

# Dartmoor Spring Pilgrimage (23<sup>rd</sup> April 2017)

## Words of reflection and inspiration

She swallowed me  
Held me solid  
Wishing for others  
to know this,  
soft  
sacred  
pilgrimage

Walking silently helped relaxing mind.  
Vibrating energy and intake of oxygen.  
Excellent company.

Earth's meridian is our guide  
Our silence was out binding  
Strong bonding for our kind.

I was struck by how tiny some of the flowers and leaves were, up on the Moor – minute pennywort leaves and miniscule wood sorrel growing on a log. Nature adapting itself willingly to the conditions and sustenance available.

- Space to listen to 'noisy' nature
- Chinese whispers in relation to busy spring treetops
- Air clean fresh like spring water

Walking in silence  
With a group of people was very comforting  
A field full of pregnant mares,  
Tiny ponies, one very cheeky sniffing my shoe.  
A blue, blue glade and furry oaks –  
A welcome break by a running brook.  
Running up and down steps,  
So full of gladness.

I have taken time out of my busy life  
And put time in to appreciating  
The natural world, slowed and little,  
Reflected a lot, enjoyed being  
With others of like mind.

Bluebells to see  
Silence and cuckoo to hear  
Eyes and poems to be touched by  
Gorse flowers and company to taste

Light, shade  
Breeze, Buzz  
Calling, Singing  
Bubbling, Smoking  
Rock, Grass  
Drought, Leaves  
Stone, Soil  
Cloud, Field  
Words, Silence  
Hands, Feet  
Food, Water  
Bread, Dates  
Closed, Open  
Prayer, Poem  
Together  
Today  
To hope

*She swallowed me  
Held me solid  
Wishing for others  
To know this....  
soft  
sacred  
intimate  
pilgrimage  
Give me guidance  
to bring this to others*

A sea of faces  
bobbing between  
clouds of yellow  
1/8<sup>th</sup> out bluebells  
Sandhya's gift  
knowledge of  
wild salad  
very sweet lemon cake

When finally at the crest of the hill  
I heard the cuckoo  
I felt like dancing  
Shouting in the silence  
My thanks  
My welcome  
My joyful smile

*Emptying out surrender  
Giving up the need for it all to go according to plan  
Lying amongst dead leaves  
Felt like desire to move  
But glad I was  
that I did*

Stirring the ancestors  
Warm soft air touching my skin  
Prayers, heart, sacred  
Calling from the land  
Meeting and welcome from the ground  
My feet at home and wanting to touch the earth.

ОТВЕТ

меня

почему Вы не спрашиваете?  
чистая водная форма воды  
скажите привет овцам  
часть растущей вещи  
просто и глубокая природа  
просто и гражданские вещи

Answer Me

Why not ask?

Pure unpolluted water  
Saying hello to the sheep  
Being part of a growing thing  
Just deep nature  
Just being civil