

## **This Consecrated Hour**

Do you not see them

the ashen ones, the grey ones

the starving orphans, the seduced innocents,

the decimated specters of conflagration,

all the beings trampled in degradation

crowding our collective shadow field?

Go find them. In this, this

consecrated hour of human becoming find your estranged,

your lost and abandoned family

and embrace them into the vital marrow of your life.

Kiss them until the ashes of their betrayal turn from grey to red

and the blush of love blows through

the one soul, the one life of all

Do you not feel them

the slicks of poison, the necrotic plastic

the ocean's dead-zones, the cancers, the tumors

the die-offs, the daily extinctions

the breath of life suffocated on a genocidal scale?

Do you not feel them in your own flesh and blood?

Go heal the pain. In this, this  
consecrated hour of human becoming feel your rivers  
your lakes, your mountains, feel their freshness, their pure life force  
coursing your veins, opening your heart to the one Mother,  
the one soul, the one life of all.

Do you not know them  
the guardians of the moment, the secret listeners  
the agents of truth, the instruments of soul awakening-  
consciousness raising- light resurrecting power of transfiguration  
in the center of your own compassionately ripened awareness?

Go manifest this power. In this, this  
consecrated hour of human becoming  
sing the communal choirs of collaboration  
showering our wounded world with the  
divinely feted audacity to celebrate  
the one soul, the one life of all.

**-James O'Dea**

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