

Green Light Mantra

lichen must trust
the stone they chose
to withstand snow
and not crumble
beneath the glare
of summer heat

a stone must trust
the mountain's stance
straddling creeks
and piercing skies
its roots wound deep
in seismic veins

mountains must trust
the clock of quakes
the steam of springs
the magma's flow
with perfect faith
that what breaks, builds

so let us grow
crooked and weird
and rugged wild
let us trust first
and fall often –
what builds, breaks free

Cassondra Windwalker