

Covenant

Written as I sat with the grief I experienced after having heard Thomas Berry's words, and with my need to take ownership of the ways in which I participate in the Earth's demise, both willfully and unwillingly, in the manner in which I tend my own plot of Earth.

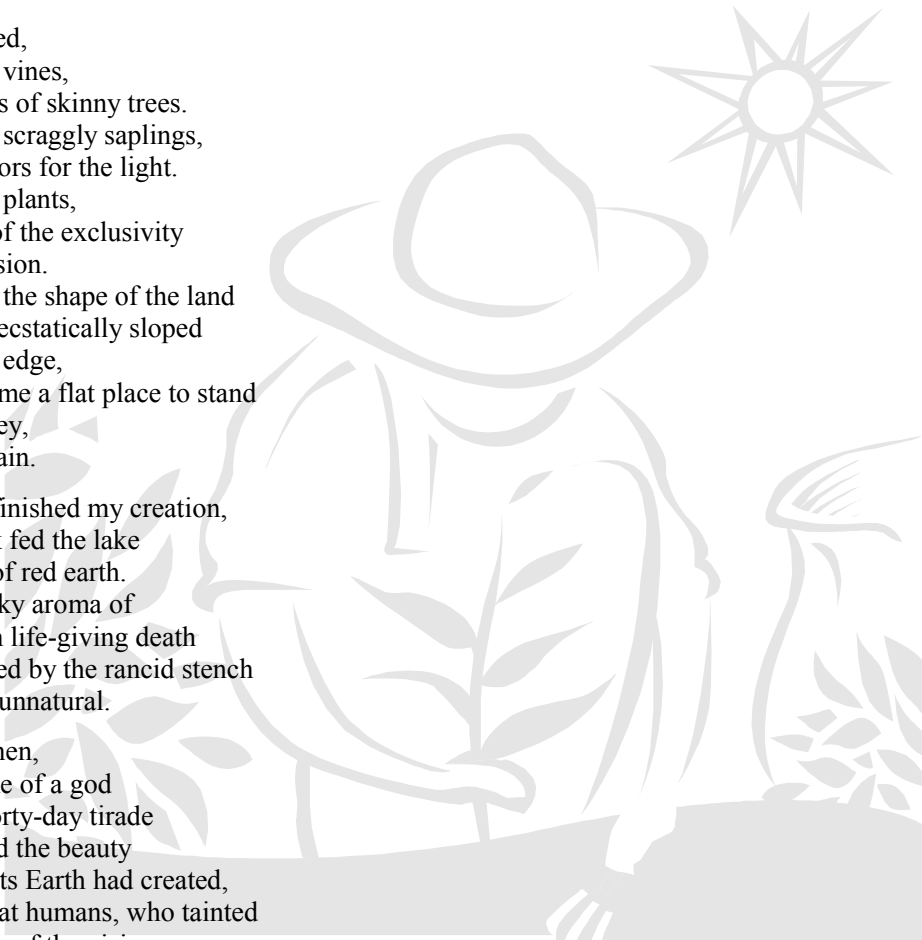
By Kathy Grabowski

My garden began with death.
Healing from its last domestic disturbance,
Interrupted, again
by another human's myopic grand design
and grace-less sense of time.

I delivered,
Death to vines,
stranglers of skinny trees.
Death to scraggly saplings,
competitors for the light.
Death to plants,
victims of the exclusivity
of my vision.
Death to the shape of the land
that had ecstatically sloped
to lake's edge,
denying me a flat place to stand
and survey,
My domain.

When I finished my creation,
the creek fed the lake
rivulets of red earth.
The musky aroma of
humus in life-giving death
supplanted by the rancid stench
of death unnatural.

I knew then,
the shame of a god
whose forty-day tirade
sacrificed the beauty
of what its Earth had created,
in anger at humans, who tainted
the purity of the vision.



This god cried
A multi-hued testimonial
To the power
of love and forgiveness for that which falls short
of egoistic expectations.

I understood
the nature of Love
in the rainbow
whose beginning and end could not be seen.
The Covenant,
a cascade of words that flowed into my heart.

I spoke to the Earth
of my need
to create the forms
that flowed from my mind.
I told the Earth my need for a place to pause,
a playground for my senses.

In reply,
the payment exacted
by my garden
to slake my need was
Exuberant Green,
that moved of its own
grand design and Grace-full time.
Our relationship now defined by
my learning
the laws of light.
Light that illuminated
the arbitrary power
once assumed as my right,
understood as, my gift.

In the Glory of this light,
I slipped my hands
into Earth's skin
rendering it
imperfectly beautiful,
birthing it again
into its death,
wholly – Holy.