

SACRED SPACES, SPECIAL PLACES

Are there special places which you feel should be preserved for future generations?

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From AN ABORIGINAL POEM

Ah, brother, I am searching for the sites, sacred to you,
But the rivers, clear as crystal, smell like sewers full of spew
From the pipe and pump polluters, and the nukes that fleck the
foam,
Would you let a man with dirty boots go walking through your
home?

Sacred...hesitating...now, a film is reeling through
My brain, and through my memory, of our sacred rendez-vous,
Of our meeting, of our parting, of my tears, as sweet as ice,
Of my numb incomprehension of a shattered paradise.

Sacred, oh so sacred, was our sacred rendez-vous,
And your ferocious anger when you found we weren't like you,
But if I should make an act of faith, in a voice, both firm and clear,
That there's something sacred to me you start drowning in your
beer.

Sacred means that...sacred...it's a place where spirits rise,
With the rainbow wings of sunset, on the edge of paradise,
Sacred...that's my father, that's my mother, that's my son,
Sacred.. where the dreaming whispers hope for everyone.

Ah, white man, I am searching for the sites, sacred for you,
where you walk, in silent worship, and you whisper poems, too,
where you tread, like me, in wonder, and your eyes are filled with
tears, and you see the tracks you've travelled down your fifty
thousand years.

Denis Kevans, 1939 – 2005

Do you feel some older cultures have a great deal to teach us?