

## 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