

LISTEN

Mia Rodemark

The waves, involuntarily, crash into the shore. The beating heart of the island is ripe and strong. And as I'm still, full of wonder, I decipher the similarities from past to present. Is the motion of wind to water all that different from that of the molten rock? And the heart in the centre, is she different from the thud of the plates below? Or is all beauty I find beneath my feet, a memorial to the life-giving destruction that once happened here? The ruptures, the heat and, the burn; all that may be seen as tragic, are now here to stay holding me and many in a comfortable safety.

As some may say the mother's hot lava cries are satanic or a punishment, I argue back that it is a testament to her love. The shallow seas and rippled stones take care of her creations. I see now from my vantage point that animal life is so free. Turtles and Rays; Koalas and Possums, I see all as such living in the cyclic harmony she offered so kindly. It is truly a gift. Yes, it was birthed from shaky impulsions but that doesn't take from the ecstatic soul within.

The sky is clear and the sun is warm. I feel the salt-dipped wind tickle my skin as I continue in my thoughts. I take this moment now, as we all should, to breathe. Slow and steady as the mother will allow me. I open my ears to her heart. Rumour has it that you can hear her life force beating strong in the centre of this moon-shaped bay. It's as magnetic as its name describes, drawing you into the pure serenity of such. How could this ever be villainous? I ask you this again, for the volcanic eruptions are simply part of the cycle. And I reiterate, it's all one of mothers gifts and I will not allow for the history of such beauty to be trampled on as a misunderstanding of nature.

Here we are and I find myself asking more of you. If you choose to listen, I am asking if you may consider the connections between yourself and the mother. As the beauty of the bay comes from disconnection and eruption so may yours. We struggle, suffer, fail and, are refused for periods that feel as though they are our indefinite forever. However, not all is lost. All will never be lost no matter how hot it burns, what remains will be beauty and life ready to sprout and grow. Water it, my love, and take care of it. Do such with gentle hands even if you don't see it just yet, you will.

Take care of the bay as you take care of yourself; Walk along your twisted paths with an open mind just as you walk along hers. And, when you see yourself in the reflection of the waves, you'll find that the past cannot predict the future, only the present may. So don't hold the eruptions of your past against what you may flourish to be; but instead-just like our beloved bay- take care of the light inside of you. Then... you will see.