

MESSAGE FROM
THE SKIES

OCEAN MOTHER
by Mara Menzies

For eternity I have watched my waves rise and fall with the waning of the moon.
Over centuries, I have arched my back, contorted my entire being, twisting, straining,
wailing to the skies as the pangs of childbirth overcome me, and I give and give as I have
always given. The sea grass dances as krill slip through my fingers and the whales sing their
song of surrender.

I once heard reverence when you called my name.

Samudra Manthan (sanskrit - the churning of the ocean to uncover treasures), Sassuma
Arnaa (Inuit - Mother of the Deep), Dhurba (swahili - storm)

We understood each other, you and I.

The fishermen would not always notice my shifting form as I soared beneath their tiny
vessels.

And as I gifted them my children, I breathed in their words of gratitude.

From the abyss, I continue to push beings pulsing with life to the surface, so that they too
may witness the radiance of the sun. Love is life. But now, when I peer into your souls, I see
the insatiable greed of coal fire hearts. You plunder me with no care.

There is pride in your callousness, Your arrogance knows no bounds.

You break our agreement time and time again and now my patience is running out.

Let me remind you who I am.

I am the mother.

I crush rocks and ships and mountains. I swallow cities. I spit out the bones of civilisations.

And I will...

(breathing)

I will remain gentle for a while longer, because under the sludge, the stench and the
deafening roar, I still hear the faintest of whispers.

Mor Ri (scots gaelic - great queen), Mouhit (arabic - all encompassing), Te mana o te moana
(Tahitian - spirit of the ocean)

There are still those who love.