



ISABELLE  
SCUFAY  
CHAPMAN 2002

## Silence

The Hill Country is quiet and helps me think,  
About life, about living, about how beings link,  
The cedars unmoving in the crisp morning sun,  
Time for mind-wandering, time for fun.

Today I'm a fern growing above the creek,  
At a place where the rocks have sprung a leak,  
The water seeping down my rocky bank,  
A place where the vireo just stopped and drank.

I patiently listen to my leaves grow,  
Absorbing the moment, so much to know,  
Near silence conveying my glorious unfurling,  
Beginning life fist-like, then slowly uncurling.

I feel myself opening at a very slow pace,  
If I were competing, I'd lose the race,  
But I'm not concerned with other beings,  
I just want the sunlight that I am feeling.

I listen to myself reaching for the sun,  
How wonderful that my life has just begun,  
My leaves connected through stem to ground,  
I've become alive with almost no sound.

The red-tailed Hawk soars the blue sky above,  
And looks down upon this treasure trove,  
It's call like a siren throughout the wood,  
Letting all know that this day is good.

And then the quiet returns to the land,

And I listen to the cedar leaves because I can,  
Now barely stirring in the faint hint of wind,  
Peace finding me beyond the din.

I celebrate the silence that I'm warming to,  
No need to hustle, no need to do,  
Just growing calmly with almost no sound,  
Watching my leaves unfurl from the ground.

So welcome to Earth Church,  
Pull yourself up a pew,  
Here we love the silence,  
It grows on you.

## Silence 2

The Hill Country is quiet and helps me think,  
About life, about living, about how beings link,  
The cedars unmoving in the crisp morning sun,  
Time for mind-wandering, time for fun.

The water is placid and without a ripple,  
Reflecting the forest clear and simple,  
The trunks near the water seen just below,  
And further out the cedar tops show.

The bass swims slowly within the shadows,  
Quietly hunting wherever he goes,  
The titmouse moving from tree to tree,  
Without a sound - barely noticed by me.

The red-tailed Hawk soars the blue sky above,  
And looks down upon this treasure trove,  
It's call like a siren throughout the wood,  
Letting all know that this day is good.

And then the quiet again blankets the land,  
And I listen to the cedar leaves because I can,  
Barely stirring in the faint hint of wind,  
Peace blanketing me beyond the din.

I gaze on the fern growing above the creek,  
At a place where the rocks have sprung a leak,  
The water seeping down the rocky bank,  
A place where the vireo just stopped and drank.

I listen to it unfurl at a very slow pace,  
If it were competing, it would lose the race,  
But it's not concerned with other beings,  
It just wants the sunlight that I am feeling.

Perhaps I'll come back as a fern when I die,  
And listen to my leaves unfurl to the sky,  
Feeling the sun starting up my engine,  
Ending the day with metaphysical invention.

So welcome to Earth Church,  
Pull yourself up a pew,  
Here we love the silence,  
It grows on you.