

Manager's Log Tuesday, March 24, 2020
Another book I've been reading, Conflict Resolution for Holy Beings,
poems, Joy Harjo, poet laureate of the United States.

For Calling the Spirit Back from Wandering the Earth in its Human Feet.

Put down that bag of potato chips, that white bread that bottle of pop. Turn off that cell phone, computer and remote control, open the door. Then close it behind you.

Take a breath offered by friendly winds. They travel the earth gathering the essences of plants to clean.

Give it back with gratitude. If you sing it will give your spirit lift to fly to the star's ears and back.

Acknowledge Earth who has cared for you since you were a dream planting itself precisely within your parents' desire.

Let your moccasins take you to the encampment of the Guardians who have known you before. Before time,
who will be there after time. They sit before the fire that has been there without time.

Let the earth stabilize your post-colonial insecure jitters.

Be respectful of the small insects, birds, animal people who accompany you.
Ask their forgiveness for the harm we humans have brought down upon them.

Don't worry, the heart knows the way through, there may be high rises, interstate checkpoints, armed soldiers, massacres, wars and those who have despised you because they despise themselves.

The journey might take you a few hours, a day, a year, a few years. 100,000 even more. Watch your mind, without training it may run away and leave your heart for the immense human feasts set by the Thieves of time.

Do not hold regrets. When you find your way to the circle to the fire kept burning by the keepers of your soul, you will be welcomed. You must clean yourself with cedars sage and other healing plant.

Cut the ties you have to failure and shame.
Let go the pain you are holding in your mind, your shoulders, your heart all the way to your feet.
Let go the pain of ancestors to make way for those who are heading in our direction.

Ask for forgiveness.
Call upon the help of those who love you. These helpers take many forms animals,
element bird angels same stone or ancestor.

Call your spirit back, It may be caught in corners and creases of shame, judgment and human abuse.

You must call in a way that your spirit will want to return. Speak to you as you would to a beloved child.

Welcome your spirit back from the wandering. It may return in pieces and tatters. Gather them together. They will be happy to be found after being lost for so long.

Your Spirit will need to sleep awhile after is bathed in given clean clothes.

Now you can have a party, invite everyone you know who loves and supports you. Keep room for those who have no place else to go.

Make a giveaway and remember, keep the speeches short.

Then you must do this. Help the next person find their way through the dark.

Rabbit is Up to Tricks

In a world long before this one. There was enough for everyone,

Until somebody got out of it. line.

We heard it was rabbit fooling around with clay and the wind.

Everybody was tired of his tricks and no one would play with him.

He was lonely in this world.

So thought to make a person.

And when he blew into the mouth of that crude finger to see what would happen, the clay man stood up.

Rabbit showed the clay man how to steal a chicken. The clay man obeyed.

Then rabbit showed him how to steal corn. That clay man obeyed.

Then he showed him how to steal someone's else's wife. The clay man obeyed.

Rabbit felt important and powerful.

The clay man and felt important and powerful.

And once that clay man started, he couldn't stop.

Once he took that chicken, he wanted all the chickens

And once he took the corn, he wanted all the corn.

And once he took that wife, he went to all the wives.
He was insatiable.

Then he had a feast of Gold, and he wanted all the gold.

Then it was land and everything else he saw.

His wanting only made him want more.

Soon it was countries and then it was trade.

The wanting infected the earth.

We lost track of the purpose and reason for life.

We begin to forget our songs.

We forgot our stories.

We could no longer see or hear our ancestors

Or talk with each other across the kitchen table.

Forests were being mowed down all over the world.

And rabbit had no place to play.

Rabbits trick had backfired.

Rabbit tried to call the clay man back.

But when the clay man wouldn't listen,

Rabbit realized he made a clay man with no ears.

From the book Conflict Resolution for Holy Beings, poems,

Joy Harjo, poet laureate of the United States.

Thanks for listening

Transcribed by <https://otter.ai>