

# Nature Speaks



By PEL



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*Bernay Stream.* (Bernay, France.) photography by PEL

## Nature's Spiritual Poetry, Art & Music

By PEL



MEG. *Squirrel in Saint James's Park.* (Saint James's Park, London, United Kingdom.)

# Acknowledgements

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(<https://www.stmartin-in-the-fields.org/>)

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I wish to thank my sister MEG for the lovely photograph of the squirrel.



PEL. *Forget-Us-Not*. (London, United Kingdom.)

# Dedication

To

All That Is,

The Earth,

Nature

&

Us.

PEL



*White Wisteria.* (Orbec, France.) Photography by PEL.

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*Geese, Swans & Ducks.* (Gunnersbury Park, London, United Kingdom. photograph by PEL.)

Nature Speaks is a celebration of the Natural World.

# Preface

One day I felt the strong urge to write a poem but when I picked up the pen the poems wrote themselves. It was as if I was just taking dictation from some Spiritual Entity or Entities, who wished to send a message to the people of Planet Earth to help us navigate the difficult times ahead as we have to let go of the energies and frequencies of the Piscean Age and move into and embrace the very different energies and frequencies of the Aquarian Age. I felt that these Entities were very benign and loving so I trusted the process, and strange as it may seem I found that when I read these poems aloud, they seem to take on a magical and healing quality.

**[www.naturespeaksbypel.com](http://www.naturespeaksbypel.com)**



*Naturehood.* (France.) photograph by PEL

# Introduction

A Word From A Bird, The Aquarian and Hush should be read as a trilogy. The trilogy could be considered as an ode to the Earth and Nature at the dawn of the Age of Aquarius. A Word from a Bird is an introduction to the larger poem The Aquarian. The Aquarian is a magical poem, especially when read aloud, so the reader could find that each time they read it, they may discover something new. The Aquarian is basically a fairy story, but for some readers it may carry some Spiritual messages or ideas to think about. I was deeply moved by the messages in the two poems and I have tried to explain some of the references made in the poems below as I understood them. How the readers of these poems interpret the poems is a personal choice. Four characters appear in the poems. The Bird could represent those Spiritual Entities who especially care for the Earth and Nature and are speaking on the behalf of the animals, birds, trees, plants and Nature Spirits et cetera. Many people believe that every species on the planet have an Angel or Spirit working to care for and protect them from becoming extinct. For example the Great White Roo represents the Angel or Spirit which protects that species and the Indigenous people.

The symbol for the Aquarian Age is the water carrier which symbolises the Messenger. The Aquarian could represent one of many Messengers for the Aquarian Age from the enlightened Masters and Entities from the Higher Planes, who are constantly helping humanity to evolve spiritually. Moving from the Piscean Age to the Aquarian Age can create turbulent times, which the Earth, Nature and humanity are already experiencing because the energies and frequencies are so different. Those who cling on to the outgoing Piscean energy will find it painful until they let go and embrace the new energy. The Earth itself is moving into this new energy and to survive we must move with it. Change can be very scary for many people, but there will be nothing to fear except fear itself. The younger generations will find it easier to embrace these new Aquarian frequencies and will lead the way into the new Aquarian world. These changes will take some time and may be difficult for many people so the Angels and Spiritual Masters are trying to steady the ship by offering as much help as they can to guide humanity to evolve spiritually and they pray that we will listen.



*Brother/Sisterhood. Acrylic painting by PEL.*

Unconditional Brotherly/Sisterly love will always diminish and fade our fears.

Blue could represent the Piscean Age. Blue could also represent the Blue Throat Chakra, which encompasses Speaking, Preaching and Teaching. The Blue Throat Chakra could represent organised religions and praying to and serving a God separate and outside ourselves, the judgemental masculine God that many both love and fear, who describes himself as "I Am That I Am". Blue could also represent Jesus who many believe was a great enlightened Spiritual teacher and who appeared at the beginning of the Piscean Age to help humanity cope with the new Piscean energies and to help humanity to evolve spiritually. Jesus used the symbol of the fish which is the symbol of Pisces.

Rose could represent the feminine energy with the freedom and equality to work in harmony and creativity with the male energy to create together the brother/sisterhood required for the Aquarian Age to be successful. Rose could also represent the Third Eye Chakra, when working in harmony with Blue, the male energy. When the colours Blue and Rose are joined in harmony they create the colour Indigo which is the colour of the Third Eye Chakra. The Third Eye Chakra is more about meditation and going within to expand our consciousness to discover our own Spiritual journey. Rather than looking outside for Spiritual growth it is more about finding the God within. The I Am within ourselves. When the feminine and masculine energies come together in harmony, the I Am can expand to the We Are creating the colour Indigo. The Aquarian Age represents brother/sisterhood and self-realisation. Not just the brother/sisterhood between people and nations, but also between all living things including the Earth itself. The brother/sisterhood that Saint Francis of Assisi experienced and tried to show us. As we move further into the Aquarian Age, the old judgemental masculine God of love and fear will gradually fade along with organised religions, to be replaced with the unconditional love of the Mother/Father God or unconditional Divine Love and Spirituality which will make it easier for those in the Spirit realms to communicate with the material plane. Instead of praying to and relying on some external God to solve our problems, we all have to find the Christ Consciousness within us to create, with the help of our Spiritual friends, the peaceful and joyful future we would want, for ourselves and children. The Second Coming was never about the return of Jesus but rather the rise of Christ Consciousness within us all. Jesus foretold that in his teachings. The eternal battle was never about Good and Evil or God and the Devil, it has always been the challenge between Love and Fear. But unconditional brotherly/sisterly love will always diminish and fade our fears every time.



*Nature's Beauty.* (France.) photograph by PEL

As our animals and birds are much more in tune with Nature and the Earth, it is only appropriate that they should be the ones to carry the Aquarian's simple message around the world. They depend on us to take care of the Planet and Nature. The above ideas are some of what came to my mind after reading the poems several times. What each reader will make of them is up to them. What I have found however, is that if I read the poems aloud as if I am reading to an audience, then I often feel that an unseen number of entities gather to listen. Try it if you wish and see how you feel. I hope this Introduction can help the reader understand a little better what the poems could be saying.

Also, the songs in Nature Speaks have the tunes embedded in the words. Sing the words and the tune will emerge.

## A Word From A Bird

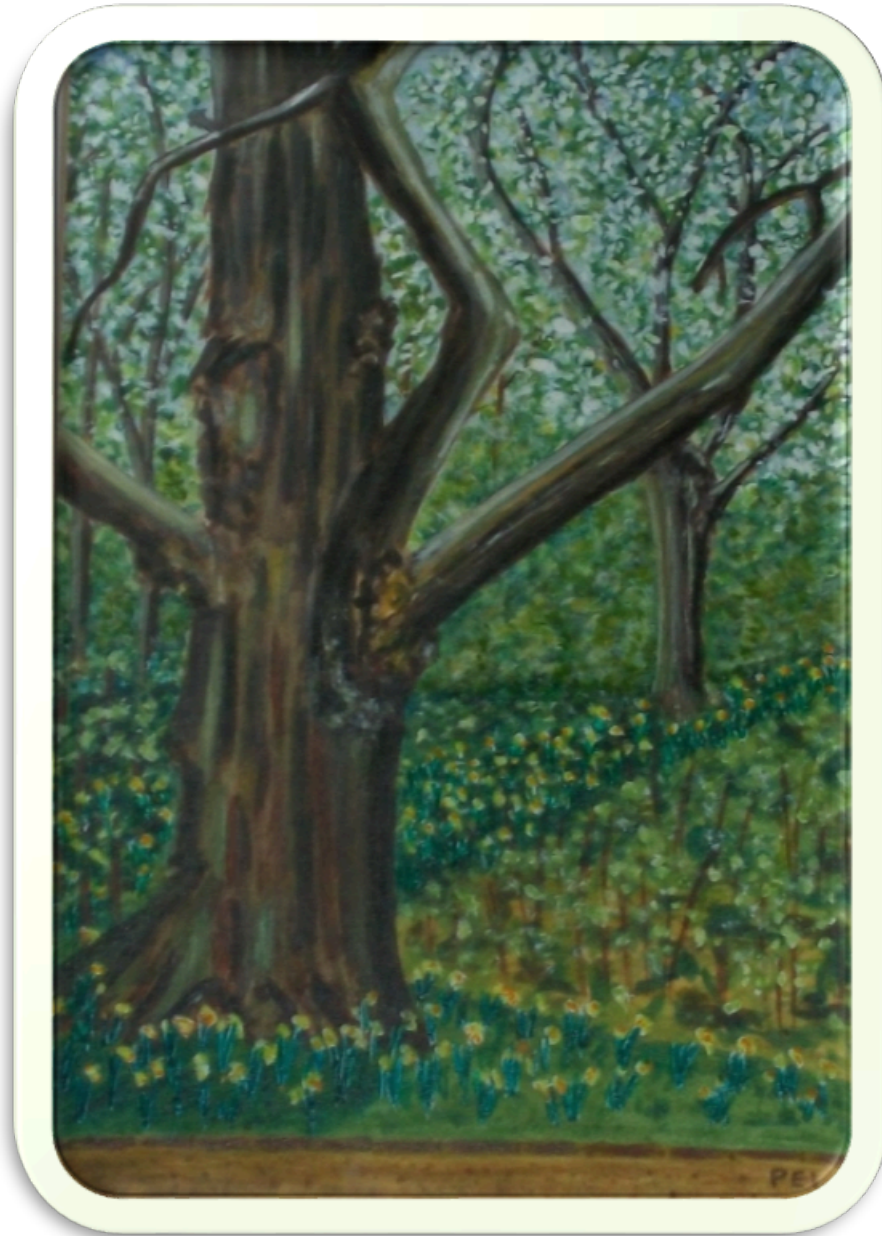


*Black bird.* (Gunnensbury Park, London) Photograph by PEL.

“We have taken care to use kind and thoughtful words  
We listened to our trees and we listened to our birds.”

Now here is a little and large poem  
Which we hope, in our hearts will find a home.  
And if we love it and give it our blessing,  
It will have the freedom, to roam and roam.  
Now, to bring it to life, with colour and sound,  
We found, it's meant to be read or sung aloud.  
For strange to us, as it may seem,  
We may get the feeling, we're talking to a crowd.  
We may get the feeling, we are talking to the unseen.  
For it carries its own hidden music and rhymes.  
Which seem to get better and louder in time.

And as we know, we all like good news,  
Because good news creates more good news.  
We have taken care, to use kind and thoughtful words.  
We listened to our trees and we listened to our birds.  
We listened to the Ocean and to the free herds.  
We listened to the fire, burning brightly.  
We listened to the wind, blowing lightly.  
We listened to the Earth, day after day  
And here's what they all have to say



*Walpole Park.* (London, United Kingdom) Acrylic painting by PEL.

"Who really pays the price Our courageous and caring terrific trees"

“Let’s forgive the mistakes of the past  
And stop worrying about the future, For the die has been cast.  
Just live in the present, to see what it brings.  
For the times that are coming, will show us, some amazing new things.”

But first a big thank you for the paper,that carries this poem  
For we must remind ourselves please,  
Who really pays the price, without a murmur or a moan.  
It is not you or me,  
Nor the birds nor the fish in the seas,  
But rather, our courageous and caring, terrific trees.  
Though we give it little thought, our trees pay the price,  
Every single day, so let’s be nice.  
Let’s give them in this poem, one free page,  
For our fast on coming, magical New Age.  
To listen to them, to let them have their say.



*A Word from a Bird.* (London garden) Acrylic painting by PEL.

We may find we might even fly like a bird,  
After all it's only one colour, one note, one word.

And though much of our World Is in such a big and scary shamble.

It only takes one with courage, to take a little gamble.

To believe the trees;

To listen to the breeze within the leaves.

And if we believe, their simple little message in this.

We may find our life in time, could become just bliss.

We may find, we might even fly like a bird.

After all, it's only one colour, one note, one word.

So why not try it. Test it out.

We have nothing to lose, except our pain,

And if we don't like it, we can throw it back out,

Until we're ready, until it comes around again.

So now it's time, to clean up the Planet.

Come on John, it's up to you and Janet.

Let's start right now and begin to plan it.

There's no time to wait for the rest.

First we're going to end starvation,

Then it's more conservation, re-forestation and preservation



*Black Bird.* Gunnersbury Park. London. photograph by PEL.

We're so fed up with our own pollution,  
It's time for our gentle revolution"

And that's just one solution.

We're so fed up with our own pollution.

It's time for our gentle revolution.

So come on, it's up to us, let's do our best.

And when we decide just to, let go our Hell,

For those that have fallen, for those that fell.

And when we decide to let go our fear and sorrow,

To create for our children, a safe and happy tomorrow.

And when, to our frightened and excited surprise,

We begin at last to slowly realise,

That sometimes, we are the Devil in disguise

And sometimes, we are as bright as Angel's eyes.

Then we can help us all, let go the war,

As we learn and grow and have some fun,

Like we know we did, many times before.

After all most of us are in the dark, travelling blind,

Searching for that spark, which one day, we're bound to find

Waiting for our children, to discover their own happy pilgrim.



*Autumn Colours.* Gunnersbury Park. London. photograph by PEL.

"So attention trees, stand at ease.  
God's Grace, Our Grace."

So attention Trees. Stand at ease

God's Grace. Our Grace

Hurray, thank you.

Now we've had our say.

And with no further ado,

Here's our little Fairy Story,

Called The Aquarian

For us and for you.



*Moonlight.* Oil. painting by PEL.

"The Aquarian comes a-riding, through the mists of Time.  
The Aquarian comes a-riding, striding once again."

# The Aquarian

## The Message

The Aquarian comes a-riding, a-riding, a-riding.

The Aquarian comes a-riding, through the mists of Time.

The Aquarian comes a-riding, striding once again.

He rides the Great White Horse and holds a steady course

He's riding fast, He's riding hard.

He sings in Rhyme. He sings in Morse

And holds the long awaited card, the Heart upon the Ace,

As he gallops, gallops, gallops through our Time

And kicks the dust up, through our Space.

He wears a Violet Coat.

With a blue scarf flying from his throat,

But his eyes are soft with sorrow.

He is coming from tomorrow.

He is coming through the night.

He is coming with the light.

He is coming to reward us.

And as He flies on our Horse, He sings our words of Morse.  
He sings and sings and sings, upon our Magic Horse of Wings.  
And now we hear the sounds, the sounds of our Rhyme;  
And feel the magic, the magic of our Grace,  
Coming, coming through our Time,  
As He gallops, gallops, gallops through our Space.  
He sings to us softly. He sings to us gently.  
"Little dancers look up now.  
Watch the colours changing somehow.  
Hear our footsteps on the Spaceway  
And let our feelings open day to day,  
As the Blue begins to fade away.  
It's all over now, Baby Blue.  
It's all over now."

Now the White Winged Horse comes to land  
And gives a graceful bow.  
We hear the Music, but where's the band?  
Our fears begin to melt;  
Our hearts are soft; we wonder how.  
Our magical Spiritual Teacher smiles a greeting,  
Then takes a Magic Crystal, from His jewelled belt.  
He breaks His longtime silence and melts away the violence.  
For He knows the Knowledge, the Knowledge of the Walls  
And the Power, the Power of the Crystal Balls.  
With a wink from His eye, He takes the Crystal in His hand,  
Whispers a command and points it to the sand.  
The ground begins to murmur; to move to His bid.  
The earth begins to shake; the stones begin to rise.  
The sand begins to fly and before our very eyes,  
Stands the Vision of the Lost Pyramid;  
Much to our amazement and surprise.

He then removes the seal, from the old stone door  
And from the chain around His neck, takes the golden master key.  
The Pyramid is opened, revealing the treasures on the dusty stone floor.  
He lifts the silver lid from the chest, inside the ancient Pyramid  
And takes the magic boomerang, the flying wooden stick,  
Waiting so long for Him, to do His very special trick.  
He looks at you. He looks at me,  
But thinks of us and sings of us;  
And as One, we look at Him in awe.  
Then suddenly, there seems to be no point at all,  
To weapons or to war.  
  
He brings to us, His gift of Tears.  
Tears of Shame; Tears of Knowledge; Tears of Laughter;  
Tears for the Past; Tears of Joy; Tears of Sorrow;  
And Tears - Tears for Tomorrow.

Now from His finger, our Longtime Fellow takes His Yin Yang Ring  
And with a sad sigh, spins it high into the air.  
It paints a picture in the sky; the colours falling on His hair.  
In a flash, we see the whole history of Love and War.  
We see each other, all passing through that same door.  
The passion, the love, the courage, the greed and the hate  
Moving joyfully, painfully and endlessly, through that same gate.  
Then we see the guns go silent, the metal melted down.  
A soldier appears and then begins to roam  
And in time, becomes a funny clown.  
The children laugh and laugh  
And we see, that he is pleased with this,  
His gentler and wiser path, which he, for himself has chosen.  
But sometimes the shadow of his former self,  
Will flash upon his inward eye  
And the children laughing, wonder why,  
Oh wonder why, their funny clown begins to cry.

And now the Aquarian spins and turns,  
His coat of Violet colours flashes in the sunlight,  
But His eyes are soft with sorrow.  
He is coming from tomorrow.  
He is coming with the light.  
He is coming to reward us.

And He's been here, many, many times before,  
Watching every single act, of love and war,  
But He couldn't sing His words of Rhyme.  
He couldn't sing his words of Morse.  
It wasn't time. It just wasn't time.  
That's why He couldn't sing,  
He rode a silent horse,  
That's why our weak, began to use some force.

And we thought He didn't care,  
Oh how, we thought He didn't care.  
We had looked for Him here  
And we had looked for Him there.  
Oh how, we had looked for Him everywhere,  
But we couldn't find Him, anywhere at all.  
He lived in a jewelled cave, behind a rainbow waterfall.

Now as the picture fades, the Aquarian catches His Yin Yang Ring  
And from our heart, wipes away the sting.  
He sings away the cold and melts away the ice.  
And from a box of gold, inside His Violet coat,  
He takes the Magic Crystal Dice  
And calling, calling to the Heavens,  
Throws the Magic Seven Sevens.  
And while we watch the flashing crystals  
And hear His magic words of Rhyme,  
The White Horse looks at Him and nods,  
As He sings His message from the Gods.

A message full of Tears.

A message full of Shame.

A message full of Joy.

And how were we to know, that our God;

Our God named Blue,

Was just a little boy,

Just a brilliant Hue.

And all this time, we lived in fear, of a God,

Whose only weapon, was just a little tear

And whose only wish, was to watch us play,

Upon our magic, swirling space ship;

Flying like a rainbowfish,

Through His twinkling, twirling, twilight,

Sparkling, Space Dish.

And now the Aquarian spins and turns,  
His coat of Violet colours flashes in the sunlight.  
But His eyes are soft with joy,  
He's come to spread the Word. He's come to take His Boy.  
The Age of Blue has come and gone;  
So magical and mystical and at times, so very hard.  
But from His Violet coat, He takes the long awaited card.  
The Baton for the New Age; The Heart upon the Ace  
And with a knowing grin and a spring in His toes,  
He hands it to a smiling child, blessed with the name of Rose;  
A very Special Girl, full of Power, full of Grace.

And as She takes the ancient card,  
She looks at Him in mild surprise,  
With a twinkle in Her eyes.

But She knows the Knowledge, the Knowledge of the Walls  
And the Power, the Power of the Crystal Balls.

And now She, begins to spin and twirl  
And sing and dance without a care.

So beautiful, this strange little Girl,  
Sending colours flying through the air;  
As She takes, in Her tiny little hands,  
The Whole Universe.

She adds a touch of Pink  
And the Kiss of Many Lands.

She sings Her little Verse, for our Spinning Universe.

She dances to the Stars, giving their Hurrahs,  
Then drops the ancient card, inside Her little purse.

Suddenly, the face of the Aquarian turns pure white,  
As He catches a flash, of falling pure starlight.  
He gives Rose a kiss and puts it in Her pocket.  
Then takes a Violet crystal, from His jewelled locket  
And with it, writes the Word, upon our magic Boomerang.  
The Word, as He galloped through our Space, He forever sang.  
And with His eye upon the Hidden Planet,  
He hurls our ancient Boomerang through the air  
And it whistles far, far, far, far out into Space  
And far, far, far out into Time,  
To signal, that the Blessing has been cast.

And as we learn from our past,  
We watch Him raise a new flag, up our mast,  
With a Love so strong and vast,  
It will bring a Peace to last and last.  
And all the time we thought, He didn't care  
To share His embrace; His Grace,  
With the Human Race.

Then with a wave, upon the happy Horse, the Aquarian sits.  
He points His Magic Crystal, at the Pyramid  
And smiles, as the Wall of Silence splits.  
He gallops through the Wall and down the Halls of Time,  
Where the Ancient Books are stored, of Knowledge, Love and Rhyme.  
And as He rides through the Hidden Door,  
He kicks the dust up, from the ancient, stone floor,  
But He leaves no traces. He leaves no trail,  
Except for the one Word, written on the Boomerang,  
Which He now engraves, with a feather of fire,  
Next to the one Word, already written on the Grail.

And this is His Gift of Grace.

This is His Present, to the Human Race.

The Aquarian's prayer and the Word - "We're."

The "We Are."

The first Word spoken, by Our Holy Father and Our Holy Mother together;

To their Universe, to their Creations, to their Holy Children.

We Are the Lord and the Lady.

We're your Divine Parents.

You are our Christ Children, in whom We're well pleased.

We're the Divine Family. The Divine Family is Us.

We're God.

We Are the Divine Trinity:

God the Father, God the Mother and Our Christ Children.

As above, so below.

We are the Father, the Mother and the children.

Together we are the "We Are", the "Our" and the "Us".

The Aquarian's Prayer:

"Glory be to our Holy Father

And to our Holy Mother

And to our Holy Children.

It was Us in the beginning.

It is Us now

And it shall be Us, forever and ever,

In Shaa Allah, Hallelujah, Amen."

Now the Aquarian lifts the Holy Grail

And His face turns ashen pale,

As He drinks the long matured Wine:

The Piscean Wine of Time; The Wine of Om;

The Wine of Power; The Wine of Wisdom; The Wine of Love;

The Wine of Worship; The Wine of Sorrow;

And as He drinks away the Blue,

He thinks of Us and sings Of Us,

And looks towards tomorrow.



*Scent Of Rose. (London, United Kingdom.) photograph by PEL*

A beautiful scent of Rose fills the space  
And a glow of Indigo shines upon His face.

Then from His coat of Brightness,  
He takes a fresh, sweet Wine:  
The Aquarian Wine of Space; the Wine of We're;  
The Wine of Truth; The Wine of Devotion; The Wine of Magic;  
The Wine of Brotherhood; The Wine of Happiness.  
And He pours it with His Prayer, into the Chalice.  
And smiles, as it glitters and bubbles and sparkles  
Away the fear, away the ignorance, away the malice.  
A beautiful scent of Rose, fills the Space  
And a glow of Indigo, shines upon His Face.  
Then He gently returns the Holy Grail,  
Alongside the coat of silver armour  
And the golden mace.

And now our Ancient Teacher plays the Pipes of Pan  
To awaken the Gods and Us to the Echo.  
He plays the Pipes of Pan, for the lovely, Lady Juno.  
Then He sings His Special Song, so the future won't go wrong.  
"When She dances, Her Colours rise and glow;  
When She sings, Her colours make the Rainbow  
And have you seen Her wrapped in Pink?  
Oh, She pushes Beauty, to the brink:  
So soft and delicate, Her Flower;  
So strong and timeless, Her Power,  
And can you hear the Pipes of Pan and the Echo  
Of the message, from the lovely Lady Juno ?"

Then He listens, for Her answer.

He listens for the Echo.

He listens to the Sounds of Silence,

While She, soothes away the violence.

And from the far away, Rose Pink Planet,

Where nothing, ever seems to go wrong,

He hears Her Healing Song.

He hears Her Healing Gong.

“We’ll be Ours, Ours for a song

And We’ll be waiting for Our braves,

One and All,

Inside Our Magic, Jewelled, Rainbow Caves,

Behind our Ancient, Healing, Rainbow Waterfall.”

And with that: The Words

“Ommmmmm” “I’m” (I Am That I Am)

“We’re’re’re’re’re’re’re” (We Are What We Are)

Flash upon our mirrors; flash upon our Mind;

Opening our Heart, to their Love, so kind

And echo, echo, echo from the shining Spirit Stars

And echo, echo to the sounding, of the Spirit’s Call

And echo down our Holy Halls

And echo through our Holy Walls

And out across our Golden Sands

And over our many different Lands,

Blessing our confused and frightened, Continents of Peace and War.

# Africa

Now heard by our patient, gentle Elephant,  
And in tune, with our regal Lion's roar  
And healing, our struggling African Continent,  
Where the cries of hunger, fill the air,  
As if we didn't care;  
And giving hope, to the frightened animal kingdoms,  
And the dwindling tribal freedoms.  
Then the Echo is cheered on by the Spirits, working with the Shamans,  
As it passes by, on its way, to the Mighty Oceans;  
Where it's carried, by our own, desperate, darling Dolphins,  
As they add their own, special high note,  
As magical, as any wizard's potions.

# Oceania & Antarctica

Now our clever dolphins carry the Echo with joy and ease,  
For many days through the never ending waves,  
Until it is suddenly flipped up, in the sunny breeze,  
To pass over the beautiful tropical Islands, shining in the sun; {Polynesia}  
Where the gentle people, lived in peace and care free fun  
And never really questioned, that together we are one.

Now, having gathered more beauty and charm,  
Our Words, go gecko-ing and echoing on and on,  
Over our many islands; bringing their healing balm,  
To our wild, Land of Birds and Beauty. {New Guinea}  
Once a paradise for Colour and tribal people,  
Still living in the trust of Nature's Bounty;  
Blessing their strife and blessing their spirit,  
While they're fighting for their life;  
Their Land torn asunder.



*Nature's Bounty.* Oil painting by PEL

Our wild Land of Birds and Beauty,  
Once a paradise for Colour and tribal people.

Now our ancient and beautiful Birds-of-Paradise,  
Dressed in colours, so unusual and incredibly nice,  
Fly the Echo, out to sea and drop it, in an amazing athletic feat,  
Where it is joyfully caught and carried, by our rainbow lorikeet  
To the Old Continent down under. {Australia}  
The Land of Desert, Spirit and Thunder,  
Where it flies and flashes, around our wonderful, Giant Red Rock;  
A holy and happy place, where the gentle people understand Everywhen a lot  
And the healing home, of our Great White Roo;  
But now She spends a lot of time, dreaming in Camelot,  
Because She, doesn't have a lot to do.



*Peaceful Pond.* Acrylic, painting by PEL.

Our beautiful southern Maori home,  
Where we once thought the giants used to roam  
And where Peace has found a pretty home.

Now after gathering more Healing, more Strength, more Power,  
The Echo is flown, over the Peaceful Ocean, by our laughing Kookaburra,  
To our beautiful, Southern Māori Home; {Aotearoa/New Zealand}  
Where we once thought, the giants used to roam  
And where Peace has found a pretty home.  
The Echo, having gathered more Hope, more Faith, more Light for our Soul,  
Is flown with Love, by our Southern Seabirds, to the sleepy South Pole  
And given to our pretty perfect Penguins,  
Who are always dressed, so formally and nice  
And carried with tenderness and care,  
Over our pure white, Continent of Ice.

# South America

Our Words, now clean and pure, are given to our clever Albatross;

The one the birds, like to call their boss

And with courage in her eyes,

She carries the Echo, towards our frightened, Continent of Fires.

Through the smoke and tears, she flies,

Where our tender, but frightened, loving trees

Rustle a final warning, to our friendly, forest creatures

Running from the scorching breeze.

And the trees, crying in the smokey sun,

Unable to run, finally give up, their longtime healing care

And fall into hell,

Simply because, they became something to sell.

And now the ashes, of our trees

Are blown and scattered, with the burning leaves

And are no longer able, to clean and renew,

Our cool and clear oxygen breeze.

Now our majestic and wise, White Eagle, takes the suffering Echo  
And flies it, over our melting, snow-capped mountains  
And through our dark, green jungles,  
Where our dwindling, forest trees, gather up the Echo once more,  
Then send it down, to the forest floor;  
Where our green-eyed snake, lies and cries,  
Hidden from our Black Panther's frightened eyes.  
Suddenly the Echo, bounces off our strange square pyramid,  
Gathering more Beauty, gathering more Peace,  
Amid the ghosts, where our gentle ancestors, used to roam  
And who loved the Forest and made it, their happy home.



*Snowy Mountains.* Oil, painting by PEL.

Now our majestic and wise White Eagle takes the suffering Echo  
And flies it over our melting snow-capped mountains.

# North America

Now the Echo is given more Colour and Beauty,

As it flies, with our painted Parrots,

Over our amazing, canopy of trees.

Then over the waters, carried by the breeze,

Until it's whipped up again, by the hot desert winds, {Mexico}

Blowing away all our fearful and ignorant sins.

And in harmony, with our wild bird calls,

As it goes ricocheting, through our mighty, Grand Canyon walls; {United States of America}

Where our Great White Buffalo, breathes His dying groan,

Remembering the longtime days, of fun and freedom,

When His tribe, used to play and roam.

The Land of Freedom, Dreams and Guns;

The land of caring, but fearful dads and mums,

Where all the races live together, in peace and strife,

Trying hard to find ways to accommodate, all walks of life.



*Forest Road. Acrylic, painting by PEL*

The Echo is now tenderly picked up again,  
By our red and golden leaves and sent rustling and bustling,  
Through our beautiful Canadian autumn trees.

The Echo is now tenderly picked up again,  
By our red and golden leaves and sent rustling and bustling,  
Through our beautiful, Canadian, Autumn Trees;  
Gathering more magic and momentum, as it dances  
Around and around, our ancient Poles of Totem:  
Until it's whirled, by our Nature Spirits, out to sea,  
Where it's taken up again, by our Great White Whale;  
Even though, He's feeling a little sick, and looking rather pale.  
But He carries the Echo, to our Land of Frozen Water,  
Lit up by our Multi-Coloured Sky.  
And with His tail, He flips the Echo high,  
Where it's caught, by the gentle paw, of our Great White Bear;  
Where She is now facing hunger, as the sea ice is becoming rare.



*Winter Cottage. Oil, painting by PEL*

Now She places the Echo inside a small white box  
And gives it carefully to our little White Fox,  
Who carries it safely over our carpet of snow.

# Europe

But She takes the Echo to the strange and magical, Magnetic White Pole,

Where She breathes in Pain and breathes out Compassion,

Simply just, to reduce our awful toll;

Simply just, to purify our air.

Now She places the Echo, inside a small white box

And gives it carefully, to our little White Fox,

Who carries it safely, over our carpet of snow;

So clever and quiet, no one would ever know,

Until He reaches, His own special place

And with a look of cunning on His face,

Gives the Echo, such a large throw,

It goes rushing and sliding, down the snowy slopes:

Striking the Viking, Fjords and Sounds, {Scandinavia}

In harmony with the howl, of our Great White Hounds.



*Wild Moon. Acrylic, painting by PEL*

The demon, devil dogs by man they were named.  
They ran with the Moon and remained untamed.

The demon, devil dogs, by Man, they were named,  
Because, to their freedom they clung, so unashamed.  
They refused the soft and unnatural, ways of Man.  
They ran with the Moon and remained untamed;  
Forever listening, to the Call of the Wild, from above,  
Their yellow eyes, reflecting the Colour of Her Love.  
But their long suffering, is now coming to an end,  
For now, we can only admire, their refusal to bend.  
Yes, we're talking about, our Great White Wolf,  
So sensitive and wild; Mother Nature's favourite child.

The Echo now feeling, forever wild and free  
Goes running with the wolves, through the frozen white trees;  
Blessing our cold and suffering, Country of Strength, {Russia}  
Where God was once pushed aside,  
In its supreme effort to make, a giant political stride.  
But the Echo with love, reaches out at arm's length.  
And goes on forgiving our ignorant and fearful sins,  
Until it reaches the coast, where the North Sea begins.



*Willow Pond. Acrylic, painting by PEL.*  
Our strange green Land of Leprechauns,  
Where Love and Peace has always been  
The Little People's questioning, artistic quest.

And now, with Her strange, laughing peal,  
The Echo is picked up again, by our beautiful White Seal  
And carried through the cold waves and winds,  
To our strange, green Land of Leprechauns: {Ireland}  
Where they made a silly mistake,  
When they kicked out, their harmless little snake;  
But they are as good as the rest,  
For Love and Peace has always been,  
The Little People's questioning, artistic quest;



*Glen Coe, painting by PEL.*

Our colourful Highlands,  
The land of Heather and the very strange lake.  
The home of our invisible monster snake.

Now the Echo, dances with the Fairies, down to the lovely, green Mull, {Scotland}  
Where it mingles, on the stony, white beach,  
With the very loud screech, of our Great White Gull;  
Who flies it, over the little Sea, to our colourful Highlands:  
The Land of Heather and the very strange lake;  
The home of our invisible Monster Snake.



*Christ Church Turnham Green. (London) Acrylic, painting by PEL.*

Now the words are echoed by the peal of church bells.  
As they pass through the broken Roman Wall.

Now the Words are echoed, by the peal of church bells,  
As they pass through, the broken Roman Wall  
And fly, through the Land of Pretty Gardens, {England}  
In harmony, with our Blackbird's call:  
Giving off sparks, as they dance  
Around and around, our strange and ancient, Ring of Stones;  
Gathering more Power, gathering more Magic,  
From the unseen Fairies, Elves and Gnomes;  
Who send them, singing through the trees,  
With our little birds and bees  
And on, to our Terrific, Topsy-Turvy, Toy Town, {London}  
Where we love to train, our very funny clowns.



*Regent's Canal, Camden Market.* (London) Acrylic, painting by PEL.

Now the Echo, stalling for a moment,  
Blesses the crowded market halls.

Now the Echo, stalling for a moment,  
Blesses the crowded, Market Halls and then goes,  
Rocking and Rolling, up to our Musical Roundhouse;  
Where the ghosts of Rock 'n' Roll,  
Love to play, as quietly as a mouse.  
Then like a Rolling Stone, full of Music,  
The Echo rushes on; Then leaves the land above  
And goes rocking, through our grand, Underwater Tunnel,  
To the Land of Romantic Dance and Love; {France}  
If they Can Can, then we all Can Can.



*Le Moulin De Pierre/The Stone Windmill.* (Hauville, France.) Acrylic, painting by PEL.

Now the Echo is caught by the windmills  
And blown through our flat and tolerant land of charm

Then up the Metal Tower, to gather a bit more Power,  
Before it flies, over the ploughed fields and through the multi-coloured trees;  
Blessing as it goes, our generous, wise old Donkeys,  
Who have worked so hard and so long for us,  
With very little thanks, but with very little fuss.  
Now the Echo is caught by the windmills, and blown  
Through our flat and tolerant, Land of Charm; {Holland}  
Which protects and means no harm,  
To our Ancient Herb of love and healing balm.



*White Trees Of Birch.* Acrylic, painting by PEL.

Let's create our dreams in our Garden of Colours,  
Surrounded by our beautiful White Trees of Birch  
Inside our wonderful and holy Earth Church.

And don't forget, if we love our plants,  
Then they will feed and heal and love us too.  
So let's just enjoy, living in our Longtime Zoo.  
After all, everything we do, is just a little stepping stone,  
Towards our spirit lands here and through the Ozone.  
So while we're here, why not enjoy, our Sky of Blues  
And create our dreams, in our Garden of Colours;  
Surrounded by our beautiful, White Trees of Birch,  
Inside our wonderful and holy Earth Church.



*Mountain View. Oil, painting by PEL.*

The Echo is flown, by our humble little sparrow  
Through the gorges and gaps, in our sunny White Alps, so narrow.

The Echo, now feeling a little happier,  
Races on, with a happy and a loud ring,  
To our beautiful, fairy tale castle: {Germany}  
The dream of a mad king,  
Where Wagner wove his magic, music wands  
And entertained the king, riding his wooden, White Swans.  
Now, having gathered more Music and Beauty,  
The Echo is flown, by our humble little sparrow, through the gorges  
And the gaps, in our great, sunny White Alps, so narrow, {Switzerland}  
It gives the Echo more energy, more sound,  
As it goes sliding with the snow, down and down,  
Until it reaches our wistful, lovers' Watertown. {Venice}



*Saint Francis Of Assisi.* (London) photography by PEL.

The Echo now pauses to smile and dances  
With the Echo of the message, left by St. Francis.

The Echo now pauses to smile and dances,  
With the echo of the message, left by Saint Francis.  
So far ahead of his time, his memory, forever will shine:  
For Saint Francis understood, the true meaning of brotherhood.  
In Assisi, the Earth, the Moon, the Stars and the Sun,  
Along with the flowers, the trees, the birds, the animals and man,  
Were all made to feel at home: a family of One.  
A message so simple, and yet for us, still hard to really understand.



*Jesus.* (Calvados, France.) photography by PEL.

And where we made Jesus our Holy Boss,  
But we never really brought Him down from His torture and His Cross

Now our brothers, the birds of Assisi, get very excited and busy,  
As they fly the Echo, over the lovely land of Italy:  
Through the church towns and past, the old leaning tower,  
Where it gathers more Joy, Wisdom and Power,  
To take it on, to the great Basilica Dome. {Vatican City}  
The home, of our sad, hardworking Pope,  
Dishing out Love and Faith and Hope:  
And where we made Jesus, our Holy Boss.  
But we never really, brought Him down,  
From His torture and His Cross  
And His poor Mother in the sky,  
Hasn't got a tear left to cry.  
And sad Mary Magdalene, who loved Him so very much,  
Is still waiting, for His gentle touch.

Now the Echo, with a leap over the little sea,  
Passes through, the Land of the ancient Olive Tree. {Greece}  
The Land, of the Gods' old playground.  
Where they've been sleeping for so long, without a single sound,  
Because they lost their powers;  
Because the dream they had, was really only ours.  
Now blown by the waking Gods' yawns,  
The Echo flies over the mysterious, Mediterranean Sea;  
Where the Gods, used us like pawns,  
Playing their wicked little tricks, on you and on me.

Then the Echo is whistled up with hope, by our playful dolphins,  
Who take it once more and send it, down to the Atlantic ocean floor:  
Spreading the good news and cheering up the Blues,  
In our wonderful underwater world, of Colour, Light and Sound;  
Still as free as Neptune was, when He was first crowned.

Now the Words gather some very strange and beautiful vibrations,  
Very different, from all the other nations,  
As they echo over, our lost Continent of Crystal: {Atlantis}  
Giving up its secret message, both simple and mystical,  
And where our ancient people loved to play and have their say,  
Until they strangely faded away and we inherited their day.  
And as the Echo passes by, their ancient Gods give a wistful sigh,  
Blowing it across the Seven Seas and through the clouds in the sky;  
And to the fish, the birds, the animals and the trees,  
While the Land plays the band.



*Tranquil Pond.* Acrylic painting by PEL.

The Echo is blown across the Seven Seas and through the clouds in the sky  
And to the fish, the birds, the animals and the trees,  
While the Land plays the band.

And the Words, echo echo on and on, from us to us to us,  
Not forgetting the flowers, with their special beauty and magical powers;  
And whispered from the trees, to our busy swarms of bees;  
And heard by the ants, busy helping magic plants;  
And cheered on, by our weird and frightening insect life,  
Unable to understand, why the sickness they carry,  
Is the sickness of our strife.  
And echoed, by our dwindling free herds, still allowed to roam,  
Giving strength and even more beauty to this,  
Their very first Aquarian poem.



*Russell Lupins.* (Orbec, France.) Photography by PEL.

And the words echo, echo on and on from us to us to us,  
Not forgetting the flowers, with their special beauty and magical powers.

And our poem too, which has been dedicated to the millions of things,  
Of beauty, on this sad and joyful journey, we have missed;  
And for the things of beauty, which we still haven't kissed:  
Which we hope we'll surely pardon,  
In our weird and wonderful, spinning Space Garden:  
As we go whizzing and dancing, through our Space  
And singing and living in rhyme, through our Time,  
Pleasing each other and our devoted and delighted Divine Grace;  
Knowing always, that He and She and us are creating and caring,  
For our crazy and colourful, eccentric Earth race.



*Bluebells. (Kew Gardens, London) photography by PEL.*

And our poem to, which has been dedicated to the millions of things  
Of beauty, on this sad and joyful journey, we have missed  
And for the things of beauty, we still haven't kissed.

Now the Echo says goodbye, to the Land  
Beneath the Atlantic Ocean, where the ancient city lies  
And sounding crystal clear, goes dancing with our colourful dragonflies,  
To bless the sunny, happy lands of Portugal and Spain.  
Where everyone is so welcome, to holiday and play,  
But where our brave, little White Bull  
Still has to suffer unnecessary pain, just to entertain.  
Then the Echo flies on, to charm and calm our Holy City.  
Still not yet at peace, which for us, is such a pity.  
But as the Echo flies by, it blesses our Land of Clever Jews,  
With their symbolic shoes and ancient views.  
"If they're the chosen people,  
Then what about the rest of us?"  
Said the wise old Turtle,  
To the pretty worried, clever octopus.



*Nature's Magic.* Oil, painting by PEL.

Now sounding crystal clear, the Echo goes dancing with our illusive butterflies  
To bless the sunny, happy Lands of Portugal and Spain.

# Asia

The Echo, now takes a camel ride, with a desert nomadic tribe,  
Who for their own ancient reasons, still wander with the seasons:  
Moving and meditating in the stillness, underneath the desert stars,  
With their ever faithful camels, acting as their desert cars;  
Where the land moves like the ocean, making sandy waves  
And where the winds hollow out the mountains, making hermit caves.  
Then the Echo is tossed up gently, by the desert winds  
And blown through the many different and colourful Lands,  
Of Allah's very special, sad and sorry children;  
Who love Him, so very, very much,  
But are frightened of Her, lovely Healing Touch.

Finally, the Echo reaches the beautiful, blue turquoise mosque, {Tabriz, Iran}  
Where it gathers more knowledge, more wisdom, more trust,  
Before it goes whirling on, through more desert Lands; {Afghanistan}  
Stirring up the dust and the ancient music bands.  
And as it echoes, through the wild Khyber Pass,  
It dances with the wind and the wild grass.  
Then the Echo, passes over Allah's youngest Land, {Pakistan}  
Blessing the many mosques, all looking so simple, yet so grand.  
And after singing in harmony, with the Muslim's morning prayer,  
The Echo now says goodbye, to the Lands of Islam and the clean, desert air.

Now the Echo is carried, by the common little pigeons,  
To the strange Land of love and fast and colourful religions. {India}  
To seek our Glorious Golden Dome  
Where Her Love, loves to roam and roam  
And keep safe, our frightened Tiger's home.  
And where the friendly, calm cow and the wicked wild monkeys,  
Can be found living with the people, within the crowded cities:  
And where many holy men have seen the light  
And have led their patient people, through the darkness of their fright.  
Now the Echo follows the flow, of the holy Ganges River,  
Blessing the crowds on the banks, praying to Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva,  
Until it reaches the warm Indian Ocean,  
Now feeling refreshed, by Her warm Love and undying Devotion.



*Indian Peacock. (Kew Gardens, London, photography by PEL*

Now the Echo is carried by the common little pigeons  
To the strange Land of love and fast and colourful religions.

But soon the Echo is picked up, by our very pretty Porpoise,  
Who just loves to have a purpose.  
So She sails it over the sea, with laughter and glee  
And then, sends it whizzing through the Lands, of the many beautiful, Golden Temples, {Myanmar}  
Bringing smiles and a splash of pink, to our lovely children's dimples;  
The Lands, where the many Golden Buddhas serenely smile, mile after mile, {Thailand}  
Because they understand, that suffering and joy,  
Are just the opposite sides, of the same blessed toy,  
That God gave us, to help us see the Light:  
To help us live, our eternal, Spiritual Flight.



*Boy On A Bicycle In Bali.* (Pantai Kubu/Kubu Beach, Bali, Indonesia.) Acrylic, painting by PEL.

Now the Echo, tinged with a lovely golden hue is carried  
To the mystical and magical Land of Bali.  
An island in the sun, where the life they lead is holy.

Now the Echo, tinged with a lovely, golden hue,  
Rushes on, blessing the busy rice fields and jungles,  
Down the Malaysian coast and out to the ocean blue;  
Where it's carried by the waves and the winds,  
To the mystical and magical land of Bali.  
An island in the sun, where the life they lead is holy;  
For the gentle people, with the Spirits, work and play,  
To create a wonder, of music, art and dance, day by day  
And where their troop of colourful, dancing monkeys,  
Add their special, grace and beauty  
Chanting, to warn the Goddess from the Demons  
And kept in harmony and balance, by their Shamans,  
While dancing to the music, of the gamelans.



*Autumn Leaves.* (Gunnensbury Park, London, UK.) Photography by PEL.

Now the Echo is carried by the butterflies and breeze,  
Through the gardens of the golden, red and orange maple leaves

Now our gentle giant manta ray has the exciting notion  
To swim the Echo through the great Pacific Ocean  
Because he has the wise foresight to see  
The islands of the pretty Cherry Blossom Tree: {Japan}  
Now the Echo is carried on by the butterflies and breeze,  
Through the gardens of the golden, red and orange Maple leaves;  
Blessing the clever people, for their exquisite sense of beauty,  
So simple and pure and inspired from above.  
And then with laughter in their eyes, and a perfect sense of duty,  
They signal to the butterflies, to pass the Echo, to our peaceful White Dove.

Now the Bird of Peace, flies the Echo, across the waters,  
To the Land of rice fields and warm saffron hills; {China}  
Where so many, live and work together in peace,  
Struggling each day, just to pay their bills:  
And where our sleepy Magic Dragon, stirs in Her Longtime cave  
And gives Her long awaited smile,  
When She hears the Echo, coming over the waves.  
And as it passes by, She gives it a gentle puff,  
To speed it on its way; to bless Her ancient people,  
Who like Her, are wise and gentle, but also very tough.  
Then She chooses the dragon, who She thinks is the cleverest,  
To take the Echo, over the Great Wall and on to Mount Everest.

Now in the pure, thin air, the Echo dances around our Great White Peak,  
Where the ancient temples lie and where Truth and Wisdom,  
Can be sometimes seen, playing hide-and-seek.  
And did we know?  
Yak yak, yakity yakity, yak yak yak.  
There is a friendly, wild cow,  
Who lives in freedom, on the snowy slopes, of Nepal.  
She loves to play and roam and for her, life is just a ball.  
And yet, she loves to share her tasty milk,  
With the gentle people, dressed in silk,  
Who live with her, inside her happy home.  
She lives a life of health and ease  
And has never even heard of, mad cow disease.



*Moonscape. Oil, painting by PEL.*

The Echo passes by the God's prayer wheels and chimes,  
In harmony with the cold waterfalls, splashing their eternal rhymes.

Now the Echo pauses, for it has but one regret;  
It has come at last, to bless our Holy Land, Tibet:  
Still waiting gently and patiently, for its freedom,  
While it shares with us, its truth and love and wisdom.  
So with a blessing, to our gentle Dalai Lama  
And a blessing, to Planet Earth's longtime karma;  
The Echo passes by, the Gods' prayer wheels and chimes,  
In harmony, with the cold waterfalls, splashing their eternal rhymes  
And then flies out, over our beautiful, magic healing rainbow  
And far far far far, out into Space  
And far far far, out into Time,  
To the Magical World Of Ooo  
And beyond.

And this is our present.

This is our amazing Grace.

Ommmmmmm present.

We're're're're're're present.

For as we know; God is omnipresent

And now we know; We are Omwe'represent.

And together, we are one,

Here and now:

And with that, our Aquarian, He takes a little bow.

And in a flash, He disappears within a Spiritual Violet Flame

Leaving nothing, but our own tears.

And now we can't find Him, anywhere at all.

He lives in our, Jewelled Rainbow Caves,

Behind our ancient, healing rainbow waterfall,

With the lovely Lady Juno, wrapped in pink;

Both pushing Beauty, to the brink.

And now, as our stardust slowly settles,  
Upon our beautiful, pink rose petals;  
We could think, that maybe "We're" the second coming,  
As the Christ Consciousness within us all, begins rising.  
For we know God is very clever and at times quite surprising.

And poor Jesus, could do with a very long rest,  
After all for two thousand years, He's done His very best.  
Isn't it about time, we got off our knees and took up the quest.  
And though we know, it's hard to let go our favourite Son;  
Isn't it something we must do, to show Him, His Love has won.  
And deep down we know really, that His work has been done;  
For we all suffered, to show us, we are but one.

So now that we have the "We're with all"  
We can let go our fears and sing:  
"We're off to see our witches,  
Our wonderful witches of Ooo,  
Because, because, because, because  
Of the wonderful things we do."



*The Dawn Of The Aquarian Age. Acrylic. Painting by PEL.*

And they disappeared into the darkening evening sky,  
With Father Sun setting pink and Mother Moon rising high.

# The Beginning

"Gee whizz, I really enjoyed that", cried Blue,

"But yipes! I think I'M in big trouble."

"But WE'RE going to be just fine", laughed Rose

"Don't worry - be happy,

We're going to really shine."

And holding hands, they skipped up the rainbow, singing

"Here we go Indigo. Here we go Indigo."

And together, they were one.

And together, they were Indigo.

And they disappeared, into the darkening, evening sky,

With Father Sun setting pink and Mother Moon rising high;

A family of Light, with the Baby Stars all aglow.

They disappeared, into the colour of "We're" - wise Indigo.



*A Land Beyond.* Acrylic, painting by PEL.

All happy creatures are in Heaven  
And even the unhappy ones will eventually get here,  
When they give up their doubt and let go their fear.

# From us to us

This little story was brought to us by,

The tree, the bird and the animal spirits,

With help from some human spirits,

And inspiration from the Angel of Hope, the Angel of Rhyme

And the Angel of Aquarius - the Angel of Us.

This story was first penned in 1996.

$1996 = 1 + 9 + 9 + 6 = 25 = 2 + 5 = 7$

All happy creatures are in Heaven,

And even the unhappy ones will eventually get here;

When they give up their doubt and let go their fear.

Penned by PEL, a friendly We'rewolf.

# Explanatory Notes

## The Aquarian

### 1. NEW GUINEA:

"While they're fighting for their life, Their Land torn usunder. During the 1880's the colonial powers of Britain, Holland and Germany divided the country of Papua New Guinea. In 1975 East Papua New Guinea gained its independence. In 1969 Indonesia annexed West Papua New Guinea after the Dutch left. The Indigenous people of West Papua are not happy with the occupation of their country by Indonesia and have been fighting for their freedom ever since.

### 2. AUSTRALIA:

A holy and a happy place, where the gentle people understood Everywhen a lot." The Aboriginal people were aware that Time is both cyclical and circular. They realized that the concepts of Time rely on encounters with both the Ancestral or Spiritual Realms and the Natural World. In other words Time as we perceive it does not exist in the Spiritual Realms. They understood that everything happens in the Eternal Present or Everywhen as translated by W Stanner an anthropologist to explain the indigenous Australian concepts of Time.

### 3. NEW ZEALAND:

"Where we once thought the Giants used to roam." Some people including early white settlers believed in the existence of Giants in New Zealand, due to the Maori oral traditions, that speak of the Patupaiar and the Maero. They are sometimes described as Giants or Wild Men of the Woods and are considered to be supernatural beings. Some people now think that like the Yeti and the Sattquat they have the ability to pass through different dimentions, which is why they are rarely seen and have the ability to disappear, when spotted by humans.

### 4. USA:

Where our great White Buffalo breathes his dying groan.

According to the First Nations'beliefs the White Buffalo symbolizes a prophecy of change and a sacred omen. The White Buffalo Calf Woman

or Pte-san-win-yan appeared to the Lakota Nation delivering the sacred pipe and teaching them the 7 sacred rites. before transforming into a White Buffalo Calf. Her return often prophesied to be in the form of a White Buffalo Calf is seen as a sign that prayers are being heard and that significant changes are coming, both blessings and warnings.

The recent birth of a White Buffalo Calf in Yellow Stone National Park has sparked a renewed interest in the prophecy and its meaning for the tribes who share the land with the Bison. The White Buffalo Calf is a sacred symbol for many First Nation communities including the Sioux, Cherokee, Navajo, Lakota and Dakota. It is now becoming apparent to many spiritual people that enlightened Spiritual Messengers have the ability to shape shift if they have the need or wish to. There are still many mysteries in All That Is, which we haven't even begun to touch on yet.

#### 5. IRELAND:

[a] "When they kicked out their harmless little snake." The legend of St. Patrick driving the snakes out of Ireland is not historically accurate as there is no evidence of any snakes inhabiting Ireland. The "snakes" in the story are widely seen as a metaphor for the evils of the Pagan and Druidic religions, which St. Patrick worked to replace with Christianity. Ironically both these so called evil religions revered Nature and were deeply intertwined with it. The Pagans viewed Nature as sacred and a source of Divine Power. The Druids also viewed the Natural World as sacred and imbued with Spirit.

[b]" The Little People's questioning, artistic quest." In Irish folklore the Little People refer mainly to Leprechauns and a variety of fairies. These beings are often depicted as small supernatural beings and can be mischievous if disturbed or annoyed. They are a significant part of Irish mythology and are believed to inhabit ancient settlements and other hidden places. They are often associated with having magical powers. In some traditions they are linked to a pre-Celtic race, but when the humans arrived they are believed to have retreated to the Otherworld or another Dimension and became fairies or Sidhe. Fairies, Nature Spirits and Leprechauns have the ability to move between

the Otherworld and the Natural World. They are part of Nature and help plants and flowers. Because they vibrate at a higher frequency they are difficult to see, but some people with psychic abilities are able to observe them.

#### 6. ENGLAND:

Where the ghosts of Rock n' Roll Love to play as quietly as a mouse." From 1966 to 1976 many Rock artists performed at the Chalk Farm Roundhouse in London.

These musicians included The Doors, Pink Floyd, Jimi Hendrix, Jeff Beck, The Rolling Stones, Led Zeppelin, Fleetwood Mac, David Bowie, The Yardbirds, The Who, Janis Joplin, Otis Reading, The Incredible String Band and many others. Since then a number of these musicians have now passed on, however they have left their musical imprint in the walls of the building.

#### 7. GERMANY:

Where Wagner wove his magic, music wands And entertained the King, riding his wooden, White Swans." King Ludwig 11 often called the "Swan King" had a fascination with swans that stemmed from his childhood and for his love for the Wagnerian Operas, particularly Lohengrin, the Swan Knight. He was Wagner's patron. He liked to ride in swan shaped boats and was also known as the "Mad King" because of his extravagance and romanticism.

#### 8. BALI:

"Chanting to protect the Gods from Demons." The Kecak or monkey chant dance with its rhythmic chanting depicts the battle from the Hindu epic Ramayana. The Demon King Ravana abducts the Goddess Sita, the wife of the God Rama and carries Her off. With the help of the Monkey God Hanuman, Rama is able to defeat the Demon King Ravana and rescue his wife Sita.

## Hush

1. "And when we all leave our own jar-ha-ha." I heard somewhere that if a flea is put in a jar and a lid placed on top then after bumping its head a few times, the flea conditions itself to jump just below the lid. If after some time the lid is removed apparently the flea will never jump out of the jar. Whether this story is true or not it illustrates the point very well, that when we are born into this world, we are all conditioned in some ways. First by our parents, then teachers, society, culture, religion and politics etc. Sometimes we have to free ourselves from some or all of that conditioning to find our true creative free selves.



*Still Waters.* Acrylic, Painting by PEL.

So Hush, little babies just say the Word.

# Hush

And when we all, oh come on babies help us, yeah

Let go the war;

And, we're going to love us like,

We know, we said, we did before.

So Hush, oh little babies, just say the Word

And Mama's going to send us, a mockingbird,

And when our mockingbird, begins to sing,

Oh Mama's going to show us, some brand new things.

And when those new things begin to shine,

Oh, Mama's going to show us a very good time.

And when that word 'We're', oh ring-ing-ing-ings in our ears

Oh Mama's going to take away our tears,

And when our tears begin to dry,

We'll never have to say, again goodbye;

And when we lose our fear to die,

We'll never have to say, Oh my - my, my.

So hush, oh little babies, let's sing the word,  
And together we'll send us that mockingbird,  
And when our mockingbird, begins to sing,  
Oh we're going to take away the Sting.  
And when good old Sting, - begins to sing,  
We're going to say - Oh what a brand new thing;  
And when we sing, oh yeah, with good old Sting,  
We're going to take away our sin.

And when we all, oh lost our faith and sinned,  
Then we all, oh began, to fence us in.  
But when we all, oh come on babies, help us yeah  
Let go the war.  
And we're going to love us like we know, we said, we did before.

So hush, oh little babies, let's dance the word,  
And together we'll be our mockingbird.  
And when our mockingbird, begins to fly,  
We'll soar right up, oh, through our sky;  
And when we see us, oh from that far,  
We're going to say, oh, what a pretty star.

So hush, oh little babies, let's sing the word,  
And together we'll be our mockingbird.  
And when we sing - oh with good old Ra.  
We're going to be that healthy star.  
And when we dance - oh with good old Yeshua,  
We're going to be that loving star.  
And when we sing - oh with good old Lucifer.  
We're going to be that forgiving star.  
And when we dance - oh, with good old Brahma,  
We're going to be that holy star.

So hush, oh little babies, let's dance the word,  
And together, we'll be our mockingbird.  
And when we sing - oh Hallelujah,  
Oh we're going to be that gentle star.  
And when we dance - oh In Shaa Allah,  
Oh we're going to be that peaceful star.  
And when we laugh - oh, with good old Buddha- ha-ha,  
Oh we're going to be that happy star.  
And when we all leave our own small jar- ha -ha,  
Oh we're going to be that freedom star.

So hush, oh little babies, let's dance the word,  
And together we'll be our mockingbird.  
And when our mockingbird begins to fly,  
Oh, we'll go soaring, right through our sky,  
And when we see us, oh from that far,  
We're going to say, oh what a pretty star.  
And as we sing, oh, through our Time,  
We're going to stay, oh, stay in rhyme,  
And as we dance, oh, through our Space,  
We're going to feel, oh, full of grace.

So hush, oh little babies, let's sing the word,  
And together we'll be our mockingbird.  
And when that word 'We're', oh, ring-ing ings in our ears  
We're going to take away our fears,  
And when our fears, oh, finally fade,  
We'll be that wonder, that God has made.  
And when we all, oh, forgive the Devil and sing.  
We're going to say, oh, what a brand new thing.

So hush, oh little babies, let's be the Word,  
And together we'll be our mockingbird.  
And when we all, oh, begin to dance and sing,  
We're going to take away the Sting.  
And when that Sting, don't hurt, no more,  
Oh, Mama's going to open our Heaven's Door.  
And when we all go - singing in,  
Oh, Mama's going to start the Game again.  
Mama's going to start -  
The Game again.

PEL

**HUSH.**

[Based on "Hush, little baby don't you cry" by Monroe H Rosenfield under the pseudonym F Belasco]



*Up Above Our Moon.* (Orbec, France.) Acrylic, painting by PEL.

Up above our Moon sooo high  
Like a blue opal in our sky.

# Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Stars (Song)

Flitter, flitter butterfly, oh how we love your colour go by,

Up above our flowers, sooo high,

Like a dance in our sky

Flitter, flitter butterfly, oh how we love your dance go by,

Flitter, flitter butterfly, oh how we love our dance go by.

And how we love - - - our dance go by.

Flutter, flutter little bird, oh how we wonder, what you heard,

Up above our trees, sooo high,

Like a free spirit in our sky.

Flutter, flutter little bird, oh how we wonder, what you heard.

Flutter, flutter little bird, oh how we we'd love, just one word.

And how we'd love - - - just one word.

Glitter, glitter little stars, oh how we love your songs go by,

Up above our stage, sooo high,

Like a dream in our sky.

Glitter, glitter little stars, oh how we love your songs go by,

Glitter, glitter little stars, oh how we love our songs go by.

And how we love - - - our songs go by.

Twinkle, twinkle little star, oh how we wonder who you are,  
Up above our Moon, sooo high,  
Like a blue opal, in our sky.  
Twinkle, twinkle little star, oh how we love just who you are,  
Twinkle, twinkle little star, oh how we love just who we are.  
And how we love - - - just who we are.

Twinkle, twinkle little star, oh how we wonder what you are,  
Up above our World, sooo high,  
Like a diamond in our sky.  
Twinkle, twinkle little star, oh how we wonder what you are,  
Twinkle, twinkle little star, oh how we wonder what we are.  
And how we wonder - - - what we are.

Twinkle, twinkle little star, oh how we wonder where you are,  
Up above our Earth, sooo high,  
Like a pink rose in our sky.  
Twinkle, twinkle little star, oh how beautiful you are,  
Twinkle, twinkle little star, oh is our home so very far.  
And is our home - - - so very far.

Twinkle, twinkle, little stars, oh how we wonder what you see,  
Up above our Planet sooo high,  
Like a million mirrors in our sky.  
Twinkle, twinkle, little stars, we hope you're pleased with what you see,  
Twinkle, twinkle, little stars, we hope we're pleased with what we see.  
And we hope we're pleased with - - - what we see.

**PEL**

(Based on "The Star." by Jane Taylor.)



*Through The Trees.* (Gunnersbury Park, London) photography by PEL.

She whipped through the trees and hung on to the breeze.

# Angels, Human Beings And Orangutans

And so it seems -

That the only thing we can count on

Is the unreliability of life on Earth.

The only thing constant is change.

And Human Beings seem to look

Like pathetic Angels,

Struggling in a heavy mass;

Weighed down by gravity and fear,

Trying desperately to free themselves

From the pleasures and burdens of life.

Much like the noble, but sad and poignant Orangutan,

Who looks out from the jungle trees,

With eyes that know;

Like a pathetic Human Being.

But with arms that remind her

That she will always be tied to the trees.

Just as the trees will always be tied to the Earth;

And the Earth always tied to the Sun and the Moon.

Orangutan, Orangutan  
Eyes of sorrow;  
Eyes that sang,  
As she whipped through the trees  
And hung on to the breeze.  
She flew, she flew  
For just a moment or two.  
But she knew;  
She knew; that as a man,  
She would roam the land  
And rule;  
Until the Angels caressed her cheek,  
With a song, of how she left the trees  
To roam;  
Only to find,  
That she had never really  
Left her home.

And now, we are

Monkey and Man and Angel

In one.

A fearful and beautiful creature

Of Earth.

Looking out with eyes

Of Hope and Sorrow;

To the Universe out there

Beyond tomorrow.



*Standing In The Cold Winter.* Acrylic, painting by PEL.

Standing in the cold winter, reaching out to the full Moon

# Silence Speaks

Standing in the cold winter  
Reaching out to the full moon,  
Here is a tree.  
Tall and alone in its strength,  
So vulnerable to the world.  
Without any defence.  
Except for its bark  
Without even a bite.

Here it is standing  
In joy and in pain,  
It has never moved  
For a hundred years.  
Rooted to the ground,  
In sun and in rain.  
It has never been able  
To run from its fears.



*Standing In The Cold Winter.* Acrylic, painting by PEL.  
Standing there silently Simply speaking to us.

It listens and it learns  
It breaks and it burns,  
Cleaning the air,  
While covered in dust.  
Doing its duty  
In the order of things,  
Unaware of its beauty,  
Or of its crooked  
Time rings.

And giving off  
A colourful aura of trust.  
Doing its duty  
Without any fuss.  
Standing there silently,  
Simply speaking to us.



*Coming Home. Acrylic, Painting by PEL.*

Coming home  
Is not so bad.

# Coming Home

Slowing down,  
Just seems to happen.  
Time running out,  
What was that all about.  
The mystery unresolved;  
Does it matter.  
The body complains,  
The mind doesn't listen

Enjoying the freedom  
From the mad rush.  
Enjoying the day  
With nothing to say.  
Taking life easy  
At one's pace.  
Coming back to Nature  
After so long.

Now sometimes just being  
Is more rewarding than doing.  
Feeling the joy,  
As lovers walk by.  
Laughing at small children;  
They do entertain.  
Feeling the love  
Between parent and child.

Feeling the peace  
Rising within.  
Looking back to the past  
With an embarrassed grin.  
Touching life  
With a gentle hand.  
Being alone  
Yet feeling connected.

Doing less thinking  
Creates more space.  
Allowing consciousness  
To move so far out,  
Embracing all  
That can be seen or heard.  
Feeling so small  
Yet touching the stars.

Feeling blessed by the Angel,  
Who walks alongside.  
Grateful for the protection.  
Of such a wise guide.  
The body is tired,  
The spirit more joyful.



*Standing In The Cold Winter. Coming Home. Acrylic, Painting by PEL.*

Looking ahead with no clear view.

Remembering the travels,  
That went so far.  
Remembering the people,  
When hearts were touched.  
Now retracing the steps  
In the comfort of mind.  
And reducing all religions  
To just two words, be kind.

Feeling tired  
With nothing more to do.  
Leaving all this beauty behind  
Is quite sad.  
Looking ahead  
With no clear view.  
Was that the thought  
Before our birth.



*The Dawn Of The Aquarian Age. Acrylic. Painting by PEL.*

Resting in the shade  
Of a fine looking tree  
Leaving behind all this wonder  
Is quite sad.

Resting in the shade  
Of a fine looking tree.  
Leaving behind all this wonder  
Is quite sad.  
But sometimes the tired body  
Feels just a little glad.  
Coming home  
Is not so bad.

Coming home  
Is not so bad.



*Spring Flowers.* (Worcester, United Kingdom.) Acrylic, painting by PEL.

And when our wars break out with a big boom  
Our spring flowers will still bloom.

# Keep On Keeping On (Song)

And when life gets hard and tough,  
And we end up in the rough.  
Then keep on keeping on. Oh keep on keeping on.  
Just keep on keeping on.

And when love flies out the window,  
Leaving us lonely and low.  
Then keep on keeping on. Oh keep on keeping on.  
Just keep on keeping on.

And when fate throws us a bad deal,  
And we end up broke without a meal.  
Then keep on keeping on. Oh keep on keeping on.  
Just keep on keeping on.

And when the seeds we sow don't grow,  
And the people we meet don't know.  
Then keep on keeping on. Oh keep on keeping on.  
Just keep on keeping on.

And when we're feeling too tired to even try,  
Ready to lay down and die.  
Then keep on keeping on. Oh keep on keeping on.  
Just keep on keeping on.

And when we hear the hungry children's calls,  
And another rainforest falls.  
Then keep on keeping on. Oh keep on keeping on.  
Just keep on keeping on.

And when life seems totally insane,  
And all we're feeling is pain.  
Then keep on keeping on. Oh keep on keeping on.  
Just keep on keeping on.

And when our wars break out with a big boom,  
Our spring flowers will still bloom.  
Because they keep on keeping on. They keep on keeping on.  
They keep on keeping on. They keep on keeping on.  
They keep on, keep on, keep on, keeping on.  
They keep on keeping on.  
They keep ooon - - - - - Keeping on.

# Gallery

A Celebration of Nature and Colour.



*Nature's Colours.* (Orbec, France.) Photography by PEL.



*Forget-Us-Not.* (London) Photography by PEL.



*Nature's Art.* (Gunnensbury Park, London) Photography by PEL.



*Nature's Cycles. (Gunnensbury Park, London.) Photography by PEL.*



*Nature's Abundance.* (Orbec, France.) Photography by PEL.



*Nature's Beauty.* (France.) Photography by PEL.



*Iris Pond.* (Orbec, France). Acrylic. Painting by PEL.



*Country Road.* Oil. Painting by PEL.



*Autumn Leaves. Acrylic. Painting by PEL.*



*Peaceful Lake.* Oil. Painting by PEL.



*Mountain Lake.* Acrylic. Painting by PEL.



*Mountain Pool.* Acrylic, painting by PEL.

Thank you



*Nature's Serenity.* Acrylic. Painting by PEL.

# Thank you

During the past couple of decades with more global communications, we are becoming more aware of all the different cultures on the planet. It is a joy and a challenge to incorporate them all into a peaceful world community. We also have to do a better job of incorporating Nature and the animal kingdoms.

Thank you for reading the book, I hope that you have enjoyed it.

Please feel free to share all or part of the poems with whomever. The poems came to me as a gift so they are free poems with no copyright, so I hope that they have the freedom to roam and roam.

If you have any questions regarding the poetry in Nature Speaks or if you wish to make a comment, please visit:

[www.naturespeaksbypel.com](http://www.naturespeaksbypel.com)

PEL