

## **TURNING TIDE**

**David Sparenberg**

Come—and we shall go down to the sea and the seashore and call it Sea of Galilee although it can be any sea and any shore anywhere and we will gather there spontaneously by the hundreds and thousands and hundred thousands to listen to the world-wind and speak in prayer as a communion to the rising water the salted amniotic fluid of ancient earth life and the fishermen shall bring fishes and the bakers bring bread and the gardeners bring fruits and vegetables the delicate leaves of savory herbs and the round soft jewelry of berries that have matured in dark soil for seasons between the mystic of dreams and the nature of miracles in earthen-humble gardens

And we shall call that place the place of repentance and re-genesis and the new sojourning start for the planting of Earth-Eden for there in our union in our moment of delight in our transport and our poetry our shamanized democracy and ecstasy we will have shed our tears into the slips fingers and whispers of mothering ocean and shared our stories our songs...and wedding dances



Painting: Margo Buccini