

SOLAR FLARES

on Earth

Standing Strong In These Times

Carina Ramm



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WORLDWIDE CITIZEN

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Radically Being Oneself For My Family – Yes, For You!

FOREWORD TO THIS ENGLISH VERSION

This short essay which now forms the introduction to this poetry booklet was first written in German, my mother tongue. It is meant to provide context for the poetry by harnessing aspects of humanness, planetary changes and our shared history that I feel are important to grasp. It was written in Ireland, in the summer of 2023.

Translating a living text into another language always changes it. Nuances and meanings specific to particular word combinations cannot be conveyed to a precise match. To maintain the frequencies behind the writing and the alive feelings while I was typing, I have occasionally slightly changed the wording such that the translation may not be the closest possible, yet something underneath which is more important, is transcribed accurately. Merging essay, poetry, photography and creative design has brought forward a colourful work of art reflective of Nature's vibrancy. May you enjoy.

BEING ONESELF

What does 'being oneself' mean in our societies? What happens when sensitivity and deep compassion are expressed, when we are loud or have a different opinion?

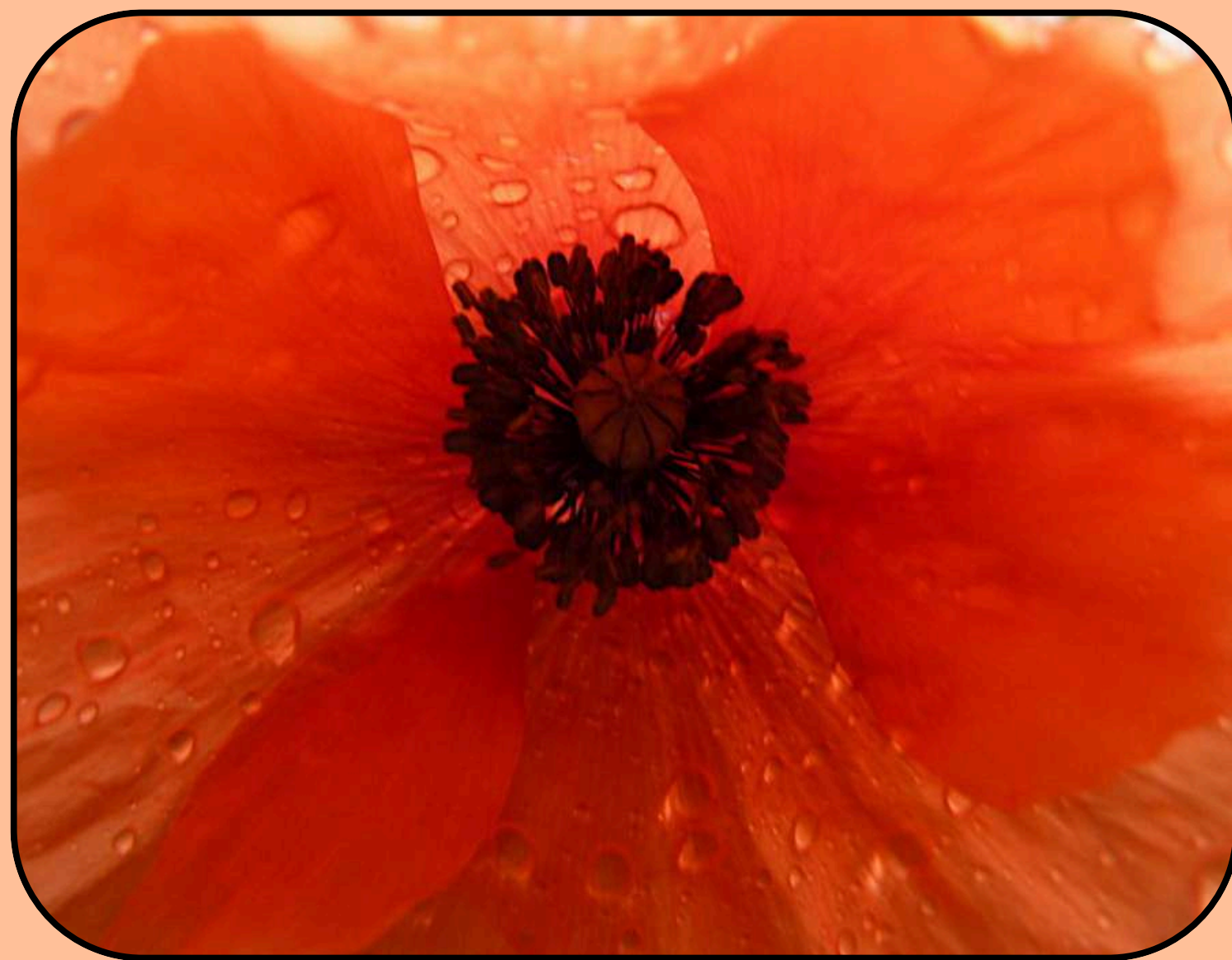
It can feel as though one is working against windmills. It attracts opposition and implies being rebuked or even attacked. It scares others and sometimes ourselves when we feel that we don't belong. When we reveal unfiltered who we are, when that line between you and me dissolves, when we let go and float freely we can stand strong in our life, unwavering. Our societies have other expectations. The institutions responsible for our education, which we work for and which tell us how we should live and wish to teach us what it means to be alive, have other expectations. Why so? Why are our societal structures in discord with humanness? Where are these structures that seemingly govern our lives coming from? Who are we?

OUR LIFE

Is Nature your institution – that intelligence and foundation of all life on Earth, on which everything depends, that determines all outcomes and in which all our wisdom lays? Or, is your life dictated by the external: regulatory statutes enacted and propagated by governments, churches, industries, digital technology, media, banks, the worldwide health system – all these means and systems which could be so positive were they rooted in humanness? Are they not? What do you think? What do you feel when you ask yourself that question? Do these systems feel life-enhancing?

What if all these structures, industries, the military, and even most charities and many NGOs belong to

something that we have accepted as 'ours' and integrated into our lives - something we rarely question since that would mean to scrutinise almost everything we know and identify with? Yet, only, almost everything. It is a world which we are familiarised with from a very young age and in which we apparently have to function - a world which is inserted into us by parental and scholarly means, societal leadership figures, media etc. Young people often find this world bizarre but quickly understand the importance of learning to navigate it, to be part of society and to receive the recognition and appreciation that means so much to us all, and which we long for.



Can you muster the courage to open your eyes and seriously ask yourself these questions? Coming to your own conclusion is part of being human. I am not here to tell you what is right, or wrong. I am merely a human being who has posed many questions and rediscovered life and humanness and would like to share both with you because we belong together, despite and precisely because of, the many things

which seemingly separate us, which bring us apart – internally and in our societies, in our villages, cities, countries and this world.

Does your daily news feed really offer an honest reflection of the world we live in? What if I told you that there are peoples in the Amazonian Rainforest, in Indonesia and parts of Africa that not only live in healthy mutuality with nature, but who have never contacted our so-called civilised world – uncontacted tribes and peoples. And if I also told you that one genocide follows another, right now, to remove these peoples from the Earth so that multinational corporations and non-humanness can proliferate unhindered. Have you ever heard about this or the forced sterilisation of Indigenous women in Canada, South America and Australia in the news?

What if our lives are not so much shaped by humanness as they are by a system which is not ours? In this world, our ways of living are undergoing a tremendous transformation; might we – right now – have the opportunity to (re)discover and (re)claim who we are and build a world inside us and around us which truly provides our children with what they need, and with what we have always dreamed of. Nonsense? Wake up and give yourself the chance to be you.

THE GRAND TRANSFORMATION

Radically being oneself means to embody that Nature which births us into this world, nourishes us and

which most people have removed themselves from, to such an extent that her intelligence is no longer recognised as Self. Instead, it is perceived as the other and is juxtaposed to the human being or even seen as hostile in both: the world around us, which is our home, and the depths of our internal being.

More and more people recognise this issue, see fragments of the many ways in which technologies have taken over our lives but don't know how else it should or could be, and how deep the abyss we have to face really is (and we can face it as our strength is more than sufficient). The trauma of our history is blinding many of us. What we want least is a repetition of that history and yet what most of us live and support is the repetition of such non-human history.

Identities formed by institutions overlay humanness, yet that real, alive core being is increasingly gaining strength. We all remember what it means to LIVE but can we question everything we know, build our structures and societies anew on the foundation of what it means to be a being full of life? Yes, for this transformation is in full swing already. Sometimes the lack of scrutiny in our societies scares me – the level of fear of change and of genuine, personal truth – but then I feel, inside and out, how unstoppable this grand transformation is and I see people wake up from their robotic existence, demanding change and uniting to build something entirely new together.

The frequencies of our bodily signals have long changed. The signals of light, electricity and sound

which we continuously emit (we never learned about that in biology lessons either) are so much higher in frequency and more powerful than a few years back. The same is true for the signals of this planet, its animal and plant beings, our waters and lands—everything that is alive. The barriers which have isolated us until very recently are deeply ruptured. The Earth's magnetic field has changed, our connection with the sun – that wellspring of life – is much closer and the same is reflected inside us. Nature, of which we only knew a vague, downgraded, extremely limited version, has long re-emerged and burst into full presence. Our human abilities of self-healing and materialisation have been activated and gain in strength with every passing day, if we actively walk the path of humanness. Whatever does not fit into the system that we call Life, has been expelled from its subterranean abyssal's and is surfacing in everyday life – inside us and around us, in the world we live in. Turmoil ensues.

Human beings who embody Nature are incredibly powerful and create a lifestream which takes everything with it and births a world of which we always knew exists and lives inside us but the belief in which we had lost. The belief in that world is the belief in ourselves, and it is a belief which is undergoing an incredible resurgence. Institutions and stagnant identities are crumbling as more and more people recognise the emptiness – the absence of Life – in both. The images we are fed – on the radio, on posters, in the news, in political speeches, magazines

and on social media channels – fade before reaching our senses, if we are radically ourselves. Our sense of what it means to be human is screaming louder every day, whether we like it or not. A ripping one-way street back to our core.

THOUGHTS

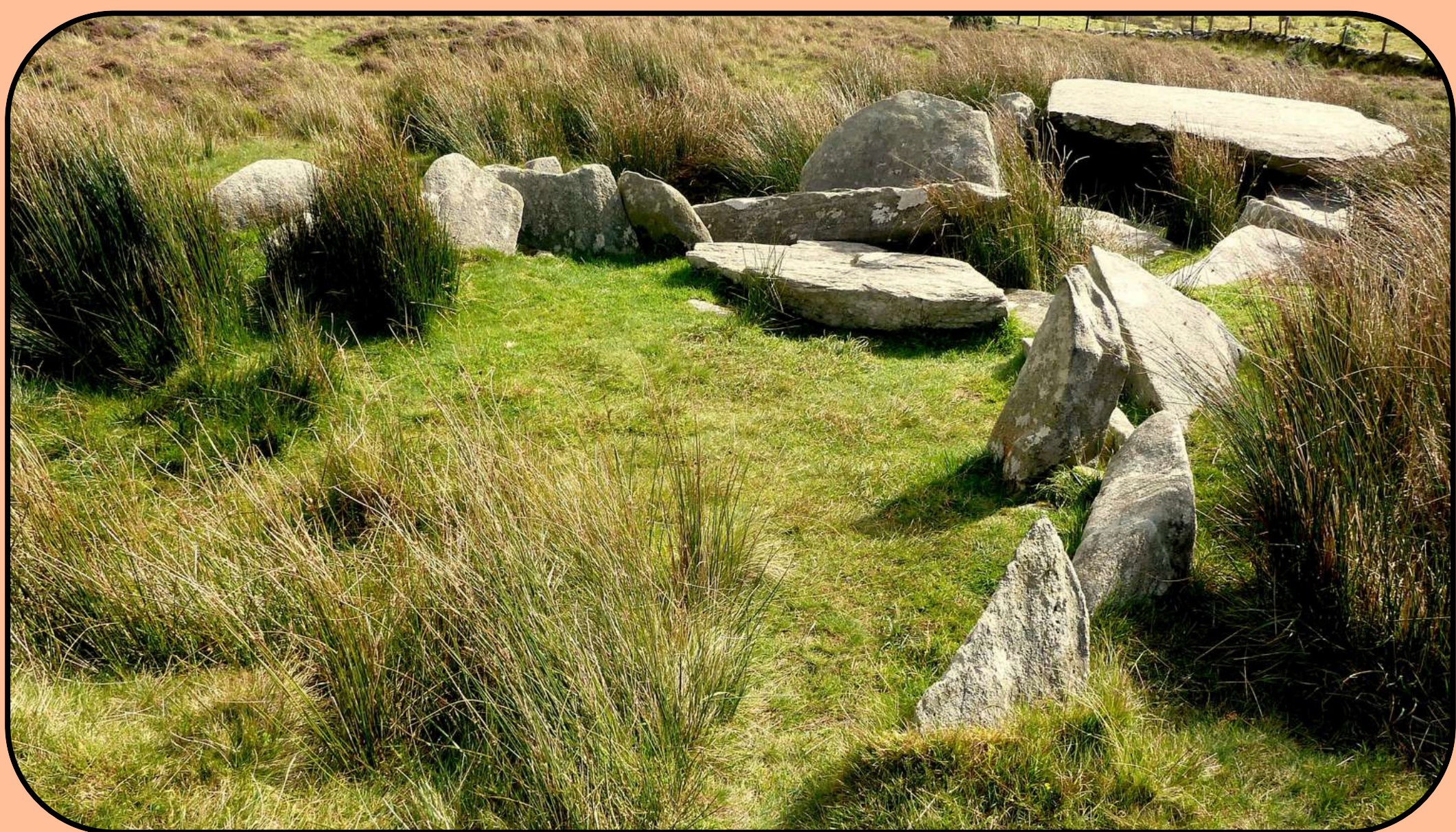
Millions of people attempt to reduce their mental activity or at least steer it towards a more positive direction through meditation, chant, art, sports, nature excursions, or by living more slowly with less exposure to stimulating influences – out of the head and into the body and hence, into life. The plethora of spiritual and religious techniques and rituals offered to ease this path leaves a lot to be desired; often these practices bring very little lasting relief in everyday life. What does that mean? What are thoughts? Where do they come from?

How does it feel? Do you get the sense that the voice in your head belongs to you? Are you in control of your thoughts or are you remotely controlled? We all know the running commentary or the flash-like insights which seem to come out of nowhere. Those familiar with this topic or who simply regularly pay attention to their thought processes, usually realise quickly that thoughts enter our biosystem from the outside and that much of our mental activity makes no sense in the context of our personal lives, “This is not me. This is not my opinion or how I feel,” is what many say after a critical look at their thinking patterns.

Well, exactly. This is a problem because all too often we do follow these thoughts which are not ours – analysing, weighing arguments against one another, getting carried away by that often negative, self-doubting voice – emotionally and in our decision-making. Our mental world is predominantly controlled by sophisticated technologies which do not originate in the system and intelligence of Nature. Thoughts are a means to control people. This, we should be very clear about if we want to rediscover our humanness.

And, of course, this is never mentioned in the news or at school either.

Radically being oneself means decisions are not made from the head but are based on body signals which are rooted in the intelligence of Nature. Emotional reactions should not be immediate but delayed by the split second it takes to consult the internal stillness. More about that in the next chapter.



Megalithic tomb, Achill Island, co. Mayo, Ireland

A FREE HUMAN - A FREE WORLD

Not a dream but a reality. Now, or as soon as you let go, begin to radically be yourself. A world in which wealth and abundance do not depend on money, in which humans are human, and life – Nature – is supported and embodied, every minute and beyond the clocks, rich in diversity retrieved from the past and built together now and over the years to come – you there and me here because you know what humans, animals, plants and rocks, water, the lands and yourself need and love where you are, and I know what we want to materialise into full form here – not from the head, but rooted in the entirety of the human being. We don't want to be machines controlled by centralised forces, do we?

A world in which we question together what we have been taught by our parents, schools, science and the media, in which we decide what we want to preserve and what we want to leave behind forever – starting with ourselves, then moving into the world. A world which we treasure sufficiently to make it worthwhile standing up for what allows our children to live healthily, fully and happily.

You know exactly what it feels like to arrive in a new location, enter an unknown house or meet a human being – the sense of that first moment – an internal wince or joy and magnetism, sadness, excitement or alarm. This very first moment is your signal. It is faster

and much deeper than thought which often follows immediately. Bring this signal to your awareness and live by it with all the courage it takes to be oneself in these times of transformation and chaos. This signal is also provoked when you have an idea, hear someone's suggestion, see someone's actions or when you have to make a decision; it is your steady companion for it represents the intelligence we call Nature which is you, can be embodied by you, and which materialises this universe. What do you perceive deeply within at that point of stillness? Fully express whatever you find there. That's all it takes.



When we are radically ourselves, then we, too, are in constant transformation: sometimes soft and loving, sometimes bursting with anger and rage, sometimes sad and then again full of joy. Half of these emotions we rarely show in the belief that they are somehow inappropriate, too much for others to take, not

accepted by society or in our home. Thoughts of self-doubt prompt many of us to dismiss what is right and to instead go along with what feels safe, so that we fit in or keep our job. What a world of restriction and limitation this is. The internal pressure ever-increasing. It is your human right to radically be yourself. This does not mean being inconsiderate but that consideration is rooted in the system of Nature. It emerges from the deepest depths of our existence, not from shame, fear or guilt. Try it out. You will quickly enter a world of transformation and liberation which takes you back to yourself and to a different type of love. It is a world in which *we* decide, not coercion, abuse, exploitation, dominance. The latter are not human traits but belong to a world of non-humanness which does not know and cannot feel the language, biostream and webbing of love. For love is the cradle of Nature, and non-humanness is not rooted in this system of beingness.

Much depends on the coming months and years. More and more people die every day from not knowing how to be human and because the frequencies and activities of non-humanness are no longer supported on this planet which is fundamentally natural. This is happening at a point in time at which the freedom we have searched for, for so long on this planet, is laying before our feet. Unnecessary. Tragic. Sad. There is only one way to steer this stream back to Nature—by radically being oneself.

THE EARTH

Terrible news every day about the state of the Earth: the dying of life – animals, plants, humans – war, fire, fear and violence – dystopian images. Meanwhile life-bringing carbon is sucked out of the Earth's atmosphere, silently and for dubious reasons. Think about it. Carbon is what we consist of. It's what life consists of. Higher amounts of carbon form a reservoir for new life rooted in the system of Nature – new life which we need and desire on Earth. How could we let it come to this point? Why do we blindly trust institutions which are irreconcilable with humanness? All of us, again and again, despite our history, our intellect and the wisdom we were born with. For how much longer? Until, in the name of safety, our blood is removed from our veins and replaced with a machine-controlled, digitally interconnected 'something' which – for our safety – measures the data of our cyborg body around the clock so that we finally can sleep calmly and find inner peace while existing like robots in a worker – no, a slavery system – which generously provides an artificial replacement for everything which Nature has equipped us with, and which is our human right to embody: health, intelligence, abundance, power, interconnectedness.

And all of this, we only get, if we are compliant citizens who conform to the evermore fine-meshed external regulatory statutes which certain institutions and banks of this world have drafted and enacted for us. So that we don't have to think. So that we don't have to

know. So that we don't have to decide. So that we can fully focus on our work while the last old trees are falling for Ikea, the last rainforests are burning for palm oil plantations, the last Indigenous Peoples disappear, our rudimentary remaining human capabilities are replaced by fully monitored mobile apps.

This is not the way if you are a human being. The Earth was once a planet full of wonder, and will be again, for we no longer and never again will allow the destruction which this planet has endured. Is that a plan? Are you in?

Have you ever asked yourself why most of Earth's forests consist of trees which are about 200 years old, or why the windows of so many old buildings are half buried in the ground, why so many stories of mythology, religion and folklore mention catastrophic deluges and mud floods? What lies buried under the desert sand? Are deserts really as natural as we are being told? Is their steady expansion as much caused by humanness as we are supposed to believe? Questions we need to ask for our children, for life, for our societies and ourselves so that humanness – our most basic right – can rebuild its future on Earth.

RADICALLY BEING ONESELF

What would you like to see and support in this world? Nature, humanness or the continued destruction of both? The chasm between the two is tremendous.

There is no middle ground. This is a time in which you should be clear about who you are and what you stand for. Passive drifting is not a way of Life. The excuse: “But others are doing it too,” cuts no ice anymore. This planet is undergoing a grand transformation – nothing



and no one is excluded. Those who know who they are and embody Nature are supported in what they do for everything at work is an expression of the same intelligence. Others may run into one obstacle after the other – emotionally, mentally, physically, spiritually and beyond – mostly because their decisions and actions are not in agreement with the system of Life.

All this is very obvious if one takes a deeper look at one’s internal and external environment—if one dares to see.

Radically being oneself means to live from stillness, rooted in our natural wisdom – taking full responsibility for oneself. It means to wholeheartedly use the opportunity of this time of grand transformation – the opportunity and duty – to rebuild our communities, families, villages and cities, and to deeply realise the meaning and technicalities of being human.

Do we want to acquiesce in the attempt to destroy Nature and to separate us from our humanness or do we want to open our eyes together and build what is worthy of being human? I think we all know the answer and have everything needed to walk this path. Look around in your area, in your life, inside you. What is missing? What are you supporting? What would you like to contribute? How can you breathe more life into yourself, your family, your environment? You are strong. Do you think you are fully embodying this strength? Are you fully what you know you can and should be?

Radically being oneself means letting go of mind-based plans, and goals and being open to what naturally unfolds in the context of Life. Nature's intelligence is far more advanced than logical thinking although the two may complement one another if sequence and means of perception are conducive. If you are honest with yourself, then you know that we are unaware of most of our actions' consequences, and even less able to predict them. Too many factors are

involved most of which we know little about or nothing at all, as life reveals again and again, on small and grand scales. We think we do someone a favour just to find out that this was not at all the case because what they needed was something entirely different from what we thought. We think we know and are improving a situation yet things continue to go downhill – the story of this planet, look around. Especially in these times of all-encompassing transformation, even what used to be steady and stable has become unreliable. But—

We are all part of a life-giving intelligence which knows the way, spontaneously, now. Experience plays a role in radically being oneself but a secondary one. First, there is a signal which emerges from the entirety of your being—from humanness/Nature. Then there is the memory of previous experiences—what we believe we know. Then another signal in response to that memory or piece of information which we would like to include. If the body signal is positive, if you feel an internal openness, then the information is included. If there is an inner contraction then the experience or information is likely in disagreement with the flow of Life in this current situation. It sounds theoretical but happens in a split second, all the time. You feel it if you care to observe, pay attention, explore and if you dare to let go of the programming we all have received. It is not a chore but humanness itself which we have to distinguish from non-humanness – so is the situation on Earth.

The core of exciting new ways and opportunities usually consists of something you already knew about but which you have never noticed in this way because it did not hitherto fit into your life circumstances or your point of view has been a different one. Suddenly a new picture forms around a person you already knew, a country is calling you which you didn't feel drawn to before, a platform or community you had already heard of but which never piqued your interest in the past suddenly feels exciting. Don't look for the grand insight which out of the blue brings something entirely new and life-changing into your view. Nature, although incredibly diverse and exciting, is simple and continuous. 180° turns and Earth-shattering discoveries are usually a sign that something else is at play.

FINAL WORDS

I hope you found the previous words - a short essay - helpful, this is the intention it was written with. You are most welcome to share it with others who you feel may find it supportive. If you would like to be inspired by the many ways in which humanness is materialising into form across the planet, then take a look at the following website www.sunbeings.org which I have created together with very talented British artist and website designer - Kate Priestley. Under 'Pioneer platform' you will find many initiatives, projects and businesses which resonate at the new frequency levels and increasingly reflect the intelligence and principles of Nature.

With love to the country in which I was born but where, sadly, I never found the space to spread my wings and radically be myself. Maybe sometime in the future—

Carina



Depth of Silence

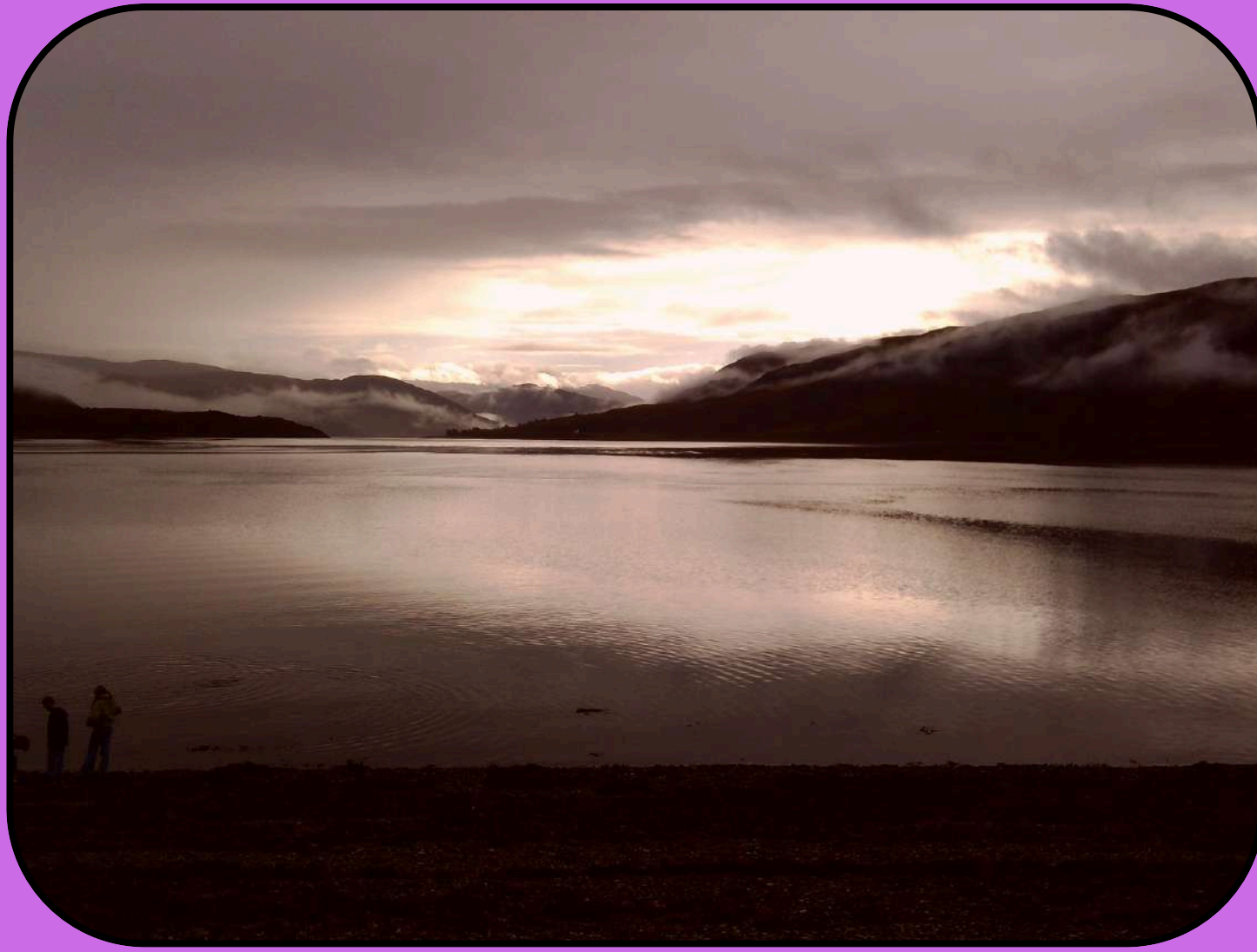
*Deep inside the ocean lives,
Infinite – it always gives.
Many beings submerged in it,
Some don't realise that it exists.*

*Medium of all communication.
No need for movement, or translation.
Filled with clarity and wild creation,
Colossal, more profound than any citation.*

*No book is needed to read it,
No school to understand, or be it.
All living form is its receiver,
The rest a meaningless demeanor.*

*A million shapes and endless colours.
A play of freedom, its meaning is ours.
In its never-ending depth
Lie secrets openly to those who beget.*

*A world unrecognised by most of humanity,
Missing from books of spirituality.
Much more real and quintessential;
A substance of gaping potential.*



*We can take it anywhere,
Inside and out – do you dare?
Who are you when you break all chains,
Forget all knowledge, achievements and pains,
Yet deeply feel all that moves and aches?*

*Watch the deer, watch the tree,
All alone, silent and free.
You hear more than words can ever tell,
Own more than anyone can sell.*

*Back in your community
You are a force of security,
A storm of materialisation,
A hurricane of love and integration.*

*Dive the depth of silence.
Reclaim your life without violence.
Go further than you ever thought you could—
A raging spectacle of fulfilment, of home and of good.*

Written August 5, 2023 in Pullathomas, co. Mayo, Ireland



Purity on Earth

*An incredible outpour of light,
Neither defined nor prescribed by humanity.
Its current is strong, its shine so bright
And its electrified flow always just right.*

*Pulling us back to ourselves,
Catapulting us out of stagnant shells.
No static body, no infiltrating mind,
Clarity, without effort or fight.*

*Sometimes its force is very strong
Breaking every note that does not belong
Enforcing its song of fiery love,
Eradicating the cacophony that makes us starve.*

*While many still believe there can't be such a thing,
It is penetrating every being, every rock and every king.
Humanity is so used to scarcity and war,
That money was accepted as a golden door.
Life was thrown away, but is now restored.*

*High waves crashing ashore
Gold-plated castles of darkness no more.
Every lie collapsing, in the purest glow
Nature's house of cards - a solid mountain in the most
violent blow.*



*Like a mother's milk changes with the saliva of the
child,
Our physique adapts to what is required in this world.
Information is carried to every atom of form
By an intelligence so sublime, ever-evading our control.*

*Yet we shape the Earth every day
With a sovereignty beyond any philosophical portrait.
Letting go, sinking into the ocean inside
We hear and feel it and may live it at all times.*

*I shall keep surfing the waves back to magic and glee
And cover the graves of those who can't see.
United once more through our rays of light
We stand strong no matter the plight.*

*Determined to do whatever needs to be done
Breaking through bulwarks of abuse, dissolving all harm.
Later we will relax, recover and go on
In peace and wonder, forgotten for so long.*





Fire of Sentience

Is my life about me?

No, I am one star in a galaxy of billions.

Is my life about others?

*No, they seem distant even when they are close,
Submersed in their universe even when they lie in my
arms.*

Is my life about the Earth?

No, the Earth in her beauty is only one of my homes.

Is my life about this universe?

No, I can't even understand its expanse.

*My life is the sentience
That sets my body on fire
Carries others through the night
Gives the Earth her voice
And this universe its poise.*

*Please enter my castle,
I am already residing in yours.
With the lakes in my heart
Continents under my skin
Stars in my eyes
Embodying ancient cries
There is nothing I don't know
And everything in my care—
A timeless current
Unmoving, yet everywhere.*



*Floating through thin air
Rooted deep into the ground
My life is about you, about all beings
And ancient sound.*

Written April 27, 2025, near Bucine, Tuscany, Italy.



3 billion years old rock, Rhiconich, NW-Scotland



Human, or Not

*Humanness a dream,
A rose-glassed tree.*

*A thousand fears hidden in a perfect seam.
So many drifting, lost, holding on to a crumbling beam.*

*Better to drown in the flood
Than to conquer one's wrenching gut,
A view in the mirror with depth and clarity,
Taking the reins of this derailed life towards true
charity.*





*Such decisions entirely one's own
From the wellspring of the internal kaleidoscope
Far from newspapers and institutions
Scream for general persecution.*

*People can't possibly be free
Immersed in the depth of Life
Trusting that inner current so deep
Building castles of their own reality.*

*When did this giant chasm appear?
Humans losing their humanity.
Finding back to the nature of your heart
Letting evaporate the tremendous pains which set us
apart.*

*The internal power grid
Ruling our outer voice and wit.
All beings closely linked,
Loneliness forever extinct.*

*Family not determined by blood,
Not pinned on paper or decided by an institutional strut
But deeply united by song,
Which neither knows limits nor wrong.*



*Sudden standstill—
A profound rebirth,
Being human
In the cradle of Life on Earth.*

*A deeply rooted tranquility
Filled to the brim with vitality.
Rife with magic and strength
A presence which goes to whole new lengths.*

*The decision is yours—
Each man to his own.*

*The Earth spins faster with every passing day
Open the coffin, all anchors astray.
Hold on tight to the depth of our Earthly existence
Or fly to artificial stars beyond all distance.*

Written July 3, 2023 in Pullathomas, co. Mayo, Ireland



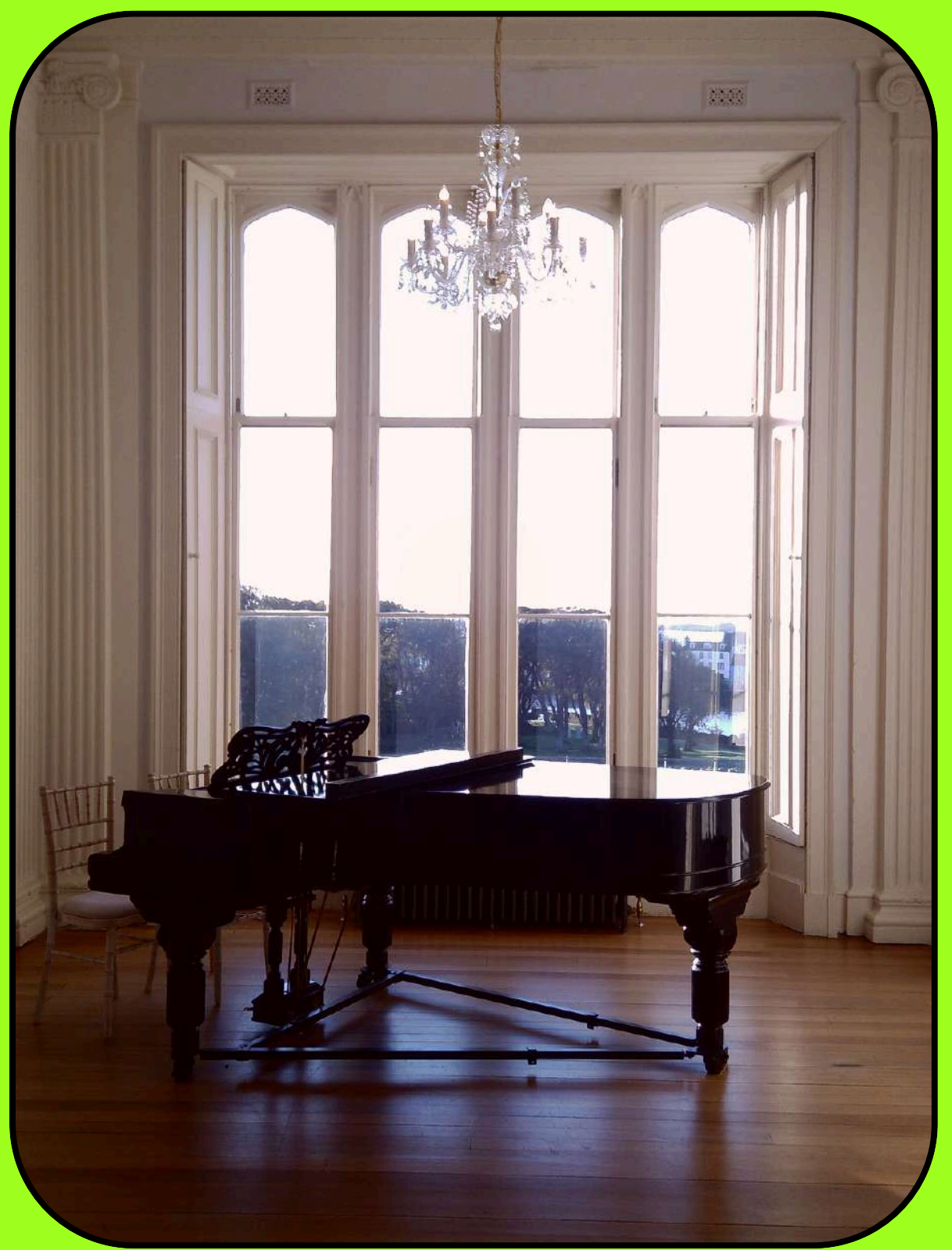
New Worlds

**Communication—
Never more the same.
Since time disappeared
Into the day.**

**Do you sense
That quintessential ray?
Carried by life
Through any sway?**

**The air is speaking,
Do you hear her voice?
The path is clear—
It is rooted in choice.**

**The choir of beings
Is ever so loud.
Pick the music you like
And walk without doubt.**



Written in Mutare, Zimbabwe, on April 28, 2024.



Rising Beauty

*After the storm
I looked
At the fallen trees.
From an imploding heart
Whisper screams:*

*May hundreds of millions of trees
Replace your beauty
Your wisdom
Your magic.*

*May life explode
In ways unseen before
Into sheer abundance,
Overjoyous light
Pulsing everywhere.*

*May our sound
Transcend this universe
And invite all Life, all love
To grow from your seeds.*



*Written January 25, 2025 in
Gubaveeney, co. Cavan, Ireland,
after an unusually strong storm
which uprooted many trees*



A Million Suns

*A summer dream,
A winter song.
Where is the richness?
What went wrong?*

*Everyone tired.
No one alive?
Where is the passion?
Where is the drive?*

*So much fear—
What is to lose?
The dream of safety,
Losing grip, losing juice.*

*The waking up—
A shock wave of grief.
Before old dreams
Meet new realities.*

*Tired eyes find the stars in the sky.
A whirl of humanity's deepest cry.
All change, everything to gain.
Meeting life – bursting the chain.*



*Golden power breaking the clocks.
No time to think, no word, no box.
Breaking all limitation we ever new.
A million suns, in me and in you.*

Written February 28, 2023 in Thessaloniki, Greece



Aké Mayan site, Yucatán, Mexico; photo by Latoya Redene



To read this poem take a few moments by yourself, perhaps 10 minutes or 20 but no more than half an hour. Be with the poem. Maybe read it again. Let go. Diving into the power of silence - who are you when identities vanish?

All Ropes Untied

***Letting go of all ropes,
Who are you?
What have you tied yourself to
That imprisons you?***

***Nobody there,
Who are you?
Distant sound, just sitting here,
Who are you?
You, all alone.***

***No shelter,
No music,
No favourite food,
Who are you?***

***No water to drink,
No clothes to wear,
No place to move,
Who are you?***

***No phone to call another soul,
Who are you?
Right in this moment***



**Wherever you are,
Who are you?**

**No party to go to,
No drink to warm up,
Who are you?**

**No family to catch you,
No partner to hold you,
No child to care for,
Who are you?**

**All ropes untied,
Your boat drifting out of sight.
Silence.
Nothing to hold on to.**

**One deep breath. Another breath.
Silence.
Who are you?**

**Broken bones,
Tired all day,
Who are you?**

**No job to distract you,
No money to spare,
No gift to give,
Who are you?**



***Falling apart,
Sinking into the ground,
Who are you?***

***No heat from the stove,
No friend to join you,
Who are you?***

***No golden vision,
No flower to smell
No thought left to think,
Who are you?***

***All ropes untied,
Nothing there to decide,
Who are you?***

Immersed in power and light.





Changing Worlds

*Racing down the forest path
A sense of belonging in that nature bath.
An explosion of me'ness although nothing is mine,
Another world – a voyage through time.*

*A poem that does not want to be,
Taking me back to the root of me.
What anger, what frustration – a race against time.
Life falling apart – nothing in line.*

*A sudden injection of life upside down,
Yet knowing and going while ready to drown.
A pull, a sudden leap, turmoil and greed—
Gone.*

*Silence, warmth, another day,
Full of potential, freedom – nothing the same.
A spark, its rays, the smell of conifer trees.
Life different – fantastic – no money, no fees.*

*What world are you in?
Get into new gears.
Straightening out priorities.*



*Up 5 levels into chaos and tears,
Ensuring a world beyond ancient fears.
Nothing is what it seems to be,
Find that potential - all is set free.*

Written February 4, 2023 in Thessaloniki, Greece





Dance of the Giants

*Platinum, silver and gold
Are the language of the etherium,
The stars in the juice of life—
Building blocks of togetherness.*

*The dance of the giants
Ended without obeisance;
A loud, unseen collapse
As scintillating love found its way in.*

*A rupture of worlds,
Which couldn't be more different,
Conducted by the song
Of beings of the air
And the salty seas.*

*A merging
Of love, pureness and gold
So different in countenance
From anything preconceived,
From anything known
Below the roof of this world.*



*It's not a blasting of fetters
Nor a powerful cry,
Merely a warm flood of copiousness
Between glistening light
And the dark of the night.*

*A victory without winners,
A parting without losers.
Pulsating life
In the pain of loss.*

*Written September 4, 2025, at AsvaNara near Pieve Santo
Stefano (Tuscany, Italy).*





Deepsea Melodies

*Howling winds,
Pouring rain;
Currents of light
In the ocean grey.*

*The air is sparkling
With wisdom and joy.
Perplexity
As the Earth is rolling—
Nature's toy.*

*Every minute
Encompasses new worlds;
Echos of nostalgia
Swallowed by seawater pearls.*

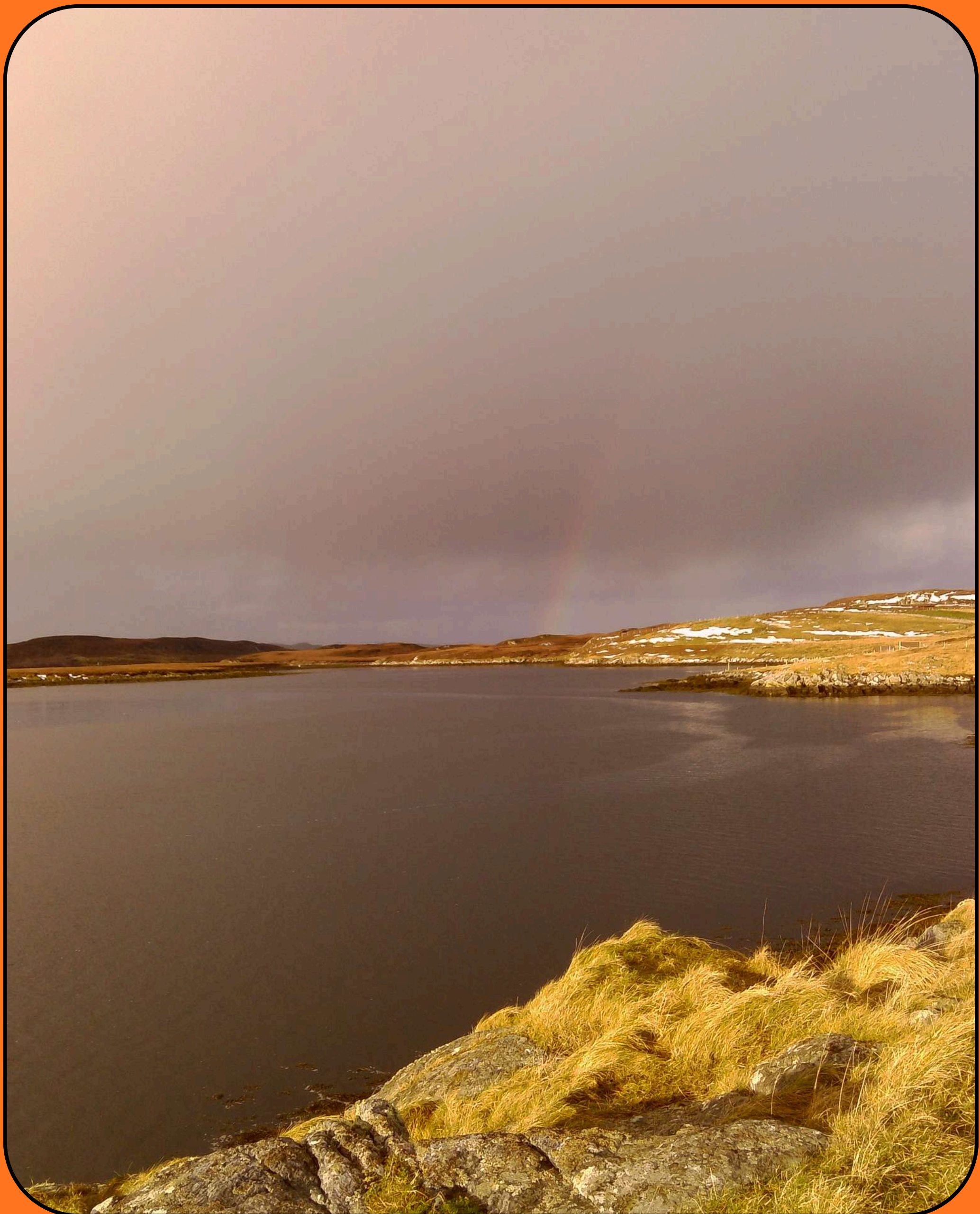
*Planetary blackboards
Cleared of their chalk
As crows fly by
And songbirds embark
On completely new songs
Never heard before.*

*Everything shifts.
The mountain lifts
Revealing ever more of his precious gifts.*



*Currents of gold
Flowing through my body
To the eye of the sperm whale—
A deepsea melody.*

Written in Ullapool, October 8, 2025





Fire and Illusion

Where are we going from here?

Surrounded by falling trees.

Miracles in the skies

Exposing all lies

Before the words are spoken

Making it easy to take a stand

Full of courage

In a world out of hand,

But few are with that golden current

That brings in all light

Without effort, without sight.

Nothing required.

No thought, no feeling, no move may transpire.

No clue where to go,

Or what to desire

When suddenly a star appears

Out of the ground

Where it had been waiting for years,

Covered by millions of fears

That suddenly dissolved in tears.

Who would expect a star in the ground

When we always look up

To find solutions and account

Of where we are at

And where we can build our sacred mount?



*While few are flying
Through this magical world
Armies are lost
In story and belief.
The heat of fire
Blanketed by frost
In the chests of those
Who attempt at any cost
To save a face
Which has never been their own
Blind to the seeds
That are everywhere sown
And continuously shown
By Life itself.*

*A tragedy to behold
Humanity sold
To a force so cold
No words to be told.*

**Written:
November 25, 2025,
in Callanish,
Isle of Lewis
(Outer Hebrides)**





Human Beings

*Light of day emerges
From within an ocean of green
Few penetrate its depth
Bringing peace into the seen.*

*Many believe to be angels
Yet their light has no warmth.
Copies of something ancient
Their translations can't weather the storms.*

*Mental constructs
Holding on
Distorted views
An obsession with harm*

*Until ocean waves
Come crashing down
And everything is gone
Into an empty dawn.*

*Flames shooting into the sky
Of clearness and colour,
A bird's cry.
Rebirth, love at the end of time.*



Written April 15, 2025, near Bucine, Tuscany, Italy.



Journey of the Gift

This poem relates to gift economies, a topic which is dear to my heart. Since many years, financially I mostly operate in this realm, either through giving without any strings attached or by working donation-based. In the latter case donations may take on many shapes and forms; they are not limited to money.

Gift economies are deeply rooted in abundance. They are a reflection or amplification of Nature which provides everything we need without keeping a personal record or a balance sheet. The exchange emerges spontaneously rather than driven by an agenda to earn a certain amount of money. Everything on this planet, in this universe, works hand in hand, steered by a type of underlying intelligence. When we are aligned with that way of operating then everything is provided at exactly the right time, while we, too, are continuously yet effortlessly giving. It is a lived joy, outside the realm of fear for the future or financial uncertainty. It is not a concept but my personal experience of many years. And it is increasingly becoming the way all beings on Earth operate once more, including us.

In nature all apples ripen at once. So what do we do? Of course, we share. If one community has gained mastery in a craft and specialises in a particular set of products, while another is growing food plants, then naturally there will be an exchange. Over the last few centuries a narrow monetary system has been forced on top of nature's simplicity – it is a system which is not ours, is not necessary and which distorts the way in which this universe works. Scarcity has been introduced to control and exploit. It is not natural to this planet and we need not comply with it. For some time this artificial system has suppressed Nature but this era is fast ending.

Gift economies harness the sentience of everything that lives in a world of flexibility, surprise, simplicity and trust. Gift economies are built on and nourish relationships. Sharing strengthens the bond between humans and peoples. Abundance opens space for generosity, ease and respect. The stories of Indigenous peoples and old folklore still hold the memory of a world of abundance on Earth, a world which many believe belongs to the realm of fairy tales but it does not.



Journey of the Gift

*While moving on
From hand to hand
Its light brightens
Into a prayer band.*

*Every hand adding another colour,
Deepening its story
Enriching its form.*

*As the item journeys on
It no longer is an item—
Metamorphosed into a sacred vessel
Full of sentience, filled with Life.*

*Don't be surprised
When your treasured reminder
Of the generousness of another soul
One day takes off, all on its own.*



*So full of power,
It knows where to go,
Not because you told him so
But out of its own intelligent flow—
The same that prompts us to live our goal.*

Written on August 8, 2024, in Mutare, Zimbabwe.

The photograph was taken in the ancient Etruscan hilltop village of Cortona – a very unique, and transformative place in Italy. The Etruscan civilisation, which mainly inhabited the region that is now called Tuscany, must have embodied highly positive frequencies which are still strongly radiating through the cobblestone today. There are multiple Etruscan tombs very nearby, and a large Etruscan Museum features in the middle of Cortona. A layer of roman architecture sits on top of the more ancient remnants. The village is filled with churches and monasteries, and many more are sprinkled into in the surrounding area. Surely the powerful frequencies here have been recognised during roman times, too.



KOSOVO

Kosovo - a mix of ancient Greek influences, Serbian monasteries and geographic names, Ottoman architectures and religion, and an Albanian people visually very different from central and northern Europeans, yet not Turkish or otherwise Middle-eastern. How did all this come to be - the layers of different histories, the worlds within worlds?

Driving through Kosovo what quickly struck me was the high number of gas stations owned by a broad variety of oil and gas companies. Do cars have 5l tanks here and need to be filled up every few metres? Later in Serbia, someone who enjoys salmon prepared in 3 different ways for breakfast, explained to me that this is how drug money is laundered here - capital is re-introduced into the legal financial flow via the oil and gas industry. He also tells me about deep connections between Albania and the Italian mafia. More pieces of the puzzle showing up - those expensive cars, the Albanian weed I smoked in Greece and the feeling that this is only a glimpse of what is really happening...

What stands out are the contrasting building styles very clearly visible. For example, in Prizren, mostly grey communist apartment buildings deprived of sentience meet some of the most beautiful alive Ottoman architecture, and what I learned later to be traditional Serbian houses with pyramidal four-sided roofs, built from natural materials. The latter create a unique energetic atmosphere which I came to cherish later when living in such a house south of Belgrade - Serbia's capital. Unfortunately Prizren's river, Bistrica was already forced into a straight, unchangeable bed even though one of stone, not concrete. I feel that its connection to the ground underneath remains intact but an aspect of its aliveness is taken away and no longer recognised by the builders. Step by step humanity lost its sense for belonging, the interconnectedness of everything, and for the natural sentience and intelligence of water, rock, minerals, the Earth, the air we breathe.

Immediately upon arriving in Kosovo I sensed a heaviness which increased the closer I got to Pristina. It's something so familiar from my childhood which cannot be put into words. Trauma of war, conflict, suppression, violence written into the land's memory and radiating palpably. The heavy air pollution does not help. Smog rising from several large chimneys of a Pristina coal plant day and night. The only region in which I did not sense that heaviness was Prokletije National Park, which leads right up to the border with Montenegro. The beautiful mountains, streams, waterfalls and forests expel a completely different frequency, overwriting recent histories of the country it seems. So much stronger. If people would just spend more time there.

The cities speak of past traumatic experiences and their translation into contraction, fear, addiction, a more than usual need for security and sameness, a normalcy rooted in routine which can be paralysing, domestic violence, despair and overwhelm. I saw the perpetuation of these patterns in very young children despite their high frequency. And yet it all seems to come to a head, breaking open. People are craving release and Nature is guiding the way if heard and chosen. I saw inspiring and



exceptional creativity, and courage too. One right next to the other in the same person, the same community, the same city. Nothing is lost. What does peace mean in Kosovo? Perhaps the end of excluding one another? The end of claiming land for one people only? Land. It gives us everything. Without it we are nothing. We can't be. In a world of scarcity, land becomes something which has to be fought over and secured. What would our relationship to land look like in a world of abundance? Just wondering... Who invented the concept of buying and selling land, of possessiveness, of exclusion? What kind of a world do we want for our future, our children?

KOSOVO

*Children of Kosovo,
What happened to you?
Where did the incredible history go?
The connection with nature - so overdue.*

*Heavy smog leaving many chimneys,
Surrounded by pearls of beauty behind windows
Holding on to fake security,
Searching the anchor beyond scrutiny.*

*Life is not lost,
Neither forgotten the past,
The lands, the rivers, the inside of us.
Feelings, shaking, layers of frost,
Yet light emerging, no matter the cost.*

*Broken wings can still repair
Trauma, shock and victimhood.
Life sometimes seems so unfair,
Disturbed emotions lost in thick air.*



*Hands together with courage and fear.
Eyes to the sun watching pain disappear.
Leaping forward, strongly rooted right here,
Holding the breath, releasing the tears.*

*Slowly emerging a new form of trust,
Beyond the nation, the stories, the bust.
Deep inside the silence binds
What belongs together at all of times.*

*A place of freedom, a place of strength
Always there for everyone.
Walking to the end - the fullest length,
True power unfolds so very young.*

**Written in Rogaca, Serbia, in April 2023, soon after a
deep, profound week in Kosovo.**





Leaping Through Resurgence

*I thought I saw you
Falling from heaven,
An ocean of water
Touching my head.*

*This is a world
Full of illusion,
Full of wishes
And external confusion.*

*Heavy forms,
Light pixels,
Coded colours
Bio-intensity signals,*

*Heavenly music
Softly sounding
Below the storms.*

*Meeting you
At the bottom of the ocean
Filled with wonder,
Flooded with Life,
Spiralling down
Into the arms of the Earth.*



*Nothing clear,
Sometimes fear,
We re-appear
On a journey so dear.*

*On we steer
Until the skies are clear.*

Written May 11, 2025, in Arezzo, Tuscany, Italy.





Love Song to the (Atlantic) Gray Whale

I used to research cetacea (whales, dolphins and porpoises) – beings which have fascinated me and stood out as different since childhood. I read every book I could find about them, had a poster of a breaching orca over my desk. Later in life, multiple times I came eye to eye with these incredible beings – very special and close encounters off the shores of Canada, New Zealand, Australia, Tonga.

After many years of life, on or by the ocean, I distanced myself from academia for more than one reason – too narrow a lens through which to truly see such wonder; too much politics and mega-industries involved in funding and directing research; extreme competitiveness among researchers over scarce resources instead of teamwork...

Other pathways that followed brought me to a more land-based life – cetacea remained in my heart and part of my being – but we didn't meet in the same ways as before. Until, I began to feel an incredibly strong pull towards the ocean and a re-found deep connectedness particularly with whales developed. I travelled to NW-Scotland and became involved with a process of deep return at the time of writing. Whales and other marine mammals transcend my field so strongly.

It's not physical encounters even though I saw seals and 3 dolphins since coming here. What struck me the most was their lack of abundance and absence in these waters. Deep grief followed. They used to be in every bay and now there are so few. But something incredible happened.

After seeing a rock in a small cove that starkly resembled the head of a gray whale it occurred to me that these leviathans, too, used to live all across the North Atlantic until their extinction in this ocean in the 18th century. Sadness once more. I sat with it, in silence. Suddenly, I had the sense that they are still here and did some research online: 4 documented sightings in the last 15 years, 2 off the Atlantic coast of the USA and 2 in the Mediterranean Sea. OMG!

It immediately became clear to me that these gray whales had not come from the Pacific due to melting ice as suggested by scientific and media narratives, but instead uncharted lands must exist in the Atlantic around which they still live. Gray whales use shallow waters along shore lines especially when they have young. It's for protection. Newborns are often pushed into water no more than a few centimetres deep – out of reach of orcas and sharks. I have seen it with my own eyes along the coast of Vancouver Island.

Old charts which today are difficult to find and access used to look very differently from the maps we have today. Many landmasses disappeared in mysterious ways – some sank into the ocean, others simply left the maps.



This realisation filled my whole being with so much joy, I can't describe it in words. There was a knowing without doubt, and the sense of a deeper re-connection with these beings that flooded in, for me personally, and for all beings on this planet.

Love Song to the (Atlantic) Gray Whale

*Reconnecting with the past
Opens an ocean ever so vast.
Beings who are part of me,
To whose songs I play my symphony
Re-emerge in timelessness
Along the seams of our merging realms.*

*While tied to the land
You were tied to the sea
In each others hearts
But too distant to meet.*

*I first refound you in the rock
Of a sacred cove,
And it came as a shock—
The memory that you once swam in these waters
Which are now so empty
Of meaning and laughter.*

*Then whisper into my ear
Emerging from an inner sphere
That you my friend are still here.*



*My heart is jumping
In elation.
Where have you been,
Well of creation?
Uncharted lands,
Long forgotten
Must be your home—
A sanctuary begotten
Eons ago.*

*A sacred temple
Flooded with light
Ready to rise
In the changing tide.*

*Today I love you
Ever more.
I am greeting you
On my brightest shore.*

*May our suns wander together,
Never lost,
Through the stormy weather.*



*Tanella di Pitagora Etruscan tomb,
Cortona, Italy*

Written in Ullapool (Scotland), October 20, 2025.



Love!

*Suspended, outside space and time.
Delighted, sitting here to rhyme.
Expanded, trespassing everything,
So connected – all life my kin.*

*Wishing this to every single being.
Ears for our planet's otherworldly singing.
Boldly moving forward day and night.
The time is now – get into your stride.*

*This is more than we have ever dreamed,
Unfolding within us in every cell.
The greatest mystery, the greatest liberty,
Take it with open pores and open eyes to see.*

Written October 18, 2022 in Belmullet, co. Mayo, Ireland





New Zealand Memories

*I have been to places
Where the Earth is alive
Years ago, and eons past
Exploring new cultures, new faces.*

*Being engulfed by sentience
From deep below
To far above
In humble awe and reverence.*

*Every day
Between sun and sea,
I take that bath—
Meeting life with all that is me
A spark so precious it never goes astray.*

*Gold in my blood
Drinking the water's wisdom
Its power, its delight.
In a world so glisten.*



*Anything that happens
A part of the whole, a grain of sand,
And like the blow of the dolphin,
Filled with life of the most colourful blend.*

Written July 9, 2024, in Mutare, Zimbabwe.



Peace

*Hearing cedars ring
And gristmills grind,
The birds of the Taiga sing,
The inland sea shores thrive—
In peace.*

*Seeing religions unite
Below the root of their divide,
People finding their deepest depth—
Deeper than form, deeper than death,
Walking the golden ground
Full of Life, nature abound—
In peace.*

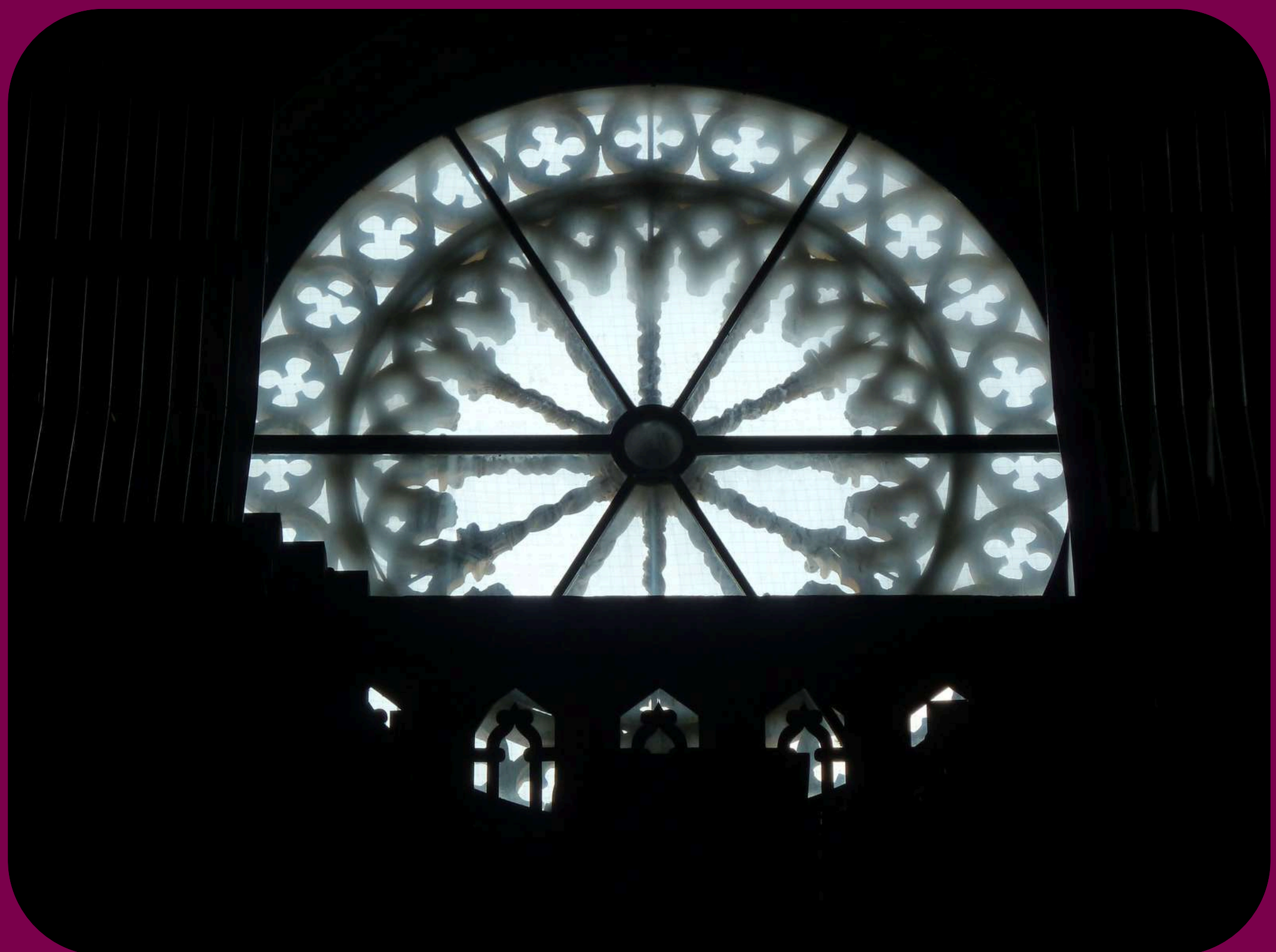
*Smelling the flamingo's lands
Abundant ripening fruit
While hearts are cracking open again
Emitting light, revealing sooth—
In peace.*

*Holding dear nature's medicine
All around the fire ring;
A merging of truly human motion
With other beings
In sacred devotion—
And peace.*



*Listening to the pounding heart
Feeling its pressure,
Loving its charm,
Grasping its monumental revolution
Of peace.*

*Written in Nuevalos & La Codosera, Spain,
November 2023.*





Pearl in the Ocean

*In a sea of silence
I fly to tomorrow,
In a sea of silence
I fly to you.*

*In love is where life flowers,
Where the best of the Unknown
Emerges out of nowhere,
And new seeds are sown.*

*Together we shape this magic,
Dive into liquid gold.
Nothing is the way it has been
Forgotten the words never told.*

*With the world in my pocket
I travel around
Just to suddenly rest
On completely new ground.*

*Following the smell of roses
Years melt to nothing.*

*Pictures once shared in another time
Are they still a valid spark of the sublime?*



*Are you in?
Are you up for the forces of Nature,
The heat of the snow
And the flames that are raging?*

Completed on July 28, 2024, in Mutare, Zimbabwe.





Dignity For All Beings

*Sentience of the river
Sentience of the sea
Recognising the open arms
Of the Sycamore tree.
Responding to the bird's expression of joy
Feeling the light of the medusa
Under its colourful gel*

*Once we perceive and deeply feel
The difference between Nature
And a world made of steel
Empires fall overnight
To leave us to our human right
Of communing with every form of life
Wherever we may choose to go
Bound by nothing besides that sentient flow
That protects all beings
Without striving, or goal.*

**Written January 24,
2026, in Callanish,
Isle of Lewis, Scotland.**





Returning Home

*A being of powerful light
Impinged upon by foreign veins of fright—
What a confusing sight.
The blocks of lifestream - a terrible plight,
Techno-fixes - a futile fight.*

*The way we move - synthetic.
The way we eat - synthetic.
The way we work - synthetic.
The way we are safe - synthetic.
The way we exchange - synthetic.
The way we find pleasure - synthetic.
The way we love - synthetic.*

*Who we are - unknown.
Where we came from remains to be shown.
The skills of aliveness bestowed—
Forgotten over alien code.
The seeds of wonder long sown
Only sprout in fertile water and fiery stone.*

*Steps into the blinding brightness
Brake all shackles,
Remove distorted kindness.*



*A superhuman emerges
That had been sleeping through surges
Of domination by ancient, formless soldiers
Now being removed from our shoulders.*

*What used to matter
Dissolves into nothing
As our suns burn away
Stuckness and fear.*

*Like a butterfly
That re-found his wings
We take off into a world
Of colour and magic
Where silence sings.*

**Written August 24, 2025, at AsvaNara, Pieve Santo
Stefano, Tuscany, Italy.**



Etruscan Museum, Cortona, Italy



Silent Waters

*Silent waters beneath the mountain—
Vessels of tomorrow and yesterday,
Wrapped in layers of golden light,
Branching out like a fountain.*

*Nothing goes, nothing stays,
Clarity filled with rainbow rays—
Stretching their roots into the human heart.
Silent radiation of powerful waves,
Changing this world, changing all shapes.*

Written April 15, 2025, near Bucine, Tuscany, Italy.



Humpback whale, Tonga



The Show Must Go On

*Keeping so many balls in the air
When time is running
Faster than the cheetah's paws can fly.
Tension so high—
The rope may snap at any time.*



**3 billion years old rock,
Rhiconich, NW-Scotland**

*Things I never thought I could do,
Pressure I never imagined to sustain.
In the middle of it all,
Bursting through a world of taboo.*

*Past my limits
When all limits are gone.
Fed by fire, sparked by the sun,
Facing whatever may come.*

*A tumbling heart in an endless sky
Full of wonder, full of fear,
Gliding through challenge day after day,
Pushing back the ugly, inviting the dear.*

*Bouncing between endless strength and exhaustion
From dawn to dusk, from dusk to dawn.
Ever reborn.
The show must go on.*

Written June 7, 2024, at Ubuntu Hostel in Mutare, Zimbabwe.



The Old Tree



*Sitting in your shade
Time stops,
Tranquility fills with Life,
Presence becomes purpose.*

*No goal, no surplus
Endless abundance*

*And roots so deep
That nothing can take its power or seed.*

*You are the knight
In the dark and in the bright
That few people see—
A sentinel key.*

*You connect us
You speak to us
You are part of us
You put love in us
As your song reminds us of who we are.*

*An open heart
And a spirit of light
Catch your wisdom
And return the might.*

Completed on August 18, 2024, in Mutare, Zimbabwe.



Transformation

*The flowers are no longer flowers
But living expressions of gold,
Some people are no longer people
But integrity in form.*

*Art is no longer objectified
But our sentient memory,
Unlocked from time—
The story of humanity.*

*The plants are no longer silent,
The animals' wisdom no longer unseen,
The Earth no more a stagnant ball,
As obedience falls,
Leaving all shackles behind
And all beings free.*

Written in Mutare, Zimbabwe, on April 26, 2024.





Who We Are

*A reflection that withstands all rejection.
A spontaneity that supersedes all calamity.*

*Every breakdown into that force of silence
Entails a leap towards embodiment of brightness.
Unheard of depths of wisdom
Flying towards us from that internal whisper.*

*Actions so bold that all not-life is stunned,
Into silence, into shiver – disassociating all around.
A force of transformation which cannot be faked,
Solid like a rock when everything is at stake.*

*Breaking new ground with every passing day
Amidst raging anger, despair and dismay.
Every moment of surrender brings endless trust
Dissolves more deception until it is all gone to dust.*

*You believe you can't go on,
Well, you couldn't be more wrong.
Fall below that lifeless voice
Recognising the depth of your infinite choice.*

*There, emerges a freedom almost forgotten in earthly
realms
From exploding flames and citadels.*



*Destruction and brightness taking a stance
Side by side in a combustion of confidence,
Driving nature ever further in her radiance.*

*You are a being of exuberance
Which needs close to nothing – the simple magic of a
glowing gem.*

*A self-sufficient spark of profound intelligence
Which stands strong and forever united
With all those who resemble its fierce benevolence.*

*Scary?
Fall back into the arms of your silence.*



Mt. Suilven, NW-Scotland



Tree Power

*Reaching deep into the Earth
Sharing wisdom, giving birth
To a new biofield
Of an ever deeper yield.*

*Branches grasping for the sky
Immersed in humanity's startling cry,
Communicating – shouting – near and far,
All it takes is a quiet heart.*



*A firework bursting through metals,
Moving gold from the ground up high,
Showering us with sacred petals
Of beauty and rose-shaped light.*

*Surrounded by colours
Bathing in infinity's single point—
The tree that sees without eyes
Hears without ears, knows without thought,
Is changing the world and is changing you.*

**Written in the Vumba, Eastern Highlands, Zimbabwe
May 12, 2024.**



Zimbabwe

*I don't know where my heart is
Lost it somewhere between heaven and Earth.
Deep surrender to silence, to LIFE
Everything still – another rebirth.*

*Questioning that can't be put into words.
Forbidden thoughts
Which seem to contradict a world
That is made of love.*

*A simplicity
Which is very alive,
Yet traumatised
And programmed to strive
For all the wrong reasons.*

*Inner wars raging,
Forbidden identities staging
Caught in a body
Of a colour deemed worthless.*

*I am a god
Because my skin is white.
Because I am from Europe
My future is bright.
While you are lost in calamity
Of inferior value and over-simplicity.*



*Taken back in time
A few decades past
Growing up in a home
Without a mast.*

*Values, focus – all distorted.
Dictated smiles.
Entrenched in scarcity
Is a longing for being seen as a celebrity.*

*People attempting to rekindle themselves
In foreign worlds
Of finance and wealth.
Forgotten the land, the roots
And the band
That keep together
All Life in one hand.*



*My friend, I will be back
When we can recognise each other as lights
Of the same power, the same vows
Beyond greed, jealousy and plights.*

Written in August 2024, in Mutare, Zimbabwe.



Zimbabwe was incredible, yet certainly not easy. After all, there is one thing I wish to share based on my experiences in this stunningly beautiful and alive country: When there is a challenge calling us and we decide to take it on and dive right into it, wholeheartedly, grounded, rooted in personal wisdom like many African people were forced to, without choice, over and over in histories of war, coercion and scarcity, then something rises inside that cannot be extinguished or lost. It is a fire that carries us through whatever may come in these times of transformation. No one can take it away. It is the cradle of our roots, our belonging – the essence of who we are as powerful human beings.

Missing the Baobab

*Moving on to watery lees,
Missing the baobab and jacaranda trees
Immersed in sacred, powerful lands
Full of home and prayer bands.*

*Waiting for the day
When human beings
Recognise each other
As glowing lights.*

*Our roots
Will touch again
No matter their shape,
Colour and size.*



*Then it is time to see many faces
Currently hidden behind curtains of prejudice
Occupying the most intriguing places
In a mist of separateness.*

**Written on September 10, 2024, in Pullathomas, co.
Mayo, Ireland, only a few days after leaving Zimbabwe.**

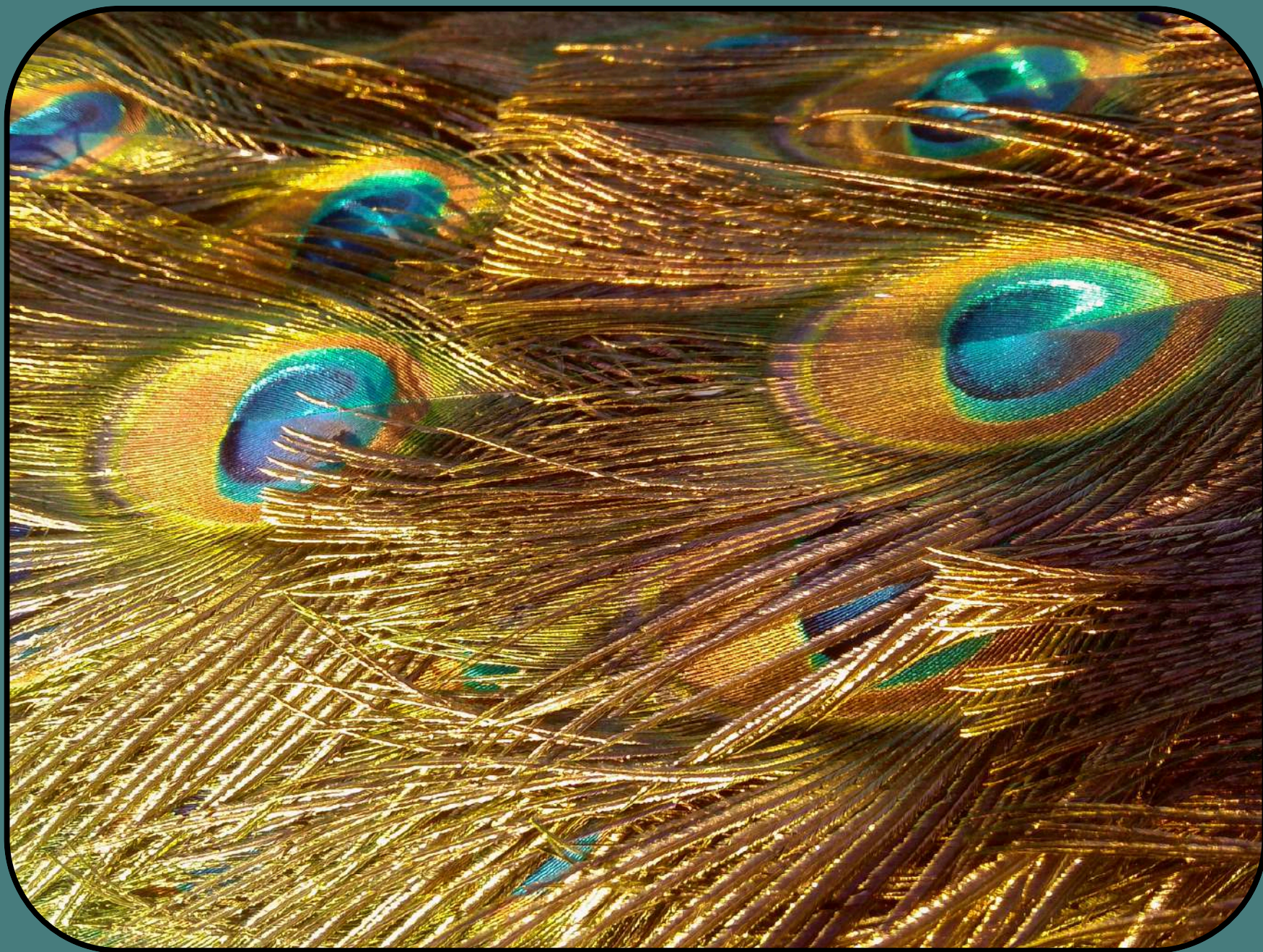




Power of Art

*Never ceasing to reflect who we are
As individual beings
And the communities
Of which we are a part.*

*Rooted in the land
On which we tread,
Shaped by the sun
Where every pigment is met.*



*Harnessing the need for change
Where there is dissatisfaction
Or outright reason for rage.*



*Holding peace in the midst of tragedy
While expressing the infinite, beauty and majesty
Of what our world can and will be.*

A lifeline

*For many years to come,
Always giving,
Portraying the next dawn.*

*A gaze at a painting,
The line of a poem,
A musical note,
Or a sculptured totem
Erasing in a second
What does not belong
Wherever we are
In the melody of our song.*

Written February 12, 2026, in Callanish, Scotland.

About Me, You and Us

At school, some teachers noticed me for writing essays which were incredibly revealing, deep and authentic – honest without reserve – well, by that I mean the two teachers which saw value in this form of expressing. Mostly I invoked criticism by being myself and sharing my feelings and perceptions openly. I didn't fit into society – too intense, too idealistic, too honest, too sensitive, not sensitive enough. At the age of 25 I left Germany and a few years later also distanced myself entirely from my language. For the first time, the feeling of constriction, which had been my companion from a very young age, fell off of me.

Freedom. Finally! I spread my wings and flew for 15 years straight, lived in different countries on several continents, on sailboats, in a tent in the solitude of nature, found community on various islands, and in close relationship with old people, in spiritual circles, in a deep sense of connectedness with nature, in a very unconventional study program, in an online group. I dove into ayurvedic healing methods, yoga, energy healing and then left it all behind. In foreign countries, surrounded by different cultures nobody expected me to be like others. That was wonderful. Many people encountered me with unprejudiced curiosity and found inspiration and hope in my way of life. What a gift that was, and still is.

From early 2022 to late 2025 I co-built the Sunbeings.org website - everything, always in English. Aside from short emails to my mother or a friend, the introduction to this ebook is the first piece in 15 years I wrote in German (it was later translated into English). Entirely unplanned. I love spontaneity. Immediately, there is that same depth and authenticity which those two teachers had pointed out in my youth. This is me – my language, my truth, no matter the cost. Either I can be myself or life is no longer alive, and why would I want to settle for any less than living fully?

I have the right to be myself, to say what is important to me, to live the way my Nature, our Nature, commands. You, too, have this right. Let us change this world together with courage and determination and build what we always recognised somewhere inside us, as just, alive and worth living. I want to hear your voice, see your bravery – brave because you have decided to radically be yourself, whether you are rewarded, dispraised, ignored or supported by society. Who are you?

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Last, but certainly not least thanks to Jacqueline, www.oraclegirl.org.



Thank You



Photo by Heike Taruttis

Carina Ramm

About Lunyptica

Lunyptica embodies the melodies of the moon (luna) coupled with the optical illusion (yptica) where I am here and not here, which translates to living everywhere. With a passion for words and the essence they emit, coupled with creative flare for design that draws the eyes to see, perceive and feel the underlying tones of Carina's words and images, this project has seen my spirit soar beyond the rainbow spectrum to new heights of appreciation and love for all that IS.

With love and deep gratitude for the opportunity,
Leanda Michelle

