

*- lady dancing with the moon woman who sprinkles the night sky with stars -*

Last night the sky opened wide to surround me and my soul leapt up to greet it. My body shell watched and waited silently as this earth's brilliance dripped into its cavity, gorging its awareness. It was then that you slipped by, caressing my heart with sweet splendors, and my soul reached out to meet you. We danced above the cedars high, carving light waves into the sky. We settled on rocks cascading into water soft, as the setting sun swallowed us whole. My peace, this is a song for us, sounds which nourish our paths and source: the singing of hump backed whale rocks masquerading as loons who sound like coyotes echoing through watery distances, voice upon voice lifting the call. And the waking night shimmers, its grace surrounds us. We awake renewed, whole, alive—deep breath waiting. We are inspiration.

by Majero Bouman

## a letter from Quetico Provincial Park

It is the sixth day. We are spending it on the island of bays. The landscape is rich with softly shaped stone which has been braving the elements since Precambrian time. They are scratched and scarred by the passing of glaciers from the last ice age. Black, brown, white, yellow, green. Trees root right into the stone, cracking and splintering it, the bark almost indiscernible from the rock into which it has delved. There is very little soil—just lichen growing thick and bouncy. The leaves of the few deciduous trees are turning color and falling. We've missed the blue and raspberries, but there is juniper about, some daisies, water lilies. When the sun shines it is hot and friendly. Cloud cover is welcome after its presence; the rain, thunder and lightning haven't been violent. The wildlife—the landscape—is incredible. I've never been to lakes so big, dotted with beautiful islands, with no cottages, no motor boats, next to no people. We spend naked days under the sun and in the water, taking up and taking in space which is almost too much to bear. Bald eagles sit upon high crags and on the top-most branches of dead trees, taking great leaps into the air to be caught up on 6 feet of wing span and glide away. Loons—I feel I now understand their call, which is not to be lonely at all but to echo across the waters in chorus with countless more, howling laughing and singing the sun to sleep. Great blue herons soar across the water and tree tops effortlessly. A moose and her calf swam across the narrows coming right toward us, their big ears flapping in communication, to come out just ten meters down stream. Upon the rocks of the islands are fish bones, the remnants of eagle meals. The spine vertebrae are the size of a fox's, the teeth a centimeter long, jaws almost as long as my hand! It's ALIVE here. Even the rocks sigh with the passing of the wind. There is water and land and water and land such that one can no longer be certain of what is surrounding what. The rock I sit on is the very crust of the earth. I feel its age, its weight, the heavy passing of time, the sublime perfection of ever-movement, ever-change. No thing is still here. No, no thing is still except the soul at peace. It is this peace which draws me toward people I love. It is this peace which I experience in embrace: quiet, still, infinite. We are of a piece, we are whole in one another and with we-earth. We are here, created and creating, becoming, reflected and reflecting. I am overwhelmed.

I could be preparing for school, reading course material, learning words and theory with which to arrive well armed. But I am here letting my soul breathe, allowing my feet to walk we-earth in simplicity, for this is what I most need to take with me: simplicity, inspiration and life, instead of grandiose and complex statements constructed such that not many can know what I mean. We deal in communication and exchange sweet sister. These are the riches of this world.