

HEALING HANDS

EMBODIED SPIRIT & LIGHT



PEACE PRAYER LOVE

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AFTERWORD

HEALING HANDS

by Diana Rico

The drummer calls us forth.
The griot sings her tale.
The monk fingers his beads.
The son cradles his splintered heart.

They bless us and bless us
these healing hands belonging to
cowboys and dowsers
healers and music makers
gardeners and midwives
old friends and Pueblo maidens

The peanut vendor and the indigo dyer
the peace walker and the alchemist
medicine women and men
newborns and elders
artists and priests

Every day, the news speaks of terror.
To wake up is to dive into the unspeakable grief
of humanity.

Thankfully, the hands are there for us
transmitting benedictions
counting out prayers
stroking our hearts
showing us how to love

In the eye
of the human palm
we glimpse the divine beyond

Feathers drip holy nectar
onto our bent heads

And the hands of Spirit
catch us
as we fall.