one,
At one with forest, ocean, rain and sun
While blown like wind-tossed ripples on a stream.
He spoke his words of truth, his gentle theme,
To those who followed as the work was done,
In Athens where the world had just begun
And morning's sunshine shone free beam by beam.

Diogenes and Crates and the like
Would follow in his way of sweet delight.
Sweet freedom from acquisitism's hell
Defined the sounding of the freedom bell.
Though few recall him, all these years long gone,
Many have followed in his untamed song.

Deep Ecology (2022-186)

A speaker came and spoke to us one day
And told us of a deep ecology,
A depth that seeks sustainability
Where bright green fields emerge amid the gray.
Where muskrats, songbirds, fish and children play,
Where oceans, woods and plains are truly free,
The earth is one great 'live divinity,
A soul-song with a billion things to say.

Who is the speaker who began the song,
The thinker who had dared to contemplate
The earth and time and carried us along
To join the canticle of peace and love
And let the biosphere reverberate
With whisper, starfish, meadowlark and dove.

Sonnet for Rudolf Bahro (2022-179)

A dreamer who had dreamed in shades of green
Once coined the motto, Dare to form communes.
Feel free to sing in sweet dissentient tunes
And live outside the corporate machine.
When people weave a world they've never seen,
Except in visions under rising moons,
The butterflies emerge from their cocoons
And fly where no one's previously been.

And so the dreamer wrote his vision down
For us to read in city and in town,
Then turned and left this burning world behind
In hopes our thoughts would rise above the grind.
Now many years have gone and still we try
To live that vision 'neath the turning sky.

The Cosmic West (2022-229)

We are a people of the cosmic west.
We've made our way for some three thousand years,
Through time and space and dreamlands, sighs and tears,
Still searching for a place where we might rest.
We've traveled on our liberation quest,
In search of freedom from our sorrowed fears.
We know that all is not what it appears,
And so we hold our marches and protest.

Philosophers, young saints and prophets tall
Have built a vault of wisdom for us all.
We've shared that wisdom like a glass of cheer
And thought we felt utopia draw near.
Now in the quiet we shall meditate,
And join the ones who open up the gate.

Hal Draper Dreamed (2022-193)

Hal Draper dreamed a world he felt could be,
A world of socialism from below,
Where millions make the rebel bugles blow
And build a living solidarity.
Where millions weave a world of equity
And everyone is free to learn and grow,
And free to feel the deep down cosmic glow
That shapes the contours of our dignity.

Hal Draper was a wise librarian
Who worked at Berkeley when the students rose.
A socialist communitarian,
He contemplated how a garden grows.
And now like seedlings sprouting glen by glen,
We rise and face the earthborne wind that blows.

Three Thoughts (2022-249)

The beautiful, the truthful and the good,
Three thoughts that form the Grecian trinity.
These three entwined give us the strength to be
Free dwellers in our cosmic neighbourhood.
Christ tells us, when we split a piece of wood,
That He is there, His Spirit flowing free,
Throughout the contours of infinity
Uniting all things by His holy rood.

So beauty, truth and goodness carry on.
They dance with us to greet the breaking dawn.
These three thoughts sing one song that stirs our souls
And helps us break the vast machine's controls.
So beauty, truth and goodness carve the way
That brings us to a just and peaceful day.

Vesuvius (2022-252)

I am Vesuvius, the rebel said.
I lie quite dormant for a thousand years.
My slopes grow green and free and no one fears
The fire deep within me, bright and red.
The tales of past eruptions, thread by thread,
Are told to entertain with songs and cheers.
My slopes are quiet now and no one hears
The deep down roar where humans fear to tread.

But then one day a puff of smoke is seen.
Hot lava flows and melts the wooded green.
The revolution comes from nowhere's shore
And shakes the pleasant landscape to its core.
A thousand years of quiet will dissolve,
When time declares the time's come to evolve.

A Sonnet for Basho (2022-171)

While people celebrated Shakespeare's plays
And George Fox had his visions in the dawn,
While Adamite and Ranter carried on
And Leveler and Digger dreamed new days,
Half way around the world amid the blaze
Of sweet creative time and tide and song,
The Haiku master Basho wondered long
And wrote his poems in the morning haze.

The three line verse now known as Haiku
Would try expressing thought streams in a glance,
Observing nature 'tween the green and blue,
And watching all in one great living dance.
The sweet Zen suchness of the morning dew
Would wake us all from any dream or trance.

After the Demolition (2022-260)

When castles that we've dreamed of fall apart,
Whether their made of mortar, sand or cloud,
We reach for that of which we can be proud
And hold it in the space within our hearts.
A house to which we'd come for a new start
Burns down and is demolished blunt and loud,
As shocked, stunned silence rises from the crowd
And all traces of normalcy depart.

The universe cries out, "Begin again!"
And tells us that we have not reached the end.
It shows us images of settled space
That strengthen us to face what we must face.
A vision of a peaceful place restored
Gives us a gentle shore to journey toward.

Spiral Galaxy (2022-268)

I dance across our spiral galaxy
And form a spiral with my mind and hands.
A thousand worlds, ten thousand waking lands,
I dream in gentle dream-tide empathy.
This galaxy of stars is like a sea
Of stars and planets, moons and ragged bands.
The planets speak in quiet shifting sands
And merge in spatial solidarity.

What is the music sung by stars and moons,
By comets, planets, meteors and dust?
It plays a symphony of sacred tunes
That calls the listener to simply trust.
Amid the call of owls, wolves and loons
We feel the cosmos in each wind-filled gust.

Quantum (2022-240)

Some say that quantum physics sets us free,
Free to imagine other worlds and skies,
Where coexistent truths can smile and rise
And do a dance of synchronistic glee.
The old refrain, To be or not to be,
Now crumbles with the Starship Enterprise.
It falls before a thousand butterflies
And Heisenberg's proclaimed uncertainty.

A starship or an atom or a dream
May disappear but still remain in mime.
All things are interwoven, beam by beam,
Entwining life and freedom, space and time.
Now only Scotty knows the cosmic scheme
And feels the wind that comes to stir the chime.

There is a Light Snow Falling (2022-258)

There is a light snow falling through the town.
It fills the air with sweet free-flowing peace.
The peace within our hearts that would release
The universe's love to all around.
It leaves a soft snow carpet on the ground
With more soft snow collecting in the trees.
It let's us contemplate the all and frees
The energies of time that once were bound.

Now on this evening, 'mid the soft fresh snow,
I walk and feel sweet freedom as I go.
This peace, this love, this freedom radiates
From all around and gently liberates.
We speak our names and speak them to the sky.
In heart and soul, we're learning how to fly.

His Kingdom (2022-250)

My kingdom is not of this world, he said,
As he sat before Pilot on that day,
When he would learn the price he'd have to pay
For teaching love and truth in shades of red.
This dreamer in the land where he was bred,
This prophet born and raised so far away
From centres of imperial might's decay,
Now stands confronting empire without dread.

What is this world his kingdom would refuse.
The world of empire, sword blades and abuse.
His kingdom lived in dream and love and hope
And would not bow to master, king or pope.
His kingdom dwells in all our hearts and minds,
And melts the churches, pentagons and shrines.

We Waken in the Forests (2022-255)

We waken in the forest gold and green
In ancient times before the plane or car.
We stop to wonder where it is we are,
As all is quiet, peaceful and serene.
The birds of predawn morning, calm, unseen,
Begin their joyful singing near and far.
Their song cries out to shake each shining star
And fill the air where our free thoughts have been.

We waken in blessed freedom, peace and love,
And let Christ's loving presence fill our hearts.
The Spirit dreams inside us like a dove
That beats its wings with joy inside our chests.
Within our hearts and minds, all nature rests
And all fear of imperial might departs.

In Times Long Gone (2022-256)

In times long gone, four million years ago,
Our ancestors stood barely four feet high.
They romped about beneath the deep blue sky
Of Africa and felt the jungle grow.
They learned each moment what there was to know
And felt the contours of a freedom cry.
Their minds were learning how to wonder why.
Their hearts were dancing in a zen-like flow.

Might they have dreamed us in a vision tall,
These millions of years forward down through time?
Could we now dream of them and hear their call
By tuning in into the cosmic rhyme?
We're all connected on this blue white ball.
Our thoughts shall swirl and stir each wind-shook chime.

I Love the Earth (2023-007)

I love the earth and all that dwells within,
This biosphere that teams with life and sound.
I watch the earth, from dawn to dawn, turn 'round
And freely tell her tales of where she's been.
The living earth, from pole to pole, shall spin
And sing a song of being lost and found.
Her forests, lakes and mountains homeward bound
Return to dance upon the morning wind.

I celebrate the earth with sky and sea
And sing a love song to her joyful soul.
One life, one soul, one brave heart beating free
One planet that has learned to rock 'n' roll.
One body and one Earth community,
One sun song that desires to be whole.

Sonnet for the Winter Solstice (2022-251)

The snowy Winter Solstice brings the snow
And warms our hearts with Earth community.
We gather like the lights upon a tree
And listen as the windy blizzards blow.
The Winter Solstice is a time to know
The truths of earth and sky that gather free.
We join our hearts in solidarity
And know that on this Solstice we shall grow.

The Winter Solstice is the oldest feast,
Predating Christmas, Hanukkah and more.
This longest night that rolls in from the east
Performs its dramas on the nighttime shore.
It dreams a world of justice, love and peace
And takes us where we've never been before.

We Planted Seeds (2022-239)

We planted seeds for all of humankind
To build the kind of world we wish to see,
A world of peace and love and equity,
A revolution of the heart and mind.
A world which sees life's meaning redefined
As living simply in sweet harmony
With all the world's biocommunity
Where life on Earth's no longer undermined.

We planted seeds and watched the seedlings grow
As soft rain fell and gentle winds did blow.
We counted every small step that we made
And loved each demonstration and blockade.
We look back on the years now we've survived
And join as one to keep our hopes alive.

The Morning Wind (2022-246)

The morning wind awakens everyone.
Its gusts that move between the earth and sky,
Arouse us from our nighttime lullaby
And tell us that a new day has begun.
We go outside and breathe the air and run,
Reliving joyful childhood with a sigh.
We are the dawn time children born to fly
As free and innocent as springtime sun.

The morning wind has given us this space,
This freedom time to dwell in sweet delight,
Enabling us to face what we must face
To overcome imperialism's bight.
We lock arms in a planet-wide embrace
And join the gentle liberation fight.

The Song of Resurrection (2022-174)

The song of resurrection is the dream
Of new hope for a gentle peaceful day.
This worn out world we've known shall pass away,
And give way to a new world's joyful gleam.
The song of resurrection is the theme
That sings within our hearts in gentle play.
Immanuel brings gold amid the gray,
A new creation rising beam by beam.

The resurrection story is the hope
That gives us all the strength and courage to cope.
Life triumphed over Rome's imperial sword,
As Easter morning's earthquake came and roared.
And so we journey with a vision free,
That calls for universal dignity.

Out of the Silence (2022-224)

Out of the silence comes a gentle song.
Out of the darkness comes a gentle light.
Out of experience comes a joyful flight
That lets us fly and makes our spirits strong.
We are a dancing river rushing long
Across a land of sweet and silent night.
We hold within the breaking morning bright
And all the dreams that gather in a throng.

The voices and the visions shall embrace,
And form a dance creating time and space.
The truth which from the dark and silence grows
Is but the springtime blossom of the rose.
We rise now from the silence and the dark
And hold the new day in the human heart.

O Holy Spirit (2022-247)

O Holy Spirit, gentle one Divine,
You fill the cosmos throughout time and space.
You dance among the galaxies' embrace
And shine as all the stars and planets shine.
You are the presence no pen can define.
You come to help each runner in the race.
Your holy song makes sacred every place
Til all the cosmos merges in one rhyme.

We've seen you in the figure of a dove
Descending with your wings spread wide and free.
You come to fill this turning world with love
And fill our hearts with free divinity.
You are the one who all are speaking of,
Alive in heart-felt hope-filled unity.

Hymn for the Earth (2022-225)

The earth, our mother, turns beneath our feet.
Her sacred ground is where we walk and run.
She tells us that a new day has begun
And sends her winds that touch us, soft and sweet.
The earth, our mother, holy and complete
Shines out, reflecting back the bright free sun.
Her love shines in the hearts of everyone
As we go marching joyful in the street.

We are one being, loving, free and strong,
One soul that dances at the heart of all,
With oceans, forests, fields and rivers long,
With mountain, wetland, shore and waterfall.
One living Gaia, one telluric song,
One turning sphere, so great and yet so small.

A Candle Lit (2022-226)

A candle lit amid the dark of night,
Amid the blowing wind or poring rain,
Is like a light of hope against the strain
Of time and tyranny and corporate might.
The mountains of imperial might makes right
Cast shadows on the landscape and the brain,
Intimidating those who still remain
And fight the revolutionary fight.

But 'neath the darkness of the shadows cast,
We light a candle in the heart and soul.
The light of Christ within us comes at last
And gives us strength to battle firm and strong.
As capitalist power takes its toll,
He'll rouse us with the power of a song.

Beyond Despair (2022-257)

If existentialism breeds despair,
Absurdity and darkness over all,
We need not hearken to the Sartre call,
But let us dream in innocence and care.
We sit surrounded by the love-filled air,
And know our Maker through the spring and fall
Takes care of us and all things great and small,
And sings a psalm to all the earth we share.

There is no emptiness if we decide
To focus on the light within all things.
That love, that hope, in all things shall abide
And send us soaring on its dream-soaked wings.
The waterfall of soul dance peace shall glide
Renewing us in its unending springs.

The Gentle Goddess (2022-267)

The gentle goddess dances through the night.
She dances up a snowstorm 'mid the stars.
The snowstorm blows above the roar of cars
Obliterating space-time with her might.
The snowstorm births a cosmos new and bright,
A new world cleansed of all the old world's scars,
A world that rambles through the nears and fars
To set the energies of space-time right.

O gentle goddess, mother of us all,
You tell us that there is no need to fear.
You dance the drumbeats of this turning ball
And dream the new society is here.
The New World is within us growing tall
To shape the inward eye and heart and ear.

Revolutionary King (2022-221)

We dreamed a revolutionary king
Who lived life as a peasant carpenter,
A teacher and a healer comforter
Who felt God's pulse resound in everything.
This king dreamed of a world awakening
That echoed freely everywhere you were,
A waking time no empire could deter,
A winter melting into blessed spring.

The revolution that his words unleashed
Was peaceful yet it rocked both west and east.
A lotus blooming in a forest calm,
Inspiring a heart-belt sacred psalm.
The king, the Christ whose name outshines the sun
Shines here within the hearts of everyone.

This Dance of Life (2023-015)

The dreams that fall like raindrops from the sky
The drums that sound within the human soul,
They fill our lives with joy and make us whole
That we may sleep 'til morningtide is nigh.
Upon the sweet night air we breathe a sigh.
We breathe in deeply 'til our lungs are full.
The stars and planets join us for a stroll
Along the shores of time where seagulls cry.

This dance of life around us and within
Is filled with love that flowers on the wind.
It teaches us to dwell in space and time
And shows us how to dance in sacred rhyme.
The dance goes on in heart and mind and dream
As we become the ripples on the stream.

Amid the Silence (2022-222)

With revolutions having come and gone,
Guerrilla movements having had their day
And speeches having used up each cliché,
The silence gathers and we carry on.
Amid the silence will we glimpse the dawn?
Will we still dream a new and better way?
A valiant hope that will not go away?
A song that shall refuse to be a pawn?

In silence there is love and gentle mirth,
A quiet place preparing to give birth,
An inward transformation calm and deep
That gathers joy to rouse us from our sleep.
The inward change must come and set time free
And show us all what humankind can be.

Harmony (2022-194)

In love and peace and solidarity
We travel forward 'neath the morning sun.
The sun shines bright and gold on everyone
And teaches us a cosmic harmony.
We hear a music soaring wild and free.
It tells us that a new day has begun.
The prophets and the mystics they have come.
The future now is up to you and me.

We read the words of teachers come and gone,
Who walked and built the roads that dared to wind,
Who left their holy visions of the dawn
That lifted us above the daily grind.
And now we join as one to reach beyond
And form one living planetary mind.

THE END