

Untitled

— Julia Butterfly Hill, 2000

I heard today...
Luna's been cut.
Two-thirds and maybe more.
Someone in their rage,
in their anger,
in their frustration
struck out at Luna
wanting to hurt Her...
wanting to hurt me
the way they must be hurting inside.
See...
what we do to the Earth
we do to each other.
And how we treat the Earth
is reflected in how we treat each other
The pain I feel right now that threatens to rip me apart
is the pain I feel every time I see an Ancient elder cut..
the pain I feel every time another species goes extinct..
the pain I feel every time someone yells at a child...
the pain I feel every time another woman dies of breast cancer
caused by all the legal pollutants in her food,
her planet,
her life...
The pain I feel every time I think of Leonard Peltier locked inside
our prisons of disrespect and disconnect.
on and on and on
the pain in our world grows bigger and erupts.
Ricocheting bullets in school yards and halls.
Chainsaws to sacred beings.
When do we begin to look at where this DIS-EASE begins?
In the disconnection from the sacred...
In the disconnection from the heart.
The person who ripped metal into Luna's flesh
is just as ripped apart inside as Luna now is,
as I now am,
as is the world.
May the tears that pour out from the depths of my soul
cleanse the sadness of any who would wish to react in rage.
The person who so viciously attacked Luna
has enough anger for the world.
May we love even more
May we motivate ourselves to committed love in Action
May we motive ourselves to live the life we wish to see in the world.

May we be the transformation we wish to see in the world.

From the inside out...

From the roots branching upwards...

From the heart

to thought

to word

to action.

Through life's trials and hardships

We arise beautiful and free.

In 1997, then-23-year-old Julia Butterfly Hill climbed into a 600-year-old redwood tree near the town of Stafford in northern California. Naming the tree "Luna," Hill maintained her position