Title Page

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I hope you enjoy these writings. Feedback is welcome.
Contents

Title Page
Foreword
Bringers Of The Dawn
Legacy Of Ignorance
Like The Chinook Wind
Raw Greed
Reaching The Gates
The Second Greatest Gift
Sex
Is Our Universe Shaped Like A Globe?
Shifting The Focus
Simple Pleasure
Smog
Sounds
Space Travel
Sunny Weather
Surprised By Joy
What Is The Universe?
The Healing Room Of The Heart
The Eternal Dream
Thunder Spirit
The Light Shines In The Darkness
Troubles Of Mind
Stray Thoughts
Foreword

These books contain a form of free verse poetry, opinions based on observation, and some humour and imagination, engaging the heart as well as the mind. A critical look at many current issues intriguing and plaguing man. Spirituality, interaction with nature and environment, social changes, dwindling resources. Well worn issues now, indeed. But the poetry and other works in these books gives this subject a different perspective. I daresay that here we can find a "higher" vantage point from which to look at ourselves within the cosmos.

Who knows but some of the ideas in the books may get you inspired to do that thing you always wanted to do, even if this comes in a very small way, to make your corner of this world a better place to be in. Who knows but you may realize your little corner is a really nice place to be in after all.

It's all about life, if at times expressing life "outside the box" as the saying goes.
Bringers Of The Dawn

From deep woods and gently flowing streams;
from searing sands and towering mountains;
from tossing seas and wind-swept coral reefs;
from polar snows and realms of eternal ice;
from hearts of volcanoes and deep rocky rifts;
from mines, factories, high-rise, and slums;
from smog-choked cities and clogged highways;
from rolling clouds and wild, untamed winds;
from pulsing northern lights and planets' wakes;
from throbbing suns and sparkling stars;
from bloody battle fields and refugee camps;
from the most distant worlds
of inner and outer dimensional realities

we have come... we have gathered... we now stand
in your midst, on the edge of your world;
we are heralds of a new dawn breaking,
so long awaited, so desperately hoped for,
yet so greatly feared, so little understood:
look! children of earth: here we are, fear not!
feel our rays of light disperse your darkness;
turn hungry eyes to the east as your sun rises
and see the crystals dance upon your far horizons:
understand the meaning of this evolution in motion
and come, join our dance—openly, freely, we dance
just for you on this beautiful earth morning!
let our wings fan your hopes and deepest desires:
appointed and perfect in time, we have arrived,
your Bringers of the Dawn!
Legacy Of Ignorance

I stand alone on a thundering shore,
cold spray washes over my face
and my tears are the sea’s tears
but I find no solace here,
and there is no answer.

The wind will blow
wherever it wills;
the sea will crash
everlastingly upon her shores;
and the black stones will stand,
mute sentinels
to the passages of time
and the ravages of ignorance.

The body of a grebe
floats among the wreckage at my feet:
I should consider it fortunate
it isn’t the body of a human child,
not today... not yet.

But is there a difference?
A beautiful bird dies of poison,
a gentle child of hunger,
thousands upon thousands
all in one day; just one day.

Now I realize there is an answer,
or at least a statement:
The sea is aware.
She knows.
As does all that has died.
Only man still fails to see;
to see his hand in the blood.

Is this world doomed
to utter destruction?
Or will the one who can alter fate,
will man
awaken
from heartlessness
and learn how to feel?
Like The Chinook Wind

Like the soft whisper
of the chinook wind
gently swaying branches
of spruce and poplars
on warming winter nights,
you came into my life
unannounced, but hoped for.

Under your springtime softness
my winter apathy melted,
dripped away so quickly
like snow on rooftops;
new life flowed
in endless rivulets and streams.

Like the chinook wind
I thought to myself, bitterly,
you would cool away and die
under cold eastern skies:
but you were the Spring Maiden
and with your breath
this new life flowed forth
joining the eternal river.
Raw Greed

Governments crumbling,
spending more, much more,
keeping alive
their slave making,
tax grabbing,
dream shattering,
energy wasting,
war mongering,
fear generating; and for what?
To spread the terror
of earth-destroying dictatorships
through raw greed.

“Teach your children
as we taught ours,
man does not weave
the web of life,
he is merely strands
within it.”

(Chief Seattle)
Reaching The Gates

So much trouble
turmoil of soul,
darkness, fear,
and questions unanswered...
What is right, what is wrong?
I know
soon I will reach the gates;
I know
they will not yield to
the presumptuous,
the proud,
the selfish,
nor the greedy,
but only to the pure of heart:
and how can I know
I truly hold this precious key?
How can I know
this, that I hold,
is not just an imitation?
A lie I've grown comfortable
walking with?
Who will answer
this final question?
The Second Greatest Gift

We may invent any kind of trick or gimmick
to ignore, deny, or cheat old man death
but still he remains here, right here
and at the appointed time (his, not ours) -
in humility or in pride, we'll take his road.

We may search til the cosmic cows come home
and lay quietly down to chew their cud;
we may re-invent the quest for the fountain of youth
or fill our heads with arcane knowledge
and still we won't have a clue
as to death's identity, nor where he hails from.

The statistics are in: they say one out of one dies.
That being an unalterable fact, why fight it?
Why not replace fear of death with compassion?
Replace the taking of life with the giving of life?
For, wouldn't you say it is fear of death
that makes us fight and kill one-another?

If I cannot prolong my own life,
let alone save it, however I try,
perhaps I can give to another
that which I cannot keep for myself
or even give to myself?
Sex

Sex
the
coming together;
the
joining of spirits as
one;
the
experience of inner
joy
bursting!
deep
within
the heart,
touching every
living thing!

Sex
not evil
nor sinful,
but simple, natural
expression
of!

Is Our Universe Shaped Like A Globe?

I had a vision
that our Universe
is shaped like a globe,
same as our planet, or sun.

Whatever we 'see'
of galaxies, black holes and nebulae,
are but 'whirlpools'
on the surface
of this enormous globe.

The planets, the suns;
passing comets and flashing meteors
scattered among these spatial vortices
are as running, laughing, sleeping children
which these whirlpools created
over the aeons; and I wondered:

if people had this vision
they would see how the Earth
has created them too!
Shifting The Focus

A fear-based society needs scapegoats
that is a historical truism -
but who are the ones creating the fear?
The ones managing that collective fear
to their own advantage?

There is a tendency in these black times
for people to find fault, a desire to blame:
someone has to be responsible for everything -
from creating the national debt
to making us feel insecure and unsafe!

Why not blame the people on welfare?
The handicapped? The sick?
Why are they getting "free" money
from our tax dollars?
Must be their fault the nation's in a mess
and we can't get the debt paid.
(Has to be their fault - no one else
to blame at the moment.)
Oh, wait, did I forget terrorists
or is it illegal aliens?

And who has the courage to finger
those with their fat fingers in every pie?
The blatantly crooked politicians
we are enjoined to vote for?
Who even remembers, come election day
the promises that are still echoing
in the empty voters' brain,
rattling a bunch of scattered cells around?

Ah but of course,
it's the politicians who create this phobia
of welfare abusers; of fakers in wheelchairs -
who point the accusing finger -
blaming the victims of society and nature
for our economic woes.

Shift the focus: few will notice
the Fat Cats grabbing the choicest part
of collective earnings,
pocketing it while planning
their retirement on Grand Cayman.
Simple Pleasure

The simple pleasure
of hearing bare feet
gently awaken the dawn
gradually fades,
vanishing forever.

Though I may see the sun rise
over snow-draped mountains,
and see the white swans flying
to their favorite feeding grounds,
I do not hear the wind in the willows,
nor the call of the geese
on their long journeys south.

I see children play
and remember their cries of delight;
I see hands clapping
and faces glowing with happiness
but I no longer hear
the music of this world.
Smog

Smog; second hand smoke, exhausting exhausts
belching their poisons into the air
and something totally weird to top it all:
a sign on the back of a smoke belching
diesel powered city bus: “We all share the air”
Do I curse this trend? Do I cry? Do I choke?
Or do I choose to see the positive
in the negative of this image?
It is more difficult to breathe
when smog levels are high,
unless my lungs are healthy
then they don't mind so much:
I run and hike and stay in shape,
and that's my way of fighting smog.
Another thought I would share:
without blatant evils everywhere
how would we motivate ourselves
to take responsibility for the state we're in?
How would we become incensed enough
to activate the drive to seek and make,
those changes necessary to a better life?
Sounds

Arising from the depth of an endless ocean a sun rise sends forth new morning sounds:

    of a wave
    slowly ebbing
    gently combing
    a sandy shore;

of wind awakening
the morning mist,
blowing gently
along the strand;

    of a bird calling
    the change of season,
    from winter's passing,
    to spring's rebirth.

"nature's sounds amaze the listener"
Space Travel

Science fiction or reality?
Space crafts propelled by phantom drives;
by anti-gravity; by the spice mélange;
by 'warp' or space-folding energy:
people traveling across space
from galaxy to galaxy
following worm holes
in the blink of an eye: here, there...

To many this is but science fiction
but what if some have lived this reality?
Experienced in pain or joy, the discoveries
brought about by living aboard such ships?

Perhaps there is a place for new paradigms;
for believing the unbelievable;
a place where we can safely listen to such tales;
intuiting where logic wants to stop us.
Here, we might begin to conceive
how we can indeed travel to the stars;
and perhaps infinitely beyond!
A comment often heard during a stretch of sunny weather: “This is such lovely weather why can’t it be like this all the time?” But if I were to comment back: “Well we really need rain -- like maybe a month of it the fields are parched.” they’d look at me as if I’d lost my last marble.

Amazing what processed food has done to people’s minds. Food comes from the supermarket or from the commercial greenhouse. It seems the weather no longer has any bearing on this.

These people’s parents could still see that if it were sunny all the time the rivers would dry up, the fields turn to deserts; and without water, what then?

I think these days the only thing they’d worry about is having to leave the “Seadoo” on its trailer at the beach.
Surprised By Joy

What if I saw the woman I love
walking down the street
hand in hand with another man,
on a misty magical morning,
when the wind of Spring lingers?

What if I held no jealousy, no anger
but only happiness
to see her filled with love?
Is such a feeling even possible?

I should experience pain and anger,
I should feel abused by her, shouldn't I?
Yes, if I do not love her, I certainly will.
If all she is to me is an object of pleasure;
if all she is, is a feel-good thing.
But my dilemma is: I truly love her.

If you love someone, what can you do
but accept and allow what pleases them?
What other way is there
for love to know itself?

What if we tore down the walls
we place around the ones we love
keeping them from wandering away;
from loving whomever they choose?

What if in our vision, in our minds,
we truly granted them their freedom?
Accepted however they lived their life, their love?
Would we not see our world differently?
Would we not perhaps
be surprised by joy?
What Is The Universe?

What is this universe?
We know it’s a place full of stuff,
but what kind of stuff?
We heard about the Creators,
those ancient ones, or Ancient One
who made this universe
from nothing, it is said. But really?
What kind of “nothing” would that be?

As below, so above, I’ve been told
and here’s a place just stuffed with stuff,
all kinds of stuff – marvellous stuff, smelly stuff,
scary stuff, twisted stuff, recyclable stuff
and stuff that just burns or evaporates
or gets stuffed in black holes...
to re-appear somewhere else as different stuff:
yes, stuff, lots of stuff made of stuff.
But how did all that stuff really get here?

Pretty simple, says my friend:
there’s a place (or places if you will)
out there, way beyond this universe –
full of people -- yeah, people, he says,
who like us, just love stuff.
So they make it, have it made, buy it;
they play with it, use it, consume it
and when they’re done with it
they dump it – of course, what else?

And where does all that garbage go,
that stuff they no longer need or want?
To their garbage dump, of course, where else?

Just like on Earth, only more impressive
(from a human perspective, that is)
than our garbage dumps, is theirs’
and just because we grew out of it,
(let’s just say we’re a kind of bacteria)
we think it’s a wonderful thing,
that garbage dump of the “creators”
‘Cause it’s our home after all --
so we give it a superlative name:
Universe! Of course – what else?
And speaking of black holes, he adds, they’re just their equivalent of “Glad” garbage bags: you see, when hot stuff hits the bottom it melts open and everything sloshes out...

You need to be a bit more observant. He said laughing and shaking his head not as if he’d told me a universal joke but as if I was a bit slow in “getting it.”

Now it’s my turn to laugh – the amazing simplicity of it all!
The Healing Room Of The Heart

Is there such a thing as a healing room?
Is it found in a special building?
A special room? A great power place?

Does not all healing proceed
from one's love center in the heart?

A heart weighed down, crippled
from dis-ease of the body;
from fear, lack of trust in its own power;
from false belief, or disbelief;
from a sense of lack --
either of money, or love or other wherewithal,
is but a "healing room" closed to those who seek.

Must they then turn helpless to the parasites
who suck out the remaining life from the dying
in their surgical cubicles?
The Eternal Dream

How much of that substance known as "me" already has passed outside the borders of time and space; has forced its way past the fears, the taboos, the ridicule of a dying world, moving unawares?

In the night, the dead of night, the inky blackness of a normal night, I, the earth-bound, unknowing, ignorant sleep the sleep of the fluttering moth when the light is suddenly extinguished.

But now the miracle of the night begins: the dance of the spirit, the world of magic, the fantasy of guided dreams unfurls: "Actors, pay attention, take your places, sun, moon and stars, focus your lights!"

Always obedient, the universe as one bows to the will of the gods in the clouds, provides misty stairways for them to descend to every place where action is decreed: it's time to learn, it's time to play.

I meet my friends again, creators, actors, with me in the endless drama of life opening like vernal flowers in greening meadows, their voices, the eternal Spring song of love: we acknowledge each other, and play our parts.

Then, as suddenly as it came, the dream ends, the magic wand is waved, the stage rolled up, the last echo of our laughter caught in the song of a finch outside my window: "Are we just ships that pass in the night?"

I, the restless wanderer, wide awake now ponder that endless question, seek the answer: wait! Could it be that one night, after I learn my part, I too will disappear with the waving of the wand, becoming part of the eternal dream, once more?
Thunder Spirit

Angry waves crash against
a jumbled, rocky shore;
a raging wind howls;
torrential rain falls
from a heavily laden sky.

I stand alone in the storm
amongst moss-covered trees;
my heart pounds:
I seem to hear echoes of drums
uncovering wounds
caused by ancient fears.

A bolt of lightning
streaks across the darkened sky
randomly striking a tall silhouette:
Thunder Spirit rumbles
then gently speaks his wisdom:
“Remember your greatest fear:
name it! Face it!
Fear nothing; embrace all,
even your darkest moments;
your darkest thoughts
and Great Spirit's love will manifest
in clear understanding,
though seldom in ways
you've learned to expect!”
The Light Shines In The Darkness

*The light shines in the darkness, but the darkness has not understood it.*  
*[John 1:5 – The Bible]*

It is understood or believed that before the beginning there was utter darkness, Chaos the master ruled endless realms of nothingness.

Weighted by gnawing emptiness Spirit in thought overthrew the bonds of darkness with light – and what is that called light but life become self-aware?

Light is revelation – and the reality of things that had always been but unseen and unknown even unto themselves locked in the dungeon of darkness’ pride – manifested.

And what is that called darkness but utter ignorance; the state of unknowing, not being alive even unto oneself, unaware, while and yet always existing in cosmic Pangaea?

In the beginning Spirit brought into the worlds the light of life to run its course, long or short, to become swarms of fiery stars burning themselves up in cosmic orgasms, proliferating wildly even unto
death.

Whispered thoughts among the spheres weigh its inscrutable path cutting down friend and foe alike: inevitable abomination proscribed end of light – and what is death but the unalterable return of primal ignorance?

Thus comes the end the laziness of forgetfulness, forged chains of ignorance tighten and lock; the lights wink off one by one: allness once again hidden in primeval darkness.

Chaos rules, once more Master un-creator, unchallenged, proud yet ever fear-bound to the next awakening and which state is this now? an ending, or a beginning?
Troubles Of Mind

I took a walk I'd hoped would be pleasant on a cold, wet and windy day and how I wished the sun had shone; how I wished for a soft, warm breeze to warm my face and hands today.

My troubles hound me like a cold wind; like a driving November rain. They penetrate my clothes; keep my heart in their icy grip; keep me from the love I seek to share; they numb my hands: and I cannot touch. There is a way out of this; a place beyond these troubles of mind; where bitterness is washed away as rain washes down a street. There is a way to see; a way to skirt potholes and cracks on the uneven road of life; a way to not stumble, nor to fall; a way, a sure way, a final way to replace fear with love.

How? Consciously choosing to transform the fear-filled mind.
Stray Thoughts

I look for friends,
simple understanding, even love
in the strangest places:
I've been to paradise and back:
I was given life,
not guarantees or promises
for none are needed, anymore.

I've met with the Goddess:
she teaches me simplicity
in things I deemed impossible.
I trust her, her friends
are family now, the others gone
and now, as Esther said to Mordecai:
"If I perish, I perish."