



You do not have to be good.

*You do not have to walk on your knees
for a hundred miles through the desert, repenting.
You only have to let the soft animal of your body
love what it loves.*

*Tell me about despair, yours, and I will tell you mine.
Meanwhile the world goes on.*

*Meanwhile the sun and the clear pebbles of the rain
are moving across the landscapes,
over the prairies and the deep trees,
the mountains and the rivers.*

*Meanwhile the wild geese, high in the clean blue air,
are heading home again.*

*Whoever you are, no matter how lonely,
the world offers itself to your imagination,
calls to you like the wild geese, harsh and exciting –
over and over announcing your place
in the family of things.*

Mary Oliver, “Wild Geese”

I have found my place in nature, again and again, throughout my life. From a very early age, I have been inspired and enchanted by birds – they have appeared to me as both of the world, and as messengers from my spiritual life. Each occasion when I spot a bird, whether on my walks through nature, at home, or in my daily life from Point A to B, is a celebration of all that is beautiful and melodic and free. Birds represent to me something that is hopeful – their unimpeded spring and fall migrations to sustenance and shelter, their incredibly resilient journeys are parts of their lives, and are as much about them as food, water, and song. Each time a bird appears, I rejoice. She has made it, she has survived.

On my walks, I photograph nature and birds – back in my studio, through music and meditation, I weave them into a new existence, an attempt, I suppose, at depicting their mysterious and, at times, magical significance in my life.

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