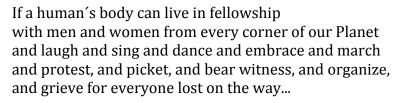
As Bright As Venus at Dawn

In memory of John Kinsman, who just passed away on MLK day, Jan. 20, 2014, leaving a hole in the world... A poem by his friend and follower and compa de lucha Stephen Bartlett

If a human's body can share and channel the Energy of the Land and all life that dwells in the land and then radiate outward that energy in every gesture, deed and word imprinted with a bit of the unique person that body carries

If a human's body can love the land with the same desire a cell has for food and water

a love that carries a mysterious power with it that radiates in all directions as once and infects others who come into contact



If a human's body is as open and sharing to others as the land is to a cow and its calf frolicking upon the grass building a community of friendship and a search for justice sifting through the lies of a poisoned age and raising up all people of good will, rejoicing in their particular gifts and their diverse ages, shapes, colors, genders, temperaments, foibles

Then one such body, shining as brightly as Venus at dawn was John Kinsman's laughing as joyously as the patriarch of a prodigious autumn hunt welcoming all to his hearth and into his heart...

We will miss that tender, lithe and heroic body and the laughing love he spread around our broken world spread like rich manure destined to become one day, with the help of cherished bovine relatives and rich pasture... delectable cheese

We will miss him, we will miss him all when gazing at Venus at dawn and smelling pine trees in January tears of gratitude falling in the snow...

