



**LIFE'S SONG OF HOLY PRAISE
FOR THE LOVELY PLANET EARTH**

Barbara Du Bois

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*Earth's portrait on the cover & on page 4,
kindness of the Visible Earth Team, NASA:
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I have been moving on this Earth
Uncounted aeons, I have been walking,
Flowing, creeping, swarming, through
Her wide skies winging and in her
Waters swimming. Her molten
Gasses have been my home and in
Swamps thick with mud and grasses
Her exuberance has *pushed* plasma
Into forms we have all become.

I sing her praises, I rejoice in her.

I sing her praises, I rejoice in her.

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Little stones, dew-smitten leaves,
Wavelets, foams and thunderous winds
And fires, cool shady glades, flinty defiles,
Light teeming loam and brittle crust
And currents carrying all to sea ~
Earth has no place I have not known,
No substance that has not configured,
 Laboring and joyful,
 Bodies for me:

Dry flake, glinting shell, simple
Phosphorescence, faint glowing star,
Ornate beetle, ever-giving worm,
Alate creatures tiny and immense.
All numbers of legs have propelled
Me and I have laughed at my many
Bellies' intimate tickling calligraphy
In sands, on rocks. I have stood up
As grizzly and as human, birthed in myriad
 Ways the roar and chirp, and killed
With fang and claw, with weapon and with mind.

With every breath I am remembering,
I am praising.

Now I am gathering close my knowledge
Of them all. What is to lift
Will lift now, what to fall
Will fall.

At the end, in one stupendous yawn
I will gulp in all my history here,
All these forms, their molecules and dust,
Their memories and desires, all their hatred,
Fear and love ~ their aching, soaring,
Tender, helpless, groaning, potent, loyal, life-bejewelled
Love. One last time they will flash
Like morning web-strings in the light,
And be done.

A vast silence will be.

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And then

...only...

Praise, praise, praise !

Earth praise,

Air praise,

Fire praise,

Water praise,

Sound praise ~

All one great singing:

Praise, praise, praise !

Holy, holy, holy !

Praise, praise, praise !



*This I saw in a swift, subtle vision
on 22 January 2008, as I lay ill.
Recognizing it as the prayer requested
some months before by a loving spiritual friend,
calling forth right relationship for all
with beautiful Planet Earth,
I wrote down these words in the night.*

*Voicing these praises, may the grace of the Great Love,
born unceasingly from the beginningless,
reveal the holiness shining
within and through all appearances,
opening our hearts, minds and mouths
to praise, praise, praise.*

*Prescott, Arizona
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