



# Seven Crows



*From*

*"The Poet's Milk"*

*God Talks*





*From the Governing Body of*

**Bartlett, New Hampshire**

# Proclamation



The Board of Selectmen of the Town of Bartlett, County of Carroll, State of New Hampshire hereby proclaim

D. C. BIANCHINO

POET LAUREATE FOR THE TOWN OF BARTLETT

Given under our hands and seals this twenty-seventh day of March in the year one thousand nine hundred and ninety eight.

Board of Selectmen:

Wm. H. Chandler  
[Signature]  
R. F. Hatch Jr.





D.C. Bianchino is a poet living in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. He is a visionary as well as an inventor. Some of his visions are threaded throughout this work, “Seven Crows”, the title of which also came from a vision.

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### *About the Painting on the Back Cover*

I first saw this painting early in 1996. It was part of an article that was brought to my attention by a friend who also makes a little 2” high white bear for me. What fascinated me most were the circles drawn around the white bears heart. Right then I knew I had to talk to the artist. I reached the artist later that evening. I asked her about the painting, why the white bear joined with the turtle, and why the circles drawn about the bears heart. She said the painting had its own particular meaning or message. The white bear represents our star system the Milky Way, the turtle the Earth, the circles drawn around the white bear’s heart the power of Love and by joining the two together shows just how intimate this relationship is.

I then told her of my own visions concerning the white bear and turtle. The turtle came to me in the latter part of 1993 and the white bear early in 1994, thus corroborating this message.

So it is I share these works with you.

## AN ODE TO THE VALLEY

This Valley with its splendid views,  
Where mountains touch, as clouds they do.  
Spirits that will wake in you, feelings deep  
    Inside, the true.  
    Our stars will bend  
    Your knees at night,  
    When grateful eyes  
    In them delight,  
    To send your thoughts  
    Through endless flight,  
    While searching for  
    That inner light.  
Washington our highest peak,  
Seduces many who must seek,  
Their destinies, while Souls it keeps  
To welcome others who dare the steep.  
Our folks you'll find, you won't impress,  
No matter what you wear for dress,  
    For here the ego comes to rest,  
    Inside the Valley's natural nest.  
Our seasons are beyond compare,  
For change they do, as eyes that stare,  
And this is what we seem to share,  
The folks who come to settle here.  
The pace is what you make of it,  
    A place for everyone to fit,  
    To face whatever seems to sit,  
    Which is today the rarest gift.  
This Valley is a special place,  
You see it in each local's face,  
(At least I found this more the case)  
That welcomes you to share its grace.

## **A PRAYER FROM, AND FOR THE HEART**

I will open  
like a flower  
to the bee,  
and empty,  
as the river  
to the sea.

## Book 1

A Wish For You

## I CAN'T WAIT FOR THE MOON

I can't wait for the moon to say it's alright,  
not with the feelings I'm having tonight.  
How can I do that when love's on my mind,  
and my heart is full all of the time.

They say the moon drives people crazy,  
crazy for love filled with desire,  
but I say it's life, and life is the fire  
that burns while the moon is nowhere in sight.

It doesn't matter if the tide is low  
when the banks of my being they overflow.  
I can't wait for the moon to say it's alright,  
not with the feelings I'm having tonight.

I walk in the dark with a rainbow inside,  
that changes colors not seen with the eyes,  
but I can feel it as sure as the ground at my feet,  
and I marvel at movements and silence it keeps.

And I wonder like those who may look at the stars,  
and feel their vibrations from right where they are,  
and it makes me sad still others can't see  
who wait for the moon for this feeling to be.

I can't wait for the moon to say it's alright,  
not with the feelings I'm having tonight.  
How can I do that when love's on my mind,  
and my heart is full with it all of the time.

## THE FLY

I write for you  
The little fly.  
I write for you  
The distant sky.  
I write for all  
Who care to look,  
Under the print  
On page or book.  
I write for those  
On sea or land,  
Or those who think  
They understand.  
And if you ask  
For reasons why,  
May I suggest  
You ask the fly.



I fell in love  
With the moon  
As it took my heart  
When with my eyes  
I saw it full  
As it came to rise,  
I fell in love

## 'TIS A NIGHT THAT SPEAKS SOFTLY

'Tis a night that speaks softly,  
as music that plays, and snow  
that falls.

'Tis a night for the artist to capture,  
as the mood the  
poet writes.

'Tis a night each holds together,  
like a breath  
momentarily forgotten.

'Tis a night for subtle advances,  
as stars that shimmer above  
pregnant clouds.

'Tis a night that speaks softly

## VAPORS

I touch my nipples bare and feel the burn.  
My passion rises in the fire, completely  
like vapor mixing with air...so lonely...so alive...so unfair.  
Later, the word evergreens invades my sleep,  
like the moon full seen earlier dawdling,  
then finally emerging from a dark elongated cloud,  
until, only the quiet lake of space, with, like mine,  
revolving bodies lit, sending vapors from their own  
internal fires...posthumously.

Book 2

*In Fields Alive*

## TALE OF TWO LOVES

'Tis the tale of two loves who had parted their ways,  
one went to sea, while the other would stay,  
and when she returned, they had this to say,  
and this is their story, on that homecoming day.  
"Where have you been lass? Where have you been?  
'Cause your sails look torn, a bit ragged and thin.  
Did you find what you went for? Would you do it again?  
'Cause your riggin' looks worn lass, as the vessel you're in."  
And she said, "You know why I left, you know why I left,  
'Twas the thing to do, and I've got no regret.  
'Cause the thoughts that I had, inside that I kept,  
I could feel them each morning, and every night as they wept.  
Now I caught the waves, few days out at sea,  
And the wind it blew, just as hard as could be,  
And I prayed and I cursed, as I cried out for thee,  
And when it turned calm, I knew I was free.  
Yes my sails they were torn, a bit ragged and thin,  
And my riggin' was worn, as the vessel I'm in,  
But my soul came alive, I can feel it again,  
And that's why I left, and where I have been.  
I was looking for me, feeling so lost,  
And was willing to chance it, no matter the cost,  
'Cause if I had stayed, I would not have crossed,  
But sank to the bottom, to be covered with moss.  
Now my sails will mend, and so will its mast,  
And the vessel I'm in will make its way back,  
And I'm glad that you cared, and I'm glad that you asked,  
'Cause I know that I love you , and I am your lass."

And when she was through, a smile filled his eyes,  
He was glad she was back, and her soul had revived.  
And they stared for a time, to let the silence just pass,  
When he finally said, "Welcome home again lass."  
Then he added, "And while you were gone, I wanted to run,  
To chase you down, for what I thought I had done.  
But the truth of it is, my soul was as lost,  
And I had to stay back, 'til this devil was tossed.  
And I ranted and raved, and I fought with desire,

And I felt the burn, of a furious fire.  
And the dragon I clung to rode me on higher,  
As I swung with my sword, 'til the flame did retire.  
Now I'm glad that you went, and I'm glad that I stayed,  
For our lives will be different, as we are this day.  
For we answered the call, that woke us the same,  
That came from our souls, to each other by name.  
So here we are, together at last,  
And I don't think it matters, whatever will pass,  
'Cause I see it now, so clear as fine glass,  
That this love is true, my beautiful lass."

## BEEN THERE ONCE OR TWICE

I said, Hey mister, have you ever been in love?  
'Cause I've got to know something, got to know because  
When I'm with my woman, I want to be free,  
And when I am free, I want her back with me.

Hey mister, I think you understand,  
'Cause you look like someone, whose seen it all first hand.  
The man he looked, with eyes cool as ice,  
He said, Yeah son, I've been there once or twice.  
He said, Yeah son, I've been there once or twice.

I kept on talking before he shut down,  
I said, Hey mister, please tell me what you found.  
Why do I feel the way that I do?  
'Cause the way that I feel, it's nothing really new.  
He said, Well son, here's some advice,  
Everything's temporary, I've been there once or twice.  
I've been there once or twice.

I said, Hey mister what's that all mean?  
He said, Well son, it happens in-between.  
A heart needs to go through the molten fire,  
To open up to things, that are much higher.  
We've got to learn the dance, in order to see,  
Otherwise son, we're never really free.

I said, Hey mister, tell me one more thing.  
Have you found that freedom, is there such a thing?  
Looking at me with eyes cool as ice,  
He said, Well son, I've been there once or twice,  
He said, Yeah son, I've been there once or twice.

## AT THE SAME TIME

A love begins,  
A love it ends,  
It goes up,  
while it descends.

At the same time  
At the same time  
At the same time.

A war is fought,  
it is not.  
Some are at the bottom,  
Some are on top.

At the same time  
At the same time  
At the same time

Someone quits,  
someone tries.  
Some are feeling low,  
some are feeling high.

At the same time  
At the same time  
At the same time.

People are hungry,  
people are fed,  
Some are over-eating,  
or fasting instead.

At the same time  
At the same time  
At the same time.

A baby is born,



Someone just dies.  
Someone is laughing,  
Someone just cries.

At the same time  
At the same time  
At the same time.

Sun is shining,  
stars are out.  
Somewhere it's raining,  
somewhere there's drought.

At the same time  
At the same time  
At the same time.

It's twelve o'clock,  
Somewhere it's three.  
Eyes are closing,  
others opening to see.

At the same time  
At the same time  
At the same time.

And life goes on,  
and on and on.  
For we're all weak,  
And we're all strong.

At the same time  
At the same time  
At the same time.

## THE ARRIVAL

When the hurt's there,  
some people say let it go don't feel that way.  
But the hurt says I'm not through and  
I know you better than they all do.  
So you meditate and concentrate and try like hell to get it straight.  
But the pain says, "peek-a-boo, here I am," with something new.  
Then you sit around and feel the pain  
'Cause what the good folks said was tried in vain.  
And days pass and the years mass and  
the sun comes out but it don't last.  
And the dogs bark and the wolves howl as  
they try to wake that inner child.  
And the mommy dies and the baby cries  
'Cause the world it knew is filled with lies.  
So the trust goes and the heart explodes  
as the baby clings to all it knows.  
But you're heading down and losing ground  
Still the inner child just can't be found.  
Then a marriage breaks and the earth it shakes  
And you're left alone with death at stake.  
But you see yourself you cannot hide and  
what you see is bullshit pride.  
And the feelings hurt and you're insane  
But you see things clear the whole damn game.  
'Til the truth becomes unbearable  
but you can't go back so you're miserable.  
And the baby cries 'cause it wants some ties  
and a fire burns as it purifies.  
Then the Universe that has this plan turns the sky into a hand.  
And she reaches down and offers it and  
you sense somehow that you must fit.  
And your heart is raw from all it saw  
and you wonder what what it's for.  
When from a wreck found out at sea  
you save one child turning destiny.  
You look for others as you descend deeper  
and deeper the deepest you've been.  
But the water's clear it is clean nothing's hidden nothing seen.

So the child arrives and the child survives  
and you catch the drift that it implies  
When a lion comes to eat the child  
and you slay the beast because it's wild.  
And the heart still raw doesn't close  
and you see things different you suppose  
When another comes into your life  
and you both feel love you know is right.  
And you feel the chase is finally done  
'cause you have this sense of being one.  
For what was found was parity  
Beneath the ashes both could see  
and the children; smiled.

## HAPPY RAIN

There's a woman who stole Thunder,  
When he rolled across the sky.  
Then she took him way down under,  
Where fire keeps things dry.  
When days and months  
And years passed by,  
And Raincloud didn't cry,  
The earth and everything she grew,  
All began to die.

One day when Thunder  
Closed his eyes,  
A goddess did appear,  
Her eyes were green,  
Her hair was blond,  
With skin fair and clear.  
Thunder asked this goddess,  
Tell me, what is it?  
And she answered, "Patience."  
They made a quick exit.

The next day Thunder,  
Again closed his eyes,  
And another face appeared to him,  
This time with one green eye.  
No nose no mouth no hair appeared,  
And not a word was spoken  
With the eye between  
Where brows would be,  
He read this, as a token.

Now Thunder had been shown  
(It was almost a year)  
When Turtle taught him what to do,  
And not to interfere.  
So when this fall a spirit came,  
With gift a Turtle too,  
Thunder knew that what he heard

About Patience was all true.

Now spirits being kin to him,  
Showed him many things.  
Like two crows that did appear,  
Early that last spring.  
One was stopped in mid air,  
While mosquitoes covered it,  
And the same was true  
For the other crow,  
Though in a nest, the Crow did sit.

Thunder watched and thought,  
That the crows would not survive,  
With all that irritation,  
Circling in two massive hives.  
But then they disappeared,  
And the crows, the crows had changed,  
There was a transformation,  
And the crows were not the same.  
For they became lambs,  
White as winter's snow,  
And so he thought, that this must be,  
The way that change must go.

Wolf, Horse, and White Bear,  
All had played their part.  
Opening the pathways,  
That lead back to the heart.  
Hawk, and Changing Moon,  
Spider with its loom,  
Goatfish and Lioncat  
Showed wisdom in his doom.

Now the woman who stole Thunder,  
When She took her love away,  
Could give it to another  
On that very day.  
For this was in her power,  
Her power to survive.

So when Lightning came between her,  
She could leave with tears she'd cry.

Thunder learned many things,  
While deep inside the earth.  
One was how his Thunder,  
Had its place and worth.  
He was tested like a precious stone,  
In case there was a flaw.  
And when his heart was full,  
And His head was clear,  
He was given the  
White Bear's claw.

Then Fire Fly and Twinkly Star,  
Knew this summer night.  
Thunder was now ready,  
With faith and new insight.  
Patience, the goddess,  
Called upon the sea,  
To bring around  
Her daughter Mist,  
Who Herself was just as free.  
Thunder and Mist,  
Then chose to both unite,  
And together they made  
Happy Rain,  
To end 5000 years of blight.

## THEE SACRIFICE

Who with eye should visit me,  
was it so that I might see?  
For in that eye I knew to be,  
everything contained in THEE!  
And who this lady suede of face, silver haired,  
arms of paste, living in a dark old place, yet, light  
from her I still could trace?

What secret did she have to tell,  
while I would judge this to be Hell?  
But that is how I thought back then  
so wrapped up in what I thought sin.  
For when she waved and beckoned me,  
I ran the other way to flee. Her food I thought  
( My ego fed ) and so I missed, what she might have said.

And what about those dogs and cats, horses,  
wolves, who was that? And the fish that gave birth  
to a goat, backing out from its throat? The priest  
and priestly, devils, whores, an old man's secret for their  
cures? The voice that called out twice my name, (It happened  
to a friend the same. ) The rapture many years ago, that  
swept inside from head to toe? A visit to the Weavers Field,  
made of Lambskin I could feel .The hand that reached out from the  
sky,  
the black turtle of giant size? The flame that filled my belly through,  
for seven days it burned like new?

Doors that were from left to right, till only one  
stands in my sight? And what about these times of fate  
when others do participate? Ghosts that would run our stairs,  
two of which to a guest, appeared? And what about the goat  
that grew, shaggy haired, so white, so true? And the white bear,  
and seven crows, and the native woman this heart knows?  
The prophecies that came quite true, as those that wait perhaps  
might too?

And now these poems I sit and write? I do it as,  
THEE SACRIFICE.

Book 3

Happy Rain



## I SAW YOU THERE

I saw you there  
between moon and stars  
with your shadow  
on the ground.

I saw you there  
on this open field,  
with no one else  
around.

I saw you there  
through a thin  
glass wall,  
as a fly feeling bound.

I saw you there  
until you disappeared,  
and I couldn't  
make a sound.

## WARM IS THE LIGHT

Warm is the light  
behind window,  
outside looking in.

Cold is the air  
of winter,  
as I this journey begin.

Warm is the thought  
of reaching home,  
that home I've never found.

Cold is the air that  
surrounds me,  
while home, homeward I'm  
bound.

Warm is the feeling  
still inside,  
though cold is the touch  
of the stone.

Warm is the feeling  
I see outside,  
that basks in this light  
I've been shown,  
through that window,  
I know as my own.

## I WRITE FOR YOU

I write for you  
Oh weary traveler,  
You who has known  
Only disappointments,  
And failed attempts.

I write for you  
Who has been so close  
To what had been  
So apparently sure  
Only to see it disintegrate  
For no reason,  
And, without explanation.

I write for you  
Oh King and Queen of Hearts,  
Who encourages others  
And is a happy witness,  
to their success.

I write for you  
Dreamer of dreams,  
You the optimistic child,  
You who wipes away each tear  
To face again the wind.

I write for you  
Oh One I love,  
Because you know first hand  
What it's like to fly without wings.

I write for you,  
Oh because,  
I wait like you for love,  
Until it springs.

## **SOME DAYS I FEEL**

Some days I feel  
Sun that shines.  
Some days I go  
Into the mines.  
Some days I think  
That I can fly.  
Some days I think  
I'm going to die.  
Some days are filled  
With wonderment.  
Some days I wonder  
Where it went.  
Some days the world  
Is oh so grand.  
Some days there is  
No place to stand.  
Some days I am  
So far apart.  
Some days it all flows  
From this heart.

## **DON'T GIVE ME ANY RULES**

Don't give me any rules that say conform,  
It only makes for waves like in a storm.  
Don't tell me what is right or what is wrong,  
Just let me have some space where I belong.  
No rules will ever teach me how to see,  
Because those answers are inside of me.  
And if I am ever to be free,  
I need to have that place where I can be.  
I've watched a thistle flower, and spread her wings.  
I've also come across the bee that stings.  
Yet...known the joy that only laughter brings,  
When finding pleasure in the simple things.  
So don't give me any rules that say conform,  
Don't tell me what is right or what is wrong.  
I only need some place where I belong,  
And then just maybe we might get along.  
When I am left alone  
It all comes naturally,  
'Cause everything I do  
I know comes back to me.  
Don't give me any rules.  
Don't give me any rules.  
Don't give me any rules.

## CARNIVAL

Who are they  
that ride this train,  
beneath the city streets?  
Who are they in carnival,  
as those who seem discreet?  
What does make each one a "they"  
as I myself declare.  
Is it from those eyes I see,  
that look at me and stare?

I ride with you  
the newest child,  
and those who are the least.  
I ride with you the many lines,  
that squeal under our feet.  
I ride with you this day a dream,  
that seems an acid trip,  
the purple hair, the dress, the tie,  
the pierced, as one with lip.

Could "they" be, those who ride,  
so we could finally meet,  
those like me who think they're not  
like those who share these seats?  
And if they didn't and it's just  
something of our times,  
then who are they now telling me,  
this carnival is mine?

Book 4

Mothers

## AN ODE TO MOTHER

When my eyes first opened  
you were near.  
I knew that voice,  
it was you I could hear.  
You were pleased to see me,  
and I felt your joy.  
And it wouldn't have mattered,  
if I was girl or boy.

And I felt your touch  
that I felt while inside,  
and now I could feel,  
what I felt was your pride.  
And you fed me and bathed me,  
and gave me your love.  
And you asked for nothing,  
just did it because.

You taught me and caught me  
whenever I'd fall.  
You raised me and praised me  
as I now recall.  
And when it was time  
you said I must go,  
but you did it for me,  
so wisdom I'd know.  
And I am what I am,  
and do what I do,  
but only because,  
I had a Mother like you.

So I write this song  
for all that has past,  
between then and now,  
even though you don't ask.  
But I want you to know



with words never said,  
taking it for granted  
you just knew it instead.

But I knew it was time,  
when the Sun woke me up,  
and these words kept on flowing,  
like an over filled cup.  
Because here it is, that time in May,  
set aside, for you when you gave,  
in birth a life, that now wants to say,  
thank you I love you, Happy Mothers Day.

Happy Mothers Day,  
Happy Mothers Day.  
Thank you I love you  
for these words I can say.  
Thank you I love you  
you showed me the way.  
Thank you I love you  
Happy Mothers Day.

## ELEANOR

I heard a story  
About a man and his wife,  
He was about to die,  
To give up this life.  
When someone next to them  
Heard the man say,  
"I'll see you my darling  
On the Milky Way."  
He would wait for her there,  
Though it be far,  
And together they'd travel  
To every known star.  
And I thought how lucky  
some people they be,  
To have someone to die for,  
And waiting to see.  
Then I thought of my Mother,  
Just before she had died,  
And the Father who raised me,  
Who looked in her eyes.  
Now unable to speak,  
And unable to see,  
Though 76, looked 103.  
A fragile lass she had become,  
Dying at home with dignity done.  
And He ten years younger,  
A handsome man,  
Tenderly stroking her hair  
With his hand.  
And the question he had was,  
"Are you afraid?"  
And she shook her head no  
For her faith hadn't strayed.  
And he said, "I didn't think so."  
While admiring her,  
When he asked her this question

Firsthand that I heard,  
"Do you still love me?"  
Like a boy to reassure.  
And when she nodded yes,  
I saw love that is pure.  
And I thought how lucky  
Some people they be,  
To have someone to love them,  
Without vanity.  
And two weeks to the day  
My Mother had died,  
And the Father who raised me  
Looked into her eyes.  
He'd had a dream that night before  
And he dug up her casket  
And out stepped Eleanor.  
That beautiful young girl  
He never forgot  
Was waving him on,  
Believe it or not.  
When later that day,  
Sometime around four,  
He died in their house,  
Right there on the floor.  
And I thought how lucky  
Some people they be,  
To have someone to die for  
And waiting to see.  
And I know they're together  
And right where they are,  
Exploring that Milky Way  
And every known star.  
And I thought how lucky  
Some people they be,  
As I wondered who'd be there,  
Waiting for me.

## ME IRISH MOTHER

Ma: You said you were a little star, among the very many,  
But through my eyes, your light by far,  
Outshined each one by plenty.

You were the light that flickered, whenever I lost hope,  
You gave to me this memory, to keep so I can cope.  
To cope with all the trials, especially when down,  
And I know each time I feel this way,  
Your light will be around.

You said you were a little star, among the very many,  
But through my eyes, your light by far,  
Outshines the bright of any.

The night my Mother died, there was a warm and gentle rain,  
To wash her newborn spirit, and soothe away her pain.  
She gave to me my first breath, and gave to me her last,  
She was an Irish Mother, and she was until she passed.

She was an Irish Mother, the kind you read about,  
Who live without a fear, but a faith that has no doubt.

She was an Irish Mother, a star amongst her kind,  
When things would look mighty dim, the good in it she'd find.

She was an Irish Mother, and the good news I can shout,  
Her soul went straight to heaven and she's someplace, 'round about.

## A MOTHER'S LAMENT

There was an Irish wind that caught an Irish wave.  
They sailed on to America, where streets of gold were paved.  
They left the green of Ireland, and solitude behind,  
Said goodbye to mothers, for riches they could find.  
The wind it was a wild one, her hair was sheer as light,  
The wave was clear and crystal blue, its foam pure and white.  
They reached the rocky shore when the country was still young,  
They shared its time of spirit, and its coastlines to be run.  
They truly had a time of it, when years they came to pass,  
The wave lost all its luster, and the wind just gained in mass.  
Those city streets (the streets of gold), were hard like Reagan's  
crown,  
When laws were passed, just as fast, more freedoms just went down.  
Greed was only part of it, for that there is no end,  
But the spirit died along the way, as the willingness to bend.  
Missed was the green of Ireland, and the simple ways in kind,  
Like the beauty in her silence, and her dignity that shined.  
The wind and wave they battered, like they never did before,  
For gone was youth (its innocence) wrought by a devilish lure.  
Their days would be spent in this anguish and the wind and wave  
would churn,  
Each time they heard claps of thunder, 'twas their mothers that beg  
them return.  
Yes, return to the green of Ireland, and the solitude of her sea,  
The land that remains as enchanting, as those mothers who still cry  
for thee.

## **I DIDN'T KNOW I MISSED THE BUTTERFLY**

I didn't know I'd miss the Butterfly,  
I didn't know the tears that I would cry.

I didn't know until it passed me by,  
And I watched it lift its wings against  
The sky.

## GOD TALKS

This little boy would talk to God  
Just like he would a friend.  
He tried and tried, day after day  
Until he was at end.

"Hey Mom," he said, "I talk to God."  
(He stood 'bout to her hips.)  
When she inquired, "What does He say?"  
He showed her buttoned lips.

"How come," he said, "I talk and talk  
And he never says a thing?  
All I get from God..." he stopped,  
Came close to her to cling.

She didn't have an answer.  
Yes, it caught her by surprise.  
But soon there came this twinkle  
As it does from mothers' eyes...

Then she herself remembered,  
This question she once had -  
And how it, too, confused her  
And feeling just as bad.

Now words, they sort of happen  
When times like these we face.  
She said, "My son, my little son  
Let's examine more this case."

"You talked to God this morning  
And He didn't say a word?  
I think you came to ask this  
So God now could be heard."

"We all must learn to listen."  
Then she said without a blink  
"God speaks when we are puzzled  
And we don't know what to think."

"When we talk to God -  
That's praying  
And He listens very well.  
Then He brings together people  
Just like now so I might tell  
That we know  
He gives us answers.  
This is how it's meant to be.  
Because, my son,  
These words He gave.  
He spoke to you through me."



Book 5

# The Magic

## A WISH FOR YOU

I wish I was a wishing well  
So very rich you'd be,  
For if I was a wishing well  
I'd grant each wish to thee.  
And if I was a wishing well,  
The sun would always shine,  
And all of sorrow's sadness  
No place before you find.

But I am not a wishing well  
I am only me,  
Wishing for some wishes  
For you that I'd give free.  
But sometimes that's enough  
and all that one can do,  
and so I'll go on wishing  
And wish this wish comes true.

## MAGIC MAN

City halls, prison walls, dragons on the roof,  
Magic man, if you can, make them all go poof.  
All the haze, let it raise, show us what can be  
Magic man, if you can, give us eyes to see.  
Jealousy, selfishness, stuff we do not need  
Magic man, if you can, take away the greed.  
Silly wars, stupid laws, dragons on the roof,  
Magic man, if you can, make them all go poof.  
Magic man, oh magic man, mix a new solution  
One that ends all poverty, and takes away pollution.  
Foolish hates, steel gates, dragons on the roof,  
Magic man, if you can, make them all go poof.  
Magic man, if you can, see what you can do  
And when I wake, I hope and pray, that all I ask comes true.

## MY LETTER TO JESSICA

Receiving your letter took me to a quiet cove, at the end of a very private lagoon. Along the water's edge were clusters of lily pads soaking up the full moon's reflections. The creatures of the night were singing their love songs, and a fragrance of lilacs and cherry blossoms hung in the air.

And I, but a frog, rejoiced this night, when from the distance a Goddess appeared. She was young, her hair blonde, eyes green, and her body was slim. She wore a bandanna made of the finest black silk. It draped down over her shoulders clinging to her otherwise naked form. In her left hand, she held a wand, at the end of which a crystal more dazzling than a thousand diamonds stood.

The moon had laid a path across the enchanted lagoon, and the Goddess slowly began making her way towards me. I waited with extreme anticipation as she got closer and closer. Finally, the moment had arrived, and as she stood above me, she gave one sweep of her wand. Particles of silver dust flew everywhere, completely covering me. Then, like in some magical fairy tale, I was immediately transformed. I now had a body. Quickly, I ran to the water's edge. I then saw my reflection, and what I saw was a Prince, and a handsome young Prince at that. When I returned, we found ourselves staring, staring into each other's forbidden eyes, eyes that were hauntingly familiar. I felt a closeness to her, that seemed to go back before time itself.

In the meantime, the forest, and all who lived in it, had become cautiously silent. Seemingly each held their breath lest the spell now before them be broken. And so I knew, this precious time was for all those who longed, longed for just this very moment.

This Goddess was truly the most beautiful of all the Goddesses, and with another sweep of her wand, millions and millions of soft rose petals began to fall, cushioning the ground below where we stood. I took her hand into mine and slowly we sank into its soft wonderful fragrance. With the gentlest of touches I began to explore her delicate body, her innocent quivers reassuring. Then suddenly I felt myself falling away, disappearing, as if I never existed. Still deeper and deeper I went, until finally our movements merged into one, and that I, I thought was I, was no more. As the first rays of

daybreak peaked over the horizon, I slowly began to open my eyes. Oh it's true, I was no longer a young handsome Prince, but now, it didn't seem to matter, because I also knew I wasn't just a frog - any frog, and with that, I leaped into the cool refreshing water.

## THE CHOSEN FLOWER

In the land of CHA LOO LEE  
Where the mountains touch the sky,  
There lives the rarest flower,  
And if seen, one never dies.

It lives deep inside a cave,  
Far away from sight.  
There among crystals,  
That shimmer in its light.

It is said,  
When God made the earth,  
And the future He had seen,  
He was saddened by what He saw,  
When this flower turned to green.

And when, God, He saw this,  
He was taken by its love.  
And so He placed it in this cave  
On this mountain high above.

Then He said, "My special flower  
You are the purest green,"  
And so He gave this flower  
A pair of eyes to stand between.

And then, with a gentle touch,  
Each petal He pulled down.  
For NEVER, would they ever close,  
Because of what they found.

Then He said, "I will take from you,  
A little bit of green.  
And I will give it, every now and then,  
To the rarest of the beings."

"And with it some magic  
And the power to heal..."  
Then He kissed it  
With His own sweet lips,  
To place His Sacred Seal.

Now for those who want to go,  
(And not just to see)  
In search of this chosen flower,  
For all of its beauty.

They themselves must be  
Of the courageous kind.  
With open eyes, and opened hearts,  
And a willingness to shine.

But first one must meet  
The green eyes of Her kin.  
For through their eyes,  
It is known, who's ready to begin.

For they hold the power,  
The magic and the key.  
For one to find that secret path,  
To the cave in CHA LOO LEE.

## FAIRIES DANCING

In the evening,  
When the moon comes up,  
From behind the sycamores,  
And the fairies dance,  
Just above the fields,  
To the sounds of the outdoors.

You can see them twirl,  
And spin around.  
and they gladly take encores.  
In the evening,  
When the moon comes up,  
From behind the sycamores.

Fairies dance, twirl and spin,  
Circling 'round the trees.  
Fairies dance with their kin,  
An evening summer breeze.

You can see them there  
If you look real hard  
With a heart that's really pure.  
In the evening,  
When the moon comes up,  
From behind the sycamores.

The moon, the stars,  
The nighttime shades,  
The peepers in the woods.  
The smell of flowers  
That kiss the air,  
From dreams under their hoods.

Fairies dance, twirl and spin,  
Having done their daily chores.  
In the evening,  
When the moon comes up,  
From behind the sycamores.



## CAN YOU SEE IT

There's a garden over there.  
Can you see it?  
With a child in her mothers' arms.  
They are walking down a path,  
with rainbowed flowers.  
Where tears are not allowed to  
touch the eyes.

There's a garden over there.  
Can you see it?  
Look at the river passing through.  
It's carrying lily pads in clusters.  
With frogs madly waving,  
proud to be the crew.

There's a garden over there.  
Can you see it?  
Look at the man who cares.  
He's petting the animals who love him,  
While birds keep circling in air.

There's a garden over there.  
Can you see it?  
Look what's coming in view.  
Those people, look, they are smiling,  
and one has a face, just like  
YOU...Can you see it?

## AND THE SPIRIT SPEAKS

Bring me all your troubles,  
Let me take them for a while.  
Let me stand between the heartaches,  
The tears that took your smile.  
Let me have each tear that fell,  
When alone that wouldn't dry.  
Let me fix your broken wing,  
For that day that you will fly.  
Oh the sun will shine tomorrow,  
And those clouds will disappear,  
And the joy that you felt yesterday,  
Will whisper in your ear.  
Just bring me all your troubles,  
Like the ones you keep inside.  
Let me fix your broken wing,  
So the wind, your WINGS can ride.

DO YOU KNOW I'm the one who loves you?  
Do you know, that I find you so rare?  
Do you know, that you are my angel?  
Do you know, that I always will care?  
And during times when you stumble through darkness,  
Or take your ship through a turbulent sea,  
There is a light that never stops burning,  
That shines for you from inside of me.  
I know the pain, each one of your sorrows,  
I know the fear right down to the last.  
I know the joy and laughter that follows,  
I am the sail attached to your mast.  
You and I, we will share it together,  
With the wind that touches our face.  
You and I will sail every weather,  
As we touch every known place.  
Do you know, I'm the one who loves you?  
Do you know, that I find you so rare?  
Do you know, that you are my angel?  
And for you, I will always be there.

(On suicides first anniversary)

**BETWEEN THORNS**

Flowers like soft butter,  
spill and spread like honey  
from the heart.

A red brick wall accepts  
their soft touch,  
like a quiet lake does Sun  
that sets its last, light-across.

And a moment is saved  
between thorns that prick,  
and pierce.

Like a kiss that happened,  
early one spring,  
like a bird that sits  
by the window  
and sings,  
or a cloud, like fabric  
soaked in dyes

swimming an ocean known as sky...its worth defies...all the lies.

## HOP ON

There's a promise straight ahead, don't you know,  
    Don't you know?  
There's a promise straight ahead, don't you know,  
    Don't you know?  
There's a promise straight ahead, where the hungry will be fed,  
    With so much love it just overflows.

Come on and hop on, Come on and hop on,  
    Don't worry if you have to stand,  
Come on and hop on, Come on and hop on,  
    Cause we're going to the promised land.

We're heading to the land where it is free, It is free!  
We're heading to the land where it is free, It is free!  
We're heading to the land that God himself has planned,  
    And He's here today calling you and me.

Come on and hop on, Come on and hop on,  
    Don't worry if you have to stand.  
Come on and hop on, Come on and hop on,  
    Cause we're going to the promised land.

Hop on, come on and hop on,  
There's a promise straight ahead we're going to find.  
    So leave that baggage you've been carrying,  
Leave it all behind, 'cause we're heading to that place,  
    Where the sun always shines.

Come on and hop on, Come on and hop on,  
    Don't worry if you have to stand,  
Come on and hop on, come on and hop on,  
    Cause we're heading to the promised land.

Book 6

Conversations  
With  
Natives

## HOW

How do you plant the corn?  
How do you fish the streams?  
How do you ride your horse?  
How do you stitch your seams?  
How do you reach the stars?  
How do you travel so far?  
How do you know these things?  
How do you get your wings?

### Chorus

How? It's a POW WOW  
WE listen now,  
then do the  
HOW HOW HOW HOW.

How do you sow your seeds?  
How do you fill your needs?  
How do you string your beads?  
How do you stop what bleeds?  
How do you sing your song?  
How do you stay so strong?  
How do you let it be?  
How do you live so free?

### Chorus

How do you give your heart?  
How do you even start?  
How do you fix your stare?  
How do you see what's there?  
How do you paint with life?  
How do you feel its worth?  
How do you plant the corn?  
How do you love this earth?

### Chorus

How do you heal the sick?  
How do you make it stick?  
How do you face the Sun?  
How do you know you're One?  
How do you deal with doubt?  
How do you go without?  
How do you rise up high?  
How do you touch the sky?

Chorus

## JUST LISTEN

Listen to the wind when it blows outside,  
Listen to the birds that go flying by,  
Listen to the baby when the baby cries,  
Listen just listen.

Listen to the wave when it breaks on land,  
Listen to the ground upon where you stand,  
Listen to your heart because it understands,  
Listen just listen.

Can you hear can you see,  
It's not some future destiny,  
It's in the moon circling free.  
Listen just listen.

Listen to the sound when a choir sings,  
Listen to the life that's in everything,  
Listen with an ear to this offering!  
Listen just listen.

Listen to the silence that is so alive!  
Listen for the one who now waits inside,  
Listen and know that it does survive,  
Listen just listen.

Can you hear can you see,  
It's not some future destiny  
It's in the moon circling free.  
Listen just listen.

Listen to the rain when it's falling down,  
The forest that speaks  
With those on the ground,  
Listen for yourself in all that's around,  
Listen just listen.



Listen to the ice when it starts to melt,  
A Fire that cracks how loud it shouts,  
Listen to your breath going in and out,  
Listen just listen.

Can you hear can you see  
It's not some future destiny  
It's in the moon circling free.  
Listen just listen.

## HEY DID YOU NOTICE

Hey did you notice  
There's a hole in the sky.  
Hey did you notice  
It keeps growing in size.  
Hey did you notice  
Underneath, things seem to die.  
Hey did you notice  
We're still closing our eyes.

Hey did you notice  
Some fish are almost gone.  
Hey did you notice  
Strange colors at dawn?  
Hey did you notice  
We're only just pawns?  
Hey did you notice  
Something here is going wrong.

Hey did you notice  
The world is at war.  
Hey did you notice  
The arm of the law.  
Hey did you notice  
There's a spike through our paw?  
Hey did you notice  
Happiness is rather raw.

Hey did you notice  
We've lost connection with the earth.  
Hey did you notice  
We're still poisoning the turf.  
Hey did you notice  
That little Miracle at birth?  
Hey did you notice  
How much that Miracle is worth?  
HEY DID YOU NOTICE?

## HEY I HEY I HEY

Hey I Hey I Hey  
Hey I Hey I Hey  
Hey I Hey I Hey  
Hey I Hey I Hey

I sing my song  
To the sky  
Above.

I sing my song  
To the land  
I love.

I sing my song  
>From my heart  
Because,

I sing my song  
For the way  
That was.

Hey I Hey I Hey  
Hey I Hey I Hey  
Hey I Hey I Hey  
Hey I Hey I Hey.

**TO ALL SUCH PLACES,  
MT. KEARSARGE**

In between this mountain's breast,  
Is where I've always found my rest.  
For here there is a solitude  
In quiet breach for all to view.

Can we leave it as it is  
Let it just be?  
Let it do what it does,  
Let it happen naturally.

Can we leave it as it is,  
And not interfere?  
Just leave it alone,  
The way it appears.

Can we leave it as it is,  
Without adding strife?  
To its own natural ways,  
To live out its life.

Can we leave it as it is,  
Just for its space?  
Now for then,  
Just to know such place.

Can we leave it as it is,  
For destiny's sake?  
Knowing very well,  
What is at stake.

Can we leave it as it is,  
For want of same  
To hail, snow, Sun, Or flame.

Can we leave it  
As it is?

## PLEASE DON'T INTERFERE

Please don't interfere  
With the stars above,  
Please don't interfere  
With the way  
That I love.

Please don't interfere  
With what I hold so tight  
Please don't interfere  
With what  
You think is right

If I  
Could only say the words,  
Those words  
That you could hear.  
If I  
Could only make my feelings  
Really, really clear.

Inside I have  
This poetry  
And so much more  
That's really me,  
If I could only  
Find the words  
So I could make you see.

Like a half moon  
That shows itself,  
In the very dark of night.  
You know the other half  
Is there,  
Just hasn't any light.

But there it wanes  
And waxes,  
For everyone's delight,  
But when we interfere,  
We keep it  
From our sight.

Please don't interfere  
With the stars above,  
Please don't interfere  
With the way  
That I love,  
The way that I love,  
The way that I love.

Book 7

It's Our Song

## FEAR

Fear, fear, where do we go from here?  
Fear, fear, let's give them a kick in the rear.  
Fear of worms, fear of snakes, fear of germs, fear of quakes.  
Fear to laugh, fear to cry, fear to change, fear to try.  
Fear I said Fear!  
Let's make them all very clear.  
Fear of losing, fear of winning, fear of endings and beginnings.  
Fear of ghosts, fear of demons, fear of monsters when we're  
dreaming.  
Fear of AIDS, fear of spades, fear of bombs, razor blades.  
Fear of spiders, fear of bees, fear of birds, tiny fleas.  
Fear of buses, fear of planes, fear of cars, fear of trains.  
Fear of dogs, fear of cats, fear of lobsters and of bats.  
Fear of water, fear of fire, fear of falling, going higher.  
Fear of mothers, and of fathers, boyfriends, girlfriends, sisters,  
brothers.  
Fear to smoke, fear to eat, fear to go across the street.  
Fear of silence, fear of violence, fear to dance and of tridents.  
Fear of Satan, fear of sex, fear of witches and their hex.  
Fear of pain, fear of pleasure, fear of things we cannot measure.  
Fear of failure and success, or not looking at our best.  
Fear of women and of men, fear to make another friend.  
Fear of lightning or tornadoes, and erupting of volcanoes.  
Fear of insects, all things creeping, fear of waking and of sleeping.  
Fear of truth, fear to seek, fear to look and to speak.  
Fear of God, and the dark, fear that we may have the mark.  
Fear of dating and of waiting, fear of not participating.  
Fear of sailing, fear of flying, fear of biking, and of driving.  
And so they go ad infinitum, one or another we all got 'em.  
Fear to love, fear to give, fear to die, fear to live!



## SIMPLE LIVES THE BIRD

An old man once had told me, and his eyes they seem to know,  
If you want to have some peace of mind, keep it simple as you go.  
Then he said, here's a poem, keep it by your side,  
And if you want your freedom, in these words you must abide.

### Chorus

Simple lives the bird, master of the sky,  
Barely flaps a wing, holds its freedom high.  
Simple lives the bird, master of the sky,  
Doing what comes naturally, naturally to fly.

I had a lot of wood to burn, I was thicker than a fir,  
'Cause what the old man told me, was nothing but a blur.  
I was taught to lie, cheat and steal, and cover up my sins,  
And nothing really mattered, except that I must win.

### Chorus

I lived to work, not work to live, with nothing more to show  
I guess I forgot what the old man said, keep it simple as you go.

I'm working so much less now, enjoying it so much more,  
I got rid of all the useless strife, I truly did endure,  
And I really just don't give a damn if I'm a loner or I'm poor,  
The old man's poem changed my life, and this is what I'm striving  
for.

### Chorus

## SOMETIMES I CANNOT SEE THE MOUNTAIN

Where the breeze blows silent  
Is where I shall build my home.  
In a dream of morning last  
Its site I freely roamed.

Over snows pristine white  
On the highest of plateaus,  
I overlooked a thousand peaks  
Each one I'll come to know.

Just sometimes I cannot see the mountain,  
When clouds keep it from sight.  
Sometimes I feel so damn lonely,  
I guess it's just my fear of height.

Life is a poem never finished,  
A song spoken from the grave.  
Sometimes I cannot see the mountain,  
Though I know I go there with the brave.

Sometimes goodbye means no turning back,  
And pain postpones another start.  
Sometimes my eyes fill with moonlight,  
Reflecting off the ocean in my heart.

My tears are the feelings I had yesterday,  
And of the future I fear to be without.  
In the meantime reason as with destiny,  
Keeps testing me to overcome this doubt,  
When sometimes I cannot see the mountain.

## MESSIN' WITH THE MIXIN'

I'm tired of all the fixin'  
And the messin' with the mixin'  
Trying to improve the recipe.  
You see on closer introspection,  
I've been messin' with perfection  
And things don't need to change,  
It's only me.

### Chorus

Oh, no, things don't need to change.  
Oh, God, things don't need to change.  
What will I do, if things don't need to change,  
When the only thing that needs to change is me.

Now the reason for the friction,  
Is I have this one addiction,  
That wants to change everything I see.  
But I'm tired of all the fixin'  
And the messin' with the mixin'  
'Cause I can't improve a perfect recipe.

### Chorus

I took the caffeine out of coffee, the sugar out of ice cream,  
The spices out of pizza and some cheese.  
Then I went to regulatin', like smokin' and spectatin',  
Then almost passed a law that said no one could sneeze.

### Chorus

## **BETWEEN THE STONE**

You begin, and then you grow,  
Like a weed between the stone.  
And you face every season,  
growing taller - more alone.  
And what you see - growing here,  
are the reasons you are there, living  
like a weed between the stone.

Like a weed between the stone,  
Like a weed between the stone.  
In a field or in an alley,  
or wherever seed is sown.  
You will find your answers there,  
though a time be unaware.  
For the reasons,  
like a weed between the stone.

## TODAY

Today I climb all mountains,  
I sing with the birds.  
I play all instruments,  
make sounds never heard.

I am very smart at business,  
and the poetry I write,  
covers every circumstance,  
from black to the white.

I am the Christian Science building,  
and the trees in Mattapan.  
I am the Sun that rises east,  
the eyes the sky will scan.

I am the beggar and the path,  
the leaves the wind has tossed.  
Today I will do everything,  
though I with legs still crossed.

I'll sit upon a log that fell,  
or chair or friend the rock.  
Perhaps I'll fly an airplane,  
or maybe be the Hawk.

I know I'll do whatever is,  
whatever one will do.  
Just like the clouds that pass the pine,  
they pass the acorn too.

And so it is this day I feel,  
a fly upon my hand,  
who stays with me while I write,  
with pencil what I can.

And though I am in the wood,  
where chipmunks are abound.  
And far away from all the noise,  
we have given sound.  
I'll do whatever will be done,  
this day I share with you.  
Knowing well I'll feel the pains,  
of climbing Everest too.

## LULA BELLE

In summer's soft velvet dress,  
I felt its flame that so impressed,  
To carry me, for so I kept,  
The sweetness of her every breath.  
And when I walk, with her I bring,  
And when I sleep, I hear her sing,  
And when I wake, I feel her wings..  
And so for her, this offering.

She was here just this morning when the sun came up,  
And I knew it was her, I could tell by her touch.  
She came into the room like a breath of fresh air,  
Yes I knew it was her, I knew she was there.  
I sat up in bed, and drew a faint smile,  
And I felt my self blush, as I did when a child.  
When the curtain it moved by the window she came,  
And I felt her beside me when she whispered my name.  
And she touched me again and again,  
With those feelings that just don't pretend.  
Yes she touched me again and again,  
And I knew it was her, by the wind.

I just love being loved by Lula Belle,  
Cause the memory she leaves doesn't fade,  
And I know when I'm there with Lula Belle,  
Everything that I feel is OK.  
She's like the leaf that quivers from the slightest touch,  
The moon that falls in the bay.  
She's the one that we all dream about,  
But not the kind who will ever stay.  
Lula Belle is that sparkle that jumps around in the sea,  
Lula Belle is the fragrant one, the flower that enrages the bee.  
I just love being loved by Lula Belle,  
And the memories she leaves with me.  
But she's not the kind who will ever stay,  
But I love her for being  
So free.

In fields, green ...Alive!  
Where waves of grass  
Catch the breath, and  
Those of passerby.

In fields, green...Alive!  
I long to stay and linger  
there, so leave it with  
my eye.



## THERE'S A COUCH IN THE KITCHEN

There's a couch in the kitchen  
In the kitchen of a house,  
A little sized post and beam.  
There's a table and chairs  
And a rocker that is there,  
On a pine floor with a little sheen.  
There are pictures on the walls  
With memories to recall  
Like in baskets from the ceiling hanging down.  
And from wood everywhere  
Are these eyes that only stare  
That always want to follow me around.  
Now some are happy some are sad  
Some are angry some are glad,  
While others frown (so it seems)  
But everyone has a face  
And they live in this place  
With a couch in the kitchen  
In the kitchen of the house  
In a little sized post and beam.  
There are dogs there are cats  
There are cows there are bats,  
Horses and wolves that glare.  
Ghosts and demons and things between them  
Mostly hard to compare  
With women and children  
And men so human and angels  
With long flowing hair  
With birds and critters  
That give you the jitters  
And all within this square.  
There are moons and rivers  
And snakes that slither  
Over galaxies that have no end.  
With mountains and lakes  
Volcanoes and quakes and hurricanes  
With chills they send.

There are maps and drawings  
Of the past and dawns  
With secrets yet to be seen  
And we're all here together  
With a couch in the kitchen  
In the kitchen of the house  
In this little sized post and beam.

## THE SOLES OF MY FEET ARE ALIVE

The soles of my feet  
Are alive!  
The boots that I wear  
Wrinkled and worn  
Are special  
And part of me.  
We walk with a sensuous  
Gait  
Smelling and tasting  
Or talking aloud  
To tree or dog  
Or face in a crowd,  
The soles of my feet  
Are alive!  
The moon and stars  
They welcome us  
As snow and rain  
Or Summer dust  
With rocks and rivers  
We make no fuss  
Like roots we cross  
With flowing truss,  
The soles of my feet  
Are alive!  
The sun that bakes  
The devil's tar  
Both friends of mine  
We've traveled far  
Up, down, side to side  
Sharing our thoughts  
As we confide.  
The soles of my feet  
Are alive!  
And the birds that peck  
Or the ones that squawk  
And all their cousins

From hen to cock  
They know these boots  
In which I walk  
The soles of my feet  
Are alive!  
We treasure turns and every step  
Whether dry or whether wet  
And though no shine or measure set  
We take whatever we can get.  
The soles of my feet are alive!  
The soles of my feet are alive!

## A PLAN COMING DOWN

There's a plan coming down,  
So at least I have found,  
And at times it's so painful  
I just cry.  
There's a change going on,  
And I hope it won't last long,  
'Cause I feel if it does  
I'm going to die.  
I'm trying to hang in,  
But my skin is getting thin,  
From the fire that is burning me inside.  
But I know I'm not alone,  
That's because I have been shown,  
And it's something to do  
With my pride.  
And it's painful, 'cause there's no place  
To hide.  
I stumble and I fall,  
And believe me that ain't all,  
I kick and scream to let me have my way.  
But I've also kissed the snow,  
For times it was no go,  
'Cause I wouldn't have the chance I have today.  
I've seen mosquitoes circle crows,  
So thick the mind it blows,  
And felt their irritation like my own.  
But, there was a transformation  
Which seems this destination  
When I also saw a place, above I'd flown,  
And I knew that I would go there, it was home!

## SONG 2000

2000 years let's celebrate,  
2000 years we're finally twenty-one.  
2000 years let's integrate,  
With 7 billion cheers,  
That our teenage years are done.

The fish rose from the water, to give birth high on land,  
This sign of Capricorn, suggests we too expand.  
Let's put away those childish things put behind our fears,  
Let's celebrate this entry, with 7 billion cheers.

Our teenage years are done Mom,  
Our teenage years are done.  
We finally reach adulthood,  
Our world is twenty-one.

2000 years let's penetrate,  
2000 years this year that's finally come,  
2000 years let's dedicate,  
Remembering how we got here,  
Thanking everyone.  
We've been through adolescence, been through puberty,  
I'm sure we'll use our senses in this century.

It's time to use our heads, connecting with our hearts,  
Stop punishing each other, might be the place to start.  
Let's put away our differences, though different let us be,  
Like leaves that have their place, though all from the same tree.

Our teenage years are done Mom,  
Our teenage years are done.  
We finally reached adulthood,  
Our world is twenty-one.

## **THE SACRED**

Sacred is the land  
The tree the sky.  
Sacred are the birds  
The bees the fly.

Sacred are the grasses  
So alive.  
Sacred is the stone  
Through time survives.

Sacred are the fish  
Lakes and streams.  
Sacred are the mountains  
And those no see-ums.

Sacred are the creepers  
That crawl the earth.  
Sacred are babes  
Given in birth.

Sacred are the animals  
Rain and wind.  
For Sacred is this breath  
WE all live in.

## WHY IT'S AN EVOLUTION

Why it's an evolution  
Not in revolution  
That is no solution  
It's the execution.

Be a hero to yourself  
Don't hurt nobody else  
It's really hard to do  
It all comes down to you.

Try not to interfere  
No matter what you hear  
That's running from our fear  
You've got to keep it near.

Just sit with what you feel  
And watch the onion peel  
That is how we heal  
Until we see what's real.

I know I hurt for change  
By feeling all its pains  
And though it's really strange  
Slowly there are gains.

Don't need to fight the world  
Don't need another cause  
Just need to change myself  
Deal with my own flaws.

Why it's an evolution  
Not in revolution  
That is no solution  
It's the execution.



## I'M JUST ANOTHER SAILOR

"May you ride the waves  
through all their breaks,"  
the mariner would say.  
"May you ride them well  
in spite of storm, until  
you're home at bay."

I'm just another sailor,  
sailing along.  
I'm just another sailor,  
catching the dawn.  
I'm just another sailor,  
no less, no more.  
I'm just another sailor,  
who sails shore to shore.

And I ride the waves,  
whatever the breaks.  
Try to stay true,  
knowing the stakes.  
But just like you,  
I make those mistakes.  
I'm just another sailor,  
who sleeps and who wakes.

And it's back and forth,  
and round about,  
Sometimes within,  
sometimes without.  
Sometimes there's faith,  
sometimes there's doubt.  
I'm just another sailor,  
trying to find the best route.  
I'm just another sailor,  
sailing along.  
I'm just another sailor,  
singing this song.  
I'm just another sailor,

no less, no more.  
I'm just another sailor,  
who sails shore to shore.  
I'm just another sailor,  
who sails shore to shore.  
I'm just another sailor;  
no less no more.





Photos provided by Donna Klein







