

# nature's voice

These poems were inspired directly by Nature in all her diverse glory, or arose from contemplative experiences.

From the expansiveness of the mountains with the great dome of the sky high above, to the nurturing calm of the woodlands, love, inspiration and profound insights can be gained. Observing an old leaf on the woodland floor, a spider at work and other small things, can lead to stillness and peace.

As the eagle opens its wings to soar on currents of air, so we can open our hearts and soar on currents of love. Inspiration lends wings, and the fire of passion adds power, to our dreams and intentions. Love is always there, within and all around, waiting for us to connect.

May you receive many blessings on your journey.



## Spring Woodland

The vibrant joy of woodland in Spring, fresh green leaves and azure sky.

The tall trees tower above me,  
in the fullness of their glory,  
connecting Earth and Sky.  
The glorious Sun blesses the land  
with His generous abundance.

With light tread and quiet mind,  
I gently drift along.  
Life bursts forth around me  
in dynamic splendour.  
I breathe the clean, fragrant air,  
sharing its essence with the trees.

Birds sing their glorious chorus  
with power and commitment.  
A busy spider spins,  
its web shimmering in the sun,  
reminding me of the web of life  
and my connection with all things.  
Buzzing flies flicker  
in the dappled sunlight.  
Mating butterflies spiral upwards  
in their graceful mating dance.  
Wildflowers sing their joyful song,  
all blessed by the Sun,  
and grace the eye  
with their beautiful blooms.

These timeless moments  
bring peace to my heart.  
Sadly, I must leave  
this special place  
to return to a confused world.



## A July Day

Wildflowers lightly pepper  
the green and fertile land  
with vibrant colour.  
White and purple clover,  
and glowing yellow buttercups  
grace the verdant meadows.

Butterflies rejoice  
in the warm sunshine  
as they delicately sip nectar  
from Nature's bountiful blooms.  
Subtle Summer scents drift  
on the warm and gentle breeze,  
awakening childhood memories.  
Majestic trees reach upwards  
connecting Earth and Sky.

Sitting beneath the great oak,  
bathing in its strong,  
calm presence,  
the wheel of time is stilled.

The soft sussuration  
of the leaves above  
and the drowsy drone of insects  
are as a lullaby,  
a gentle accompaniment  
to the flow of peaceful thoughts.  
Prayers are offered up,  
the whispered words as one  
with the whispering leaves;  
all part of Nature's  
glorious Summer song.



## Harvest Moon

Radiant Mother Moon,  
Queen of the night sky,  
glorious in your fullness,  
a source of mystery  
and inner knowing.

Your light splashes silver  
over the land,  
bathing the Earth in love.  
Stark shadows are cast  
by the whispering trees.  
The backlit clouds are all aglow  
with diffuse, ethereal light.

Scents on the cool breeze  
speak of the coming Autumn.  
The harvest is now gathered in;  
the inner harvest also reaped  
from seeds sown in the Spring.  
Slowly falls your shining disc  
towards the misty horizon,  
completing a cycle  
within a cycle.



## Long Shadows

The Sun is ever lower  
and the shadows lengthen  
as the nights draw in.  
In the valleys, fog shrouds  
the hidden land in mystery.  
With the ethereal mist I drift  
amongst the bare - limbed trees,  
wishing them sweet dreams.  
Their skeletal branches  
claw at the brooding sky  
in the frigid Northerly breeze.

The last few russet leaves  
spiral slowly downwards,  
gently kissing the carpeted ground  
in final surrender.  
To provide sustenance  
for the future rebirth  
and flowering of the land.

With each darkening day  
the world of Spirit draws closer.  
The time now approaches  
to contemplate the departed,  
and to go deeply within,  
just as the Sun retreats.  
And to release negativity  
just as the trees  
release their garments.



## Lady of the Light

Lady of the inner world,  
you are a beautiful mystery,  
a Lady of the Light.

We share the sanctity  
of true relationship,  
free of earthly limitations.  
With delicate and subtle grace,  
you help me to realise potential.  
To know your joy and bliss  
when my heart truly opens,  
fills me with delight.

With great gladness I offer to you  
my deepest appreciation, trust,  
and respect for your wisdom.  
Male and female principles meet  
in mutual love, respect, and joy,  
free of the shackles of ego.

I experience your being  
in its sublime beauty  
and understated strength.

In knowing you I am blessed.  
May the harmony of our love-song  
reverently caress the Earth,  
and serenade the very stars.

May our intertwined trees  
flourish, flower and fruit  
and discover divine union  
in towering exaltation  
as the finite unites  
with the infinite.

Yet we have the freedom  
to live our own existences.  
We are free to love any beings,  
and all of Life.



## Flowing Waters

Blessed by the Earth,  
singing springs are born,  
bringing joy and grace  
to the sacred landscape.

Bubbling brooks and streams  
are the veins that  
join the arteries  
of the stately rivers.

The life-blood of the land,  
they wend their way  
to the oneness of the seas.

The cleansing breath of the oceans  
caresses the shorelines,  
dancing in perfect harmony  
with the circling Moon.

The vast oceanic currents  
sweep slowly around the globe,  
embracing the Earth  
with love and refreshment.

The oceans release  
water's invisible essence  
which is joyfully raised  
by elemental air.  
And flows through the skies  
to consecrate life  
with the falling rains.

The memory and wisdom  
of the ever flowing waters  
are ever connected  
in their ceaseless cycle.

## A Tale of Two Courgettes

*During a recent Summer, I had the following rare and joyful experience whilst fertilizing the courgettes on the allotment.*

With the fine tip of the brush, I respectfully collected precious pollen from the beautiful golden depths of the male flower, a feeling of sanctity in my mind. Whilst reverently placing the fine grains on the female's altar, her golden colour seemed to intensify to a brightly glowing beauty. With great clarity I saw the delicate grace of her form, and gently explored her soft texture with my fingertips. Perhaps I received a glimpse of the true sanctity of Nature, as for a few precious moments I felt deeply the flower's warm gratitude and her joyful song of life. My own song met hers in an exquisite meeting of Spirit. Together, our tiny voices soared joyfully to join the eternal chorus of the stars, her fertilization a microcosm of the coming birth of a universe. The pleasure of the connection filled my being, before fading gently away.

## Wondrous Flow

Far from home my tiny spark  
greeted the mighty solar King.  
Rimmed with leaping, writhing flames,  
his glorious visage fills the sky.  
I merge with love and utter awe;  
joy and passion fill my being.

Through me pours a wondrous flood;  
a waterfall of golden motes  
streams through time and space.  
The flow of love and peace,  
thanksgiving, prayer, all are one  
for my beloved Queen.

This love is bright, strong and free,  
complete and unalloyed,  
blessed by the stars so far away.  
Yet, true love is always close,  
the Holy Grail glimpsed and felt  
within an open heart.

## A Woodland Muse

I enter Nature's wooded realm  
and settle in a leafy glade,  
where shadows move  
with the dancing leaves.

Birds sing their praises,  
serenading the land  
from coast to coast.  
I feel Nature's gentle enchantment;  
Her inner world so close, yet so far,  
with the promise of true connection.  
Slowly, timelessness  
envelops my being  
and nothing matters.

Does Nature really have secrets?  
Or is she an open book  
to be read by those  
who know her language,  
spoken by a bird in joyful song,  
a flower in ecstatic bloom  
or the whispering wind?

My thoughts drift  
to the mindless demolition  
of the rainforests.  
The face of the Goddess  
is being scarred,  
Her life - giving breath impaired  
in the name of greed and ignorance.

A prayer is offered  
whilst the passion is there,  
and to forestall anger.  
I feel only the tiniest part  
of Her awesome pain  
but it lances through my soul.  
Yet this moment of empathy  
is a blessing.

Gradually, the dream fades,  
and the ground feels firm.  
Time has flown, but have I?

## From the Eyrie

Atop the highest mountain,  
its towering, precipitous peak  
reaches for the clear, blue sky.  
Serried ranks of the mighty range  
march on to the hazy horizon.

The vast azure dome far above  
speaks of expansiveness,  
freedom of thought, and inspiration.  
The chains of ego are cast off,  
freeing the mind to stretch its wings  
and realise the power of potential.

A child of the wind soars on high,  
silent wings joyfully outspread,  
feathers fine in exquisite array.

Sometimes driven by fury,  
tearing up trees by the roots  
and enraging the oceans.  
Sometimes warm and gentle,  
seductively flowing over the skin  
and softly stirring the hair.

The sweet sounds of Nature  
and her fragrant scents  
are carried by playful breezes.  
Just as the unmanifest in motion  
is made manifest  
by the dancing leaves,  
the unmanifest Spirit  
moves us to right action,  
and to dance our oneness with Life.

The divine breath pulses  
in our lungs,  
in the leaves of trees,  
in life on Earth.

Thus Air weaves its web,  
part of the whole web of Life.

## Genesis

Billions of years ago,  
a gigantic glowing disc  
revolved slowly in space,  
titanic forces in its spin,  
a fiery furnace in the deep.

Thus a star was born,  
the glorious Sun awakened,  
the planets all in train.  
All children of the radiant Galaxy,  
cradled in its cosmic splendour.

Mother Earth was forged  
on the anvil of gravity  
by the mighty blows  
of hammering meteors.  
A sphere of molten rock  
and gushing flames  
glowing redly, hell on Earth.

Slowly Earth's crust cooled;  
the spark of protein - life emerged  
and spread across the globe,  
in sea, on land, in air.  
In all its wondrous beauty  
and incredible diversity.  
All part of life's great web,  
the dust of stars transformed.



## A Precious gift

Earth's precious gift to all life,  
emerging joyfully  
from Her generous womb,  
adorned with fresh green plants  
and soft mosses.

Oh, fair maiden,  
the sound of your sweet music  
as you tumble happily over the rocks,  
graces my ears.  
Your clean-tasting,  
refreshing substance  
touches my entire being.  
Your sparkling beauty,  
the spray of your misty droplets  
like little rainbows in the Sun,  
lovingly tasting the clear, fresh air,  
captivates my eye.  
Your purifying, cleansing being  
dances over my skin  
like the finest of silk.

Your jubilant presence  
brings joy to my heart.  
Your journey to the deep is long,  
and so is mine.  
In time we'll share the same ocean  
with all life.  
Thank you for your many gifts, and  
bless you for sustaining life.



## Ancient Hills

In the earliest times of life on Earth,  
an earthquake heaved,  
pushing the Hills upwards.  
Majestically they rose,  
a granite island  
in a warm prehistoric sea.

They witnessed ancient creatures  
leaving the primeval ocean  
to colonise the land.  
Like sentinels, the patient Hills  
have stood through aeons of time,  
enduring profound climate change.

Surrounded now by verdant land  
the ancient Malvern Hills  
bless it with many springs.  
Over to the West  
lies that prehistoric sea bed,  
now folded into wooded hills  
and nurturing, grassy valleys.

In the blue - brushed distance  
the Welsh mountains stand,  
painting the horizon.  
To the East the stately Severn  
slowly wends its way  
to its destiny in the sea.

People visit from far away  
to drink the healing waters  
and walk along the winding paths  
to enjoy the clean, fresh air,  
sweeping, panoramic views  
and wide, expansive skies.



## Open Heart (a blessing)

May you find the love and joy  
that arise from an open heart,  
and the divine spark within.

May you find the freedom  
to love life unconditionally,  
and, above all, your self.

May the beautiful song  
of your humanity in its fullness  
echo through time and space.

## A Tree Blessing

May you always grace the landscape  
with your strength and stately beauty.  
May your seeds spread far and wide  
and find themselves in fertile soil.  
May you all grow tall and strong  
and in your turn reach for the sky.  
May the birds sing of their joy  
and serenade you all day long.

## An Earth Blessing

Beloved goddess, mother, sister  
may the stars always bless you  
with their eternal song.  
May the Sun always warm you  
with his unbounded fire.  
May all of humankind awaken  
and open up its heart to you,  
and sing out its song of love  
and so release your mighty load  
and join the cosmic symphony.



## Our Birthright

The Race has lost its way,  
the way of reverence for life,  
understanding, true love,  
dignity and honour.  
And lost its connection with Spirit.  
Instead we are ruled  
by greed, ego and fear.  
The journey of the soul is long,  
but for Spirit there is none.  
It is already there.

Light, beauty and love are in all of us,  
but chained in the darkest of dungeons.  
Snap those chains and open the door  
to the light, the light within!  
The light of Spirit within the still mind.

Free yourself from the dungeon  
of compulsive, repetitive thinking,  
unfounded fears for the future,  
grievances from the past,  
anger and ego.  
It is our birthright; it is in our future,  
to be free of these things.

It is our birthright to open our hearts  
to the very life that pulses within us,  
to all people, to all living things,  
to the whirr of a small bird's wings,  
to the perfection of flowers in full song,  
to the sacred waters of life,  
to the Earth in her beauty and bounty,  
to the Moon in her mystery,  
to the Sun in his life-giving majesty,  
to the distant stars,  
to the far-flung galaxies,  
to the glory of the evolving Universe.

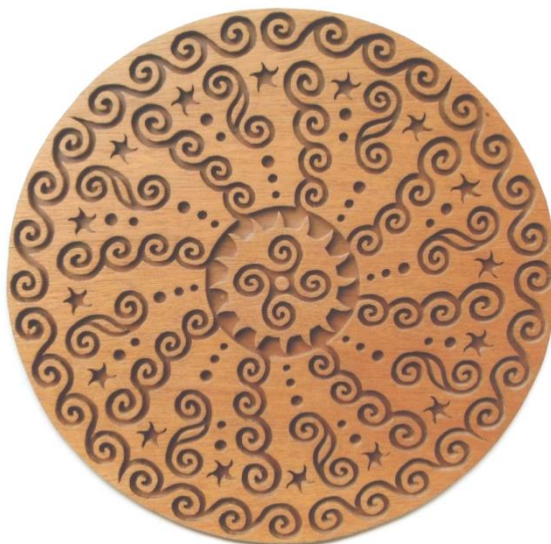
It is our birthright  
to celebrate, love and enjoy  
the wonders of creation,  
and the Source of All.

But this world is unhappy.  
The Earth is being mindlessly looted.  
Her people have forgotten how to live,  
and have learned to destroy.  
Our souls are being torn.

Let the tears of joy and sorrow flow,  
and let the holy water  
fall on the sacred Earth  
like the gentlest of rain.  
So she will know that your heart is open,  
and draw you into her tender embrace.

Go into Nature with still mind,  
open heart and light tread;  
and let the peace enter your being.  
Be open to Nature's divine message,  
sung by the birds,  
spoken by the plants  
and whispered by the winds.

Let the inner flame of Spirit  
guide you in your daily life.  
It will feel good, and right.  
When we are at peace with ourselves,  
and happy and free,  
there will be peace on Earth.  
And thus, all will be healed.



## A Water Blessing

*The following poem has been used in well and spring blessings.*

Ancient Coventina,  
sweet goddess of sacred springs  
and holy wells.  
Oh, fair maiden,  
we offer to celebrate your beauty  
and honour your essential gift to life.

From the primeval rock  
you emerge joyfully  
from the dream of darkness,  
your pure and sparkling essence  
manifests in the light of day,  
dancing in the sunlight  
and singing on the rocks.

Lady of the living waters,  
I gladly welcome  
your wonderful gifts  
of refreshment and healing,  
and your kind blessings.  
Which grace both body and soul.  
May the birds serenade you  
with their joyful song  
as they play happily  
in your divine essence.

An offering is reverently placed  
on your flowing altar  
and my open heart  
feels your loving magic,  
sanctity and gentle inspiration.

May your waters always flow,  
blessing the living land  
with your abundant beauty.



## Clarion Call

*A call to people to support the Earth,  
assert their birthright and see  
consumerism for the paper castle it  
really is.*

The clarion call is in the wind  
now blowing through this world.  
Brave men and maids, I say to you,  
take up arms and meet your quest.

With shield of courage, armour of love,  
lance of light and sword of passion,  
intention be your noble steed.  
All to serve our glorious Queen  
in her hour of greatest need.

Feel our strength rise from within;  
release ourselves from limitation,  
reclaim our love, our souls, our power.  
And drive out hate, greed and fear,  
so common in these sorry times,  
and watch the paper castle fall.

## Beauty

Beauty is:-  
a plant in full bloom  
singing its praises to the Sun;  
the exquisite scent of a rose,  
and its delicate texture;  
the flavour of a blackberry  
freshly picked from the bush;  
in the dawn chorus  
as the birds celebrate the new day;  
in the presence of one's beloved  
as soul connection is shared;  
the setting Sun painting the sky  
with glorious colours;  
the glowing face of the Earth  
as seen from space;  
the glory and mystery  
of the evolving Universe.

## The Charge

*This poem is more historical than about Nature. It describes how a Celtic warrior may have felt when facing the Roman legions.*

Blood red shafts of the rising Sun  
spear the light morning mist,  
illuminating the battlefield.  
The tranquility of this fine day  
is shattered, and stalked by death.

The great battle host is gathered;  
thunderous drums beat mightily.  
Painted warriors draw strength  
from the sacred land around us.  
To protect our freedom and heritage,  
and to defend our homeland  
from the despised invaders.

Tendrils of fear fall away  
as outrage mounts against those  
who defile our gods and goddesses  
and would rape and plunder  
our people, lands and homes.

Proud, arrogant and determined,  
the foe stands in order before us.  
Deadly, in glittering armour;  
great shields stand as a wall,  
punctuated by many swords.

Stout hearts beat ever faster,  
as the hot flush of adrenaline  
courses through our blood.  
The power of our Ancesters stirs,  
lending their strength to our cause.

The blackness of rage rises,  
and meets the crimson of bloodlust.  
Screaming with empowered breath  
we release battle cries and curses.  
Beating swords against shields,  
our volcanic fury erupts.  
With a mighty roar, we charge.

## Lady of the Living Flame

Brigid, glorious goddess  
of fire, crafts, healing, inspiration.  
Your wonderful blessings  
are a privilege to receive.

At times my heart is touched  
by your sweet and welcome presence.  
My soul is delightfully enchanted  
by your artful femininity,  
bringing joy and deep appreciation.  
Yet I greatly respect and revere  
your lively power, and your being.

You are the early birdsong,  
the streams swollen by snowmelt,  
the delicate beauty of the snowdrop,  
the dawning of the new year,  
the vital spark that re-awakens life.

I offer you an open and loving heart  
with childlike innocence and trust,  
and yet with inner passion.  
I offer my small skills  
with hands and words,  
and reverence for the living land,  
and all that lives and grows.



## The Seed

A tiny seed awaits,  
the power of life contained.  
Awakening in the Earth's moist womb,  
the fragile shoot emerges.  
It shyly peeks above the ground  
to greet the sun's warm rays,  
feel the wind and taste the rain.

The thriving plant grows ever taller,  
reaching for the sky so far above.  
In time, ecstatic transformation;  
the flowers sing in their full glory,  
blessing the landscape  
with their delicate essence.

Joyfully, the bees gather nectar  
from the welcoming blooms.  
The gifts of sustenance  
and fertility exchanged.  
The purpose of the seed fulfilled.

The blossom fades and falls away.  
With timeless, innate wisdom,  
the plant prepares its seeds  
for the next generation,  
ensuring its future rebirth.



## Glorious Jewel

Beloved mother Earth  
of whose great being,  
I am but a tiny part.

Through countless aeons  
the illustrious story  
of the profound changes  
that are your evolution  
is told in the landscapes  
that span your bountiful globe.

With strength and forbearance  
beyond understanding  
you carry the great burden  
and pain of humankind.

From your generous womb  
springs all life,  
seeded by the Sun's abundance.  
A glorious jewel in the deep,  
your glowing beauty and majesty  
make my heart sing.

As knowledge of self deepens,  
may our connection be ever closer  
in strength, love and truth.  
Until my soul song  
becomes one with yours.



## Adder

Leaving earth's dark womb,  
mysterious and rarely seen,  
you emerge into the light of day  
and bask in the morning Sun.

Your elegant colouration  
blends with the undergrowth,  
an exquisite synergy of colour.  
You flow over the land  
like a meandering river.

Rippling scales smoothly sheen  
in the dappled sunlight  
whilst silently stalking your prey,  
flickering tongue sniffing the air.  
Striking with dazzling speed,  
adder satisfies its hunger.

Just as the snake sheds its skin  
we can shed outworn attitudes,  
cast off unwanted burdens  
and enter a fresh turn  
of Life's great spiral,  
invigorated, and renewed.

## Hedgerow Healer

Quietly standing in the hedgerow,  
your gentle symmetry  
reflects the grace within;  
the work of the supreme artist.

Gazing upon you with still mind,  
your inner being is perceived,  
bringing shared communion.

A respectful request is made  
for the gift of some leaves.  
To receive your healing essence.  
The tisane is prepared;  
a subtly scented vapour  
rises from its surface.

Slowly sipping the steaming brew,  
your blessings are felt within.  
In turn, and in the human way,  
may one be a healing influence.



## Awakening

Great goddess Brighid's blessings  
bring rebirth to the land,  
and begin to release  
the power of Nature's vitality.

At last the days grow longer  
as the young Sun's power rises.  
His glowing, glorious abundance  
warms and fertilizes the land.

The trees near the end  
of their winter slumber.  
Their tight leaf buds  
await spring's warm beauty  
to burst into fresh finery.

Braving the cold and frost,  
pristine snowdrop blooms  
peek above the sparkling snow,  
gracing the hedgerows.  
And herald the profusion  
of wildflowers to come.

Following Winter's cold darkness  
human hearts and minds awake  
to inner and outer growth.  
The inner child also stirs,  
and perceives Nature's magic afresh.

## Altar

Created by inspired mind,  
open heart and caring hands,  
and bearing the symbols  
of beloved beings,  
the altar blesses my home.  
And connects me to Spirit.

Sitting with the living altar,  
quiet phrases of prayer  
slowly fall from my lips,  
as pebbles dropped into a pool.  
Each followed by the silence  
as the words are released.  
The calm depths of the pool  
are as the truth in the silence.

Words of thanksgiving  
are offered to Great Spirit  
for the many gifts I receive.  
Heartfelt prayers are released  
for the innocent victims  
of depredation and war.

Deities, the elements, and guides  
are respectfully greeted.  
The golden threads they weave  
in the multi-dimensional  
tapestry of my being  
are felt as loving connection  
with the sanctity of all life.



## Sacred Space

A ramble in Nature's leafy realm.  
Wise elders stand tall around me,  
in all their calm majesty.  
Each a world to insects  
and a lofty home for birds.

In peaceful companionship,  
I sit with a friendly Oak.  
Paws patter in the old leaves  
as a squirrel passes close by,  
undeterred by my presence,  
wrapped in a cloak of calm.  
My quiet whisperings of prayer  
sigh with the gentle breeze  
and are blown to Great Spirit.

Leaving this hallowed place,  
I wander along old pathways  
and take to the ancient hills.

Settling by a secluded spring,  
I hear her sweet music  
as she happily bubbles  
from the primeval rock.  
My heart opens to her presence  
and my voice is gently raised  
to sing a song of the soul  
with the divine spring deva.  
Together, our voices weave love  
Over the sacred landscape.



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