



*In the Presence  
of Shadows*

*Monterey Sirak*



# In the Presence of Shadows

By

Monterey Sirak



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## **THE CREATOR**

He gave us life and love,  
and the rhythm to flow through  
our earthly existence without  
causing harm to others.





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## ECLIPSE

Where are the stars  
which formed my canopy at night?  
Sister Moon was not eaten  
by a giant bullfrog this time,

but was eclipsed by neon signs,  
placed by man's hands  
And all our drumming and singing  
cannot drive them away

For they watch over the land  
of concrete and steel, ruled  
by the gods of prosperity  
who banish free will

in this, the darkening land  
The Red Path has become  
The Gray Road, the trail of  
lost souls, wandering aimlessly

in perpetual twilight  
For the giant buildings stand  
between us and the sky people  
Our eyes cannot see their visions

Our ears cannot hear their words  
of wisdom, for they have become  
numb from constant noise  
Moccasined feet, sneaker clad feet



Booted feet, and bare feet  
All walking separate from each other,  
over Mother Earth; who staggers  
under the burdens her children

have heaped on her shoulders  
And she cries for their wasted years  
of sorrow and stagnation  
Years of being divided,

with no forgiveness  
and no reconciliation  
As the rivers of sad tears  
flow westward under shadowed

skies, now is the time for all  
of God's children to come  
together on a journey  
to the sunrise



The Red Path, the Black Path,  
the White Path and the Yellow Path  
must become One Path;  
traveling east to the lightening land

with all of humanity flowing  
along hand in hand  
What he did does not matter now  
What she said; crystal droplets

of sound shattered long ago  
The Creator made us in his inner image  
Different colored brothers  
sharing the same soul

Only with united hearts, can we make  
The flowers grow again  
The trees hum with life again  
The stars dance at night again

And make Mother Earth smile again  
For only love  
will drive away  
the shadows on our sun



## **SHADOWS**

Shadows  
Moving  
Across a cloudless sky

Shadows  
Forming  
In misty gray light

Shadows  
Stepping  
In circles  
Ever around  
As in life

Shadows  
And campfires  
Dotting  
The sky



Shadows  
Of you  
Shadows  
Of I

Shadows  
My ancestors  
Lighting my night

Shadows  
Dancing  
To thunder's drum

Shadows  
Guiding  
Me through  
Till morning  
Has become



## THE RHYTHM METHOD

I'd like to teach the world  
the rhythm method, so everyone  
can conceive of a world the way  
it was meant to be

Close your eyes  
Can you see the bubbling brook?  
Crystal, sparkling water, flowing  
rhythmically over and around

smooth, cool stones  
Lining the banks stand  
gentle weeping willows  
Long, slender branches swinging

gracefully to the ground  
Tiny, wispy leaves waving  
to and fro in the rhythm  
of the breeze

Across the meadow  
as far as the eye can see;  
a profusion of wildflowers,  
every color and variety

Violet, yellow, and aquamarine  
Peach and gold, and tangerine  
Lazy daisies and forget-me-nots  
Larkspur, lilies, and sunbonnets



Do you smell the mingled scents  
of honeysuckle and hyacinth?  
Each flower separate, distinct,  
yet swaying in tandem rhythm

Can you feel the fluttering rhythm  
of the delicate wings on butterflies  
floating free? Can you taste  
the sweet nectar of the honeybee

and bumble bee; united in their efforts  
to spread the pollen of life?  
I'd like to teach the world  
the rhythm method; to teach

everyone to understand  
the inherent rhythm  
and harmony of nature  
To hear the music

a bubbling brook makes  
To feel the rhythm  
in every breath we take  
To be like the wildflower,

bending with the rhythm  
of the wind. And to find  
the rhythm and harmony  
inherent in all humanity



## **THE VALLEY OF PEACE**

The Lady of the Rainbow sleeps,  
deep in the mountain,  
guarding the Valley of Peace  
Though she lies in slumber's repose;

she watches, she hears, she knows  
The valley of vapors  
Healing mist from the dawn of time  
The waters of life;

from which the truth springs,  
and understanding of many things  
Of Father Sun,  
who lights our world

Of Mother Earth,  
her flesh, the path we trod  
Always with...never upon  
From the four directions

come the winds, to unite as one  
and circle the valley again  
The circle of life  
The circle of time

The circle of the Red Way  
in my mind  
Grandpa Thunder speaks  
with the voices of the ancient ones



Saying, "My sons, my daughters,  
do you yet sleep, while Sister Moon  
weeps her silvery white tears?  
For the babies are crying

The people are dying  
Did you not lay down your weapons;  
your guns and your spears,  
your hate and your fear,

before you entered here?  
My children you must now awaken  
and give back more than you've taken  
You must learn to love once more

and bring peace back  
to our valley's floor  
Maybe someday the Lady will reappear  
to weave rainbows through the sky

A re-emerging mystical sign  
for all to follow to the healing waters  
Red men, yellow men, black men, white  
Make them all welcome here tonight

For red are the hearts beating inside  
White are the last teardrops Sister Moon cried  
Black is Mother Earth, from whom we all grow  
Yellow in the shining light inside every soul



## FAITH AND FREEDOM

Seek for us a dream tonight  
A dream to share with prying eyes  
So they too, can see the magic  
in the moonlight dappled meadow

Cold and crisp is the air settling,  
still on the blades of prairie grass,  
frozen into small spires; rippling  
from the pounding of unshod hooves

on the merry mustang racing through  
the night, carrying the maiden riding  
gracefully bareback; moving with the  
rhythm of the mustang named Freedom

Prancing on hooves of mercy  
and understanding, unity and love  
The people step from the trees  
Whispering to each other

of us and we, us and we  
For no words of I or me  
exist in their vocabulary  
The little children of the earth

rise from their beds of prairie grass  
covering the meadow floor  
And join hands to dance joyously  
around the maiden and the mustang



Creatures of the night peer  
from the underbrush at this strange sight  
Then slowly come forward to enter  
the circle, growing in the moonlight

To partake of the love blossoming  
this night. To join with the people  
of red, yellow, black, and white  
The sick, the well, the sad, the strong

Stepping in a universal rhythm  
Skin to feathers to fur  
Hands holding claws, holding paws  
A round dance for the ages

The circle of life finally united  
And the maiden on the mustang,  
long hair streaming in the wind,  
smiles the brightest, and spins the fastest

For her name is  
She who runs with Faith



## THE DANCE IS NEVER DONE

In the beginning,  
there was silence  
Until God taught the wind  
to whistle through the rippling grass

and echo in the highest mountain pass  
He taught the mocking bird to sing  
And the tiny thrush, the trill  
that is carried on the still morning air

He taught the leaves to rustle in the breeze  
And the thunder, its sonorous rumble  
He taught the waters of the world  
their rolling beat as they lap against the  
shores

When all of nature knew their parts to play,  
God taught the art of the dance  
The sun does a stately promenade  
across the arc of day

A wallflower, the moon will never be  
For the stars line up to partner her  
in the night's minuet  
The planets all fall in line for their dance

of synchronized turning and timing  
As the dance of the dawn,  
between the stars and the sun,  
goes on and on,



Life's dance is never done  
From the first step,  
in the moment just before birth,  
when the soul comes spinning down to earth

Spinning down through time  
to find the ones chosen to instruct  
Through mating dances,  
loving dances, and leaving dances

Our feet continue to find the steps  
Our hearts to feel the beat  
The dance is never done  
Even when living and dying become one

For death is but a segue  
to another world,  
another way of life  
With a different partner by your side



## **I BOW DOWN**

I bow down  
Before the Creator  
who made  
Mother Earth to sing  
And the winds to dance  
when the birds take wing  
The one who made  
the trees so tall,  
to shade us with  
their leafy bower  
I bow down  
Before the one  
who made  
wildflowers sway  
in colorful array,  
on a sparkling summer day  
The one who made  
the stars to shine



The waters that ripple  
over catfish swimming  
in a line  
I bow down  
Before the one  
who made  
the raindrops splash down,  
playing hopscotch  
across dusty, dry ground  
I bow down  
In gratitude  
for the gift of sight  
To see the beauty  
in the natural temple  
of God  
I bow down  
In awe



## SUMMER STORM

The shimmering, incandescent rain  
streams in tiny rivulets  
across my hills and valleys  
Dripping, running  
into Mother Earth  
Turning her into  
a liquid, molten, flowing life form  
seeping upward between my toes  
I run and dance in the puddles,  
my head thrown back  
The golden rays of the persistent sun  
peeking through the clouds;  
stroking, warming my face  
to the roots of my hair  
blowing softly  
in the gentle wind  
weaving through the strands  
like a lover's caress



Caressing downward,  
across my rosy hued body  
Kissed by the heat of the fire  
Brought to flame  
by the lightning  
streaking through me,  
and out my fingers  
that reach and tingle  
to touch the thunder  
of a natural summer storm



## I AM THE MOUNTAIN

I am the mountain  
Grains of earth and grains of time  
layered together into a tower of life,  
reaching for the sky

Here I stood when Father Sun took his first  
loving look at beautiful Mother Earth  
When Grandmother Moon  
smiled down on the two

I am the life birthing female  
Trees nourish at my breast  
While in their father's warmth  
they find strength

to stand the test of time  
In their stately shadows,  
tiny flowers unfold  
to catch the dew

I am the unseen thought  
An entity taken for granted  
by the unthinking hordes  
trampling my soul

Cries of babies unborn  
echo around my boulders  
Circling, circling, on Sister Wind  
Spiraling down through time

