

Two Poems from the Deep Dive Session **Rituals for Hospicing Earth**

*Often I have felt that I must praise my world
For what my eyes and ears have seen these many years,
And what my heart has loved.
And often I have tried to start my lines:
"Dear earth," I say,
And then I pause
To look once more.
Soon I am bemused
And far away in wonder.
So I never get beyond "Dear Earth."*

- Max Knapp

May our eyes remain open even in the face of tragedy.
May we not become disheartened.
May we find in the dissolution
Of our apathy and denial,
The cup of the broken heart.
May we discover the gift of the fire burning
In the inner chamber of our being----
Burning great and bright enough
To transform any poison.
May we offer the power of our sorrow to the service
Of something greater than ourselves.
May we endure; may sorrow bond us and not separate us.
May we realize the greatness of our sorrow
And not run from its touch or its flame.
May clarity be our ally and wisdom our support.

- Edited, from *The Terma Collective*