

“to return to the dust, to the waters, to the winds... is to return to the spirit...”

from “Sisters of Dust, Sisters of Spirit”
Karen Baker-Fletcher

To brother Phillip –

And let my dying

And let my dying
Be as a return, with gratitude,
For this gift of the miracle of my life,
A return of dust to the dust of the earth,
Of waters to the flowing waters,
To the trees that have stood by,
Strong, in my many doubts,
To the winds that blow
Beyond our human breath.
And a return of spirit to spirit,
Brooding over the dark waters,
To the atoms that
Bounce from star to star.
All these, in profundis,
Are our true parents of parents,
To whom, in all our humanity,
We most deeply belong.
In this dance of living my dying,
And slowly letting go,
I am at peace, and wait,
With the gift of wonder,
For the next order of things
To arise from this blessed chaos—
The mystery of God.


with love and gratitude,
brother Augustine