

# Gaia

John Goodpasture

Let's write a poem  
And my words will be like a rush of water  
Which comes to a gate and becomes frozen between the bars  
And you will hold a flame to the ice  
As it melts you will collect the words in your mouth  
And speak them

Let's write a song  
The music will swirl and flow in my head  
And finally take shape with a space fit for words  
But the lyrics won't fit into the hole I made  
So you will take a knife and carve away  
The edges of the music

Let's make love  
And your body will become the Earth and mine the Sky  
I will love the mountains and pastures and oceans  
And you will love the sun and stars and moon  
We will create our own gods and goddesses  
Until we sleep