

# The Universe Is Our Holy Book

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The Universe is our Holy Book  
The Earth our Genesis  
The Sky our sacred scroll  
The Animals our teachers  
The Mountains our prophets  
The Winds our equations  
The Birds our prayers  
The Flowers our miracle  
The Sun our source  
The Moon our messenger  
The Waters our testaments  
The World our study  
The Great Mystery our Grandfather and  
Grandmother, indeed  
Our Beginning and our End.

And it is said that  
our Garden of Eden is  
Elami hakimik  
which is the entire world  
and we have never  
been expelled from it  
for,  
in the magic garden  
of the Creator  
we are living still  
with all of our relatives  
as the Old Ones say,  
the four-leggeds  
the winged ones of the air  
and the creatures of the waters.

The philosopher-teachers of this Native  
America,  
The American philosophers,  
tell us,  
above all, they say,  
we must be relative-like  
with the Universe  
and with all of the other  
creatures

which are, together,  
our Sacred Family.  
And our Mother and Grandmother is the Earth  
upon which we graze  
upon whose breast,  
it is said,  
we suckle all of our lives  
never being weaned

And our Father is the male  
power, coming from the Grandfather-  
side of the Great Mystery  
nourishing us with the colossal  
immensity of the Sky, of the Sun,  
still also of male rain,  
without which the Earth  
could feed us not  
and all would die.

And the Old Ones say:  
look outward seriously  
look inward intently  
look outward carefully  
look inward diligently  
look outward respectfully  
look inward humbly

The Old Ones say  
outward is inward to the heart  
and inward is outward to the center  
because  
for us  
there are no absolute boundaries  
no borders  
no environments  
no outside  
no inside  
no dualisms  
no single body  
no non-body

We don't stop at our eyes  
We don't begin at our skin  
We don't end at our smell  
We don't start at our sounds  
I can lose my legs

and go on living  
I can lose my eyes  
and go on living  
I can lose my ears  
and go on living  
I can lose my hair  
my nose  
my hands  
my arms  
and go on living  
but if I lose the water  
I die  
If I lose the air  
I die  
If I lose the Sun  
I die  
If I lose the plants and animals  
I die  
For all of these things  
are more a part of me  
more essential to my being  
than is that  
which I call "my body."

A mountain for seeking visions,  
An ocean for getting dreams,  
A lake of mirrors to give us names,  
Sacred Circles surrounding us.