

Mother, ground, basis, source,  
I remain unborn within you,  
playing with all the plays within you.

You offer endless toys,  
rising like dream gifts for me,  
whom you also dream  
without dreaming,  
without sleeping,  
being ever awake,  
yet peaceful  
and at ease.

Irrational earth soul,  
protect me from  
rational sky spirit.

Sweet mad Dionysus  
keep cruel clean Apollo  
from my heart.

Mother, these gods dance  
and march within you,  
and falling in their battles  
I forget you,  
and drift away within my home.

Forgetting you is the birth of me.  
Please let me die to the thought of me,  
and be unborn again in you,  
free from the burden of lonely struggle  
to find something to replace you  
when nothing will.

*James Low, Emerson 2019*

*Copied down by Rainer Schader*