

SONGS OF A BLUE AND GREEN WORLD

Introduction

Perhaps the greatest gift brought back to us by the first astronauts to visit the moon was their tender and rapt account of returning to exquisite Planet Earth from a lifeless place. The ecstasy of the homecoming man reaching down to scoop up a handful of soft, warm Pacific water, splashing it onto his face to feel the sensation, reminds us how we who have never left have come to take for granted our home. Precious and fragile, wrapped in the embrace of atmosphere, emanating mists and vapours, flows and currents, warmth and coolness, Earth pulsates with the infinite subtleties of blends and variations, and the miraculous relatedness of every part of the whole in the service of life.

A returning astronaut might behold Planet Earth as a gorgeous blue and green sphere, delicate and ephemeral, rolling through space. We who live here can simply lie on the ground under a tree and look up through its myriad green leaves, ingeniously angled as the original satellite antennae they are to receive the potentising sun's light from the heavenly blue beyond. Here in the yearning of green for blue, in the beaming of blue at green, our lives are conceived and nourished, for the marriage of blue and green in the leaf feeds the whole world and every being in it.

Blue and green world. Blue and green world. We live in the song of the blue and green world...

These journal extracts are a celebration, a thanksgiving for that great and gracious gift. May your days upon the blue and green world be a bliss to you.

Sample Piece

Dawnstorm

There you come, storm, rousing the soul of the world; stirring up a turmoil in this placid sea; searing her indigo crests with brightest white; beating up a timpany riff on the beachstones. There you come, stripping the sleep off stones and even dust; seizing every particle of quiet and hurling it onto your shouting wind.

Pounce on us, storm. Re-tune the strings of the air with your howl. Whip off our covers of complacency, tear holes in our bland unawareness. Come, shock us with your rudeness. Send us reeling.

Though I must cling to this tree to stand in your onslaught of cleansing, I laugh in your slapping hands. Though your breath blasts the voice from my throat, I will sing my *Glorias* into your splendid snarl.

O great black sky with one silver bird to defy you. O growling dog of a storm, you terrier shaking the world awake - take this heart for a rose in your teeth!