

TIME

Time's not the movement of the hours passing by
It's standing still to see the fractions fall behind
and how nothing's the same.

Inches on my children
My mom slowing down
Silver in the sunlight bouncing off my hair
Waiting feels easier
Aching's a good friend
Not knowing's my companion right until the end

Time is a unit of our own transformation -
The end of presence, where we stop and take stock as
Years may go by

Living out of time, the present's the only sound
Movement never lies - it pulls and pushes around
Taking me beyond, carrying me far
Transforming what I think I know to how things really are

Years may go by

Call Up My Scene

Call up my scene when my soul is in need of finding some direction -
Grown through the years, it appears at times a little schizophrenic.

From bloodlines to rare finds to folks that I'll never see eye to eye with -
I call up my scene - it's how I practice connection.

It's true there's so few who I call to like glue to keep me together
But sometimes you gotta let it fall apart to grow back better.

I live in the woods, so lessons come straight to me from the forest;
The trees got a scene, when the lean years come they use it for protection.

*Don't always choose folks who are just like you cause
You'll never see to all that you don't know*

Everything that I have known has come straight to me from someone
So if there's more for me to learn, then take me to your scene.

What is it in me that's pulling me off in every direction?
I read in this book not to limit, so I choose love and not rejection.

"Be like a fox wander round, make more tracks than ever necessary
So go off course and get lost: that's how we practice resurrection".

*Don't always choose folks who are just like you cause
You'll never see to all that you don't know*

Don't choose folks like you

THANK YOU

As long as there's a pulse that's still beating, my face can turn up to the sky,
And aching, I'll sing as I cry.
Cause this is how I thank you, for the gift of one day more.
This life I know, is love's greatest reward.

As long as there's a pulse that's still beating, my face can turn up to the sky,
And joyfully, I'll sing as I cry.
Cause this is how I thank you, for the gift of one day more.
This love I know, is life's greatest reward.

THREE THINGS REMAIN

*These three remain: faith, hope and love.
But of the three, the greatest is love.*

When I was young I used little words for little thoughts running through my mind,
When I was young, trusting without knowing.
Each day a new world was waiting for me to call into being, when I was young.

Now that I've put aside that simple self, I see all that I just don't know:
Ask me a question, and I have no answer.
Stare into a fog long enough, it'll all soon become so clear; I'm left with just one simple notion: *to love*.

I could have eternity in the palm of my hand,
I could soar up to heights unknown to man,
I could sing perfection to you, and with the angels stand;
But if I don't have love, then there's nothing left.
If I don't have love, then there's nothing there.

GUESTS

First one up is waiting by the door I'm too broken, I'm too poor
Next in line takes one step in, sees the sun then leaves again
"Been so long in misery feel at home in tragedy"
Just behind another goes away - 'I'm not good enough, or so they say'

*You're no guest child , this is your home
Have a seat 'cause the table is long
Your place has been set since you were born,
I've known you from the start:
You're my heart.*

For each invited, many turn away, all I want's to love and keep you safe
Heard 'em all, excuses and the fears lies as ancient as the years
The bigger the load, the freer you could live, the less you have, the more I can give
I'll be here waiting, my Light will be on, call to me and I will come.

*You're no guest child , this is your home
Have a seat 'cause the table is long
Your place has been set since you were born,
I've known you from the start:
You're my heart.*

Right Now

Trees in the forest echo my pain
While some unknown promise still calls my name.
I'm not through yet, and nothing's due to me
But still it aches.

Clarity comes easy, though sometimes it's dim;

Sunlight casts its shadows and highlights my wins.
I can choose how to be - own it and age gracefully,
But still it aches.

*Time is a healer, a wounder, a killer
Tell me, why must you pass so fast?
These endless moments in a blink can be over
So I want to be right here, right now*

Sometimes I think I'm ready for the end,
Then imaginings of what's still 'round the bend
Keep me grounded here, with my eyes lifted to the sky
Then back, down to you.

Little lives to big ones steadily grow,
Endless days to quick years somehow flow;
This is it - this time, this moment, this instant -
This is all I know:

Waiting, watching, hoping, changing,
Living, looking, growing, praying.

*Time is a healer, a wounder, a killer
Why must you pass so fast?
Endless moments in a blink can be over
So I want to be right here, right now*

VERNON MORNING STAR

Pull up to the Pharmasave in Vernon, lock eyes with a junky there
Load-in through the alley door and make my way to the club upstairs
A volunteer meets me here to steer me to the green room, a wood-paneled cubbyhole.
A stack of newspaper clippings cast aside, are by the chair that I'll call mine tonight.

The Salish name, although I've never heard it is: "where the creek narrows, there you jump"
I make a note to try to find that stream – maybe follow it back in time?
Before the name, before the town, before the junkies hangin' round, there was the magic.
Like they say, when the flow will let you, step out, take a look around, and jump.

In the business of executing beauty, as we perform night after night,

Sometime I forget what I'm here for, but then a volunteer meets my eye, says
"here you go, it's for your show, I cut it out this morning" – and hands me a paper
I look back, see the stack upon the table of news clippings all left behind.

What we do here is nothing heroic, just gotta make something meaningful;
It's the same reason she keeps on with her clippings, and keeps the junky alive one more day.
We take a break from wrestling whatever demon holds us – 'cause now is the time to jump.
While no one sees you crossing over, we see the beauty of landing again.

*Try to find another
Way to get over
Or you'll wind up sinking down
Jump first, then you'll get it
Cause our lives depend
On magic to find our ground*

MOVE ON

Look at the stars; count them one by one.
There was a time, we took our places among them.

Will you remember me when I'm gone?

There was a time, you and I were one;
We shared a body, then took our places under the sun.

Will you remember me when I'm gone, when I move on?

See the stars; don't forget to count them one by one;
I take my place now, deep among them.

*Will you remember me as I look on?
Will I live on when I move on?*

WILD GEESE (By Wendell Berry)

Geese appear high over us,

Pass and the sky closes. Abandon,
ts in love or sleep holds
them to their way, clear
in the ancient faith: what we need
is here. And we pray not
for new earth or heaven, but to be
quiet in heart and in eye,
clear. What we need is here.

ALL YOU NEED

Geese appear high over us, pass and the sky closes.
Abandon, as in love or sleep, holds them to their way;
Clear in the ancient faith: all we need is here.

And we pray not for new earth of heaven, but to be quiet to heart
And in eye, clear.
All we need is here.

Shadows grow, turn slowly.
Greeting the day, these wings may never fly again.
Seasons have their pull, they're aging my soul
But vven through the hold of time,
I sit still on this branch to greet you on your way.

So I'll tell you what I know: all you need is here.
I'll tell you what you know: all we need is here.