



Meditation on Creativity

Why is this room so vacant and empty?
Why aren't there others in here with me?
Am I right, or am I just lost?
Did I get my signals crossed?

Is this the way creativity works?
In fits and starts, sputters and jerks?
And suddenly clarity comes flying in,
I can feel my journey begin to begin.

Clear thinking brought me to this space,
But why aren't others in this place?
It seems so logical, such a good choice,
A room of ideas waiting for a voice.

How do you go where none have gone?
Can you make change thinking alone?
Is this room a curse or a blessing?
Will my action be difference making?

Fear comes at me from multiple directions,
Challenging me to reach for connections,
That's how doubt attacks from the fringe,
My muscles contracting, making me cringe,

With Earth and you all, I find my strength,
I can go the distance, go the length,
Connection to life and other beings
Allows me to speak of what I am seeing.

An idea floats by and finds a home,

Nature puts carbon in the sandy loam,
And carbon storage will pave the way,
I have voiced an idea, I have had a say.

I come once again to the empty room,
Always humble, not wanting to assume,
That I can find more of this wonderful fruit,
That I will hear the melodious flute.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we open new rooms,
And create a new you.