

End Note

Jack River

There is no chance
This is not a dream
The rain will wash this sorrow clean
Jesus Mary Holy Wars
Left quick crying
Through wooden doors
It is not often that we stop to breath
And fall aimlessly into the summer breeze
And thik of what it is to be
A part of nature's majesty
A part of fate and time and space
A part of love and fear and grace
An atom in the cell of life
A child husband tree or wife
And in these moments I stop and think
Of all the creatures that I meet
The paths that twisted to bring me here
The planets that shifted to bring this near
The gravity that lifted to bring an animal like me
Into this moment next to you
And the sky is raining music
And the flower's scent is sound
The giant mountains are our lightyears
Of thought - our thousand string
Bookcase
Of pshychedelic knowledge
Through as each wave washes to the shore
The mountains become transparent and iluminated, empty

We fill them and the cycle is repeated
This is the land of infinite nothingness
This is the womb of the universe
Our Mother hears our every thought
Our every sound
And as long as we stay true to our DNA
We stay true to her
We are her