

A GIVING OF PRAYER

MAY THE SPINNER
HEAR MY CRY



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Hearing cries of woe from the human race,
Set my pen to dancing to overcome the harsh
pace.

Hearing the cries of the elements and the
songs, they sing

Created a need and desire for the pen; prayers
to bring.

As the truth is captured and brought forth to
contemplate,

May your contribution stir your soul to begin to
meditate

On the beauty that abounds and surrounds
every living form,

Through the truth of your understanding, may
consciousness be born.

With your consciousness, of which you were
born to share,

May your blessings and gifts bring the offering
of care

Through poetry, verse, and artistic capture of
lore,

Perhaps the cries will diminish and truth heard evermore.

Q. FORGIVE 1994

Oh the cry of the dolphins has stirred my soul,

Trapped in the nets that once moved so very slow,

Caught in the world they were born in which to
play,

To show us the beauty of the silence of the sea each
day

May others hear your cries of woe and pain,

That the slowing of technology may bring your
rain,

May the sea once again befriend you, my sister

That you may show me the freedom of the salty
geysers,

That I may hear your chortle of gladness and glee,

As you move through your environment, swift and
free,

That I may bring the beauty of your song into
heart,

Never to be disturbed by outer influence, never
forgot.

They tell me I may be Sturgeon, yet born of
the South,

They tell me the stories, of which I know
naught about,

They tell me of horrors created daily by the act
of humans,

They tell me of wonders that will yet come to
illumine.

They tell me many things, the people and
books of learning,

But they tell me naught of the truth of which I
am yearning.

They are stories of things that are created in
which to compare,

They are not but parables, of which all living
things are forced to bear.

Whether to reach for oneself or to expand the
reach to share,

The creation of these parables is nothing more
than to teach

That the greatness and diminished is always within reach.

They tell you many things of what you should so be aware,

What I tell you and share with you, is the truth of choice - bare.

For every word, thought, sight that you see, nuance you feel;

You have the choice to accept or deny that it is real.

You can take what is before you and place it in heart,

This would be the first step to allow your truth to start.

For within the heart is the prayer of humanity we have forgot,

Remember the heart, as the stories and learning are really for naught,

Else but for marking the passages of time,

Human existence is much more than a line.

The scientists have marked our evolution by a scale,

Psychologists - psychiatrists have separated
the psyche of male & female.

Separate identities marked by our structural
forms

Have created the rift out of which this chaos is
born.

There is no separation of what is termed male
or female,

For within the heart is the truth of existence;
now frail

All things are connected this disconnection
process must end,

Through my prayers and my verse, I hope the
threads to mend.

As I laid upon the ground and gazed up to
the sky,

I felt a completeness, a feeling of one
without the WHY.

A realization struck me in this time of
repose,

A truth tore at my being that I really did
know.

For every living thing, there is an equal
death,

For even as we inhale and exhale our
breath,

The air we consume has been pure and
waste,

In this realization, Life takes on new taste.

Within our bodies, our structure
regenerates and ceases,

It is the truth of our being, of which we
hide our faces.

In turning this realization outward from
within,

One begins to understand the chaos in worldly din.

Understanding the simple cycle of Nature's birth and death,

One can watch the passing seasons without feeling bereft.

The end must happen for the beginning to come,

It is the truth of knowing - beginning and end are one.

Your life is the filter, through which your truth grows,

It is full of cycles and season, leaving your understanding to know.

Perhaps it is not the beginning, nor the end,

But the cycle we can understand as truth again.

The season we move through as we filter our life,

Perhaps in understanding we may end our strife.

**As one facet of my life pauses to
close,**

**I reach forward in knowing a
birth will begin,**

**As my prayers follow me
forward,**

**I reach out knowing the joy the
season will bring.**

**May my prayers touch you and
shine in heart,**

**I reach knowing my passing
will so ring.**

**May your thoughts be blessed
with the fruits of abundance**

**May your dreams be caressed by
the light of truth so bright**

**May your dreams come forth as
the sun rises upon a new day**

**May your hopes and visions be
carried to the mountain top**

**May your essence of love touch all
that you meet**

**May your prosperity be shared as
riches to grow**

**May the light of the dawn carry
you with strength**

**May the light of the sunset create
rainbows in your soul**

**May the wind be always at your
back to carry you forward**

**May the blessing of peace be
bestowed upon your soul.**

Q. FORGIVE 1994

**The respect in which you give shelter to
all you know,**

**May it bring repose to you in your
despair.**

**The truth in which you give rise to each
new day,**

**May it brighten the rain clouds as they
hover.**

**The beauty in which you create wonders
of your soul,**

**May it bestow you with kindness upon
the ebbing day.**

**The freedom in which you shower upon
the weary,**

**May it surround you as the rain falls
upon you.**

**The rainbow in which you give rise to new
breath,**

**May it bring warmth to you on the cold
days.**

**The laughter in which you celebrate your
very existence,**

**May it echo in the silence of the
moment to come.**

**The love in which you interject a period of
grace,**

**May it touch you every minute of your
passing days.**

Q. FORGIVE 1994

**The Leviathan of the sea, the whales as
we know,**

**Lie entrapped upon the beaches,
their dying breath not heard.**

**Confused by the elements and the
sonar sounds they bring,**

**Brought to the beaches of mankind,
naked to their eyes**

**Calling to the heart of connection of all
living things,**

**Brought to the sands to lie in their
stranded helplessness**

**Their grace and beauty lost in the
barren light of land,**

**Their cries of woe not heard until
their presence made known.**

**As the creatures of the ocean lie dying
before our very eyes,**

**May we understand the beaching
process for the truth it is.**

**It is a cry to our heart for awareness,
to see before a death,**

**It is the cry of a creature, whose
environment has changed.**

**It is a cry for an end to the destruction
and rape,**

**It is a cry that was only heard as
their great forms died on our
beaches.....**

To the eyes of mankind, come the horrors of their actions

Animals hunted, poisoned, trapped, and threatened out of existence.

Disease, hunger, poverty and hate exhibited nearly every corner of Earth,

Peoples turned against peoples; brothers against brothers; blood against blood.

To the eyes of mankind has the technological time thus brought,

The Earth revolting by arid conditions; volcanoes; flooding; and earthquakes

The ecosystem dwindling in repose to human response to technology,

Doctrines and dogma rising giving promise to an Earthly reprieve.

To the eyes of mankind has the truth of his living existence been brought

To the heart of mankind, has an opening been created for change.

The opening thus created to view the destruction with understanding,

The opening thus expanded to create solutions with technology.

An opening of truth that each individual is responsible,

The opening that allows each individual to make a difference

The opening of the human heart; capacities for compassion unlimited

Capacities yet untapped that will begin a different season of living

Q. FORGIVENESS 1994

Within the wind are stories yet to be heard
The breeze carries seeds of new thoughts yet
to be born

The gusts blow in change, blowing away the
old

The unleashed fury bringing awareness to the
fore

Moving particles, whipping them into a cloud
Pushing at the sedentary, forcing them to
move

Within the wind are the voices that reach
around the globe

Carrying the prayers of the jungle to the
centers of urbanization

Bringing nuances of wisdom within the element
of air

There are those who hear the prayers in the
wind

Their ears hearing echoes from around the
world

Listening to the winds that come to your ears

Listening to the truths and prayers, the breeze
carries

Hearing the message the wind brings to you
Capturing the essence of the prayers unto your
heart

Perhaps your ears will open to the wind
Past the souging air, turbulent air, to hear the
prayers

The hopes and dreams carried in the wind
That the story may be told in the truth of the
wind

**As the heavens unfold with your
burgeoning heart**

**May you maintain your balance in
which to start**

**Bringing your essence to the task
at hand**

**Filling the space, of the living on
the land**

**As your dreams unfold with the
excitement of love**

**May you maintain the peace of the
dove**

**And as your world expands past
your immediate space**

**May your time of living be
expressed by a smile on your face**

Q. FORGIVE 1994

The tears ran from my eyes today

Washing away the memories of what my eyes have seen

Cleansing my vision, that I may start anew

Washing away the sadness and pain that I have endured

The tears dripped from my cheeks

Creating droplets of compassion to fall upon the Earth below

Becoming reflectors for the sunlight

Turning into tiny rainbows, falling as dreams to the Earth

In becoming the cleanser for my eyes

The tears turned to crystallized light rejuvenating my soul

As the tears welled from deep inside

They created the becoming of the opening of my human heart

I rejoiced in the cleansing of my tears

The understanding of my becoming washed over my cheeks to the Earth

The exhibition of my tears

May appear to be many things; but for the simple truth they are

I shall rejoice upon my tears

That the vision, rainbows, and cleansing may be complete for me

As the water wells from within

May it wash over my form and shower upon where I am

Leaving rivulets of tracks upon my face

As the enduring memories are washed away forever

May my gratitude fall to the Earth

As tears are my way of expressing the love, I am connected in.

I am aware of the beasts that walk upon the Earth

I am aware of the beauty that resides upon the Earth

I am aware of the truth of my own existence here and now

I am aware of the deception of my very existence here and now

I am increasingly aware of the parallels of living and dying

I am increasingly aware of the parallels of choice and acceptance

Perhaps most importantly, I am aware of my life

Aware of the gift that it is; both to humanity and myself

In my conscious awareness may I grow stronger in awareness

In addition, may my awareness be expressed as gratitude in the living of my life.

I pray that the social barriers may continue to
break down

I pray the economic barriers be recognized as the
creation they have become

I pray the ethnic barriers may fall to the cry of the
human heart

I pray the cross-cultural awareness branches into
human compassion

I pray for the peoples that reside upon the entire
planet

I pray for the ecosystem of life existing as we
experience it

I pray for our Earth; that our regeneration will
regenerate Her

I pray for the whole, as the connection grows
stronger

I pray for the pieces, as the connection draws us
together

I pray the connection of Love shall touch each
prayer.

As the rumbles of change are trembling beneath
our feet

May our hearts open wide as we feel the
groaning begin

As the balance tips and sways before our
opened eyes

May our minds expand to encompass the
truth of the moment

As we expand and sway in this fragile
ecosystem

May we retain our inner strength and
project it outward

As we are drawn forward to give the gift of
our lives

May we connect in heart and mind in
accepting fellowship

As the brightness of the sun shows us the
barren truth

May our eyes adjust to see the simple
beauty of the moment now

As the world as we know it begins to
crumble and fall

May we be blessed with understanding of
the evolution process

As we draw together out of compassion,
empathy and love

May the Dawn of Humanity rise upward in a
golden glow

Q. FORGIVE 1994

The cry of the eagle and the coo of the
dove

The roar of the lion and the flight of the
deer

The shriek of the hawk and the hop of
the rabbit

The howl of the wolf and the grunt of
the boar

The wail of the banshee and the croak
of the frog

The hoot of the owl and the bark of the
dog

The laughter of a hyena and the growl
of a bear

The sounds of the four legged and
feathered creatures

Identified by human personification and
tone

To our ears, sounds identified by a
language our own

Could that our ears hear their music
without reference

Could that our ears hear their story with
understanding

Could that our human song be similar to
their symphony

Could that our transference of words be
brought back as a feeling

Could that we understand the sounds
our ears bring

Without visual or verbal connotation or
reference

Could that a human being opens the
ears to listen.....

In the process of giving and receiving

We humans are lacking in our ability to receive
Our "thank you" comes from our mental faculty

Our resistance then built up in our emotional
body

Giving and receiving is a cycle, and balance will be
held

If the cycle is broken in various ways, balance
tips

Perhaps by mental addition we condition the cycle

Monitoring our actions by thought and not the
heart

We give when our thoughts tell us we should

Instead of giving when our heart says we could

We receive and our thoughts are racing to return

Instead of our hearts opening fully in receiving

In the process of movement directed by the heart

We humans could expand in our understanding

We humans could expand in our emotional ways

We humans could create a balanced cycle.

The whole reached out for my awareness today
I joined in harmony, heart, and soul; carried away
In encompassing the whole, my awareness of self
Was left somewhere sitting, dust ridden on shelf

An interesting lesson was born out of the
awareness of "whole"

It was not my harmony or heart wanted, but desire
of my soul

The unification of the many that were drawn
Left an incomplete circle as the soul was gone.

To remember such lessons is the reason of living
Awareness of being, understanding of what is given

Unification for the balance of the whole
Must begin individually and individually home you
go.

The circle thus unbroken, as the bond of spirit
reigns

Ever held in the heart until you meet once again

Rays permeated the air, brushed downward
with golden glow
Particles shining forth blessed into existence by
the light.
Laughter echoing from behind the brilliance,
softly so
Sorrow heard in the brief sighing of the
breeze as it arose.
The caress of the sunlight as it washes down
from higher realm
Stories to be heard and felt as the warmth of
the glow spread

I turned my eye the other day,
Away from the horror and sadness that was
evolving.

Turned it back to a memory of peace,
A memory of a space where solitude reached
outward,
A memory of a time where harmony existed,
A memory combined with feelings and action.

I turned my eye the other day
To see an eye of memory looking back at me.

I turned both eyes outward to the world
Seeing the beauty of the world that was
evolving,

Carrying a memory of a vision.

I turned my eyes outward with compassion,
Carrying drops of humanity in my heart.

A memory shining forth, never to turn my eye

Complete, resting in knowledge,
The memory shall be created upon this Earth.

Salt mist flowed like a river
Cascading over softness unchanging
Running through rivers of lines
Falling from the defined edges
Dripping as raindrop prisms below
My tears flowing from my eyes
Cleansing in a non-traceable way
Washing my face, opening my soul
The blessing in the cleanse of salt.

Basking in the glow of reflection
I felt the shining silver caress my skin
Pouring into the crevices honed so deep
Running through the valleys hollowed out
Creating a bright path to follow in thought
Lighting a passage of time, known as repose
The season of reflection, lit by the moon
The brightness varied by the storage of light
I am grateful to have lived fully the day
To have the reflection shine so brilliantly
Opening my eyes, I see the soft rays
Luminescent filigree bathing my form
For the moment, the tide has moved back
Leaving me sheltered in the reflection
Grateful for the living of the day
Thankful for the living of the reflection.

Within a time frame of human thought;
Waxing, Waning, Full, and New,
Rising, Setting, Midday, Reflection.

Within a time frame of human thought;
Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter,
Sprout, Growth, Maturity, and Death.

Within a time frame of human thought;
The record of all the changes so marked.

Within a time frame of human thought;
The moment of the Spirit - Known as
LIFE.....

Arising with the new morning, stretching as the
rays - upward

Moving through the daylight hours with the
passage of the sun

Retiring with the setting sun, reclining as the rays -
downward

Moving through the moonlight, reflecting thoughts
in our sleep

The daily cycle of hours marked by visual passages

A moment grasped now, pausing in gratitude

Struck by the flow and grace of the movement of
the passing hours

A moment grasped now, pausing in thankfulness

Awash with the freedom of the security of the
passing hours

I heard a cry as I walked through the garden;

**The haunting echo followed me into my
dreams;**

**Carried with me through the passage of
thought;**

**The cry of the EARTH echoing deeply through
my form.**

W. FORGIVE 1994

**May these hands carry forth a
message of love**

**May these hands convey a unity of
emotion**

**May these hands leave blessings as
they touch form**

**May these hands reach for
blessings yet to come**

**May these hands convey a truth
buried deep**

**May these hands bring to light a
haunting echo**

**May these hands be guided by the
deepest of truth**

**May these hands be a tool for
created peace**

**May these hands bridge the gaps of
spiritual consciousness**

**May these hands I own, be a
channel of divine essence.**

Dr. FORGIVE 1994

***The language of love has been thought
out of existence,***

***Analyzed for meaning and taught it is
nonsense.***

***The language of love has a vocabulary
of its own,***

***Sadly, many never hear, not even when
grown.***

***It is the smile of a child, as they turn to
you,***

***It is the wriggle of a small pet as it
rolls on the dew,***

***It is the mist in the eye that clears for
second,***

***As you gaze on some rarity that
catches your breath.***

***It is the sunrise and sunset and midday
sun,***

It is the moon in its cycles and reflections of fun,

It is the living and dying created each moment in space,

It is the fortune and harmony of the human race.

The language of love - it IS you know.

The language of love - a feeling you grow.

Q. FORGOTTEN

*Torment, anger, grief, and despair,
Shadows of memories captured with flair
Memories of beauty, peace, harmony, and
love
Seem to have disappeared on wings of a
dove.*

*Why is there dwelling on memories of
pain?*

*Why is there dwelling on past truths
again?*

*Free those thoughts to create space for
new,*

*Free those thoughts to create time for a
coup.*

*That is the free will that mankind now
howls about,*

It is your choice of which you could shout.

Hear the faint echo of calling from every segment
of humanity

Hear the tone that is echoing on the breeze as it
drifts by

Hear the vibratory meaning deep within the recess
of your soul

Hear the rising rush of tone that can be captured
as a feeling.

Hear the drumbeat strong echoing from deep
within the Earth

Hear the silvery notes filtering, echoing from above
within Heart

Hear that together, the beat and the note create a
symphony of feeling

Hear the depth of the message carried on the faint
echo of the breeze

Hear the answering rhythm responding deep within
your physical being

Hear by your feeling, your touch, your sight, your
smell - from physical being.

Hear by your ears, and allow the auditory sense to stir your soul

Hear the rhythm of a rising truth and draw it into your very heart

Hear the truth, whether carried from Earth or the Spiritual Heart.

Become the echo of what you hear, your own Soul the Teacher.

I pray all will choose to hear the echoing rhythm arising

I pray all souls will choose to join in harmony and peace

It is of my prayers that my soul hears and teaches.

It is of my prayers that my soul carries each echo to the breeze.

It is of soul that I carry the message from Spiritual Heart.

It is of soul that I carry the message from Earth.

A prayer of understanding that blows to every other soul.

A prayer of understanding now carried upon a rising wind.

The cry of the unborn child stirred my soul
Creating the urgency of the wind telling me to go
The cry of the child as it entered living world
Echoed - resounding within the flight of a bird
Lifted to freedom to traverse the Earthly plane
Accessed to a doorway through which child will now
train
Bringing to peoples a gift of conscious leadership
light
Carrying many forth in love; breaking patterns of
fight
Called by the wind from deep in my soul
I entered a doorway creating a deep flow.

A call from a mother, knowing entrenched in her
soul

A voice reaching out past time barriers and created
life

A sound echoing deeply from within to without

A feeling encompassed and projected toward the
One Who Listens

Carried to a human heart to find expression in
the living

Moved to a human form to capture the essence of
life

Opened to humanity as a whole for understood
peace

Sheltered by the Keepers of the Earth Traditions of
Understood Living

A call, a voice, a sound, a feeling; carried, moved,
opened, and sheltered

The movement of the stars has begun and now in
complete love

The residing framework of human existence begins
to expand.

The knowing resides deep within my eternal
soul

Sheltered behind a curtain of love projected
to those who grow

The ache has abated in the distribution of
the heavenly love

In addition, a source of guidance has been
created in the wings of a dove

A prayer for the living escapes these
human form features

A prayer for life escapes this heart of
human form and reaches

Past the ONE and MANY whom have walked
before

Forward into the truth of LIFE lasting
evermore

I heard a cry the other day - one of sorrowful intent.

It enraptured my heart leaving a pulsation so felt.

I heard a cry the other day - one of joyful intent.

It enraptured my heart leaving a sensation so carried.

I heard a cry the other day - it was the Human Race.

I heard a cry the other day - it was the Earth.

I heard a cry the other day - it was the Sky.

I heard a cry the other day - it was the Green.

I heard a cry the other day - it was the Blue.

I heard a cry the other day - it was the Wings.

I heard a cry the other day - it was the Walkers.

I heard a cry the other day - I heard a cry today:

Every waking - sleeping moment I hear a cry.

I work to hear the moment between the cry.

In that moment - I hear the TRUTH - the
KNOWING,

In that moment - I feel the MOVEMENT - the
SPIRIT,

In that moment between moments - I AM
LIVING,

The haunting echo of the cry is carried HOME.

Sadly, I have come to realize barriers of truth
yet exist

Fractured into moments of truth so yet bent

Filtered from reasoning so bridged in social
gaps

Followed unconsciously like the shadow you
create

As you walk in the sunlight or the moonlight

Sadly, I have come to realize that change must
be desired

By the whole of the few or the whole of the all

Carried by Spirit and brought by unity of the
heart

Given by compassion and understanding
foremost

Sadly, I have come to realize the greatest
barrier to truth

Is oneself: Not time, nor energy, nor
circumstance.

In that realization, my sadness has abated.

As the self expands and continues to grow, the barrier shall fall....

9. FORGIVE 1994

**So to the Spinner, I leave these
few words:**

**Understanding woven within the verse and
lines of words,**

**Questions of what is perceived spun amongst
the letters,**

**Leaving only traces of the heartache of the
Earth**

**To those of you that will read these words one
day,**

**I leave to you some openings in which your
thoughts may flow,**

**Openings in which your musings may turn
thoughts into conscious light**

**May the Spinner weave your threads of life
with gentle understanding**

**May the Spinner weave your musings into
threads of conscious action**

**Leaving your movement to reflect a
respect in your life expression**

**A respect and a gratitude for your own life
as well as all of life**

**That your heart may open to see the
beauty of life**

**That your mind may open to understand
the connection of life**

**That together, your mind and heart, may
portray a light of compassion**

**That your essence of life may become
connected to the life essence**

**That your expression of essence of life may
become one of love**

**To the Earth that is my home in my life
To the Sky that teaches me to reach higher in
my vision
To the Life forms that I share my meagre
existence with
To the Human beings that I share my
expression of life with
To the Elements of Nature that teach me daily
To the Light of spirit that walks with me -
within me
I give my gratitude, my humility, and my
human existence
For in that gift and giving - I have regained
Eternal Spirit.**

My Blessings To Each of You

Peace - Irene