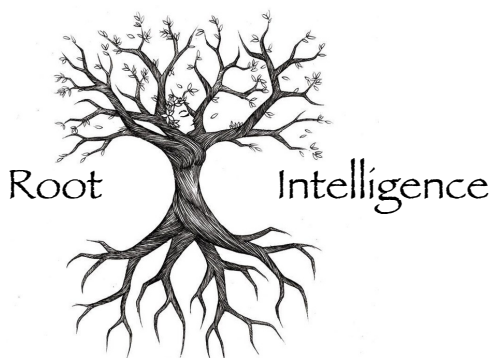


The Nature Sutras

Free Sampler

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What is it roots know that branches don't?
What wisdom lies buried underground?

Roots know ways of seeing in the dark.
How to dig for water,
like branches reach for light.

Roots form secret handshakes
and underground pacts,
sharing resources below the surface.

You knew as a child, the outdoor longing
to touch the earth with tips
of finger branches, roots of naked toes.

Oh you earth lovers.
Feel your roots reach down below,
tapping the invisible power that feeds
your light-bound growth.

Sand Art

Who spent the entire evening
painting the shoreline canvas
black and gold sand art
only to erase it with the morning tide?

All night long,
waves shaped supple sand,
imprinting curves and jags
like notes of an ocean's song.

Nature is full of this momentary art.
No attachment to her grand designs.
Like Tibetan monks, the ocean
erases its creation, freely.

Will you rise up early
and step into this gallery?
With naked toes kissing
the artwork of the Divine.

Do No Wrong

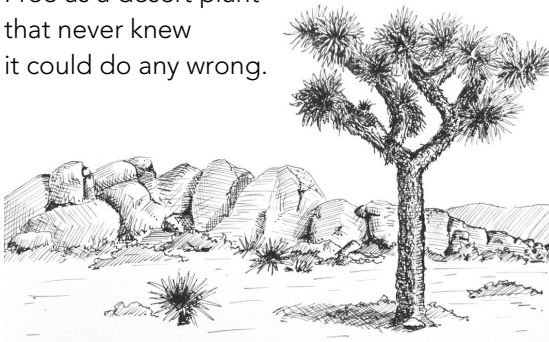
Alone in the desert,
there's no one here to punish you.
No authority to govern your performance.

Who governs the wild?

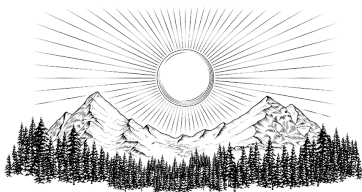
You took off that cloak of judgment.
Laid it upon the fire and watched it burn.
Saw flames dance in the joy of engulfing
that which never belonged.

Don't try to spin a new jacket.
Those robes don't fit
on your happy naked body.

Free as a desert plant
that never knew
it could do any wrong.



Change of Clothes



Each new day you change your clothes
adorned in patterned-clouds
and seams of light.

Each new day you chant your mantras
in feathered choirs
of wind-sung pines.

Here, in the Sierra mountains
Mother Nature is calling her children
to wake up and feel her beauty blessing.

Awaken your bird-song heart,
your wind-breath body,
your pine-scent mind.

And be loved
by the family
of the forest.

Push Through Stone

Don't believe all the lies you've been told.
Things you lack and limitations on your destiny.

Just look at the brave oak tree, bent sideways,
pushing its way through solid stone.

An unlucky wind landed it in horrible conditions.
Most seeds would give up before the battle begins.

But Nature is full of these acts of resilience.
Plants and trees that defy the odds,
asserting a God-given right to rise up.

Knowing the tiniest connection to the least
amount of soil is a gift; a beginning.

Age like Trees

I want to age like trees,
expand in circle upon circle,
marking time in ripples of lines
for each year lived.

I want to feel my roots
held in generous soil,
drinking up nutrients
that deep connections supply.

Bark of wrinkles like skin on body,
creviced and weathered,
is only a covering for the ageless soul
that resides within.

In growth rings of inner evolution
where the only one
who can count the numbers
- is me.



Tolerance

The green meadow grass won't complain
that the thistle landed there,
took up more than its fair share,
piercing blades with sharp wide leaves.

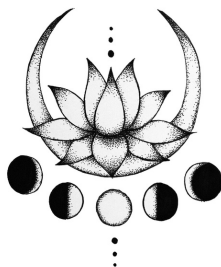
It won't scream at the wind,
clench its fist and blame God,
or spend its whole life in the argument.

When the field is blessed
with glistening dew, the grass forgets
all about thorns and scratches.

Why fight these conditions
known only to God and wind?

We grow tolerant of greedy leaves
and sharp edges,
find gifts of shade and protection
in the great acceptance of what is.

Soul Cycles



There you are,
rising in the night sky.
The waxing moon, revealing more
and more of yourself each day.

Soon you will wane,
turn within,
keeping secrets
as you soften to a whisper.

I used to think the spiritual path
was only luminous growth.
But now I know, to dissolve
is an equal part of the lunacy.

From outer to inner;
hidden to full.
Monthly cycles of the moon.
Lifetime cycles of the soul.

Evolve

The desert can tell you stories.
Adaptations born of harsh conditions.

Just imagine the first cholla cactus
that grew sheaths to protect its needles
from blazing days and chilly nights.

Joshua trees that embraced
yucca moths pollinating,
in a marriage thousands of years old.

The intelligence to birth a sheath
and host a moth exists in humanity.
When we remember —

The earth is our evolutionary partner.

Love Like the Sun

The way the morning sun
pours its light into the canyon floor,
kissing everything so generously.

I want to love like that
and be loved like that.

Elemental, heliotropic,
illuminating love.
Vitamin-packed, nourishing,
painting the sky love.

Teach me to love that generously
in rays of luminosity
with arms out-stretched to all of existence.