

The Singing Hill

by Dorothy Cameron

The men in dark suits
With endless disputes
Sit in the marble temple
In the shining edifice
Built upon the hill.

They are the elders
Of the present day tribe,
Quite unaware that aeons ago
The hill was sacred
And magic was there.

For once it was the Singing Hill,
The hill which sang the Earth Song
At the meeting of the ley-lines
And the crossing of the song-lines
In the centre of the Hills of the Circling.

The song of the Earth was the women's song.
They were the tribal elders then
Who knew of the Mysteries,
Who drew down the moon
And nurtured the Earth and its singing.

Unknown to the dark suits
Shouting within,
The women are returning
To the Centre of the Circling
Reclaiming their own songs.

Circling the fountain in the shining edifice,
Circling the pyramid of the thrusting dome,
They return to their own
And the chanting is beginning,
The humming has begun.

With the passing of the seasons
Music from the Singing Hill
Will transcend the voices
Of the dark suits
Shouting their abuse.

New tribal elders,
The re-emerging Daughters,
Will awaken Gaia
And the shouting will be stilled.
The healing of the planet will begin.

Gaia's woman-energy
Will link the endless Cosmos
With the light of inner knowledge
And a reverence for the Earth.

And the daughters of a different Dreaming
Will recover the mystery,
Rediscover the harmony,
Of the Centre of the Circling
Around the Singing Hill.