

Draft

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*A Walk that Connects (Salina, September 2017) Written for a sunrise walk at The  
Land Institute's annual Prairie Festival*

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I.

Walking. Paying attention to our senses, our connections.

Our disconnections.

Awareness of self and not-self. Where are the boundaries?

Real or imagined?

Never mind.

Make sense, make connections.

Bacteria up your nose, butterflies on the wind.

Wind on the butterflies.

Colorscentssound. Pressures of touch at the edge of your fingertips.

An infinity of motion, of being. Just out of reach.

Desire.

Yearning.

Makesense. Makeconnections.

II.

Ten thousand years old. A broken world.

Disturbances of soil, roots, relationships.

Whole regions made unwhole. Unholy.

ExtractionEvictionEnslavementExtermination.

Empire.

A 10,000-year-old mind making sense by dividing, conquering, subduing, ignoring.

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WoundedEarth. WoundedMind.

III.

And still,

We reach, reach out.

We walk, we weep, seeking connections.

Awakening to process, emergence, Earth Alive!

Exclaim! "Earth Alive!"

Every Moment, every occasion an interaction with agency, choice, freedom, imagination.

Every moment, every occasion: a co-creation. A conversation.

IV.

Make friends, make amends, make nice, make joy, make love.

Morning prayer and evening prayer: "Thank you, thank you, thank you! I'm sorry, sorry, sorry." Repeat.

Prairie, forest, alpine meadow, salty ocean shore, city street, where you're at.

The Universe at the tips of our fingers, and tongues, eyes and ears, and nose.

Waiting for the 10,000-year-old mind to make sense of ancient wisdoms.

Abundance, not surplus. Enchantment, not extraction.

Good morning.

Good walk.