



Spirit Light

You've heard about a fiery spirit
But is it implicit or explicit?
Can you see the spirit on fire?
It must keep going, it cannot tire.

I see spirit fire as an eternal blaze
That can come and go as a different phase,
It's always lit, but not always raging,
Is it stronger or weaker with my aging?

I know when my spirit fire is low,
I have no doubt on my face it'll show,
My skin is sallow, my eyes are red,
And pain will be shooting through my head.

But when the fire is strong and hot,
I am what I am – don't tell me not,
I am alive and full of vigor,
I speak the words, I can pull the trigger.

So, stoke the fire, let's make it blaze,
I feel its power working through the maze
That often keeps it from burning bright,
But today I feel it - I'm pushing light.

My spirit fire comes from the church of the Earth,
Where I was reborn - the source of my worth,
And my spirit fire is linked and connected
With all living things – I'm spirit infected.

In the early morning I rise for the chant,

I greet the sun - I caress the plant,
I take spirit energy straight from the sun,
My day off and running on spirit propulsion.

I run on renewables, I'm happy to say,
Give me some sun – now stand out of the way,
I need to plug in and fire up the boilers,
The light will shine – no spirit spoilers.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Here we plug into the sun
To stoke the light within you.