

Prayer for Activists

Between two pools
 Time slows down
 Space expands.
 A peregrine scimitars the sky.
 Between two pools
 The stream runs on
 Plashing the rocks of slate-grey schist
 Above the midges dance.

The ravens croak.

In the double dark of the tin mine tunnel
 My prayer last night – I never pray –
 That I connect with clear intent
 In the time that I have left
 To movements for environments.
 May earth, fire, air and water
 Nullify exchange value,
 Capitalism the enemy of nature,
 Performance unavailable for audit.

The ravens croak.

Between two pools
 The sentinels rise up
 Ash, birch, rowan, oak.
 The sign I await
 Is the dipper's flight
 Between two pools.

The ravens croak.

Within the hour
 Dipper whizzed by
 As I knew it would,
 Intent so absolute
 Yet apparently so hesitant.
 As dipper flies above the stream
 Has it an image in advance
 Of the rock where it will land
 Only always a temporal perch?

The ravens croak.

The stream runs on
 Day after day, night after night
 Before my birth, beyond my death.
 So long as there is rain
 The stream will live
 Infinitude

Between two pools.
 Ash, birch, rowan, oak
 The sentinels will stand
 A century perhaps
 Before a change of guard.
 The only doubt

Is climate change.

The ravens croak.

Oh peregrine
 Send me your scimitar.
 Dipper, lend me
 Your absolute intent.

Guy Gladstone, HA VisionQuest July 2013 at SpiritHorse, Wales