

Ode To The Spirit

The breath of God
broods over the face of the deep
groaning, labouring to give birth
breathing life
into all creation
the earth trembles
and the mountains smoke
the rains come and plants grow
to provide food in their season
and creation is filled with good things.

From the four winds
our ancestors
drew their breath
bone connecting to bone
sinews and skin and flesh
a great multitude
belonging to the earth
and returning to earth
identity grounded in the soil
and songs of the Spirit.

In tongues of fire
languages are honed
people are filled with energy
and a desire to communicate
between the nations
dreams are forged
visions are hewn
and among old and young
women and men
peace and justice will reign

For the Spirit comes
as an advocate
speaking for us in truth
guiding us in wisdom
discerning the secrets of our hearts
nurturing us in righteousness
and when our pain
is too great for words
the Spirit intercedes for us
sighing with longing for all we are yet to be.

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