

Occitania

My Lady of contrast, land of my heart
Greenly soft meadows and jagged rocky peaks
Magnificent
Rooftop of the world
You call to my spirit.

Your rustling breeze belies a blustering wind
Bruised thunderclouds yield to azure blue expanses
Infinite
Rolling hills and thick pine forests
Bursting harvest of purple luscious grapes.

Eagle's cry, insect's buzz, undergrowth murmurings
Lost dog's trembling wetted pelt
Now
The mountain's ice cool cascade
I caress the soft moss on your ancient sun bleached truth.

Repeated destruction, your blood soaked history
Haunts me yet no one can bend or change your will
Indomitable
Ever resurgent, rebounding, recreating
Resounding joy pierces my heart with perfect love.

I call Your name as I close my burning eyes
To relive once more the splendid vastness of Your grace,
And Beauty
The silent infinite of Your wondrous void
Help me rediscover this inside, My Lady, Occitania.

**for more information and free downloads, visit:
www.occitanculturalinitiatives.com**

*Music & lyrics by Rai d'Honore'
from the CD Pretz e Paratge:
A Troubadour's Tale of Love, War, & Transformation
available for purchase through CD Baby:
<http://www.cdbaby.com/cd/raidhonore>*