



عاشق

The Fire Pit

We built a fire under the night sky,
In an old fire pit that had been cast aside,
Put away in our storage area years ago,
Brought out to help us enjoy the show.

Fire is the stuff of myth and survival,
A way to fight off frostbite's arrival,
Nurturing the flame, carrying the coals,
Warming our hearts, warming our souls.

We light the fire and watch it start,
The flames licking at the dry oak bark,
Will it catch or will it fade away?
I had forgotten fire's mysterious way.

And now it has caught, flames rising up,
We can now sit back and enjoy the result,
I refocus my attention to the stars above,
Tonight, I'm hoping for some celestial love.

And my how the stars give it out tonight,
The Milky Way's shiny – oh what a delight,
I can see how our ancestors of millennia past
Sought out the formations in the sky so vast.

Perhaps I once lived above a ravine,
Enjoying a bit of hard-scrabble cuisine,
The entertainment is as it is every night,

The moon and the stars – I relish the light.

Our genetic heritage is tied to the Earth,
It is ours by right - it came with birth,
It's something we've lost to urbanity,
It's something we need for our sanity.

Such a simple thing is the night and a fire,
Such wonderful connections it does inspire,
Comfort implicit in Earth-based worship,
Restoring our roots, our natural relationship.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here the fire and the stars
Become known to you.