

## At the River Clarion

"I don't know who God is exactly.  
But I'll tell you this.

I was sitting in the river named Clarion, on a water splashed stone  
And all afternoon I listened to the voices of the river talking.  
Whenever the water struck the stone it had something to say,  
And the water itself, and even the mosses trailing under the water.  
And slowly, very slowly, it became clear to me what they were saying.  
Said the river: *I am part of holiness.*  
*And I too*, said the stone. *And I too*, whispered  
The moss beneath the water.

.....

If God exists, he isn't just churches and mathematics.  
He's the forest, He's the desert.  
He's the ice caps that are dying.

.....

He's the many desperate hands, cleaning and preparing their weapons.  
He's every one of us, potentially.  
The leaf of grass, the genius, the politician, the poet.  
And if this is true, isn't it something very important?

Yes it could be that I am a tiny piece of God, and each of you too, or at least  
Of his intention and his hope  
Which is a delight beyond measure.

....

I pray for the desperate earth. I pray for the desperate world.  
I do the little each person can do."

*Selections from Mary Oliver's poem: "At the River Clarion".*