AUROVILLE

Have you seen the giants walking
On the wide, red land?
Seen them moving large and grand
Against the sky?
I have seen them coming,
Tiny seedlings in their hands;
Hands and feet as red
As the earth they work each day,
Carrying the future
On their backs and in their dreams;
Seen them growing wise and deep
As they dig the hardened clay,
Worry water from the dry, red earth,
Bend their backs,
Sweat out their sorrows,
Wrest from yesterday tomorrow's
Coming of a new world's birth.
Have you seen the giants working
In the quiet, secret spaces?
In the kitchens, in the gardens;
The world's forgotten places.
I have seen them rise, emerging
Out of ignorance and pain.
Faith-sustained, they offer labor
To create a new domain.
A thousand tiny troubles
Tell the story of their struggle
As they strive to bring alive
A long forsaken dream.
In their hearts an angel-singing,
Being's beauty widely winging
As they grow to know the truth
Of creation's will to be
A living harmony.
Have you seen their victory?
Have you seen the giants building
High atop construction beams?
Suffering the toils of their hardest dreams?
I have seen them growing, changing,
Working, working out the problems
Of imperfect human nature
Through necessity and failure
With enduring dedication
Consecrated to completion.
Seen them struggle with the passing
And the changing ways of time,
Hoping deep enough to open,
Feeling love enough to trust,
Finding courage to create
A living wonder with their labor.
From the nameless, from the formless
You can see the promise rising
In the clearer, higher spaces
At the centre of the city.
Breathless peace, transcendent beauty.
While the glorious expansion
Of the limitless in man
Opens wide the striving hearts,
To manifest the miracle
Decreed by destiny.

Loretta
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