



Spiritual Dirt

My fingers enter the soil organic,
That could go back to a source volcanic,
To which we've added some recent carbon,
What fun it is in my magic garden.

The dirt filters all the way through my fingers
The moment passes but the feeling lingers
An ancient act by early humans,
Growing food is one form of evolution.

Is it spiritual that I have evolved
From predecessors no longer involved
In the day to day of life and living
But who just keep on giving and giving?

All DNA is a gift from them
Root to root, stem to stem
Solidarity between past and present
Spiritual fodder - heaven sent.

Is it also spiritual to engage a worm?
As in my hand it begins to squirm,
Wanting to return to its daily routine,
Back underground where it's seldom seen.

I love that the soil is alive and rich
Working all the time without a glitch
Receiving the roots and letting them spread
Providing a canopy for the worm's head.

I take a breath and bring in the smell

That makes me whole, makes me well,
It's a spiritual experience for a smell to connect
With some inner truth you don't recollect.

And then I see what the dirt can produce,
And a spiritual connection I again deduce,
We are what we are - alive together,
Spirituality writ with a bird's feather.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we dig the dirt,
Awakening spirit within you.