

From Seattle, Washington to Seoul, South Korea, daylighting of creeks is becoming a worldwide effort. The goal is to restore a stream of water to its natural state, which has previously been diverted into a culvert, pipe or drainage system.

It is time to free the waters of the world!

Daylighting is one piece of the process.

Daylighting the Water Daughter

Some say, what's done is done,
Some say she just babbled anyway,

But listen closer.

Silence your mind, put your ear to the ground,
You can hear her pounding against her cement ceiling,
Begging to be heard.

Some say, what's done is done,
Her pores stuffed with gravel
From the last time
The gavel of injustice fell,
And few who live remember
Her anguished cries
As they sentenced her to hell.

What's done is done, they say,
Build 5 stories, maybe ten,

Upon her liquid skin,
Her kind shall not be seen again.

She rumbles and paces
Her cries, now only mumbles,

But, one day, she knows
Her mother will
Shake out the seemingly solid surface,
Forming a mouth for her living river,
So she may burst forth shouting, I am free!
Her ecstatic cries echoing to the mountaintops,
As she erupts, a geyser steaming, with furious force,
From her prison underground!
The sun hits her body like
Lightning from thunder clouds,
And she knows again her heavenly sister's touch
As raintears of reunion
Bless her shimmering skin!

The winds and willows guide

Her course languishing for a moment
in her Laguna lover's arms,
She gains strength,
And rushes on down the river
To her very source!

Mother ocean greets her
at Jenner with the cries of gulls,
The yelps of seals, Kites and hawks hover
Overhead, Yemaya pounds the beach with
Wave after wave, of welcome,

Embracing the patient one,
The faithful one,
Who always knew she was innocent,
Who always knew she was beautiful,
That she did not deserve to be locked
Away in a cold cement channel
That crushed her curvaceous body,

That starved her of sunlight

That kept her from the joy of suckling the little ones with their
first drink of liquid love,

And yet, like Kuan Yin, she pours her compassion out upon the
world,

And forgives even the faithless city fathers,

Calling them all to slake their thirst and remember

That they are water, too, that their body is her body, is the
eagle's body,

As he soars to the heavens to declare her liberation,

And the egrets take flight, fifty at time,

And the frogs croak, and the crows caw

To let her know she was never forgotten,

The souls of the Miwok and the Pomo

Rise in her mists, chanting and wheeling in circles.

The grandmothers take axes

And rip the granite from her banks,

To let the earth breathe and grow green again,

The children come to plant willows and reeds,

And seed a garden by her shore

Giving her all the love she needs to recover, discovering their
reflection in her water

They greet the daylight daughter and dance!

By Magick

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