

On being a pilgrim experimenting in my personal and planetary landscape. A painting and written response by Polly Branch, Roanoke, VA

The HUM of the dragon-like winged ones trigger my connection to the cosmic.
The wind through trees sound like ancient rattles to me.
The rippling waters a comforting rhythm and voice.
They draw me into this moment of nature's living song. It only takes a moment to remember and to return. The planet is a constant flow of relationships sustained, suspended and rotating time. Earth is a revolutionary power activated in an electromagnetic torus energy. These universal patterns of movement in thought, particle and wave are here for us all equally.

I am the Earth, Air, Water and Fire. My elements are the same as yours. The Mountains lend me strength. The Waters move me. The Air breathes me and the worms aerate my soil. The beautiful medicinal plants mend me, and the Sun fuels it all.. Watch how sunlight activates, refracts and reflects. It shows the way and directs shadows into form. In a blink of an eye, my senses are teased and drawn to a new point of view.

This dance as a human navigating system is fascinating, but when traveling outside nature's realm, the injustices and sorrows wipe out my sense of direction. So I reboot and reorient my compass to nature's perfection, where there are no authoritarian conductors disrupting the divine law. Studying our common ground is a free and a truly liberating practice. In the field there is only opening, growing, interchanging, dying and the cycle begins again. The wisdom of God's natural system is incomparable. The knowledge of physics, chemistry and the biology of eco systems point to all our interconnections to affirm oneness. How will you look at the next sunset or blade of grass? How do you balance on this spinning planet? Do you feel the joy of curiosity and belonging?

Cultures throughout time have held these sacred wisdoms. Of harmony, balance and reciprocity We can learn to hold their tunes. Here, moment by moment there is only a field and a choice to enter the delight of shifting hues. Wings vibrate, hearts beat, and the sky glows there. We take another deep breath and listen for the whisper; "We care". .