Some thoughts from Lockdown this time last year

Dear all

I said I would bring the dandelions and thoughts back this Spring as they didn't seem right in the Winter. I hope they are a reminder of how we all felt last year. I have not been liking the *"build"* in the build back better/fairer/greener and I think maybe it is about connection – to connect in a way that is better/fairer/greener…

Much gratitude to all for all that you and Quakers have connected me to. I suspect I am vagranting off for a while so may not be in meeting so much. This "not a newsletter" – a reflection – or a diffraction as Bayo Akomalafe has apparently said – maybe HERE – about light – some will like…this "not a newsletter" is there for handing on …I cannot say I will do another…

In friendship

Kate

Pictures and quotes from various people including Usha, Morag and Linda and Jane and Steve Gilliard and Gill Branch and others

Another zoom space

To see where dandelions

And feelings take us

Simplicity, bird song and Learning …

as we leave lockdown

With thanks to Usha for the picture

…this time reminding…
Of ceremony days and
The timelessness of time

Trees
I have always been passionate about trees
On my walks I've seen close up
Through the changes of spring
And really been able to focus on them

The numbers dying each day…
I can barely comprehend

Dandelion

'O dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all day?"

'I just wait here in the tall green grass
Till the children come out to play.'

'Oh dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all night?'

'I wait and wait till the cool dews fall
And my hair grows long and white.'

'And what do you do when your hair is white
And the children come to play?'

'The take me up is their dimpled hands
And blow my hair away.'

Anonymous

The Dandelions of Dolfor

Last night I dreamed of dandelions again:
once more I saw them spidering out of crevices
or spinning their cogged flywheels through the grass
to drive their ochre probes into the ground.
Again my fingers pressed into a dank
earthen vagina, easing the delivery
of a full-term root, straight as a carrot
or wriggling like an earthworm - rarely whole,
more often a frustrating snapped-off stump
that oozed with plasma, while the twisted residue
sank with a white wink back into the dark.
Then, turning the forked clod, I eased each splinter
backwards and out with all a nurse's patience.

Awake, I was obsessed! I wouldn't stop
until I'd cleared the patch. And only then
it came to me that now I would not see
them glow like pats of butter to enrich
plain greens.
It made me glad I couldn't quite
succeed. For dandelions - unlike us -
can start themselves again from just a fragment
and so defeat destructive human ends.
I toast them, with the wine from last year's crop.

Stevie Krayer

Reminds me of another First Nation -
The Welsh.
This is from our chief bard.

Such a description of Being.

I have been a multitude of shapes,
Before I assumed a consistent form.
I have been metal, narrow, variegated,
I believe what is apparent.
I have been a tear in the air,
I have been in the subtle light of stars.
I have been a word among letters,
I have been a book in the origin.
I have been the light in a lantern,
For a year and a half.

I shone.

I have been a continuing bridge.
Over three score river-mouths.
I have been a course,
I have been an eagle.
I have been a coracle in the sea.
I have been complaint in the banquet.
I have been a drop in a shower.

I am Taliesin

Some days, these days,
I have a surfeit of happiness;
Like a little bubble in my throat,
Like a fizz in my stomach
Could I hold a glass to my overflowing
And give some away?

I long to give it;
To those exhausted
With working,
With children,
Climbing the walls of pent up days
Living without a joy of green.

My friends cut and sew
protection, plain and precious.
I wish I could cut some sunshine
And leaves and hawthorn froth
Into a cloth of happiness
Sew it up and give it away

Gill Stevens

With thanks to Linda