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Sculpture

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Phoenix

LAURA PERDOMO

I sing a song that is eternal.
It is the whisper of the wind,
The murmur of the stream,
The swish of the grasses.
My song is the voice of Earth herself,
it warms,
it loves,
it calms the fierce tempest and the crying of gentle babes.

I burn with golden flame,
Bright and luminous as the sun,
to warm the creatures and the forests.
My light is the light in the darkness.
My fire is rebirth.
From the ashes we are all born.
To the ash we all return, in a cycle.
That is the beautiful dichotomy of nature.
My tears are more potent than any medicine,
Not mere salt and water, but life
and love,
and that which nourishes and gives strength.
Freely, I weep so that others may heal.
I never cry in sorrow.
How can any creature be melancholy,
when there is life to live?

I fly alone
Over mountains and plains,
and all the great realms of Earth,
singing, burning, weeping.
I give myself to all life,
Servant of the Earth and Sky,
And for it, I am alone and unique on this earth.
And so I will be forever.



Sculpture SUZANNE HESS