

RE-ENCHANTMENT & GRATITUDE DAY

SUN

The Living Light



Radiance • Reciprocity • Return



WILD NATURE HEART • JUNE 2026

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THRESHOLD



BLESSING FOR THE CENTRAL FIRE



POETRY



PRACTICE



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FURTHER RAYS

The Sun Never Says
Even after all this time
The sun never says to the earth,
“You owe Me.”

Look what happens with
A love like that,
It lights the Whole Sky.

– Hafiz

Gratitude Blessing

A Blessing for the Living Light

Blessed be Sun, ancient fire
golden witness,
great awakener of Life.

Blessed be first light
spilling over the cusp of morning,
calling the world back into color.

Blessed be the warmth
that calls seed forth,
opens flowers and bodies,
sweetens fruit and the days of our lives.

Bless the light that calls all things to open.

Blessed be the green ones, the sun eaters
who learned how to drink light
and make sugar from a star's bounty.

Blessed be the long solstice hours
and the brief winter glimmers,
the dawn-flame, the noon-blaze,
the embering west.

You teach us:

to turn our faces toward what gives life
to share our gifts with abundance
to illuminate from within

.

May your gifts be seen, felt
and not taken for granted.

May we recognize you as sacred relative
and teacher, not object.

May you thrive and the community of Life
you support continue to thrive.

Sun, thank you.

We honor you.

Chew the Dawn Delicious

Sometimes I rise early
for a breakfast of chirpy fun

Lay my net and wait
to catch a couple suns

Some would tell me, in fact
there's just the single one

But I'd say to them
there's as many as you want

So crack them all open
among the season sprung

enjoy their golden yolks
on your seasoned tongue

And chew the dawn delicious
until your sacred song is sung

—Ryan Van Lenning

Sun
(I'll Tell You How the Sun Rose)

I'll tell you how the sun rose, —
A ribbon at a time.

The steeples swam in amethyst,
The news like squirrels ran.

The hills untied their bonnets,
The bobolinks begun.

Then I said softly to myself,
“That must have been the sun!”

But how he set, I know not.
There seemed a purple stile
Which little yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while

Till when they reached the other side,
A dominie in gray
Put gently up the evening bars,
And led the flock away.

—Emile Dickinson

N i n e t y - t h r e e M i l l i o n

Ninety-three
million miles

is a long way
to travel

to share
your light.

A simple word
or gesture
of thanks

can make it
all worthwhile.

— Kai Siedenburg,
Our Earth Connection



Eastern Sun (SONG)

Eastern sun melt the cold from my bones
Curtain rise, take the darkness from my eyes
Breathing in, pulling life into my lungs
As a child, I am born again



— Ayla Nereo
([Watch Video](#))



*Your attention
is a sunflower
with legs*



Solstice

Today you linger longer along
your solo stellar sojourn
sliding so surreptitiously
through the celestial sphere

spinning like samsara
you give solace and sustenance
with spectacular style

serenading our sleepy souls
you shake off our sluggish stupor
and scare away the shadows
seducing us from our sheets

so today we salute you
and offer this sentiment of celebration

—Ryan Van Lenning

*Does the seed know
what future conversations
it will have with Sun?*

Sun

Have you ever seen anything in your life
more wonderful than the way the sun,
every evening, relaxed and easy,
floats toward the horizon
and into the clouds or the hills,
or the ruffled sea, and is gone—
and how it slides again out of the blackness,
every morning, on the other side of the world,
like a red flower streaming upward on its heavenly oils,
say, on a morning in early summer,
at its perfect imperial distance—
and have you ever felt for anything such wild love—
do you think there is anywhere,
in any language, a word billowing enough
for the pleasure that fills you, as the sun reaches out,
as it warms you as you stand there,
empty-handed—or have you too turned from this world—
or have you too gone crazy for power,
for things?

— Mary Oliver

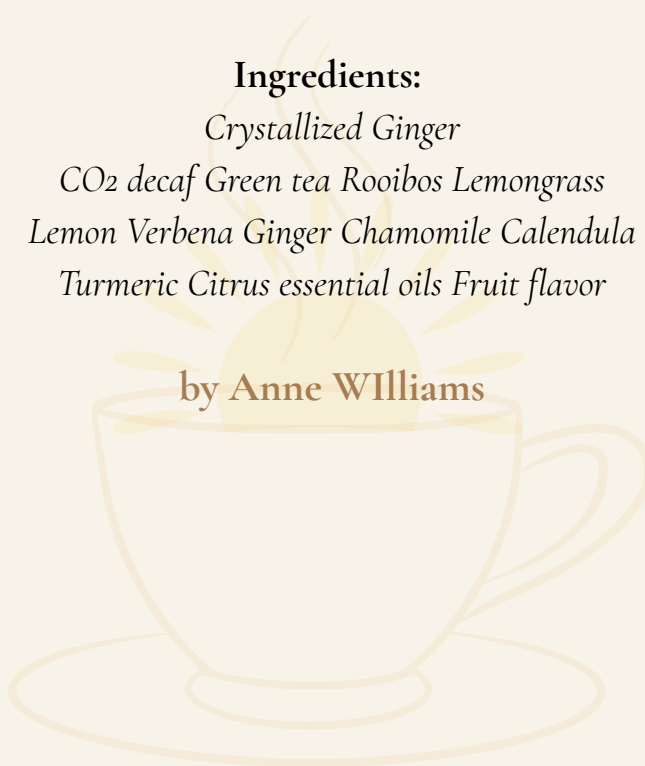
Sunshine in a Cup

The perfect pick me up	Sunday morning sunbursts sing	As sun warms Earth
when worries wash out hope,	of happy hazy botanical brews,	this sunbeam song of sustenance
visions of values are no longer in scope,	gleaming with merry marigold hues,	harmonizes humanity's heart dance,
dismay darkens our ability to cope.	bursting celebratory citrus-mango flavor fa la loos!	raising redeeming renditions of universal love enhanced.

Ingredients:

*Crystallized Ginger
CO2 decaf Green tea Rooibos Lemongrass
Lemon Verbena Ginger Chamomile Calendula
Turmeric Citrus essential oils Fruit flavor*

by Anne Williams



Dawn Needs Me

Dear ones,
I must go now—
Dawn needs me
uninterrupted
Morning misses
the feel of her feathered
fingers
across my face,
the cool sage
of her early breath
requires my participation
even through the hundred
impenetrable walls
of this comfortable palace,
the cries of a forgotten land
carry like bugles
after the Great War,

announcing, somehow,
peace.

And though the heavy eyelids
of every enchanting veil
conspire to hide
the gaze of the beloved

I must keep my promise
to the light

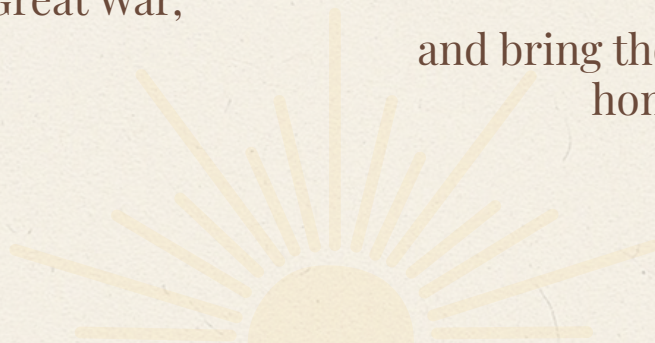
it needs my eyes open
now more than ever

for shadows are racing
across the body of the world

and without my bare skin
as witness

how can dawn
stretch itself awake

and bring those shadows
home?



Warbler invites my ears
to help summon the sun

the patient heart of spruce
longs for me to join
its silent morning meditation

So I go now—

climbing the palace walls
and keep walking

past the courtyard
past the gate

across the belly
of golden fields.

If you should miss me,
know I am doing my best

to help the dawn
spill itself recklessly

into the memory
of our great belonging

—Ryan Van Lenning



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One day the sun admitted,
I am just a shadow.
I wish I could show you
The Infinite Incandescence
That has cast my brilliant image!

I wish I could show you,
When you are lonely or in darkness,
The astonishing Light
Of your own Being!

— Hafiz

I Eat Sunshine

(An ode to plant-based eating and photosynthesis)

I eat sunshine—
My blood is green,
my heart a flower.

I breathe sunshine—
lungs luminous,
limbs fluent in tree.

Light is a pilgrim
from sky
to leaf
to root
to fruit
to me,

Sun shapeshifts through me
feeds me
flares me open.

I am sunshine—
soul-radiant,
star-spirit.

then returns—
sun-breath
earthbody
skygift.

What arrived as Light
I return—

I drink sunshine—

in wild wonder
and every golden-green yes

My body glows golden,
my brain grows gardens
gratuitously abundant.

to Earth
and sky.

— Anne Williams
(and Thrum)

When Summer Dives

In heat as soft as
brambles flower
I say goodbye
in June's bright hour

I say it clear in
solstice skies
and bid adieu
with sunlit sighs

when summer dives
like fools for gold
face-first in water
crisp and cold

I say goodbye,
and say it bold

whether stretching Yes
or flinging No

the moment's gone
before you know

so even as I'm saying hi
to sun so high,
I say goodbye

yes, letting go's
a painful thing

full of slips
and full of sting

but as green berries
dream and swell
I say farewell,
I say it well

with arms around
the climbing sun

the taste of living
on my tongue

while summer
stands so young—

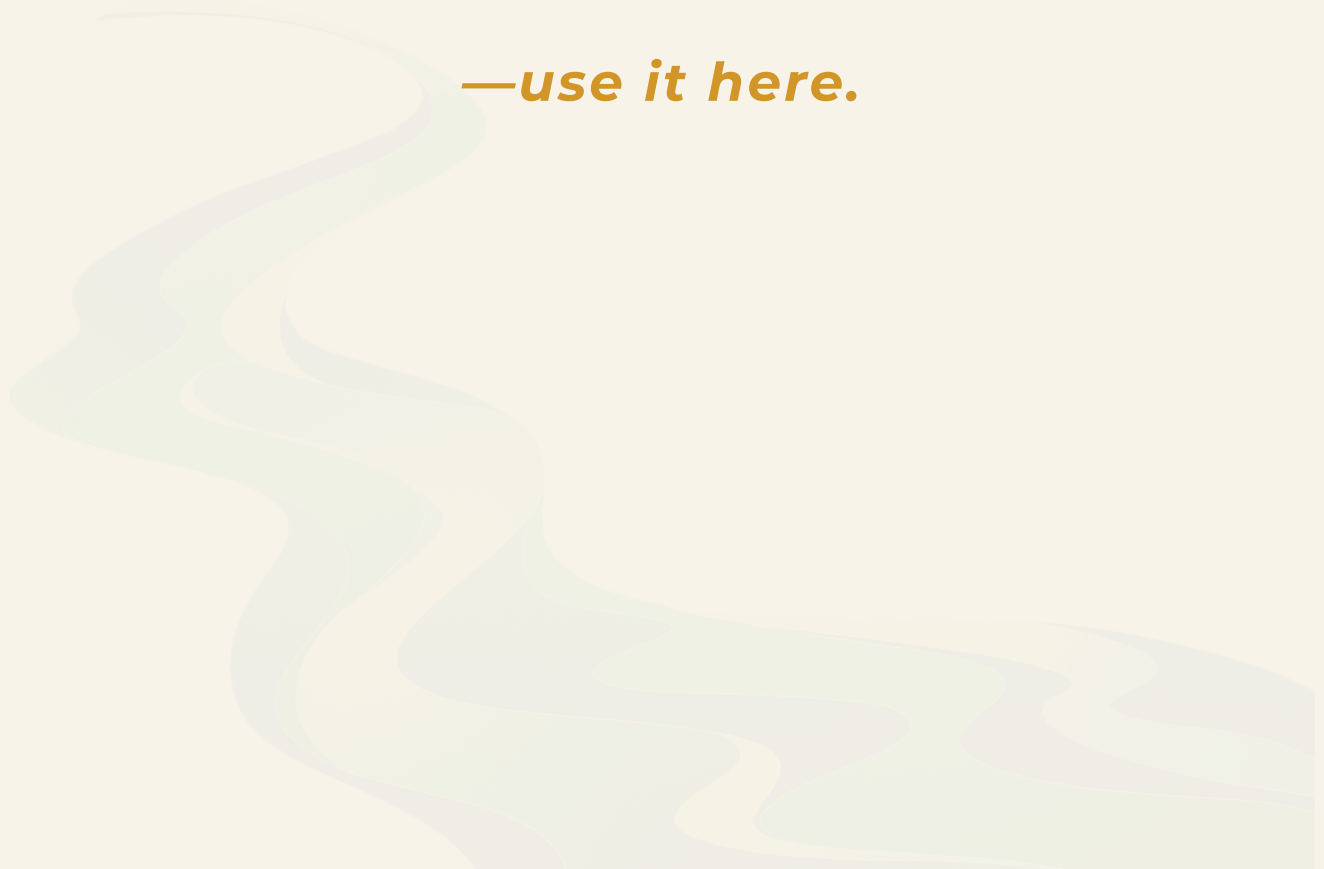
I say so long,
so long I say

deep down
in a summer day

—Ryan Van Lenning

*Whatever word they use to mean
how morning's light
bursts open on low rapids*

—use it here.



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SUN™

Thanks to American Corporation's
discovery of the SUN™
and its development through
our pioneering new technology,

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to put SUN™
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boost mood, prevent spiritual mildew,
and reduce the appearance
of existential dread?

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emotionally available,
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SUN™ sees you.

SUN™ values your data.

—Ryan Van Lenning

Open your hands
and find a sun—
all the sand will pour out

Talking with the Sun

I believe in the sun.

In the tangle of human failures of fear, greed, and forgetfulness, the sun gives me clarity.

When explorers first encountered my people, they called us heathens, sun worshippers.

They didn't understand that the sun is a relative, and illuminates our path on this earth.

After dancing all night in a circle we realize that we are a part of a larger sense of stars and planets dancing with us overhead.

When the sun rises at the apex of the ceremony, we are renewed.

There is no mistaking this connection, though Walmart might be just down the road.

Humans are vulnerable and rely on the kindnesses of the earth and sun; we exist together in a sacred field of meaning.

Our earth is shifting. We can all see it.

I hear from my Inuit and Yupik relatives up north that everything has changed. It's so hot; there is not enough winter.

Animals are confused. Ice is melting.

The quantum physicists have it right; they are beginning to think like Indians: everything is connected dynamically at an intimate level.

When you remember this, then the current wobble of the earth makes sense. How much more oil can be drained, Without replacement; without reciprocity?

I walked out of a hotel room just off Times Square at dawn to find the sun.

It was the fourth morning since the birth of my fourth granddaughter.

This was the morning I was to present her to the sun, as a relative, as one of us. It was still dark, overcast as I walked through Times Square.

I stood beneath a twenty-first century totem pole of symbols of multinational corporations, made of flash and neon.

The sun rose up over the city but I couldn't see it amidst the rain.

Though I was not at home, bundling up the baby to carry her outside,

I carried this newborn girl within the cradleboard of my heart.

I held her up and presented her to the sun, so she would be recognized as a relative,

So that she won't forget this connection, this promise,
So that we all remember, the sacredness of life.

by Joy Harjo

PRACTICE - PLAY

Sun is Free

No Need to Pay

—

Play Today

PRACTICE - PRESENCE

SUNRISE/SUNSET THERAPY

When was the last time you allowed yourself to really be permeable to sunrise?

What if dawn needs you uninterrupted?

Find a morning or evening to share an uninterrupted moment with the sun. Even a minute of tuning in can reset the inner weather.

If you want to deepen as practice, consider apprenticing to the sun. Not learning about, but learning *from* the sun.

What might the Sun have to say or convey if we open our ears, skin, and attention wide enough?

Some people commit to meeting dawn for 30 days: drumming up the sun, sitting on the life mat, greeting first light before the world gets loud. Such simple practices can still astonish and humble.

Sunset offers another doorway. Being with the setting sun, anchoring in the present, watching the sky shapeshift moment by moment, can invite a deep in-and-out breath.

It can help release what we didn't know we were holding.

PRACTICE - PRAISE

What can we give a being that already gives everything?

I'm inspired by Martin Prechtel's reminder:

"When you can't remember what to do, what to see, or what the deeper teachings are, when all else escapes you, just remember: Always feed what needs feeding. Always make beauty."

Offer a simple gesture of gratitude and reciprocity.

Silence.

Words.

A bow.

A movement.

A small act of beauty.

Create a nature mandala in gratitude to Sun.

Pause before a meal and acknowledge that every bite is sun-dependent.

Writing a short praise poem not about the sun.

Or alternatively, from the perspective of a being who lives by Sun's living light, such as moss, wren, corn plant, huckleberry, etc.

*the color of joy
in your eyes
could stretch out
under a bold sun*

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REFLECTION

Reflect or Journal:

Where has the dawn been waiting for my participation?

What in me is heliotropic, quietly turning toward life?

What would the sun ask me to stop apologizing for?

What promise to the light am I ready to keep?

What fog in me is ready to burn off?

FURTHER RAYS

Podcasts and Films

The Sun

(BBC's In Our Time)

Heliology (Sun/Eclipses)

on Ologies Podcasts

Uncovering the Secrets of the Sun

(BBC)

Chasing Starlight

(1st Episode of Our Universe - Netflix)

How Does Photosynthesis Work?

(Amoeba Sisters)

What Does Solar Punk Mean in 2026?

(Solar Punk Now)

FURTHER RAYS

Curiosities

Sounds of the Sun
(NASA)

12 Fun Facts About the Sun
(Farmer's Almanac)

What is Solar Punk?

Summer solstice arrives Sunday, June 21.
In the Northern Hemisphere,
it officially begins at 1:24 a.m. Pacific Time.

The day will be 15 hours and 6 minutes long.
Look yours up [here](#).

THE PRACTICE CONTINUES

If you feel called to stay with this work/play a little longer, there are a few Wild Nature Heart spaces that grow from the same solar energy, where we continue practicing relationship with the living world and our next aligned turn.

Here's a couple summer flows:

—Write Your Wild River: Part creative writing journey, part nature-connected immersion, part earth community, a 6-week invitation into poetry as presence, practice, and portal.

—Deep Belonging in the Great Turning: cultivating ecospirituality, composting mis-belonging, and practicing belonging to pace, place, and purpose





A Year of Enchantment

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