

Storms & Wild Winds Bring Us To Our Senses – Get Back To Earth Mother Love

BY LAURIE CORZETT

It's really a simple story. Beings find planet. Beings treat planet badly. Planet goes about her business. Beings start to realize that they need planet, and had best learn to make friends, rather than futilely keeping up enmity.

layers of imagery, music, tribal drums, futuristic dreams

Gaea was there, in the beginning. Gaea was all. Gaea was wise. How could we not have seen, in the blindness of pride, of avarice,
of service pledged to false gods?

The journey was long.
The journey was cold.
The journey was lonely.

Asleep in a box with wilderness dreams. Or awake on the watch, wondering what was to come.

Thus it was those false gods bespoke us: Out of the cold vastness of space and time,
out of the fear that was all the companion we knew,
out of a need to make it all someone else's responsibility,
out of a need to believe all would be well for our kind.

Our planet was dying.
We did what we could to survive.
Survival we find
an appropriate end
to any means.
Survival will give us

the time we need
to find a better way
to survive.

The strongest of us,
the proudest of us,
the meanest of us,
would not allow us to die.
We took off in our ship with the barest of plans

to find another land
where our kind could live...
expand.

Now,
hybrid children evolved
from refugees
fleeing a hostile star.
Skygods and Earth Mother of ancient lore.

It's time we relinquish fear and hatred, accept Gaea as
partner and home
that we may all live and thrive.

The land, when we found her was so warm and inviting.
We felt safe, supported, encouraged to grow.

We ate of her fruit and her herds.
We built with her trees, stone, and clay.
We drank from her cool crystal streams which we soiled with
our waste.
Gaea was saviour and womb.
We repaid her with rape.

We didn't understand,
thought her merely land,
thought ourselves masters from afar.

Gaea sent storms to bring us to our senses, wild winds and

seas.

Gaea tried to shake us off: Earthquakes, Floods, Famine,
Plagues

sending us scattering into hiding. Intermingling with her
primates, Gaea's children.

Without question or shame, we murdered what we could not
steal.

Without honor or remorse, we laid waste to our host, to our
adopted home,

then cursed her for not giving more.

By accident or design, chimera adapting to Gaea's marketplace
creating

new ways to define our origins from outer space

We lied to our halfling children, denigrated their Gaeian kin,
twisted their virtues into a false concept that we called
"sin."

What Gaea did to us? Cruel, evil, in need of the whip.

We seal over her bounty

into mad parody of Mother Ship.

Unforgiving of the mess of living, the miracles of life.

In our ignorant pride, we gave ourselves law to decide
propriety over fate

turning

in our minds

mother love

into a mirror of hate.

Frozen in fear and rage, children swept out in the storm,
trapped in a self-made cage we had hoped to protect us from
harm.

Gaea, we cry, why do you treat us so angrily?

What will it take for us to wake up and see it is we who are
wrong?

To hear and be aware of Gaea's song singing in our blood?

To learn the cycles, the seasons, the reasons for fire, wind,
and flood?

To redefine our race, to find out that our place is here among
our Gaeian kin?

The telling of new tale must begin.

Gaea opens to sunshine to ease our agitation
Easy winds, easy gushing of summer rain
Feeding the greedy young grains,
growing along the plains, the flowers of the storm.
Feeding the beasts of the field,
continuing the cycle, as all is revealed.

Love is the web,
craftily spun by great mother spider,
Gaea's familiar,
weaving majestic grace
no longer concealed. It was never our place
to control, nor others' to steal.

Gaea creates in intricate arrangements,
feeding us all, of us all, a transformative stew.
So much energy wasted; painful lies to find our way through
our beings to create such beautiful
children, reaching out to become and be free,
enjoying our destiny,
as Gaea's beloved.

Arising in the circle, giving voice to pain – grateful to
Gaea's grace, dancing in her cleansing rain, we sing in voice
united:

*It would be so nice (paradise)
You and I
Floating in the sunlight
Ready to break free
To be*

Exactly who we are.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [Women Who Run with the Wolves](#) .

Sip a little more:

[*When No Other Choice Exists But To Endure The Pain Of Transformation*](#)

I felt like lying down by the side of the trail and remembering it all. The woods do that to you, they always look familiar, long lost, like the face of a long-dead relative, like an old dream, like a piece of forgotten song drifting across the water, most of all like golden eternities of past childhood or past manhood and all the living and the dying and the heartbreak that went on a million years ago and the clouds as they pass overhead seem to testify (by their own lonesome familiarity) to this feeling.

Jack Kerouac

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