Spirit of the Land

I press my hands to the soil
and remember I was never alone.
There is breath in the wind.
There is prayer in the stone.
There is memory in the moss.
And I - I am known.

The land is not outside of me.
It is beneath my name,
beneath my story,
beneath my wounds.
It is the silence that held me
before I ever knew words.

I walk now with slower steps,
barefoot and listening.
And the Earth,
she sings to me again
in a language deeper than sound.

The rain does not ask permission.
It comes when it must -
to soften what has hardened,
to cleanse what has clung,
to remind the earth: you are still alive.

And so I let the rain fall through me -
through the hollows, through the ache.
I let it wash away the forgetting.
I let it carry my sorrow
back into the roots.

The land does not need me to be strong.
It only asks that I be here -
soft enough to feel it,
still enough to hear it.

And in that stillness,
I remember:

I was never lost.
I was always home.

With reverence and radiance,
With love and light - *Charming White Eyes*