

# three songs

rest in each breath  
let it soothe, let it soften  
rest in each breath, rest

beyond weeping,  
even the sun has lost it's shine  
beyond wailing,  
your pain I feel as if it were mine,  
as if it were mine.  
your ink, dark, black  
is mine, too

may I be true,  
may my heart be open  
and this offering recieved  
as it's meant to be

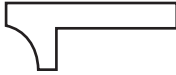
written by **annie garretson**

*sung by dorothea calvari, leigh davis, winnie lee & marcia picciotto*

# ways to

# practice listening

sit quietly and listen  
settle into a state of patience  
hear the lines as they arise  
see which remain when others are forgotten  
if you would like  
tune in profoundly  
to the place from which the song arises



the song echoes in the ache  
between the mind and the heart  
it grieves  
the absence of loved ones  
and rejoices in the kindness  
we have known

