

## Poems of Earth and Spirit: Locally Wildcrafted Poetry

*Note: This file includes all the poems shared in the session, but not the introductions to the poems or the experiential nature connection practices.*

### When I Was a Creek

When I was  
a tree,

I sang and danced  
with the wind  
and offered  
food and refuge  
to all who came.

When I was  
a cloud,

I floated freely,  
bringing  
shade and rain  
wherever they  
were needed.

When I was  
a creek,

I flowed effortlessly  
around stones  
and nourished life  
everywhere  
I went.

When I was  
a seed,

I held  
the story  
of what  
I would become  
inside me

until the sun  
and rain  
let me know  
it was time  
to share it.

When I was  
a flower,

I opened up  
to reveal  
my beauty  
and invited the bees  
to share  
my sweetness.

Now I am  
human

and can do so  
many things,

yet I am  
full of questions  
about who I am  
and why I'm here.

### **What if...?**

What if the leaves,  
stirred to singing  
by the breeze,  
sing with even more joy  
when they notice  
you are listening?

What if the small white flower  
quivers with delight  
when you notice  
her tiny  
yet honorable  
contribution  
to the beauty  
of this world?

And what if  
that brief moment  
is all she needs  
to know that her life  
is worth living,  
all her efforts  
not in vain?

What if the trees  
feel the depth  
of your pain,  
and are quietly  
reaching toward you,  
offering solace  
with everything  
they have to give?

What if the whales  
diving into the deep blue  
can feel your love  
for them,  
even across all that  
open ocean?

What if the water,  
weary from  
her endless journey,  
is replenished by  
your gratitude,  
which gives her  
the strength  
to keep going?

What if the Earth  
herself  
longs to feel

the caress  
of your naked feet  
on her warm, brown skin?

And what if  
the granite mountain,  
no matter how remote  
and immovable  
he may seem,  
feels a quiet shiver of joy  
when you are touched  
by his majestic beauty?

What if...?

## Rooting

It happens  
so spontaneously  
and effortlessly.

No decision  
or deliberate action  
is needed.

As soon as I  
pause  
for a few breaths

in the quiet  
green forest,

by a clear  
flowing stream,

or among  
the tall grasses  
of the meadow,

I can feel  
my roots  
sprouting,

saying  
yes, this,  
yes, here,

let's stay  
a while,

sink into  
the Earth,

and be  
nourished.

## The Gift of Rain

For the first time  
in a long time  
it rained today—

each tiny droplet  
a gift  
to a thirsty plant  
or animal.

Seeds say “yes!”  
Plants say “yes!”  
Parched mosses  
say “yes, yes, yes!”

From the tiniest  
soil microbe  
to the tallest redwood,  
we rejoice.

## Elemental

It's just  
the juncos  
and me  
out here  
today.

Every other animal  
seems to be  
sensibly sequestered  
somewhere warmer,  
drier, and safer.

But we  
intrepid creatures  
are out here  
with the howling wind,  
cold rain,  
and even hail.

And we  
don't mind  
a bit—

truth be told,  
we love it!

It awakens  
our senses,

quickens  
the pulse,

makes us  
feel more  
fully alive.

It reminds us  
that we are part  
of something  
vast, wild,  
and beautiful.

It's elemental.

And later,  
when I return  
to my cozy cabin,  
turn up the heat,

peel off  
my rain-soaked clothes,  
and replace them

with dry ones,

I notice  
what a precious gift  
it is  
simply to be  
warm and dry.

Because of  
the cold,  
I understand warm  
in a new way.

## Becoming Spring

The nights  
are still long  
and dark,

but each day  
there's a little  
more light.

The mornings  
are still chilly  
with frost,

yet the sharp edge  
of the cold  
is softening.

The branches  
are still stark  
and bare,

yet their buds swell  
with the promise  
of vibrant leaves  
and bright blossoms.

The bulbs  
are still deep  
in subterranean  
slumber,

yet they are  
gently stirring  
with dreams  
of spring.

The birds,  
having flown south  
to warmer climes,

are feeling  
the familiar tug  
to return home.

Yes, it is  
still winter,

but it's  
becoming spring.

## Our Big Chance

This is it!

the plants  
seem  
to be saying,

Our big chance!

Who knows  
when we'll have  
rain like this  
again?

So go ahead  
and grow!

Go ahead  
and bloom!

Give it all  
you've got!

What if  
we, too,  
could  
live  
like that?

## Calling in Well

Please forgive me.

Thank you  
for understanding.

Due to  
circumstances  
far beyond  
my control,  
I will not  
be coming  
to work today.

Due to  
an extended and  
intimate encounter  
with the wild splendor  
of the Big Sur mountains,

I am still  
under the influence  
of redwoods  
and wildflowers  
and unable to perform  
my regular duties.

After multiple  
exhilarating plunges  
into cold mountain streams,  
my animal body  
is much too  
awake and alive

to tolerate  
sitting still  
on a chair  
in front of a screen  
inside a box  
for any length of time.

And due to numerous  
acts of God,  
the Goddess,  
and Nature,

I am too  
acutely aware  
of the profound beauty  
and oneness  
of all life  
to pretend  
that I am separate,

too aware of the  
preciousness  
of my own life  
to throw it away.

My work here  
is done.

I am seeking  
a new assignment  
more suitable  
for my current skills  
and experience.

Thank you  
for understanding.

## **An Earthly Personal Ad**

*Beautiful planet seeks compatible humans  
for long-term, committed relationship*

Me:

4.5 billion years old (but look younger)  
Strikingly beautiful and very well endowed  
Highly evolved, intelligent, and  
accomplished  
Head of a large, extended family  
Very generous and giving, but don't want to  
be taken advantage of  
Seeking a committed but not exclusive  
relationship

You:

Enjoy forests, mountains, oceans, and  
diverse plants and animals  
Very willing to listen and learn (including  
from "other" life forms)  
More interested in the common good than  
material wealth  
Ready for a long-term, committed  
partnership based on deep love and  
mutual respect

Interested? Let's connect!

## **A Taste of the Wild**

I wonder  
what he or she  
will think—

the field mouse,  
wood rat,  
or sparrow—

who,  
while  
foraging  
for recognizable  
and delectable  
foods  
like seeds  
or insects,

stumbles upon  
the lone  
chocolate chip

I lost  
in the tall grass  
of their meadow.

Will they  
respond with  
the field mouse  
equivalent of

“wow... this is  
the most  
incredible thing  
I’ve ever tasted!”

or will it be  
more like...  
“ewww,  
this is  
disgusting!  
Give me  
a succulent grub  
instead of this  
vile substance  
any day!”

Or will the  
wayward  
chocolate chip,  
so far out of its  
usual element,  
perhaps not even  
register  
as food,

but rather  
as some bizarre,  
inedible  
substance?

No human  
taste bud  
can know.



## A Minor Player

"Did you  
grow this?"  
my friend asks,

biting into  
a juicy, red tomato  
from my garden.

"Yes,"  
I reply  
casually,

as though I had  
single-handedly  
orchestrated  
the remarkable  
series of events

that transformed  
modest, mild-mannered seeds  
into vibrant, voluptuous  
vine-ripened tomatoes—

as though I were  
director and star  
of the vast production  
that brought them to life,

rather than  
a minor player  
in a miraculous  
drama of creation

in which  
the plants  
are the talented  
stars,

the living Earth  
the writer and  
director,

the sun and water  
key supporting players,

and soil microbes  
the cast of thousands  
that make it  
all possible.

## Humble and Exalted

In the  
humble  
and exalted  
chapel  
of my garden,

multitudes gather  
to praise life  
and celebrate  
the miracle of creation.

The choir  
starts up early,  
even before  
the sunrise service,

the birds  
openly  
confessing  
their joys  
for all to hear.

The sun  
and rain  
minister  
to the plants;

bees  
receive  
holy communion  
at the altar  
of the flowers;

and trees  
bestow  
gentle benedictions  
on all  
who gather.

In this sanctuary,  
all water is holy,  
all ground is sacred,  
and all beings  
are chosen ones.

## The Songs of Seeds

What if  
seeds sang  
when they  
sprouted?

Imagine  
the meadows  
ringing  
with the  
joyous sound

of thousands  
of tiny green voices  
lifted together  
in exultation.

## **No Matter What**

No matter  
how hard they try,  
they can not  
keep us apart.

They can pour concrete  
    over the rich, dark Earth,  
put us in a plastic chair  
    inside a sheetrock box,  
hook us up to electronic devices,  
and tell us  
we have to stay there all day...

and still we will be  
breathing the breath  
of towering pines  
    growing on rugged mountain slopes  
and tiny green plankton  
    floating in distant seas.

And even though  
the water we drink  
travels through many miles of pipe,  
is doused with chlorine  
and may be contained in plastic bottles...

still we will be drinking water  
    that has tumbled over granite boulders,  
    hibernated in frozen lakes,  
    and reflected the morning sun  
    from a spider's web.

And even though the salad we eat  
may be grown hundreds of miles away,  
harvested and washed  
by hands we will never see,  
and packaged in a plastic box...

still we will be eating  
leaves from plants  
whose roots embraced the fertile earth  
as their tender green bodies  
reached toward the light.

And no matter how relentlessly  
we have been trained  
to sit still,  
to hold our tongues,  
to follow the rules  
(even when they make no sense),

still we are animals

of flesh and blood,

kin to deer, bear, and whale,  
with deep wisdom in our bones  
and untamed passions in our hearts.

Still there is a wild one inside us,  
running barefoot through the forest,  
gathering sweet berries,  
dancing around the fire,  
singing to the moon.

## **In the Arms of My Beloved**

Resting in the arms  
of my beloved,  
I breathe deep  
and easy,

taking refuge  
in the sweet peace  
of our union.

His quiet, steady  
presence  
and gentle embrace  
speak a language  
older and deeper  
than words,

penetrating the core  
of my being  
in a way  
no human partner  
ever has

with the  
unmistakable  
message that

I am safe,  
I am loved,  
all is well.

I was  
so thirsty  
for this way  
of knowing.

I drink deeply.

I have entered into  
the mind  
of the tree,  
and he  
has entered me.

I will never  
be alone  
again.

### **What Are You Waiting For?**

What powerful seeds  
lie dormant  
deep within you,

longing  
to break through  
the surface  
and reach  
their slender stems  
toward the light?

What tender buds  
are swelling  
inside you,

yearning to unfurl  
their radiant petals  
and reveal their  
hidden beauty?

What songs and stories  
are swirling  
deep within  
your breast?

What wild  
and magical dreams  
are stirring your soul?

What are you  
waiting for,  
dear one?

The world is hungry  
for your beauty,  
calling you  
to bring forth  
your deepest gifts.

The seeds  
have been patient  
for so long—

waiting  
for just a few drops of rain,  
a few rays of sun,  
a few kind words...

don't deny them that.

Don't wait  
until it feels safe  
to break open...  
that day  
may never come.

## **A Special Day**

Today  
is a very special day.

Today we celebrate  
sun and rain,  
light and dark,  
the cycles of life,  
the great turning  
of the wheel.

Today we celebrate  
every leaf  
on every tree,  
every feather  
on every bird,  
every drop of water  
in every stream.

We celebrate  
green growing ones  
and winged ones,  
two-leggeds  
and four-leggeds,  
all who walk, crawl,  
swim, or fly.

We celebrate  
each breath of air,  
each morsel of food,  
each beat of our hearts,  
each healthy cell.

We celebrate  
the profound miracle  
of being alive  
in this body  
in this moment  
on this planet.

Today,  
like every other day,  
is a very special day.