

## SONG TO THE MOON

In a garden we all know, somethin' happened long ago,  
Takes a few millennia to tell.  
We're not sure what happened there,  
We're not even sure if that's where  
We should begin our journey homeward...

People say there was a tree and stories clothed in secrecy  
Remind us of the mystery there buried.  
Visions of a paradise float by our tired and hopeful eyes,  
On its wings the seeds of truth are carried.

Seeds of truth fall down below where we stand and what we know.  
They lie beneath the ground well-hidden.  
We fear what we can't see, we fear the sacred tree,  
We fear the one who ate the fruit forbidden.

Dark from light you cannot separate them, they're a fruit, she ate them  
So we know we can be the whole, the holy,  
Universal wisdom comes to those who listen, patiently it  
Ripens into fruit of love to set the soul free.

Mother Moon shines in the night, on our fear and our delight,  
She shines on us her holy children.  
With her light she cools the dark, shines the way and shows the mark,  
So when we're lost we can find our true path home again.

Sacred maker of the waves, she cools our nights and rules our days,  
When she's gone we always know she will return.  
Her faces change, her magic lingers, calming oceans with her fingers,  
Her healing power comes to those who yearn.

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*Dorie's notes: My favorite metal sculpture was made in Haiti from a steel drum. It portrays a man and a woman standing beside a tree, with a snake at the bottom and an owl at the top. It seems many cultures and religions attach meaning to the story and the symbols presented in this song. The question on my mind when this song came to me was: Who/what is in hiding that needs to be seen and heard? How do we balance and heal the divisions and splits in ourselves, and the world community?*