

**MONSOON LIFE Aug 17<sup>th</sup>, 2016**

Just out of the corner of my eye,  
Just moving in the warm breeze  
Caught in the sun's bright light,  
A little thin wand of a branch waves  
Silently.

*(music begins)*

Somewhere a bird cries desperately  
Like a child calling for help.  
My mind says, 'Just a bird'.  
My heart reaches back to the cries  
In my past.

The noise swells and grows and hides the light.  
The branch rattles with the wind.  
The children cry and call.  
Their voices cut into my heart  
Like lightening.

Thunder beats out its rolling song.  
Rain thuds down on everything.  
Little branch-wand dances  
And the children's tears break open  
Soaking me.

. . . . . *(music only)*

Monsoon is like that.  
Building silently  
Before warning us of impending deluge,  
Before it changes everything, filling everything, becoming everything.  
The brightness of the now is interrupted and forced away by the darkness of the heavens.

Life is like that too.  
Expanding all ways.  
Before whispering to us of coming change.  
Before it takes us to the top of the mesa and hurls us to the bottom of the sea bed.  
The promise of the future is collapsed and folded down into the darkness of the now.

. . . . *(music only)*

Stranded in the midst of a furious storm  
We cannot escape even when we close the doors.

We have to ride it out.

Sometimes we run through it, heads down, trying not to slip into the rushing new rivers.  
Sometimes we roll up the windows, wait 'til it passes.

But – sometimes - we step out into it.  
Throw our heads back and lift our arms up and out to the pouring skies,  
Dare the lightning to strike us  
And sing out over the thunder.

. . . . . (*music only*)

(*music stops*)  
Out from the corner of my eye  
Trickling then pouring into  
The rivers from heaven  
The salt waters of my tears flow  
Silently.

(*music starts*)  
I feel my heart cry desperately,  
Yearning for the lost future.  
I tell her, 'It's not lost'.  
I hold her in the raging storm  
And we sing.

Our song swells and grows until it shines.  
Until it is all there is.  
Until the children sing.  
Until the deluge stops (*music stops*) and whispers  
'Peace is now'.

. . . . . (*music only*)

Then here we are, struck with the clarity  
Of the newly washed sparkling light,  
Of the rising smell of life,  
Of the unending beauty of  
Being present.

. . . . . (*music only*)

(*Music stops*)  
Monsoon is like that.  
Life is like that too.

(*Music tag*)