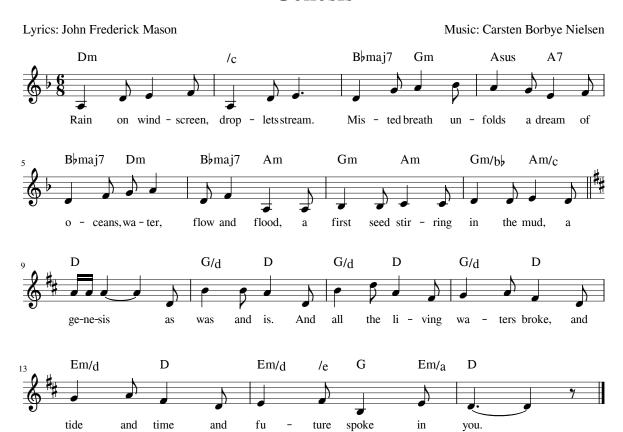
Genesis



GENESIS

Rain on windscreen, droplets stream. Misted breath unfolds a dream of oceans, water, flow and flood, a first seed stirring in the mud – a genesis as was and is.

Then all the living waters broke, and tide and time and future spoke in you.

Open-mouthed, your infant cry fills the overarching sky.
As breezes carry it away,
you see the first seed dance and play –
a genesis
as was and is.
With wings of light you walk on air,
the wind a song, the song a prayer
in you.

Fingers caked with soil and sand hold the whole earth in your hand.
And digging deep you feel it turn, the first seed opens frond and fern – a genesis as was and is.
And where your feet fall valleys form and snow-capped mountains tops are drawn in you.

Sunlight sets the peaks aflame, fire so wide is wild to tame.

With fingers spread you feel its power and hold the seed now burst in flower – a genesis as was and is.

All elements find home in one, sing water, air – sing earth and sun, in you.