

Love You Forever and Ever and Ever

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parts of the text inspired by “Broze Aarde” by Antjie Krog and “Water Me” by Cherish Menzo

PRELUDE

Once when the Earth was young,
trees were the tallest things in sight.

For all the creatures rain fell from
undiscovered skies to embrace sunfired soil,
gifting a skin of green and blue to this spinning ball.

Until one day the first-ever human cry tore desperately through the night.

Homo sapiens spread and swarmed the lands, subjecting all wild things to cultivation,
wielding sickles, soon to be machines evolving into
arms of mass destruction with which war was waged
and won – till memories of growing trees sank into myth and wood.

From fiery furnace to our central heating
– we have been static, stretching millenia of cattle-culture,
life deprived and limited,
ruthless monstrosities of evolution.

Still in their caul yet wreaking havoc,
these are the Children at the End of Times.

1. RECKONING

CHILDREN

See the mayhem we have caused.

Nothing pure will ever flow from these hands so stark
ready to corrupt everything they hold.

The future we have stolen from this place
and all those destined to call it home.
By fly-in tenors and meat-laden days
as we are witness to the slow death
of the one living place in all of space.
All you ever did was look away.
You were blinded – we are damned
for we have sinned, so unforgivably
that we are doomed forever to be guilty.
Guilty, guilty, guilty, guilty, guilty, guilty.
Bawl your eyes out. Disinfect your mind.
Rub off the grief. Polish your mood.

...

Tell me a tale from times when life was plentiful and beautiful!
Tell me a tale... Tell me a tale...

2. GLORY OF GAIA

CHILDREN OF GAIA

A Living Seed.

We have been blessed... I think?

A miracle under my palm, straight out of myth... I think?

A being bearing life.

A Single Living Seed!

Supposed to be long extinct,
or even not existed ever at all.

The race of Tree.

Do you feel the unbeaten bark,
in glistening dawn rising high above?

Crowned by budding branches,
enrobed in sprouting leaves.

Grow wide and tall...

To be a Tree is to care and to be cared for by your kin.

...

Blissful!

I feel within me now the forest.

Oh earth and air. So free and fair.

Praise the hills that rise with their blue breath in clouds!

Highest of the mountains. Make us your messengers of spring.

Heralds to the sweeping rivers flowing out from you.

Carving the land through billowing valleys of grass!

Blessed are the moon-pulled seas.

That hold life in whirling cloaks of oxygen.

Sprung from the phyto plankton pastures!

Glorious, the lands of green domain.

Of the winged seed that seeks to be the forest.

To be the ravine climbing ivy!

Hear the starling's squeals over the field!

Feel the spiky shells of chestnuts ripe!

Behold the glowworms and the fireflies and flowerhidden bee!

Spring to life as crane, columbine, crab, skylark, seahorse, snake.

Be bursting, be bursting!

To feel to feel to feel I am –

I am a speck of moss on rock.

I am a mountain among mountains.

I am the snowing cloud on frozen plains.

I am soaring birds in thunderous skies.

I am the one Earth, my planet, my body.

There is no "it".

We see no "one".

We see

she who changes everything she touches

and everything she touches changes.

All creatures surround her.

She is the eternal, the infinite and the One.

The way of love unto all beings: our Gaia.

3. SALVATION

DEVOTEES OF GAIA

Mild und leise
wie sie lächelt.
Seht ihr's Freunde?
Seht ihr's nicht?
Immer lichter
wie sie leuchtet
stern-umstrahlet
hoch sich hebt?
Freunde! Seht?
Fühlt und seht ihr's nicht?
Hör ich nur diese Weise
die so wundervoll und leise.
Wonne klagend, alles sagend
mild versöhnend aus ihre tönend
in mich dringet, auf sich schwinget
hold erhallend um mich klinget?

DEVOTEES OF THE DUTCH NATIONAL OPERA

Strong are her hands that yield
wild wondrous pounding beat
of memories so sweet.
Fill our ears with truth!
Come in and in and ever in...
Love's trailing tendrils seek out our wounded heart.
Dire, dire is the life deprived of song.
The lure, the lure, the gentle lure of song...
...
Again! Again! Again!
You will surrender!

Gaia calls for you!

Only listen, just listen...

Just listen and be transformed.

...

Your care, your warmth, your wisdom.

Ignite the darkness that surrounds us

so I can feel so I can feel

at home, at once a Whole.

Weep us. Lead us. Feed us. Believe us. Grieve us.

Take me. Save me. Soothe me. Spare me.

She'll heal me.

Love me Isolde. Love me Cornelia. Love me Agathe.

I am untethered, I am unbound –
unbound, unleashed, forever free.

I love you I love you I love you

I love you I love you I love you

I love you forever

and ever and ever and ever

and ever and ever and ever

and ever and ever and ever

and ever and ever and ever

and ever and ever and ever ...