

## **Words to Migrations Songs**

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### **1. Lunarchy** words by Judy Grahn used with author's permission

Go with the tide  
With the moon, with the moon.  
Where despair never lasts,  
Always returns to joy,  
And joy never lasts returns as fear,  
And fear is fleeting.  
With birds in the wind,  
Ebbing mad then flood joy  
Beautiful and dreadful and steady  
As the morning star

That rises falls  
Fills empties fills  
Disappoints fulfills  
Drowns buoys  
Disappears reappears  
The way she does,  
The way love does,  
The way love does.

Go with the sun,  
With the wind,  
With it's whine.  
Where rage never lasts,  
Always returns as grief.  
Grief never lasts,  
Returns as peace.  
And peace is fleeting.  
With birds in the wind,  
Ebbing mad then flooding joy  
Beautiful and dreadful and steady  
As the morning star.

That rises falls  
Fills empties fills  
Disappoints fulfills  
Drowns buoys  
Disappears reappears  
The way she does,  
The way love does,

Steady unsteady steady unsteady,

Steady.....

## **2. Storm-flowers**

She is picking up petals scattered on the ground,  
Flowers from the curious wind,  
From the furious wind  
A lullaby,  
A song that came from the wind and the rain.

In the bright-dark dawn when the flowers fall down,  
She is picking up petals orange and round.  
They were bits of sun,  
In the shreds of rain,  
She is making the flowers and singing again.

“I am making peace.  
I am making peace.  
In my own old way this tale has been told.  
I’m making storm-flowers from the winter cold.”

One by one,  
Flowers from the sun.  
One by one,  
From the rage of the storm,  
The flowers are born.

From the rage of the storm,  
In the bright-dark dawn,  
The sky cracked open when the moon was gone.  
The wind she howled like she just been born,  
All through the night and on and on.

“I am making peace,  
I am making peace,  
I am making peace,  
I am making peace,  
In my own old way this tale has been told.  
I’m making storm-flowers from the winter cold.  
In my own old way this tale has been sung.  
I’m making storm-flowers from the winter sun,  
From the winter sun.”

## **3. Awake**

You think it won’t happen,  
But it does.  
In some quiet season,

Again,  
Over the water, your skin,  
Calls for hands to remember and  
You begin.

When it happens you'll know.  
You'll get quiet and still.  
Into the silence  
Below.  
Soft,  
With the shadows.

In the arc of your longing,  
There's a hush when you enter.  
The rushing of quiet,  
The sinew of river,  
All new with closed eyes,  
Pulled from your senses,  
Nothing to see,  
In the water,  
Awake.  
Awake.

So it happens, you're received.  
In your longing, relief.  
In the falling,  
You see,  
You are something from everything,  
Complete.

This is how you discover,  
Remember your pieces,  
Broken by branches,  
Light on the water,  
Soft on the shoreline,  
Your body is dreaming,  
Of what's it's becoming,  
The water's are teeming,  
Awake.  
Awake.

In the arc of your longing,  
There's a hush when you enter.  
The rushing of quiet,  
The sinew of river,  
All new with closed eyes,  
Pulled from your senses,

Nothing to see,  
In the water,  
Awake.  
Awake.

You think it won't happen,  
But it does.  
In some quiet season,  
Again.

#### **4. Water**

Call me down,  
I am water,  
Hold out your hands,  
When you are thirst,  
Call me river,  
First in this land.

Spirit moves in my body,  
Life without flesh,  
I am change,  
I am moving,  
I am restless.

We will be together.  
We will be.  
Hold out your hands,  
Hold out your hands.

Glory glory in the water,  
Sweet sweet the sea,  
Cut the blue with my shimmer,  
Hallelujah,  
We will be.

We will be together.  
We will be.  
Hold out your hands,  
Hold out your hands.

#### **5. Your Body**

When you laid your body down,  
Did you see how a man becomes the sea?

#### **6. Cold-Old Moon**

They say that moon is cold and bright  
They say that the water is wide and great.

They think we better run and hide,  
That it might already be too late.

We all fall in time.  
We all fall in time.

They say you don't treat me very good.  
They say you're not acting so great.  
I think I really should,  
Find a new place to speculate.

I will fall again in time.  
I will fall again,  
I'm a leaf that's shaking, a leaf that shaking from the highest limb.  
I will fall again.

Oh the river is so wide.  
It is more than I can take.  
And the moon does surely hide.  
I am blind to what she illuminates.

When the cold old moon comes around the again.  
I will fall, I will fall, I will fall,  
Again.  
I will fall again.

## **7. Green**

Green is the gift that she brings.  
It grew all covered in spring.  
It came all covered in rain,  
And down from the mountain.  
Away, away the water goes.  
Down from the snows,  
Given to the stream, to the green that grows there.

It shines from the mountain,  
The mountain all wrapped in the trees,  
And it waves in the grasses all gathered by breeze,  
The source of the shining no one could say,  
Upon the longest day.  
And what becomes of green?  
It's carried on the wings,  
Upon the breeze,  
Up from the valley.  
It's sweet, the sweetness that we know,  
Held inside the comb.

The mountain seems to grow,  
The best of the sweet.

It flies from the mountain,  
The mountain all wrapped in the trees,  
And it waves in the grasses all gathered by breeze,  
The source of the sweetness no one could say,  
Upon the longest day.  
From the valley the valley all gathered in dew,  
All green with the grace in the grasses that grew.  
The source of the shining no one could say,  
Upon the longest day.

Green is the gift that she brings.  
It grew all covered in springs.  
It came all covered in rain,  
And down from the mountain.

### **8. Bring the Rain**

I am walking through the desert,  
I'm not frightened, no.  
I have all I requested,  
All, all.  
For this love I have footsteps,  
There's a ring around the moon,  
Be my mercy on this journey,  
Bring the rain.

I'm the dust on a long road,  
That winds without name,  
I'm the thirst for the water,  
For the river for the rain,  
On my lips there is one word  
One taste,  
One name,  
Free me from desire,  
Bring the rain.

There's a reason why I wander,  
In the shadows,  
In the shades,  
I am digging for the water,  
Bring the rain.  
I've been so good, so good,  
I've loved you the best I could,  
Bring the rain.

I am walking through the desert,  
I'm not frightened, no.  
I have all I requested,  
All, all,  
Bring the rain.

### **9. Lost and Found**

Lost and found  
In the turning of the night  
Remembering again.  
The brightness of my body,  
The light upon my skin.

Blue to black  
The stars are calling back  
In their likeness I belong,  
Resting in the morning,  
Fading into dawn.

When grandmother sees,  
It's with open eyes.  
It's with a taproot tongue.

Flesh and bone,  
This journey is my home,  
This turning is my song,  
In this yearning I am strong.

Lost and found  
Lost and found  
In the turning of the night  
Remembering again.  
The brightness of my body,  
The light upon my skin.  
Remembering again.  
The brightness of my body,  
The light upon my skin.  
Remembering again.

### **10. The Gray Whale Song**

I am a great ship,  
A beast of the sea,  
I travel both night and day,  
The songs I sing,  
Are the ones of the gray,

And they echo for miles around.

A slow migration is the only way,  
I follow the ones before,  
Over the bones,  
Into the deep,  
A current pulling me forth.

My heart is afloat,  
My heart is aflood,  
Bits of iron dance in my blood,  
An extraordinary compass in my brain,  
It's to the North again.

The arc of my course,  
A battle it's been,  
To keep breathing with my kind,  
I've been a devil and smashed the boats,  
Of those who would take what is mine,  
I bear the scars of those who would take,  
The life from my breast,  
Still the current directing me to,  
The waters where I can rest.

My heart is afloat,  
My heart is aflood,  
Bits of iron dance in my blood,  
An extraordinary compass in my brain,  
It's to the North again.

There once was a diver who cut me free,  
When ropes they weighted me down,  
Thinking for sure this was the end,  
When the boats gathered around,  
He came with his knife about my head,  
Our eyes took one another in,  
It's fair to say for that diver and me,  
Never the same again.

My heart is afloat,  
My heart is aflood,  
Bits of iron dance in my blood,  
An extraordinary compass in my brain,  
It's to the North again.