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Everything Is A Part Of The Mother

Comes a tiny breeze that shakes a leaf

It glides to the ground to the Mother

Where it is caressed then changed to become the Earth again.

Comes a tiny breeze that carries the sound of a newborn babe. The babe thrives with the Mother for 70 years.

Then one day goes to sleep caressed by the Mother. Where the body again becomes part of the Earth

Oh, we humans will pray to some god in the sky, but our Mother is our Creator

That tiny breeze or a hurricane that makes everything fly. Is of this Earth.

Yes, the moon and the sun gives us night and day.

Yet without Mother Earth we are just dust in space

Never to stay in one place.

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