

Let the mountain be your temple

Let the mountain be your temple,
The forest - your cloister,
The river - your pilgrim path.

Let the animals be your *sangha*,
The birds - your angels,
The insects - your Indra jewels.

Let elephants be your prophets,
Whales - your gurus,
Dolphins - your blessed assemblies.

Let the desert be your doorstep,
Stars, the needles of beauty that open your wound,
Sky, your liberation.

Let mosses be your worlds within worlds,
Ferns, your lacy raiment,
Fungi, your labyrinth.

Let fossils be your relics,
Boulders, your Old Folk,
Grottos, oracular, your holiest of holies.

By the elements, be tested,
By the terrors, chastened,
By the hungers of predators,
Apprised, as flesh, of your place.

Let walking be your ground-state,
Cognition, communion,
Communion of the human
With its very ground.

Let Earth be your soul,
Its inexhaustible life, your inexhaustible life,
Its mystery, your mystery.

Let your work, your *via activa*, be tending it,

Attending to it,
Learning its Law, turning its pages, deciphering
Its scriptures.

Let planting be your prayer,
Knowing what to plant, and where,
Your wisdom.

Let protecting, preserving, restoring,
Be your worthiness,
Observing its results,
Your bliss.

All there is, is this.
This Law.
Follow its course.
Bushes will burn for you,
Manna will fall,
Pillars of cloud will join you, as escort.

Of revelation, beloved, you will never be short.

Freya Mathews