

you will tell of what is missing  
we will tell of what remains

you will speak of wantings  
and we will find you wanting

those eyes are seeing only what can be  
extracted sold used burned fenced razed  
mourned proclaimed lost

there is a river  
flowing above our heads  
rising from  
the leaf the branch the tree  
the bush breathing out to form  
all this worlds breath

do spirits move across these airborne tides  
do they move to those trees afar  
across seas along trade winds  
along trade routes  
sold on paper milled to spread seed  
to mill more paper  
to tear up turn out

those felled transported  
all that destruction writ and dispersed

do our kin planted elsewhere miss the soil of their home  
yearn for the languages of the land  
do they sing out missing the touch of ceremony  
are they welcomed by the ancestors of that new home

there is a river  
flowing above our heads  
water moving backwards through our skies  
breathed out by  
all this  
all this  
all this loving green  
on currents flowing our water our hopes  
in the air  
beneath our feet  
we're breathing green water  
we're finding our kin

you say gone  
we say forever

we will rise from the smoking earth