

[1] The Secret of the Sea

Texts edited and adapted by Jake Runestad

I. The Unbounded Sea
Lo, the unbounded sea!
On its breast a ship starting, spreading all sails,
the pennant is flying aloft as it speeds,
below emulous waves press forward,
they surround the ship with shining curving
motions and foam.

Walt Whitman (1819–1892)

My soul is full of longing
for the secret of the sea.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–1882)

II. Crash On Crash

Crash on crash of the sea,
raging against the world,
furious, the deep roar hailing you,
the very gods,
rearing their mighty length
on the unharvested sea.

Hilda Doolittle (1886–1961)
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III. The Light that Fills the World

The great sea
moves me, sets me free.
The winds of the earth
carry me away,
and my soul is filled with joy.
When I drifted out
and thought myself in danger,
my fears captured me —
all of the things I had to get and to reach.
But there is only one great thing,
the only thing:
to live to see the light that fills the world.

Uvavnut (19th century)

[2] Alleluia

Alleluia.

Anonymous

[3] Let My Love Be Heard

Angels, where you soar
Up to God's own light,
Take my own lost bird
On your hearts tonight;
And as grief once more
Mounts to heaven and sings,
Let my love be heard
Whispering in your wings.

'A Prayer' by Alfred Noyes (1880–1958)

[4] Sing, Wearing the Sky

Meditate within eternity.
Don't stay in the mind.
The soul, like the moon,
is new, and always new again.
Since I scoured my mind and my body,
I, too, Lalla, am new, each moment new.
My teacher told me,
live in the soul.
When that was so,
I began to go naked, and dance.
Dance, Lalla, with nothing on but air.
Sing, Lalla, wearing the sky.
Look at this glowing day!
What clothes could be more
beautiful, or more sacred?

Lalla (1320–1392)

English translation by Coleman Barks, b. 1937
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[5] Live the Questions

Have patience with all that is unresolved in your
heart and try to love the questions like locked
rooms or books written in a foreign tongue. Do not
search for the answers now, for they cannot be
given to you; you would not be able to live them.
The point is to live everything. Live the questions
now. Perhaps then, someday in the future, without
noticing it, you will live your way into the answer.

From a letter from Rainer Maria Rilke (1875–1926)
to Franz Kappus on July 16, 1903.
Translated from the original German
by Jake Runestad.

[6] We Can Mend the Sky

Naftu! [Life!]

In my dream I saw
a world free of
violence
hunger
suffering

a world
filled with
love

Now awake in this world
I beg, let my dream come true.

Soo baxa. [Let's go]
Naftu orod bay kugu aamintaa. [To save your life,
run with all your might]

If we come together, we can mend a crack in the
sky.

'Let My Dream Come True'
by Warda Mohamed, b. 2000
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[7] Fear Not, Dear Friend

Fear not, dear friend, but freely live your days
 Though lesser lives should suffer. Such am I,
 A lesser life, that what is mine of sky
 Gladly would give for you, and what of praise.
 Step, without trouble, down the sunlit ways.
 We that have touched your raiment, are made
 whole
 From all the selfish cankers of our souls,
 And we would see you happy, dear, or die.
 Therefore be brave, and therefore, dear, be free;
 Try all things resolutely, till the best,
 Out of all lesser betters, you shall find;
 And we, who have learned greatness from you,
 we,
 Your lovers, with a still, contented mind,
 See you well anchored in some port of rest.

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894)

[8] Proud Music of the Storm

Proud music of the storm!
 Blast that careers so free, whistling across the
 prairies!
 Strong hum of forest tree-tops!
 Wind of the mountains!
 Blending, with Nature's rhythmus, all the tongues
 of nations;
 You undertone of rivers, roar of pouring cataracts;
 Trooping tumultuous, filling the midnight late,
 bending me powerless,
 Entering my lonesome slumber-chamber –
 Why have you seiz'd me?
 Ah, from a little child,
 Thou knowest, Soul, how to me all sounds
 became music;
 My mother's voice, in lullaby;
 The solemn hymns and masses, rousing
 adoration,
 All passionate heart-chants, sorrowful appeals,
 Song of lost love – the torch of youth and life
 quench'd in despair,
 The measureless sweet vocalists of ages,
 Of winds and woods and mighty ocean waves;
 Give me to hold all sounds,
 Fill me with all the voices of the universe,
 The tempests, waters, winds – operas and chants
 –
 marches and dances,
 pour in – for I would take them all.
 Then I woke softly,
 And pausing, questioning the music of my dream,
 I said to my silent, curious Soul,
 Go forth,
 Cheerfully tallying life, walking the world, the real,
 What thou hast heard, O Soul, was not the sound
 of winds,
 Nor dream of raging storm,
 But, to a new rhythmus fitted for thee,
 Poems, bridging the way from Life to Death,
 vaguely wafted in night air, uncaught, unwritten,
 Which, let us go forth in the bold day, and write.

Walt Whitman

[9] I Will Lift Mine Eyes

I will lift mine eyes unto the hills.
 From whence comes my help?
 My help comes from the Lord
 The maker of the heaven and earth.
 He will not let your foot be moved.
 He who keeps you will not slumber nor sleep.
 The Lord is thy keeper
 The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
 The sun shall not harm you by day nor the moon
 by night.
 The Lord will keep you from all evil.
 He will keep your soul.
 The Lord will keep your going out and your coming
 in.
 From this day forth forever more.

Psalms 121, New American Standard Version