

"If there is a God, I am in awe.  
If there is *not* a God, I am in *greater* awe."  
Jan Phillips

Praise for previous work by Jan Phillips:

The spiritual path Jan describes is cosmic, multi-faith and culturally-diverse. Infused with vitality and hope, it will dominate the spiritual consciousness of the 21st century. **Diarmuid O'Murchu**

Consciousness is the new frontier in human development and spiritual understanding. Jan Phillips probes it with insight and integrity. **John Shelby Spong**

You will keep sentences in your mind, in your pocket and in your heart. **Gloria Steinem**

Through story, poetry, and her own creative-mystical awareness, Jan Phillips inspires any seeker to discover the truth of their deepest inner knowing. **Barbara Marx Hubbard**

Poetry/Spirituality



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Poems and Prayers of a Rebel Mystic

# There Are Burning Bushes Everywhere

**JAN PHILLIPS**

## *Our Father, Holy Mother*

Our Father, Holy Mother,  
Creator of the Cosmos, Source of Life,  
You are in my mind, in my garden,  
in my cup of wine and loaf of bread.  
Blessed be your names:  
*Mother, Allah, Goddess, Beloved, Great Spirit,*  
*Radiant One, Yahweh, HaShem, Sophia*  
Your presence has come, your will is done  
on earth as it is in the cosmos.

May we give each other strength, mercy,  
tenderness, and joy  
and forgive each other's failures,  
silence, pettiness, and forgetfulness  
as we ask to be forgiven  
by those we've hurt.

Lead us home to ourselves and each other,  
to clarity, to oneness  
and deliver us from the darkness  
of our ignorance and fear.

So we pray and so we receive. Amen



## *What I Want*

I want my creations to be heart-seeking missiles  
that explode upon arrival into a million sparks of light.

I want to be like a tree turning sunlight and air  
into food for the soul.

I want to wake up feeling like the world  
couldn't make it without me.

I want my stories to feel like a shower of rose petals  
to whomever is listening.

I want to be unattached to the outcome of my work  
and unrelenting about its coming out.

I want to write the book I'm hoping to find.

I want to be like nature—  
unpredictable, yet constant,  
stable, yet ever-changing,  
safe to be with, yet wild as a wolf.



## *If You Are Going to Be My Teacher*

If you are going to be my teacher  
hone your memory like a razor  
so your forgetting is rare  
and doesn't overlap with mine.

If you are going to be my teacher  
wake up polishing the mirror of your self  
so when I sit at your feet, looking up  
it is myself I see  
my own torch burning and lighting the way.

If you are going to be my teacher  
start practicing surgery so you can remove  
my cancerous judgments, my deteriorating opinions  
my tumors of cynicism and jealousy.

If you are going to be my teacher  
take multiple vitamins for your own intelligence  
so you never forget I am you too.

If you are going to be my teacher  
get out your church key and open the can of me  
then stand back and make room  
for the shower of stars that will fall your way  
each one a question and you its mark.







## *What Does It Matter?*

What does it matter  
the myths of old  
if they don't feed the soul  
and fire us up  
when we take them in?

What does it matter  
if God exists or Jesus rose or  
Eve ate an apple  
if in our time we  
allow hungry children,  
human trafficking,  
the shunning of gays  
by the "people of God."

What do I care about church or religion  
when they don't lead to justice  
or mercy  
or truth?

I am here to live out the meaning of God,  
not to argue about what God means.

Don't make me laugh with that pompous talk  
about true religion.

Get up on your feet and *do* something.  
Show me what it looks like to *be* a believer.





## *If God Could Talk*

If God could talk  
it wouldn't be in English  
or Latin or Arabic  
It wouldn't be in Yiddish  
or Spanglish or pidgin

If God could talk  
the words would crack like thunder  
pour down like a torrent of jewels  
flooding our basements  
with shining ideas,  
sparkling conclusions.

If God could talk  
a thought would be a redwood  
a word an ocean  
a sentence a century.

If God could talk  
I would not have to  
for all the words today requires  
would flow in on the morning breeze  
and find their way to the daily news.



If God could talk  
God's word would be carried  
on the wings of eagles  
the ankles of gnats  
in the pouches of kangaroos  
and the paws of polar bears.

It would spread through the sound  
of honey bees and hyenas  
be translated into a rainbow  
by blue herons and cardinals,  
blackbirds and yellowjackets  
pink flamingos and gray whales,  
purple martins and chameleons.

It would cause rivers to flow,  
tides to rise, moons to wax,  
suns to set, sparrows to fly,  
planets to revolve,  
universes to expand  
if God could talk.





## *When I Die*

When I die  
let them know I  
was ready to go  
that I'd had enough fun,  
sailed enough seas,  
smelled enough roses.

Tell them I had no regrets  
I laughed all the way  
and could hardly wait  
to slip through the veil  
and see what was next.

If they wonder  
what advice I left behind  
say: *add some silence to every day*  
sit alone in a quiet room  
and cry some tears of adoration.

If they wonder  
did I believe in God  
tell them every other week,  
and the rest of the time  
I bowed down to Mystery.

Let them know I died  
saying thanks  
and publish my papers  
that say what for.

When I die, bring out the guitars  
and weep for joy.  
Let wonder run down your ruby cheeks.

I've folded back in to Mind-at-Large,  
my flesh becoming words  
that may find your lips in time.

