

Listening to Spring

How quietly the earth breathes forth new
life.
How eagerly the sun bleeds forth the spring,
I am listening.

I am listening to seeds breaking open,
to roots growing strong beneath the ground,
to green shoots rising up from winter
wombs.

I am listening to thorns blossoming,
to barren branches laughing out new
growth,
to wildflowers dancing through the
meadows,

I am listening.

I am listening to the forest filling up with
song.

I am listening to the earth filling up with life.
I am listening to the trees filling up with
leaves.

I am listening.

I am listening to the sky
with its many changing moods,
to flashes of lightning, peals of thunder,
to opening buds and greening grass.
I am listening to the breaking forth of light
in the vestibule of dawn.

I am listening to the freshness of the
morning.

I am listening.

I am listening to the rain drops
giving hope to thirsty gardens.
I am listening to the orchards
pregnant with new life.
I am listening to the flowers
bursting forth in rainbow colors.

I am listening.

I am listening to the brook,
to the song of happy waters.
I am listening to music
rising up from all the earth.
I am listening to spring
soaring in on wings of life.
I am listening to the sounds of spring.

I am listening.

I am listening to prayers
pouring forth from feathered throats.
I am listening to prayers
rising up from misty waters.
I am listening to prayers
of a meadow crowned with dawn.

I am listening.

I am listening to the growing
in the garden of my heart.
I am listening to my heart
singing songs of resurrection.
I am listening to the colors of life.

I am listening.

I am listening to winter
handing over spring.
I am listening to the poetry of spring.

I am listening.

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States and Canada as a retreat director.

Stand Your Ground

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Dark forests wrapped up in our ribbons of light
We're moving fast, as to undo the night
We're creatures caught up in a cultural fight

We no longer sleep in a cradle of trees
And when the wind speaks we don't know what she means
The rhythm of time brought to its knees

*Stand your ground... beneath your feet
Not a sound... step silently
You sacred thing this is your home... make it so*

We throw to the tides the things we don't need
And yet we're surprised that we cannot feed
Our silvery, serpentine, circle of greed

We are the saviours of what we destroy
Deciding the fates of those we employ
Like robbing ourselves is giving us joy

*Stand your ground... beneath your feet
Not a sound... step silently
You sacred thing this is your home... make it so*

There is a stillness deep in the green
There is a soul there out here rarely seen
Brave the unsteady voice of the stream

If you listen closely she'll say unto you
Things without language that are ever true
Your nature and nature are not removed,
your nature and nature are not removed
Your nature and nature are not removed

*Stand your ground... beneath your feet
Not a sound... step silently
You sacred thing this is your home... make it so*

