

We're All Refugees & It's Time For Love & Prayer

BY LISA MARKS

Sometimes it is too painful to be in a body. Especially when black people are killed because they are black, and veterans shoot policemen. Men rape and abuse women, and get away with it. People blow up themselves and others. Our brothers and sisters in their despair have decided that someone has to die, their fellow countrymen, the other religious sect, whomever is in the way of righteousness.

Symptoms of a world on fire, humanity stands at the edge, looking into an abyss so deep and wide we dare not leap.

When I become numb or obsess on the news and what other people are thinking, then it is time to feel. I stand at Search Bay holding these thoughts, my body dull and leaden beneath their burdens. The only door in is movement, to dance the self free and return to prayers woven through subtle gesture and feeling.

Music is the sound of waves and wind. The clouds move with me, joined by birds calling in the forest and over the waters. Trees bow gracefully before the elements. Prayer longs for presence. It moves up through layers of pain. Tears fall as deep anguish rises on the tail of hands spreading through space. Body weaves right and left, sinks down, rises up. Feet caress the ground, connecting with support, with the Earth.

The body leads with each tear shed. With each contraction of grief I step into feeling and freedom. The body knows what truth is. Truth is not this painful separateness, this struggle to rise into power that is removed from the greater good. The body knows the truth.

We stand at the edge of an awareness revolution. Where our heritage as human beings committed to tribes and survival burns to become a unity of being. I can't tell you what that means, but standing on the shores of Search Bay, a place that called me to its wild beaches, I know. We are poised to leap...to enter a reality where we know ourselves as one, as unbroken wholeness unfolding. Where we will look at the "other" and see our struggle for love and acceptance.

We will know we are there when we recognize ourselves in Hillary Clinton and Donald Trump. When I discover I am both the black man stopped in traffic by police and then dead and the policeman shooting in terror. I am the woman who goes to a party and wakes up raped. We are all refugees, whether in a camp in South Sudan without hope or as Syrians driven from our homes and lives.

This is no one's fault. We endlessly assign blame, and hate those who are responsible, perpetuating the trauma of tribal stories of survival. We have choices. We can feel.

It is time! The planet is calling through horrors and polarities that lie on top of the chaos we fear, calling us to open to a bigger picture, to let go of control, to follow. Polarities are strong, humanity is a caricature of itself. Chaos is present, the Earth is in crisis, and we are in crisis.

What emerges from within is something we cannot contain or control. This is love, unfathomable overwhelming love. It lives inside our bodies, waiting for us to slow down and drop in. This home, our body, is intimately connected with the Earth. If we let the body out of its box and into our worlds... if we let words follow movement and presence, we might find home together here.

I stand on the shores of Lake Huron and follow the body's weaving. It is beautiful. My body welcomes me home as I sink

deeply into its truth, for a moment. The body's truth is amazing; I can barely stay present when it opens doors to what lies behind this dense reality we claim. The intelligence orchestrating all we experience asks me to let go, to become a fluid center, like the waters that roll endlessly into the beach where I stand. This request is so anxiety provoking, so chaotic that I retreat, before I can step forward.

I join the larches and birches, cedars and pine, sand hill cranes and bald eagles, the endless chorus of sea gulls diving overhead. How to let go and welcome them? My body knows! Once the layers of pain and burdens of responsibility are shed, I leave behind a skin so tight that it kills.

Then I become prayer. I join the waters and the Earth, offering prayers for a planet standing at the edge. We each have to choose whether to burn or leap, it doesn't really matter what choice we make. Whatever we choose serves unbroken wholeness. It loves and accommodates all. I choose love.

I don't know how to love as deeply as I am called to. Maybe if I show up, returning again and again to this body, if I follow movement into prayer, presence and communion, I can join the revolution at hand. A revolution of awareness and welcome for a reality so large it can't be held by the mind.

But the body, ah the body. The body rejoices to immerse itself in love, relieved to be included, excited to lead this journey home.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Universe Has Your Back: Transform Fear to Faith](#) .

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Horror In The World

*Dance With the Dead, Let Them Guide Your Feet
And Memory*

Embodiment is our opportunity and
commitment to evolve with the
sentient Earth through the personal
landscape of our bodies. As sentient
beings, we experience a fundamental
attunement with everything
continuously at a cellular level,
rewriting our definition of who we are
as human beings and of reality.

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